THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXIII---NO. 31. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1,639.

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISING.

LOCAL MATTER, 10 cents a line; or 80 cents an inch for ever insertion.

TRANSIENT RATES.—8 cents a line for one insertion, and 4 cents a line for every additional insertion. One inch of space counted as twelve lines.

STANDARD RATES—

	2 Months.	3 Months.	6 Months.	1 Year.
1 inch	$3.25	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00
2 inches	4.50	5.00	8.00	14.00
3 inches	6.25	7.00	12.00	18.00
4 inches	7.00	8.00	14.00	21.00

One Column, $30.00 per inch for 1 year; for 6 and 3 Months, 20 and 1.25 per cent. additional. Three changes allowed to yearly advertisers without additional charge

JOB PRINTING!

Every Description of Job Printing executed at THE WHIG OFFICE:—

Pamphlets, Checks. Receipt and Bill-books,

Printed and Bound in any style ordered.

POSTERS,

LETTER HEADING, Envelope Printing

CARDS OF ALL KINDS.

Colored and Bronze Printing,

EXECUTED IN THE EST STYLE.

☞Anything in the Printing or Lithographing line can be ordered at *The Whig* Office.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or no charge made.

Terms Cash on delivery of all work.

THE STORY OF HENRIETTA RHENSE.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

Just outside the small town of Stauffenheim stands the Schloss Weissbach, a rather pretentious looking place, with grounds laid out in the French fashion, and inclosed, on the side next the town, by a high wall. There are few people who enter Stauffenheim for the first time whose curiosity is not aroused by the appearance of an octagonal odd-looking building which stands within the grounds, and is only separated from the rest of the town by this wall. It is too big to be a mausoleum. It cannot be a house for the domestics of the Schloss, for apparently it has no windows. Besides, while the Schloss itself is kept in perfect order, and inhabited by a French family who bought it some few years ago, this peculiar-looking building has seemingly been allowed to fall into decay. Was there a murder committed in that solitary circular unwindowed house, which stands all by itself at the extremity of the grounds, holding no communication with the Schloss above?

Doubtless there were murders of every grade of atrocity committed, in this building; but they were histrionic murders. At one time these octagonal walls enclosed all the manifold life of a theatre; and if you ask the people of Stauffenheim how it befell that a theatre—far too big to belong to a private house—came to be placed in the grounds of the Schloss Weissbach, they will tell you the story of Henrietta Rhense

At one time this octagonal building was the Stadt Theatre of Stauffenheim. There was no big wall round it then, for the grounds of the Schloss came down to a small piece of waste land, which was used for various purposes by the managers of the theatre. There was, it is true, a small private gate leading out of the grounds, by which the Count Otto von Engelhardt, who owned the Schloss, and his friends could, if they were in a hurry, slip over to the theatre without going round by the streets. But there were duties required of the owner of the Schloss, and, although this short cut would have saved the Count much trouble, it was expected of him that, when he deigned to visit the theatre, he should drive round and up to the door in his heavy French carriage, with all its appurtenances and servants.

The Count Otto was a young man, whose parents had died when he was a boy. He had therefore had the management of his life pretty much in his own hands, and he spent it in a manner that seemed sufficiently strange in the eyes of the simple townsfolk of Stauffenheim. For, instead of figuring at the Grand Duke's court, where his birth, position, wealth, and personal endowments would have made him conspicuous, he chose to live the life of a student and a recluse in this small and remote town. His visitors, too, were not of his own class—they were poets, and writers, and such people, who were of like habits with himself, and scarcely fit company for a Count. He professed, for example, to think more of a young man called Schiller, who had just written a play called the "Robbers," than of the great Wohlgemuth, who had written a *History of the Church* that was recommend by all the priests, and who was a great friend of the Grand Duke's. Indeed, Count Otto was not nearly so popular as his father had been—the old Count, whose youthful daredevil deeds in love and wine were still talked over and joked about. The Count Otto was haughty and reserved. Good-looking as he was himself—for he had a stately bearing, and a handsome face, with plenty of brown curls, and a light-blue eye—the prettiest girl in Stauffenheim might pass before him without receiving a second glance from him. When he sat in his box in the theatre (and he went thither pretty often) he seldom withdrew his eyes from the stage; and, when he did, they wandered in absolute indifference over the faces around him. He was now getting on toward thirty, and the people of Stauffenheim said he would never marry—he was too much given over to his books, and his studies, and his correspondence with poor authors in various parts of the country.

This was the state of affairs when the manager of the little Stadt Theatre announced the forthcoming production of *feerie*, which had achieved a great popularity in Vienna. That sort of entertainment is not very common then, nor had it acquired the marvelous resources that are now drawn upon for pantomimes, extravaganzas and burlesques; while, with the new awakening of German literature, the people were crying for a national theatre and native plays, and were disposed to look with disfavor on anything of French origin. However, this *feerie* had been a great success in Vienna; and the manager at Stauffenheim had not only imported the piece, but had also engaged the services of the principal actress in it. Fraulein Rhense. Great preparations were made for the production of the piece, and the townsfolk looked forward to something particularly fine.

