JERUSALEM!

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

[illegible] of the Lord, whose name
The angelic host in wonder tells;
The halo of whose endless fame
All earthly splendor far excels;
To thee, from Judah's stable mean,
Arose the prince from Jesse's stem,
And since hath [illegible] glory been
What thou, Jerusalem!

What though thy temples, domes, and towers,
Must [illegible] in strength and weakness made,
[illegible] with their priests and regal powers,
In lowly dust and ashes laid!
The story of thy ancient time
Steals on us, as it stole on them,
Thrice hallowed by the lyre sublime
Of thee, Jerusalem!

We see within thy porches, Paul
Uplift the arm, the voice command,
Whose heaven-taught zeal, whose earnest call
Could rouse or paralyse the land—
Though gold and pomp were his, and more,
For God he spurned the glittering gem,
And cast him prostrate all before
Thy gates, Jerusalem!

Even from the Mount of Olives now,
When morning lifts her shadowy veil,
And smiles o'er Moab's lofty brow,
And beauteous Jordan's stream and vale,
The ruins o'er the region spread,
May witness of thine ancient fame,
The very grave-yards of thy dead—
Of thee, Jerusalem!

The temple in its gorgeous state,
That in a dreadful ruin fell,
The fortress and the golden gate,
Alike the saddening story tell,
How he by Hinnon's vale was led
To Caiaphas, with mocking shame,
That glad redemption might be shed
O'er thee, Jerusalem!

Fast by the Virgin's tomb, and by
These spreading olives, bend the knee,
For here his pange and sufferings sigh
Thrilled through thy caves, Gethsemane;
T'was here, beneath the olive shade,
The man of many sorrows came,
With tears, as never mortal shed,
For thee, Jerusalem!

Around Siloam's ancient tombs
A solemn grandeur still must be;
And oh, what mystic meaning looms
By thy dread summits, Calvary!
The groaning earth, that felt the shock
Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,
Gave up the dead, and bare the rock,
For fallen Jerusalem!

Kind woman's heart forgets thee not,
For Mary's image lights the scene;
And, casting back the inquiring thought
To what thou art, what thou hast been,
Ah! well may pilgrims heave the sigh,
When they remember all thy fame,
And shed the tear regrettingly
O'er thee, Jerusalem!

For awful desolation lies,
In heavy shades, o'er thee and thine,
As t'were to frown of sacrifice,
And tell thy story, Palestine;
But never was there darkness yet
Whereto His glory never came;
And guardian angels watch and wait
By thee, Jerusalem!

The lustre of thine ancient fame
Shall yet in brighter beams arise,
And heavenly measures to thy name
Rejoice the earth, make glad the skies;
And with thy gathered thousands, then
Oh! Love and Peace shall dwell with them,
And God's own glory shine again
O'er thee, Jerusalem!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

VAN DYCK'S MADONNA; OR THE SLEEP-WALKER.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

In one of the splendidly decorated saloons of St. James was assembled a group of young and lovely girls, whose delicate fingers were busily employed in different kinds of ornamental needle-work which, under their skillful arrangement, formed boquets which rivalled nature in the brilliancy of their colors and accuracy of shades. They were the Queen's maids of honor, and between their gay chattering and busy fingers employed the time while waiting for her rising. The only grave person in the assembly was the Dowager Duchess d'Alby, the chief of the ladies of honor.

Among the blooming group, the youngest was remarkable for the simplicity of dress and the quiet modesty of her whole appearance. Her attire was a dress of black velvet, closed to the throat, but of which the skirt, open in front, disclosed an under-dress of white satin; the sleeves came just below the elbow, and coquettishly disclosed an arm and hand of the most dazzling whiteness. A plaited tucker encircled her graceful neck, on which hung a chain, to which was attached a large cross, and luxuriant hair, simply parted on the forehead, and confined behind by a lace scarf, completed her costume. This was the daughter of one of the most illustrious families of Scotland: her father, Lord Ruthven, united to a princely fortune a pedigree of which he was more proud than of his wealth. Lucy, his daughter, had secretly arrived at the English Court, on her appointment to a post in the Queen's household—there to complete the education which had been carefully guided by her father. Retired and simple in her tastes, her mind instinctively sought the sublime in the works of nature and art. She excelled in painting, and her genius had created a world of her own, in the daily contemplations of the production of the best masters, which adorned the galleries of her father. Paul Veroneso, Guido, Rubens were of the number of her friends, and she vowed them eternal gratitude, for the light their talents had shed on her solitude.

