

A more dignified posture would better become the South. Northern leaders dare not follow John Brown—dare not ride rough-shod over East, South or West—and finding this out, they will die the death of former enthusiasts and leaders—who died of insolvency. Then the Democratic element of the four points (especially the Northern point—always saving New England) will find the North likely to be the loser—and English diplomacy will have to retire till the next opportunity.

Who are therefore in the wrong—the North or the South? I answer emphatically, both!

F. X. K.

Love Scene in a Convent.

(FROM "MARTYRS TO CIRCUMSTANCES" BY THE HON. MRS. YELVERTON.)

THE cell of Thierna joined the chapel, and was used for the purpose of confession. A wire screen had been let into the partition, and on the chapel side was placed the prie-dieu, or confessional. Forgetting the heat in my curiosity, I slipped inside to call Thierna. A man on the terrace I deemed an impossibility; but a man it was, in a foraging cap and dark blue uniform, straight before the open window, and staring into the little cell. Had he fallen from the copper-colored sky, my eyes could have opened wider; but other eyes than mine had caught sight of the form. With a bound like a young antelope, Thierna sprang from her writing table to within a couple of yards of the window, then stopped short, far more confused than when she had worn the placard of her crime. Her heaving breast raised the folds of her white collar, her cheeks were diffused with a rose pink, her eyes looked up in a melting azure, as she said, in a tremulous voice—

"Cyril, don't you know me, Cyril?" Her voice reached him like an electric wire; he bounded in through the window, and ere I could ejaculate my surprise the supple figure was folded in the embrace of the stranger: his handsome brown beard and whiskers had got mingled and mixed up in a very odd way in the white veil, some of the folds drooping over his shoulder. Where the small head was I could not clearly distinguish. There was a fluttering in the escaped parts of the garments, like the ruffling of a bird's feathers struggling to get free; and a smothered masculine of "Darling, my own darling!" penetrating through the toque part of the head-dress.

"We must haul down that topgallant sail," he said, coming out from under the folds. He gave it a pluck, away flew the veil, toque, bandeau, and all the paraphernalia of the monstrous headgear.

Thierna stood free, but no longer the Sister Thierna of yore; a wood sprite, a Diana Vernon she more resembled. Her hair was turned back from her forehead, and curled in short clusters of tiny golden curls round the small patrician like head. With the veil had disappeared all that was solemn, severe, and old. She stood in her close fitting habit, so neat, the personification of a bright, joyous wood nymph, her eyes brim full of surprised delight, her mouth smiling, flexible and soft, round her white teeth.

No wonder he wanted to repeat jumping in at the window; but her eyes reproved him.

"Remember, I am a novice," she said, trying hard to look demure and staid; "and we are in a convent, a sacred place. You are no less sacrilegious than your ancestor Mars, who ran away with a vestal from the temple."

"As I will run away with you," he exclaimed, seating himself with great sang froid on the small divan, and drawing her down beside him. "You do not suppose I have clambered to this rook's nest but to find you made such a Guy of, that I did not even know you?"

She shook her curly head, but that was the only negative she could muster. With her veil she seemed to have lost her usual decision and power; under his influence she became at once a yielding, gentle child. To him she seemed to have transferred her head as well as her heart.

This masculine apparition—for so I was bound to consider him—was not strictly or regularly handsome. There was something more than that; he wore the stamp of power,—of manly, undaunted, fearless bearing. His head was proudly set on, as though it could never bow save to catch the whisper of a woman. His forehead was massive and square, the hair of a rich brown, growing in its own way, guiltless of artificial aid. The eye deep grey, overshadowed by long lashes, full, calm, and decisive. On the brow, which was a little heavy, indomitable will had set her seal, and his face would have been a shade too voluptuous, but for the shadow of a silky moustache; his teeth, which were of exquisite form and dazzling whiteness, threw an indefinite charm when he smiled. A soft, handsome brown beard I have already described as making acquaintance with the veil of Thierna. A little above the middle height, his shoulders were wide and square, his chest broad and handsome. Strength and power were marked in every limb, without destroying the perfect symmetry and beauty which the shell jacket was calculated so set off to advantage. It buttoned up to the throat with tiny buttons, on which was written a word: it might be "ubique."

"What in the name of wonder are we sitting on?" said he, in a tone of perplexed discomfort.

"On my bed at night and divan in the day," she replied.

"But it is nothing but sharp bars of iron," he said, raising the thin mattress stuffed with chaff. "Do you sleep on this?"

"Yes," she said; "and dream I am St. Lawrence on the gridiron."

"You would be far better off in a hammock, poor child!" said he, as he drew her gently towards him, and stroked the only bit of smooth hair from her forehead. "Ah! what has become of it all?" he suddenly exclaimed, as he drew out to its full length the short little curl, for the first time discovering the loss of the long tresses. "Did they cut it off? the zealots?"

"Oh, no," she laughed; "I cut it off myself, and the angel Gabriel has got a wig made of it, or I would have made it for you. But I was obliged to make the sacrifice, for one day on board a sick ship, where there were a number of Italian officers (Italians are insane on light hair), a high wind carried off my veil and *à la cetera*, as you have now. My hair came loose, and was blown into such picturesque disorder, as to excite the admiration of the Italians. The event was reported at head quarters to the holy mother, pronounced indecorous, improper, unbecoming a sister and a novice, and I was ordered on duty in the laundry, to perpetual ironing of toques, veils and collars. You ought to know how wicked I am," she pouted affectionately, "so I will confess I singed them rather brown, and ironed them into such eccentric shapes that the sisterhood could not make use of them. I appeared before the holy mother with my rebellious locks in hand and a close shaven head. She commended me for the sacrifice of such earthly vanities, and prophesied that, if I had only had the virtue to wait until I had been desired so to despoil myself, I should merit to be a saint some day; for obedience is greater than sacrifice."