It was not to be expected that Count Englehardt should come to see a piece of *feerie*, consisting chiefly of gorgeous scenery, masks, music, and magical transformations. Indeed, the manager had sent a messenger to the Count, to ask if the box which belonged by right to the Schloss might be offered to the burgermeister of the town. The manager was surprised to hear, in reply, that the Count and a small party would honor the theatre with their presence on the first night of the new piece.

There was a little comedy to precede the *feerie*, and during its progress, the Count and two other gentlemen appeared. Count Otto seemed to be in rather a merrier mood than usual, and paid much more attention to the remarks of his companions than to the remainder of the comedy.

The plot of the *feerie* was a sort of allegory, apparently designed to introduce as many different scenes as possible. It represented the adventures of a young Princess, who, somehow or other, has forsaken her first love, and wanders about in search of some one who will recall to her all the wonderful illusions of that mystical and half-forgotten period. Many lovers pay suit to her, and, many wonderful things she sees, but she cannot catch a glimpse of the wonderful Rose-world that she vaguely remembers. Now, it is with a view of this Rose-world that the *feerie* opened; and the simple people of Stauffenheim, unaccustomed to *spectacle*, beheld with delight and surprise the gorgeous masses of scenery, (much of which had come from Vienna,) lit up by the strongest lights the manager could procure. The Rose-world of first love was hung with garlands of faint-hued roses, that faded back into an indefinite mist of flowers; and all around were secret and silent bowers, and overhead the calm blue, and in the distance the white windings of a river that lay in the midst of a beautiful plain. And while they sat and gazed on this wonderful scene, that was so silent and so lovely, there suddenly appeared the Princess. The effect of her entrance was magical; for into the vague Rose-world, so pale in its hue, stepped a beautiful young creature with jet-black hair, with a calm, pale face that had wonderful dark eyes in it, and a look of absorbed, wistful melancholy. This was the Fraulein Rhense, about whom they had heard so much; and yet the people were taken too much by surprise to applaud. As for her, she seemed unaware of their existence. She had already assumed the dream-like air of the Princess, and was wandering about in the Rose-world, filled with a strange and yet unsatisfied happiness. As she went out and in among the pale pink bowers, they had time now to see how strikingly handsome she was, how perfect was her figure, and what splendid masses of black hair hung down upon her shoulders. Her Princess' dress, too, was sufficient to wake the admiration of the spectators, who were convinced that the Grossherzogin herself had nothing so splendid.

Count Otto spoke no more to his companions. He sat and gazed upon the pantomime world before him and upon the beautiful creature who wandered through it, literally spell-bound. She was in the Rose-world, looking for her first love—he had met his there.

But then she was merely an actress, and Count Otto, although a recluse, knew the value of his rank. So he sent for the manager, who forthwith appeared at the door of the box.

"Is the Fraulein Rhense married?" he asked.

"No, Herr Graf," replied the manager.

"Who accompanied her from Vienna?"

"Her father."

"Is he in the theatre?"

"Yes."

"Then present my compliments to the Fraulein, and say that my friends and myself will be glad if she and her father will favor us with their company at supper in the Schloss, as soon as the performance is over. The young lady need not change her dress."

The Count delivered the invitation pretty much as if it were a command, and such he probably considered it. For an actress in a small provincial theatre to be asked as a guest to Schloss Weissbach was an honor which it never entered his head could be refused; and yet refused it was. Some half hour thereafter, the manager returned and begged to see the Count alone. Count Otto stepped out into the passage, and the manager said, with great embarrasment:

"You will pardon me, Herr Graf, but—but—Fraulein Rhense—"

"Well, you delivered the message?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what? She is not too fatigued by her journey, is she?"

"The fact is, Herr Graf, her answer was precisely in these words: "Pray present my compliments to Count Engelhardt, and say that my father and myself never accept invitations from strangers."

"*Der Teufel!*" exclaimed the Count in genuine surprise.

And then, with a slight gesture of haughty indifference, he returned to the box.

But in spite of this repulse, the spell was still upon him; and he followed the fortunes of the Princess through all the various scenes with a persistent, wistful attention that called down upon him the satirical comment of his friends. He seemed to pay no heed to them. He was transported body and soul into the wonderful regions of the *feerie*, and was scarcely aware of the existence of those beside him. The short and the long of it was, that the young man had been taken captive by Henrietta Rhense's eyes, and that he had abandoned himself wholly to the passing infatuation of the hour.