The habits and manners of Lucy contrasted strongly with those of her companions, who had been habituated to more independence and liberty. Gentle and timid to excess, she scarcely attempted to answer the sportive and often mischeivous sallies of her companions. The large clock in the saloon chimed the hour of ten; all eyes were directed to it, and several voices exclaimed, "He's very late!" just as a domestic announced the painter, Van Dyck. The announcement caused a general agitation among the smiling group. Each one changed her position on her velvet seat, rearranged her dress, and, composing her countenance, sought to give additional grace to her aspect. The young pupil of Rubens, albeit accustomed to the sight of beauty, could not suppress a murmur of admiration at finding himself in the midst of this brilliant circle.

The old Duchess, supposing the young painter's embarrassment to be caused by her own imposing appearance, to encourage him, addressed him in these words: "I am told that you have talent, young man."

"Those who have so informed you do me too much honor, madam; doubtless they judge me by my intentions, but I have, as yet, produced nothing worthy of attention."

There was as much confidence and noble pride in the reply of the painter as there had been arrogance and impertinence in the address of the noble dame.

Lucy, who possessed the high spirit of her country, was shocked at the insolent tone of the Duchess, and now blushed with pleasure at the reply of Van Dyck. As her soft eyes rested approvingly on his face, he understood her feelings, and thanked her, by a look, for her generous sympathy.

"Well, we shall see. Her Majesty wishes to renew the ornaments of her chapel, so you will be fully employed. A residence will be assigned you in yonder monastery. There you will copy undisturbed. In summer, also, you shall have a fit residence, besides a pension from Government. This, I think, is paying an artist pretty well."

"Art can not be paid for, my lady Duchess, and if I possessed the talents to which I aspire, the favor which you boast could not purchase them."

"This is all very well; you are proud and we are noble; but nevertheless, those honors are conditional—you will be chosen painter to the Queen if you succeed in gaining the prize which is offered for the most perfect head of the Madonna."

"Ah, madam, if the patronage of Her Majesty is offered me only on these conditions, I fear I shall not obtain it."

"And why not?"

"Because I shall not gain the prize," replied he, with an expression of sadness, which was instantly reflected on the face of Lucy.

"Why do you refuse this honor—do you fear to fail?"

"No, madam; but how shall I represent, as she should be represented, the mother of the Saviour? Where shall I find a model?"

As he pronounced these words, his eyes rested on the angelic face of Lucy.

"I have hitherto sought in vain the combination of mildness, sweetness, and candor which should characterize the Virgin."

The fire of genius which illuminated the handsome countenance of Van Dyck elicited the admiration of all observers.

"But I should imagine that there would be no difficulty in obtaining models for painters."

"The models which can be obtained for hire are undoubtedly beautiful. I have sought in vain for the dignity and purity, which I have never seen united but in a noble lady, who would disdain to sit to a poor artist."

The animated and ardent glance of Van Dyck much embarrassed Lucy; it told her he had at last found the object his fancy had depicted. The Duchess, however, had observed it, and asked:

"Who is this noble lady?"

"The Virgin herself, Madam!"—Bowing profoundly, and giving a parting glance at Lucy, he added: "If I gain the prize, you shall see me again, madam; if not, I leave England."

He took immediate possession of his apartments, where he could, at the same time, paint his Madonna, and copy the frescoes for the chapel. With his mind full of the celestial face he had just seen, he seized his pencil, and endeavored to trace her lineaments. But the extreme sensibility, so useful to art when time has calmed it, was now his chief obstacle. He felt too deeply to succeed in expressing the idea which filled his soul. The day passed in fruitless attempt, and the night surprised him, dissatisfied and desponding.