Yet he was no longer quite a young man, as we use the phrase to denote inexperience of the world. If his own acquaintance with men and women was limited, he had reaped the results of other people's knowledge; and doubtless his theories about the only possible relations which could exist between an actress in an extravaganza and the owner of Schloss Weissbach were pretty much similar to those held by most men of rank at the time. Her refusal to accept his invitation had surprised him, but he forgot his wounded pride in looking at her and listening to her voice, and by the time the performance was over, and he and his friends on their way home, he was as much in love as a man well could be.

The Count's preoccupation had not escaped the notice of his companions, and there were sundry hints thrown out about it as they sat down to supper. He frankly told them of the invitation he had sent to the young actress, and of her refusal.

"It is a ruse merely," exclaimed the youngest of the trio, a youthful lieutenant from Dresden. "She refused in order to do it, I could undertake to make her acquaintance by two o'clock to-morrow, and to bring her here in the evening to sup with us."

Why was it that Count Otto's face was suddenly overspread with a frown? The young man had only offered to do what he himself had attempted to do. But he said brusquely.

"You rave. She will not come."

"Shall I try?" said the lieutenant carelessly, stroking his pale-yellow mustache.

"Certainly."

"But I must have the means. I must have a little present to send her in the morning. One cannot get jewelry in Stauffenheim."

"I have a bracelet I had intended sending to an aunt of mine in Styria. You may have that," said Count Otto.

He was evidently bent on making his friend fulfill his promise. If he succeeded, he would then be able to estimate Fraulein Rhense at her true value; if he failed, he would be proud of her victory, for it was not to be concealed that his impression of her had gradually altered since her refusal had been announced to him.

Lieut. Arno framed a careful little epistle in the morning, and sent it with the bracelet to the Fraulein Henrietta. No one knew what he had said to her, or what request he had made; but after the messenger had been despatched, he lit a cigar, and observed to his friends, that before he had finished smoking the young lady's answer would arrive.

So it did. He took the cigar from his mouth as the messenger returned, and prepared to open Fraulein Rhense's note; but great was his surprise to observe that along with the note came the same little box he had sent to her. His companions saw it also, and Count Otto, with a prodigious laugh, exclaimed:

"Du lieber Himmel! She has sent thee back thy bracelet, du unglücklicher Junge!"

The Count seemed in nowise chagrined by the ill-success of the lieutenant. On the contrary, he could scarcely conceal his delight; and when the lieutenant and his friend departed for Leipsic next day, the Count, in bidding him farewell, bade him remember the rebuff which had been ministered to him by Henrietta Rhense.

Left to himself, Count Otto withdrew for a day or two to the solitude of his own rooms in the Schloss. Perhaps he was endeavoring to check his passion at the outset, and had resolved not to brave further the temptation of going to the theatre. However that may be, on the third evening he again appeared in his box, and sat there alone and entranced. Night after night he went, until it was clear that he had wholly abandoned himself to the delight of gazing at the beautiful young actress, wherever that might lead him. He sought for no society; he imparted his raptures to no one; he even made no further effort to become acquainted personally with Henrietta Rhense; but every morning a boquet, brought by a man who was not in the Count's livery, was left for her at the theatre; and every evening the young man sat in the shadow of his box, and looked down into the wonderful Rose-world, in which the Princess wandered.

At length the Count made the acquaintance of the Fraulein Rhense, and that in the most commonplace way. He did not rescue her from the burning theatre, or save her from being run over in the streets, or, in fact, do anything heroic and dramatic; but one evening, as he was leaving the theatre, he observed an old man, gray and worn, speaking to the manager; and as he passed, the old man was talking of the wonderful musical powers of a boy whom he had heard play in Vienna.—Count Otto caught the name of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and, without any form of introduction, stopped at once and inquired of the old man what he knew of the wonderful lad. The old man, it seemed, was professionally a musician—Count Otto had achieved a tolerable reputation as an amateur composer—and insensibly they glided into a long and earnest conversation about the various masters of the day, their qualities, their followers, and their prospects. At the end of their talk the Count abruptly asked his newly-found friend to call upon him next morning at the Schloss, that he might show him some MSS., which had been sent him by a great composer of the time."

"I have the honor, then, of addressing the Count Engelhardt?" said the old man, rather taken aback.

The Count now remembered that he did not even know the name of the person whom he had asked to visit him, and at this juncture the manager stepped in with a formal introduction, and the Count discover that he had been talking to Herr Ludwig Rhense, the father of Henrietta.

Old Rhense kept his appointment next day at the Schloss, and from that moment a warm friendship sprang up between the two men, who had been placed on terms of equality by their love of a great art. It need hardly be said that Henrietta Rhense could not longer remain a stranger to the Count, and so, after all, the young actress, the company of her father, did actually make her appearance at the Schloss, and was conducted over the palace by the Count.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of his manner toward her. Indeed, it is probable that he strove by every outward mark of daference and respect to obliterate from her mind the remembrance of the message he had sent her. And the more the Count saw of the young actress' nature, the more he learned to admire her. He found in her all the graces of character which he had imagined she might possess. The more he saw of her, the more he knew she was worthy of his love, until one morning, when he found her alone in her father's room, he asked her to become his wife.