In the meantime Lucy had suffered severely for the preference shown her by Van Dyck. The envy and jealousy of her companions found vent in impertinent sarcasms; so that, on separating for the night, her mind was filled with his idea, and after her nightly prayer, his name was the last on her lips.

It was midnight, the heavens shone with a thousand sparkling stars, and a soft light spread itself on the old abbey, which stood solitary and alone among its ruins.

A window of the palace opened, and a shadow passed slowly along the balcony and grand staircase, crossed along the court, and reached the monastery.

It would be difficult to say how this figure had left the palace and penetrated so far; but she must have been well acquainted with all the turnings, for, in a short time, she crossed the long avenues, and, arriving at one of the galleries of the chapel, she found herself in the painter's work-room, and, passing lightly on, seated herself, without looking around her, immediately in front of his easel.

Oh, surprise! oh, joy! this being, so calm, so beautiful, is Lucy! The desponding artist who had been unable to retrace her features on his canvas, now beheld a living model before his eyes.

What could have induced her to come? What idea could have given her the courage and resolution? He threw himself on his knees before her, but Lucy, motioning him to rise, pointed to his pencil. Her look penetrated him with a flame so pure, that he forgot the reality of his vision; his astonishment seemed to him a want of faith. Transported by his imagination to an ethereal sphere, he seemed above the earth, and in the midst of the sublime concerts of angel he beheld Mary, environed by divine rays. He was no longer the powerless artist, who had just thrown at his feet his unsuccessful pencil; the artist had replaced the man. Mute and breathless, inspired by mysterious strength, he seized his palette. His colors gave the form, and his soul the life—in a few minutes he created the most beautiful and most pure of virgins.

When the young girl saw that after tracing her features he was occupied in imparting to his picture the soul which animated him, she rose silently, and with a calm and assured step left the monastery, by the same road she had come.

Van Dyck, with wondering eyes and oppressed breathing, made not the slightest effort to detain her. In his eyes, she was no longer mortal, and in her departure he thought he saw the Madonna returning to her native skies. Enchanted by his execution and excitement he fell asleep in his arm-chair. On awaking his first thought was to examine his canvas. Transported with joy at his success, he thanked, on his knees, the angel or woman who had so favored him. In vain he endeavored again to impart the ideality which existed in his imagination. He had so combined the thoughts of the Madonna and of Lucy, that he determined to discover the truth, and wrote the following billet to the young girl:

"Tell me if you are indeed an angel, if you do not wish to deprive of his senses the poor artist to whom you have condescended to appear this night. Tell me if you are the Virgin, or a mortal!"

It was a part of the duty of the Dowager Duchess to open the billets addressed to the young ladies confided to her charge. What was her astonishment on reading this epistle! "Horror!" cried she, "a child of high family thus to violate her duty, in seeking a painter at midnight." She rung, and sent for the guilty one; but her rage redoubled when Lucy, with her customary gentleness, denied all knowledge of the cause of her reproaches. The Duchess, who expected to witness in her great confusion or a candid avowal, would listen to nothing. The alarm was given in the palace, and it was decided that Lucy, disgraced, should be sent home to her father.

Her prayers were of no avail; a single night of respite was alone accorded her, and she was commanded to sleep in the apartment of the Duchess to avoid further scandal.

At midnight, Lucy rose as before. The Duchess was roused from her unquiet sleep, and called all the ladies to witness the confirmation of her suspicions. With lighted flambeaux, the Duchess, attended by a numerous *suite*, followed Lucy, who traversed again the great hall, the long passages, and arrived at the door of the monastery. Her culpability could no longer be doubted, but they followed her even to the painting room, where she was already seated before the easel. The noise around her, and the brilliancy of the lights, awoke her in affright. She was a sleep-walker, a somnambulist!