Her face was pale and her eyes were sad as she looked at him and met his anxious gaze.

"I am very grateful," she said in a low voice, "And yet I ought not to have let you say this to me—for I knew that you would say it. I ought to have gone away; and yet to remain was very pleasant.

There was something in her voice that told him she loved him, although she spoke so sadly.

"I cannot be your wife—at least, not now," she said. "It is too hurried. You do not know me. You do not know how long your love might last. And then you might come to regret having pledged your life to a fleeting fancy. I will go away from here, and some time hence I may come back; and then, if your love has stood the test of absence, I shall know I need not fear. That is all I can promise."

Nothing would shake her resolution; and, her engagement with the manager of the Stauffenheim Theatre being over, she left the place, bidding Count Otto goodbye. Her father knew of her resolution, and approved it.

She was scarcely out of the town when Count Otto went down to the manager of the theatre.

"What have you done with the scenery and appointments of the *feerie?*" he asked.

"Nothing as yet, Herr Graf, for the theatre remains closed for a fortnight.—But I must see about getting the scenery I had from Vienna sent back there."

"Herr Director," said the Count, "let the scenery remain, and I will buy from you, at your own price, the theatre and everything it contains. The ground it stands on, as you know, is mine, and I want to have a theatre attached to the Schloss. I will pay you for the building and what is inside it, and I will present you with a new site for a theatre down close by the river, and not far from the Stadthaus. Is it a bargain?"

The manager was too overwhelmed to reply just at once. It struck him first that the Count must be mad, and then that he must be joking. However, in the end he saw there was no joke in the matter, and he set about making his calculations.

When the towns-people heard that Count Engelhardt had bought the Stadt Theatre, they, too, thought he was mad; for it was clear that he did not mean to have any performances in it. He allowed all the actors and actresses to make fresh engagements with the manager for the new theatre that was to be built, and he gave compensations to each and all for loss of time.

"To think," they said, "that the young Count should have lived quietly and become rich only to throw away his money like this! The old Count his father, knew how to spend money and get value for it. He had rare sparkling wines from France and Hungary; he had plenty of friends to see him; he gave presents to ladies at the Grand Duke's court; he drank, and gambled, and went to the devil merrily. But this young Count, albeit a handsomer man and a more pleasant-spoken gentleman, must needs sit at home with his books, and save up money, and then all at once throw it away on a project, the like of which was never heard of."

Count Otto speedily set about taking possession of his new property. He ran a wall round the theatre, cutting it off from the town and enclosing it in his own ground. The bit of meadow was also enclosed and planted with shrubs. He did not wait to see these works finished; for so soon as they were begun, he set out from the place, and Stauffenheim saw him no more for nearly a year.

Meanwhile it became known that the Rose-world of the *feerie* still remained in the theatre, exactly as it had been during the performance of the piece. The Count had engaged the service of one or two of the assistants of the theatre, and their duty it was to see that this scenery was kept clean and bright. During his absence it was kept carefully covered over while the interior of the theatre was being newly decorated

As for himself, he followed Henrietta Rhense from place to place, as the various exigencies of her profession compelled her to travel. Yet neither she nor her father knew that he did so—a slight disguise and a little precaution kept him easily concealed from both. He thus constituted himself an invisible guard over her safety, while enjoying the pleasure of looking at her whom he had chosen as his wife. He had prevailed on her to write to him; and her few letters were forwarded to him, while his replies were sent back to Stauffenheim, to be again posted from there. Her letters were frank and simple in the extreme; but they made no allusion whatever to the understood compact that had been made between them. Although he would fain have learned that she too looked forward to the happy close of his period of probation, he could not but admire the delicacy which prompted this reserve. For her silence intimated to him that he was free from any promise—that she could not accept his offer, even in the light of a possibility, until this trial had been made. So he followed her about, and secretly listened to her sweet voice, and secretly saw from a distance the sweet face that he hoped might lighten up in the future the solitary rooms of the Schloss Weissbach.

He knew very well that he was breaking his part of the compact in thus seeing her. It was understood that her absence was to be a test of his constancy and of the reality of his affection, whereas she was never really absent from him for twenty-four hours together. However, he reconciled his conscience to the deception by saying to himself that, as he knew the depth and stability of his affection, it was only necessary to persuade her, and that his present enjoyment could not interfere with the final result.

At last the *Wanderjahr* was over; and Henrietta Rhense and her father were in Prague. Nothing had been said as to how she and her lover were to meet; and, doubtless, she expected a letter from him, containing some intelligence of his coming. But instead of a letter, he presented himself on this wise. He knew well that every forenoon she and her father were accustomed to cross the Moldau, and go for a walk past the Hradschin toward the park of the Belvedere-gardens. He knew perfectly the road they took; he knew the clump of trees under which they sat in front of the Restauration, while the waiter brought them some coffee, and old Herr Rhense read the newspapers, and Henrietta took out her knitting. They were sitting there on this morning, when the young Count went up to them. Henrietta raised her eyes, and there was a strange glamor of joy fell over her face, although she looked pale and a little frightened.