Thus unconsciously had she served as model to an artist who fully repaid in love what she had given him in renown. He obtained the prize, and was loaded at the court with honors and riches.

Not long afterward, there was celebrated at St. Paul's the union of Van Dyck and Lucy the daughter of the noble Count Ruthven de Gorry.

A New York letter, of Tuesday, says: "Every department of trade is now very active. Not only dry goods dealers, but the grocers, the boot and shoe, drugs and medicines, hardware, and "Yankee notions" merchants, are receiving as many orders as they can well execute, compelling them to keep their packers at work far into the night. It is the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge, that the aggregate business from now till the middle of October will be the best in many years. As a general thing cash or very short credit is the rule, and business, hence, is on a healthy and conservative basis."

Two seals which recently arrived at the Zoological Gardens of Brussels escaped one night from the reservoir in which they were kept, and, after crossing the park, climbed up the wall and dropped into the road which skirts it at the depth of about six feet; they then set out on a nocturnal promenade in the direction of Wavre, much to the terror of the persons who met those singular looking animals on the way. Their absence was at length perceived, and they were overtaken and easily brought back by their keeper.

The practicability of a single-rail railway has been thoroughly tested in France, and with successful results. The novel feature of the invention consists of a single rail, like a long ribbon, extending along one side of the road. One wheel, placed at the forward part, alone bears on this rail, while the other two wheels rest on the ground. The cars are furnished with two wheels, placed underneath in their long axis, which rest on the rail and support their weight, while two other wheels, destined to preserve their equilibrium, are placed outside.

The Avondale fund is so steadily increasing that there is little doubt now but that it will reach the $250,000, which is desired and needed to make a permanent fund. There is a grand total of $45,316.50 from all sources, and of this sum, $1021 was raised in the town of Pittston Pa., on Saturday. The bulk of the subscription thus far has come from New York.

The senior editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, on his return from a two months' stay in the North and East, remarks that "with public opinion at the North far more tolerant than ever before, with an earnest disposition there to carry capital to the South rather than take it away, and with a bountiful crop insuring independence at home, we may all be hopeful. The future of the South will be one of progress and improvement."

There were six births on the same day in a house in Carroll County, Ga., last week. A lady had twins; two of her daughters each had twins. The six were all boys. Says a Georgia paper, Commissioner Wiel might with propriety be called home—Georgia wants no immigrants.

The pugilistic fraternity of New York are in a state of lively excitement at the arrival from England of the celebrated Knight of the Fist, Mr. James Mace. This distinguished gentleman is said to be in excellent condition, and as his friends say he comes here in pursuit of professional business, we may look out ere long for another "great mill."

To Clean Gold Chains in two Minutes.—Put the chain into a small glass bottle with warm water or eau-de-Cologne, a little camphorated chalk, scrape in some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold.

Lord Lytton's Horace, the appearance of which has long been delayed, is now being prepared for publication. The work will consist of the original and the translation in opposite pages.

Mr. Charles Dickens, in his capacity of president of the Midland Institute, Birmingham, will deliver the address at the opening of the autumn session, which takes place this month.

A son of an ex-President of the United States, who, for some months has been living no one knows exactly how, has been admitted to a charity ward in Providence Hospital, Washington.

Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., is to deliver a lecture in aid of the Catholic Home for Destitute Orphan Girls, in Philadelphia. His subject will be "The Life and Times of Bishop England."

The champion rat-terrier is in Illinois. He recently disappeared for eight days, at the end of which time he came up, lean but fierce, through the ground, where he had been burrowing in his chase for a rat that length of time.

An Englishman was recently caught and almost cudgelled to death in Spain. The people thought him a wisard who carried off little children to eat their flesh and use their fat to grease the telegraph wires.

Brigham Young and the sons of Joseph are quarrelling. The former has forbidden the latter the use of the "Tabernacle," but the Gentile house of worship has been tendered them and they puncture the prophet not a little.

The man who, whether in his habits or his actions, in great things or in small, separates himself from his friend, seems to set every evil and envious feeling of our nature in array against him. Distinction is purchased at the expense of sympathy.