"I have come to claim your promise," he said, and he held out his hand.

She gave him her small hand in his; and there, not heeding whether the people in the distance of the park could see them or not, he bent down and kissed her trembling lips. This was how Count Engelhardt won his wife; and he carried her home to Schloss Weissbach, and the small dark-haired girl became the mistress of the place.

Perhaps the young Count was mad, after all; or perhaps his correspondence with all these poets and playwrights had partly turned his brain; for the most curious part of the story is to be told. He took her down to this theatre at the end of the grounds; and very much surprised was she to find that the Rose-world in which he had seen his first love was there unaltered, in all its glory of pink color and light. And she was as mad as he; for to please him, and to recall the time when he had first seen her, she used to dress up as the Princess, and appear wandering about in the arbors of flowers. How beautiful she looked, with her black hair and her pretty figure defined clearly against the pale pink background. And when, after wandering there, she came to see her husband in the front part of the theatre, she sometimes found that his eyes were filled with tears. It was a great piece of folly, perhaps but they were only two big children, these two, who had been nursed on poetry and romance; and these reminiscense of the old time served only to keep their first love warm, and so they were very happy.

It was another sphere of existence to them into which they were never tired of escaping. On all special days, such as anniversaries of their wedding-day, or of the day on which they first met, and so forth, the Count had the Rose-world lit up; and his young wife, beautiful as ever, became again the Princess, and charmed the eyes of her lover. These two people lived a dream life in the Schloss Weissbach; they were so fond of each other, that they cared for little company; and when there were strangers living in the Schloss, the theatre was never opened.

"But this is not so very long ago," you say to your informant. "Men are alive who knew Mendelssohn. Are the Count and his wife both dead?"

Then they tell you that, about three years after their marriage, a great fever broke out in the district. There was no room in the houses of the poor people for the proper tending of the sick. The Count and his lady, among other rich people bestirred themselves in the matter, and tried to secure better accommodation for the sick. The theatre, was changed into a small hospital; and both the Count and his wife were assiduous in tending the unfortunates committed to their care. The epidemic was gradually disappearing, when both of these good people were attacked at once. They died within eight hours of each other; and Count Engelhardt and Henrietta Rhense are buried in the same grave.

Historical Photographs of old Rome.

There are now to be seen in London and in Oxford a series of photographs which establish the substantial truth of the traditional history which was current among the educated classes of Rome during the Augustan age, and which the criticism of the later schools of modern historians has labored to demolish. The Roman correspondents of the London newpapers have occasionally spoken of the excavations which have been made in Rome during the twenty years, at the expense of the late French Emperor and the Prussian Government, and of an English Archæological Society, of which the most energetic member, if not the founder and chief supporter, was Mr. J. H. Parker, whose *Glossary of Architecture* and other kindred books have so materially aided in the revival of the study of Gothic architecture in Rome. But few persons are aware that while personally prosecuting his researches into the buried history of the Rome of the past, Mr. Parker has expended a very considerable sum in the execution of more than 3,000 photographs of every important fragment of Roman remains which can elucidate the actual history of Rome, from its very earliest foundation down to the mediaeval period, adding to this strictly historical collection photographs of all the best Grace-Roman sculpture in the collections of the Vatican and the Capitol.

The value of these photographs, from their literal truth, cannot be over-estimated; and they furnish the most important contribution to historical knowledge which the art of photography has yet supplied. No drawings made by hand can be depended upon for perfect accuracy in such minute details of measurement as are essential to the arguments which are to be founded upon them; and moreover, many of the photographs were made by the aid of the magnesian light, as they are transcripts of work which lies in the deepest darkness. It has for some time been held by the dominant schools of historical teaching that we have no means of forming any satisfactory estimate of the actual condition of the Roman people during those early ages which are popularly known as the period of the Kings. The traditional stories which were put into historical shape by Livy are not, it is said, worth serious consideration. There may, and there may not, have been, though doubtless there were some leaders of the chieftain kind, by some means or other, the obscure and slowly increasing shepherd population, which ultimately was developed into the Roman Republic, and who carried on a series of quarrels, which legend has designated by the sounding title of wars. But we cannot trace any clear succession in these chiefs, or learn what they actual achieved, and can only assume that if ever there was such a person as the leader whom tradition called Romulus, he must have been the mere head of some band of discontented or half-outcast followers, who settle down somewhere on the site of the vast city which ultimately included the seven hills and the land immediately adjoining them.