George F. Adams, formerly a merchant in Augusta, Ga., and a captain n the Confederate service during the Confederate service during the war, died in England on the 20th ultimo.

Henry Hart a prominent citizen of New Orleans, connected with the railroad and omnibus interest of that city, was drowned at Grand Isle on Saturday last.

Why is a one dollar greenback better than a silver dollar? When you fold it you double it, and when you open it you find it increases.

The coolest place in London is the reading room of the British Museum, which, strange to say, is cooled by steam.

The Avondale relief fund in Philadelphia amounts to over $200,000. The Riching's concert in behalf of the sufferers netted $779.15.

Train told the Mormons the other evening that he had "more power in directing public opinion than any other five hundred men in the nation."

The Israelites of New York have organized a free burial society, for the purpose of providing decent interment for all Israelites who die there in straightened circumstances.

One who went from New York to Shanghai in 1861, consuming two hundred and forty days in the journey, has just returned in thirty-one days and twelve hours running time.

An exchange says that courtship is bliss, but marriage is blister.

Twenty years ago there were six postoffices in Minnesota. Now there are six hundred.

Two hundred Chinamen are about to be set at work to reclaim 80,000 acres of swamp land near Suisun, Salona County, Cal.

Husbands' promises to give up tobacco usually end in smoke.

The most popular hair apparent—Prince Arthur's whiskers.

A fellow in Sioux City, who deserted his wife, has had to pay his father in-law $1,380 for board.

The Sultan declines Miss Burdett Coutts' offer to repair the water works of Jerusalem, but promises to do it himself.

A private letter from Adelina Patti to an old friend says: "I expect to visit America again, but not to sing. I will never sing again in New York."

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

[illegible]ess having increased so much [illegible] ourselves justified in furnish[illegible] anew entirely with the most [illegible]inery of larger capacity than [illegible]er the following named arti[illegible]educed prices, some of which [illegible] any in use in the District. [illegible]ng such will find it to their [illegible]mine what we offer at much [illegible] value.

1 [illegible]oot Burr Stone, (run[illegible]as new, never having been [illegible]ttle, and is of as good grit [illegible]ne in the country—will be [illegible].

Pa[illegible] foot Corn Stones, [illegible]n, but would serve at a [illegible]ary good business for a [illegible] grit is the very best, and [illegible] meal—will be sold very [illegible].

good[illegible]t Machine. This is [illegible]y a very good Smutter, [illegible] original cost.

Mill[illegible]dles, with Patent [illegible] and [illegible]e Irons, complete, all [illegible]—will be [illegible]heap.

1 Cogwh[illegible]n segments, (new)—[illegible] be sold [illegible]han half the original [illegible].

2 Pinion[illegible]w) to run with the [illegible] Cogwhe[illegible]ch will work on the [illegible] Spindles [illegible] to above. Will be [illegible] for less th[illegible] the original cost.

2 Cast I[illegible]ater Wheels, [illegible] good pater[illegible] cheap.

Bolting C[illegible] as good as new, at [illegible]argain.

Wheat Sc[illegible]—one rolling, the [illegible] eccentric, [illegible] For sale cheap. [illegible]e are as goo[illegible].

[illegible]levator C[illegible] Belts, Boxes, [illegible] Pulleys, [illegible]mplete—not half [illegible] offered for [illegible].

[illegible]sides the abo[illegible]ous other articles, whi[illegible] will be sold [illegible].

H[illegible] WILSON.

Abeville C. H.

Change of Sche[illegible] the South Carolina[illegible]oad.

GENE[illegible]AL SUPERIN[illegible]'S OFFICE, CHARLESTON, [illegible]26th, 1868.

ON AND AFTER SU[illegible] MARCH 29th, the PASSENGER TRA[illegible] South Carolina Railroad will run as foll[illegible]

FOR AU[illegible]

Leave Ch[illegible]eston.....[illegible]60.30 A. M
Arrive at [illegible]gusta.....[illegible]3.30 P. M.
Connecting with trai[illegible] Montgomery, Memphis, [illegible]ashville an[illegible] Orleans, via Montgome[illegible] and Grand [illegible].

FOR COL[illegible]

Leave Charleston.....[illegible]6.30 A. M.
Arrive at Co[illegible]bia.....[illegible]3.50 P. M.
Connecting with Wil[illegible]nd Manchester Railroad, Charlotte [illegible]uth Carolina Railroad and Camden tra[illegible].

FOR CHARL[illegible].

Leave Augu[illegible].....[illegible]6 00 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston.....[illegible]3.10 P. M
Leave Colum[illegible].....[illegible]6.00 A. M
Arrive at Charleston.....[illegible]3.10 P. M

AUGUSTA NIGH[illegible]RESS.
(SUNDAYS EXC[illegible])

Leave Charleston.....[illegible]7.30 P M
Arrive at Augusta.....[illegible]6.45 A. M
Connecting with trains f[illegible]phis, Nashville and New Orleans, via [illegible]unction.
Leave Augusta.....[illegible]4.10 P. M.
Arrive at Charleston.....[illegible]4 00 A. M

COLUMBIA NIGHT[illegible]SS
(SUNDAYS EXCE[illegible])

Leave Charleston.....[illegible]5.40 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia.....[illegible]3.20 A. M.
Connecting with Charlotte[illegible]outh Carolina Railroad [illegible] Mondays, [illegible]sdays and Fridays.
Leave Columbia.....[illegible]5.30 P. M.
Arrive at Charleston.....[illegible]5.30 A. M.

SUMMERVILLE T[illegible]

Leave Charleston.....[illegible]40 P. M.
Arrive at Summerville.....[illegible]16 P. M.
Leave Summerville.....[illegible]7.20 A M.
Arrive at Charleston.....[illegible]35 A. M

CAMDEN BRAN[illegible]

ON MONDAS, W[illegible]NESDAYS AND SAT[illegible]RDAYS.

Leave Kingsville.....[illegible]20 P. M.
Arrive at Camden.....[illegible]00 P. M.
Leave Camden.....[illegible]0 A. M.
Arrive at Kingville.....[illegible]0 A. M

(Signed) H. T[illegible]KE,
General Su[illegible]ndent.

May 8, 18[illegible].

CHANGE OF SCHE[illegible]

Greenville and Colum[illegible] Rail road.

ON [illegible] after SATURDA[illegible] 6th inst., Passenger Trains [illegible] daily Sundays excepted, connecting wit[illegible] T. and South on South Carolina and Charlot[illegible] Carolina Railroads, as follows:

Leave Columbia at.....[illegible] a. m
" Alston at.....[illegible] "
" Newberry at.....[illegible] "
Arrive at Abbeville at.....[illegible] p. m
" " Anderson at.....[illegible] "
" " Greenville at.....[illegible] "
Leave Greenville at.....[illegible] a. m
" Anderson at.....[illegible] "
" Abbeville at.....[illegible] "
" Newberry at.....[illegible] p. m
" Alston at.....[illegible] "
Arrive at Columbia at.....[illegible] "

Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad also run daily, Sundays excepted.

Leave Anderson at.....[illegible] p. m
" Pendleton at.....[illegible] "
Arrive at Walhalla at.....[illegible] "
Leave Walhalla at.....[illegible] a.
" Pendleton at.....[illegible] "
Arrive at Anderson at.....[illegible] "

The train will return from Belton on Monday and Friday mornings.

JAMES O. MEREDITH,
General Superintendent.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

NEW STOCK, selected to suit the [illegible] all. A Book for everybody [illegible] a good Book, gotten up in the best style. Family Bibles, Bibles and Testaments [illegible] Notes, Bibles in 3 volumes, with Notes. Special attention given to the wants [illegible] little folks. Call and see for yourselves and [illegible] your orders to me at Greenwood.

May 19 [illegible] W. T. FARR.