Let us see what Mr. Parker and his photographs tell us, in contradiction to this now generally received theory. In a word, the excavations of the last twenty years have unburied the actual foundations, and more than the foundations, of enormous works, which show that the period of the Kings, Rome was a fortified city of very considerable importance, governed by despotic monarchs. The fact of the construction of an *arx*, or citadel of great strength in war, together with the commencement of special fortifications, discontinued after some important event, is established beyond a doubt. The wells which were constructed by the chief—whom we may as well call Romulus as anything else—for the use of his garrison when driven to their last resources, are still in existence. Mr. Parker had himself let down into these wells, and found, with what astonishment and delight may be imagined, that in their construction they are totally unlike any other wells in Italy, ancient and modern, with one solitary exception. That exception is to be found in the remains of the old Etrurian city of Alba Longa, which was unquestionably a flourishing place about the time which tradition assigns as the date of the foundation of Rome. There was a report among the poor people who lived near the walls of Romulus that some sort of old and dried up well did there exist, but of the perfect condition and structure of the existing wells no one had the slightest knowledge.

The peculiarity of construction of these wells lies in their termination at their lower extremity, where they reach the body of water stored up in the reservoir with which they communicate; each well there expanding into a conical shape, so that it precisely resembles an inverted funnel. Such a construction is perfectly useless if designed to increase the quantity of water to be drawn up through the well, and consequently it is everywhere unknown, except, as we have said, in a well which communicates with a reservoir of water, at the ancient Etrurian city of Alba Conga, now Palazzuolo. The wells of Romulus, and the sides and bottom of the reservoir into which they open, still exhibit remains of the clay "puddling" with which they were made water tight, the tufa in which they are cut being porous and unfit for the storing of water. The identity of the engineering ideas which prevailed both at Alba Longa and at Rome when its foundations were laid is thus clearly made out; and, so far, the tradition is made out which asserts that Romulus came of the family ruling at Alba Longa.

The Arx, or citadel, which these wells were meant to supply with water, when its inhabitants were shut up by a beleaguering force, is the original fortified place where Romulus ruled, and which goes by the name of *Roma Quadrata*. So far the more moderate of the skeptical school will admit, though even this will be contested by those who believe that the old traditions are not worth the slightest consideration. But what is now made evident from the recent excavations as interpreted by one who possesses the trained archaelogical eye, and understands the true test of age in buildings, is the great size and importance of the very earliest buildings of Rome. It is clear that Rome at once assumed the nature of a fortified city, and that its rulers were rapidly in a position to command a vast amount of enforced labor. The additions to the original buildings exhibit, moreover, marked changes in construction, and are of extent and character which precisely correspond to the traditionary stories of the succession of Kings which ended with the second Tarquin. In actual size the Roma Quadrata was about 300 yards long and nearly 200 wide.

Its foundations are now at last open to the eye, and in their masonry they correspond with that of some of the chief cities of Etruria. They are constructed of oblong blocks of tufa, four feet long and two feet high, roughly chipped, were not got out of the quarry by some simple process of splitting. The horizontal surfaces of the blocks were thus less rough, as they followed the natural stratification of the stone, than those at the ends. The walls of this date are thus distinguished by the width of the vertical joints, which are often so large as to allow a man to thrust his fist into them. No mortar was used to hold them together.

The first work of Romulus was surrounded by walls of this kind, twelve feet thick, built up against the scarped cliff, which was cut away to make all entry impossible except by the gates. This work crowned the Palatine Hill, and its construction may now be seen in Mr. Parker's photographs. It is found nowhere else in Rome. Here, in the Roma Quadrata, its remains are still to be seen on three sides of the original parallelogram, in the foundations of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, which tradition says was begun shortly after the founding of the city, and in some steps close at hand. It is not a little remarkable, also, that the size of each of the stones corresponds to the statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that each of them was sufficient to constitute a cart load. Each stone as now existing in this earliest work, is of just that size which, in the tufa of which they consist, is to this day called by the Roman masons a cart load. Until the recent excavations, the space covered by this arx could only have been guessed at even by those who believed in its reality; but now the whole of the deep loss which was cut on the southwest side of the fort, when it was first built, has been laid open. It separated the fortified part of the Palatine from the unfortified part, where the population congrgated in ordinary times.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

CHINESE DOCTORS.

Some time ago a Chinese doctor, professing to cure all manner of diseases, established himself on Fourteenth street, in this City, and for a considerable time enjoyed a very large patronage, many of the richest ladies of the city being among his credulous patients. After a while, however, on account of the refusal of the Custom house authorities to admit the serpents, poisonous drugs, and revolting salves, which he attempted to import, and from other causes, he discontinued business.

A few days since a Chinese doctor arrived in New York from New Orleans, and is now living at No. 66 Cherry street. A visit was paid to him yesterday. He was found on the third floor of the house mentioned, and is the guest of a number of Chinamen who live there. They hold him in great esteem, and say he has effected some very wonderful cures. The room in which he was seen is of small proportions, and is situated at the back of the house; it is occupied by seven or eight Chinese, and every evening is visited by numerous young white girls of the neighborhood. Three of them were found there last evening; none of the three could have been more than eighteen years of age, two of them were quite well looking, but all of them sat side by side with greasy, loathsome, wrinkled old Chinamen, and brazenly looked the visitor in the face. The "doctor" is a little man, about forty years of age. He was dressed in the proverbial Chinese costume, and, unlike most of his countrymen in the city, wore his cueband in braids round his head. He stated that he had lived for some years in New Orleans, and had been very successful there, many white persons being among his patients. He claims to be able to cure yellow fever of any stage of the disease. He comes to this city in the hope of establishing a practice here, and will furnish and open an office in a respectable locality as soon as his drugs arrive from San Francisco, to which place he has written for them.

Chinese doctors think that there is a close connection between the human frame and the heavenly bodies; they believe in the existence of two principles of life, which they call vital heat and radical moisture. According to their anatomy, the body is divided into three parts. Vital heat is said to be contained in the stomach, the gall, and the bladder, and they say that the principal necessity of eating is to keep warm; the moisture is confined in and is diffused through the body by the heart, liver, lungs, spleen, and kidneys. The drugs and medicines used by Chinese doctors are almost innumerable. Some of them are given in all cases of sickness, no matter of what character, and are claimed to be of remarkable efficacy. Stag's horns, made into powder, is always given in large quantities to persons suffering from pulmonary complaints. Oxides of copper, and other metallic medicines, are extensively used. Ginseng, with rhubard, is given in nearly every case, and plasters and poultices of the most disgusting and offensive character are often placed all over the bodies of patients. It is also a practice to place a piece of raw meat, portions of bull's liver and half a chicken, on injured parts. Should any one, who usually enjoys good health, be suddenly taken sick with dizziness, pains in the eyes, or numbness of the extremities, the illness is ascribed to the evil influence of some of the seventy-two malignant gods, and immediate measures are taken to expel the wicked spirits.

Another belief prevalent in China is that sickness proceeds from bad gases which generate in the body. Dr. Bahr, the celebrated German physician, relates a case in which a Chinaman stuck a long needle into his abdomen, and then pressed the aperture to expel the foul gases, after the operation saying that he felt much better. Such cases often occurred. Another superstition in relation to the sick, is that the gods send illness to persons who are unable to pay for their exemption from disease, and it very frequently occurs that rich friends of a poor sick man make solemn promises to the gods of large sacrifices if the man recovers. A pleasing English writer on China relates that upon one occasion, when traveling in the interior, he was thrown from his horse and received a severe contusion on the head. When the Chinese doctor who was summoned arrived, the patient was ordered to sit up in bed. After he had done so the doctor placed a large basin of water, filled with blocks of ice, on the chair by the bedside, and ordering him to strip to the waist, suddenly pulled his head over the basin and commenced to pour the ice-cold water over his neck. The pain at first was very great, but at length the gentleman was restored to full consciousness and recovered his clearness of sight. After the use of the ice water his head was bound with long cotton cloths, drawn tight by two men holding the ends. His head was then beaten with slathes of shingle-wood, to restore the brain to its proper place. He was next taken out of bed, almost without clothes, and, supported by two men, was made to walk in the open air. Suddenly, while in this condition, a basin of freezing water was thrown over his chest, which caused him to take a long, quick breath, and gave great suffering, as the breast was injured. The doctor informed his patient that he had thrown the water upon him to restore the ribs in case they had been harmed. The patient was then taken into the house, and his wound stuffed with burnt cotton. He was not allowed to lie down or sleep until 10 o'clock at night, and was kept in motion most of the time in order that the blood might not settle on his chest or his lungs. Before going to bed he was given a thin rice soup. This was all he was allowed to eat during the day, and, in his own words, "notwithstanding this I recovered."

THE AGLO-RUSSIAN WEDDING.

The English papers give voluminous accounts of the wedding at St. Petersburg of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Maria. The marriage is said to be extremely popular throughout Russia, and is regarded as a happy omen for both countries. Every print-shop contains portraits of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Maria; and the Duke's likeness has become as familiar to the Russians as that of their own Princess. The most popular portrait is one which was taken at Darmstadt by Backoven, and which represents the Grand Duchess leaning on the Duke's arm. Of this photograph alone a London House ordered 10,000 copies, thus preventing the St. Petersburg picture-vendors from obtaining anything like the supply which they demanded. The Grand Duchess is said to speak English better than most English girls, and to have "a most pleasant and easy manner, and a presence singularly ladylike and distinguished."

During the visit of the Duke a skating festival took place on a lake, which is thus described:

"It was a large lake, dotted with small artificial islands, connected by rustic bridges, and covered with trees. Chinese lanterns and variegated glass lamps were suspended from every branch, and from posts and devices, most artistically arranged; gigantic shells, as they seemed to be from a distance, were illuminated from behind by colored fires, each shell formed from solid blocks of ice. These placed so as to terminate a vista. The skater, skimming across a space in shadow, suddenly found himself with a powerful lime-light streaming upon him, and far in his wake; or conspicuous in the midst of a blue, red, or green halo. These soft, every-varying illuminations gave a charming color and effectiveness. Two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen were on the ice, all 'select citizens.' I should say the majority of the skaters, especially lady skaters, were English; a good honest Glasga' dialect I undoubtedly heard in one of the fairy grottoes. A Welsh family was there to my knowledge, for I had the pleasure of using the skates of one of the younger members. French dialogue and Russian compliments mingled everywhere. The American Minister, and Mr. Schuyler, Secretary of Legation, I also noticed, and Miss Jewell, the American Minister's eldest daughter, by universal consent, was the prettiest skater in the rink. A gorgeously decorated arbor half hidden amongst trees, was occupied by a band, which played choice operatic and dance music. It was a sight to be gazed upon, and an exercise to be taken part in, for hours without fatigue. Graceful as swans, the young girls, arm in arm, or hand in hand, in twos, threes, or, fours, flit through the streams of light to the strains of Verdi; or, with partners of the other sex, whirl and wheel to the music of Strauss. All is motion, and the poetry of motion. A thaw had set in in the morning, but the ice was in perfect order, swept as it was perpetually by an army of liveried attendants."

Dean Stanley preached in the English church on the Sunday afternoon, "the Marriage in Cana of Galilee." The next day he read his sermon to the Grand Duchess, who had not been able to attend.

At the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva on Sunday, the Czarawitz, the Grand Dukes, and the English Princes witnessed the spectacle from a pavilion at the river's edge, and the ladies from the windows of the Winter Palace.

The first feature in the proceedings consists in the Emperor drinking some of the water from a golden bowl. He then presents the bowl filled with gold coins to the Metropolitan. An under priest then sprinkles the people. It was formerly the custom for people to descend to the river, and dip their heads into the water, but so many were drowned that the practice was discontinued by Imperial order.

Previous to the actual ceremony of the benediction, there was a service in the Imperial Chapel of the Winter Palace, at which the Metropolitans of Novgorod, St. Petersburg, and Moscow officiated. The Czar, the Imperial family, and the foreign Princes were present; and the diplomatic circle, the Ministers of State, and the nobles and officers of the Russian army and navy, to the number of about 2,000 filled the chapel and the saloon and corridors of the Winter Palace. A despatch to the *Times*, says:

"The service indoors lasted an hour, and was solemn and splendid. The fine singing and recitative of the Russian Ritual, the rich robes of the dignitaries, the pomp of silken embroidered banners, of golden crosses and jeweled cuffs, the long curling hair and dignified countenances of the Metropolitans and Bishops, of the priests and choristers, made the ecclesiastical part of the ceremony very gorgeous and impressive. To this was added the magnificence of a thousand uniforms.

The mass and color of the great procession as it descended the great staircase and traversed the corridors between lines of soldiery presenting arms was magnificent."

The clergy walked first, with the choir of the Imperial Chapel, carrying candles and censers, and singing verses:

"After the Metropolitans and their cross-bearers and attendants there was a break in the line, and then followed the Czar, the Cezarevitch, the Grand Duke, and all the Court, every one walking bareheaded.—Lastly came the flags of the regiments, carried by soldiers. The procession passed out of the river entrance of the Palace, across the quay to a pavilion built at the edge of the frozen Neva. There the cross was dipped into the water where the ice had been broken, and the river received the benediction of the Metropolitan to the thunder of the guns of the fortresses of St. Peter and St. Paul. Then followed a service of singing and chanting, and next the colors of the regiments were blessed. The Czar, the Grand Duke, and others kissed the hand of the Metropolitan, and the procession returned to the Palace as it came, the Prince of Wales and the Cesarevitch walking near the Czar. A space was kept clear on the quay, but the crowd pressed close, the women holding their children up to the Emperor. His Majesty paused before entering the Palace, bowing and looking towards the surging, bare-headed masses of his people."

THE TAME ELEPHANT OF CEYLON.

From Baker's Eight Years' Wandering in Ceylon.

The "Cultivator," which was sufficiently large to anchor any twenty of the small native bullocks, looked a mere nothing behind the splendid elephant who worked it, and it cut through the wiry roots of the rank turf as a knife peels an apple. It was amusing to see this same elephant doing the work of three separate teams when the seed was in the ground. She first drew a pair of heavy harrows; attached to these and following behind were a pair light harrows, and behind these came a roller. Thus the land had its first and second horrowing at the same time with the rolling.

This elephant was particularly sagacious; and her farming work being completed, she was employed in making a dam across a stream. She was a very large animal, and it was beautiful to witness her wonderful sagacity in carrying and arranging the heavy tim