"A saint!" growled Cyril, making a deprecating face.

"That soars far beyond the summit of my wishes. I

should prefer you a dear little wicked girl, singeing the linen, infinitely; and to prevent such a catastrophe of saintship being conferred upon you, I will tie you, before twenty-four hours are over, in a matrimonial knot, so as to destroy all prospect of sainthood in the future, and prevent you taking wings and flying away from me, or becoming a Will-o'-the-Wisp any more," he added, crushing her yielding hand in his powerful grasp, his eyes drinking in deep draughts of love and happiness from her upturned, loving, childlike face.

"But Cyril," she whispered tremblingly—he had absorbed her power of resistance, "you do not want to take me away from here now?"

"Not want to take you," he echoed, "you small offender! can you look me straight in the face," and he took her head between his hands and placed it opposite his own. "and ask me that? Have you not led me a wild goose chase half over Europe! And now you select Asia! Have I not gone about asking for a fair-haired little girl like the love sick swain singing, 'Shepherds, tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?' And how many Floras did I bring to bay, but never the right one. Then I went Banshee hunting, for that was the name of your phantom yacht. Was not I put into lazaretto at Naples, wrecked off the Greek islands, burnt up on the coast of Tunis? Then you escaped for good, and left no trace, and I got into disgrace for taking French leave of absence. Have I not climbed a minaret and crawled the tiles like a cat to get here? Have you not been a land sprite and a sea siren, alluring me on the risk of my neck and limbs—to say nothing of my commission? and you ask me if I want you now. Now that I have caught the phantom I will never leave go; so come along. How shall we get her down?"

And he rose as if to put his purpose into execution.

"You are afraid of the descent?" he asked, as she held back.

"No," she replied, softly placing her hand upon him confidently; "I shall never fear to go wherever you guide. But listen, I must speak. And do not look so stern, or I cannot proceed with my speech."

"Did I, my own?" his face softening into a tender expression, "it was quite involuntary. Pray proceed."

"You know," she went on, "all that cross purpose playing was not my fault—circumstances over which I had no control—and at that time I should not have offered one word of demur. But now I have a clear path of duty before me, a task to perform, a high and holy office to fulfil, far nobler than what your honor demands of you. I am the handmaid of the King of Kings, and do his work; you but the servant of an earthly sovereign; yet I may not ask you to forego your honorable calling. You must risk your life, though fifty Thiernas hung upon it, because you have given yourself to the defence of your country; I must continue to expose mine, because I have vowed myself to the cause of humanity and charity."

"You had no right to vow," burst in Cyril, "or bestow yourself; you belong to me—a piece of personal property which I lay claim to. There has been a law from all eternity that what a man finds in the sea becomes his by right that none shall dispute, and if I deprived the French fishes of such a dainty morsel," (here he lifted her from the floor like a toy) "it was not that she should now become food for fever, cholera and Turkish worms. No! come away, away, small philanthropist. If you wish to amend mankind and do deeds of love and charity, I am, in my own person, an inexhaustible mine for your labor."

"Oh, Cyril!" she exclaimed, looking really distressed, and feeling herself helpless to resist that powerful will, "how can you be so wicked? I am really alarmed. Pray go."

"Come away, then; and can you not get that Saint Gabriel's wig conveniently? that is all I care to carry off beside yourself."

"Gabriel was not a saint, but an angel. For mercy's sake go. Good gracious! if holy mother came!"

"Holy mother is asleep in this heat," and he went on singing:

"Holy mother awoke, and she heard a noise at the midnight hour,
She counted her brood, and missing a bird she sought in hill and tower,
The ladder she spied, and down she hied, but she tumbled into the water.

"Will you have the refrain?" he laughed.

"No, you are impious, and I am terrified."

She looked spellbound or mesmerized. I began to believe in Odic force—the magnetic force of attraction. He would most certainly carry his purpose, though I read in her face that she would have given many days of her peaceful life for one moment's power of resistance, for one glance of that quiet decision with which she usually carried her ends. In vain she struggled; she was clearly under some influence which paralyzed her mind. I could not help coming to the rescue by giving the *prieu-dieu* a slight push, thereby making a noise.

"Oh! heavens! I am lost, it is the holy mother. Fly! think if they find you here. Oh, fly! think! think!" she sank back gasping with terror.

For a moment he stood dauntless, like a stag brought to bay. Then, turning a look of deep affection upon her, said:

"Poor small child, she cannot brave it now!" imprinted a burning kiss on her unresisting forehead, cleared the window at a bound, and was gone.

Angling on the Shannon.

"To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee: sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes the tackle must not fail,
Nor the deer purchase of the sable's tail;
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
And every fly promote the fisher's art;
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrow the pride of land, of sea, of air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes the glittering thing displays
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays."

Angling has ever been regarded a most manly, healthy, and attractive sport or recreation. It was practised by the patriarchs and apostles—by the learned, the benevolent, and the heavenly minded of later periods; and, indeed, it has been followed with the greatest avidity by persons in every rank and condition in life, if not from the "beginning," surely from a time so remote, that human records and the traditions of men, "run not to the contrary." And although angling be a sport of great antiquity—an art apparently very simple—yet there are very few requiring more practical knowledge, or greater nicety and precision in its exercise. An expert and successful angler must possess a species of acquired knowledge, which is as difficult to impart to others, in writing, as is the act of fencing. Truly it's a joyous scene often of an evening to see a batch of our merry baud, "beat on finny spoil," issuing forth from our quarters—one strapping on his reel, another shouldering the lusty salmon rod, gaff, and landing net; a third looking to the stowing

of the "locker" of our fishing-boat, or replenishing the cigar case and tobacco pouch; while others, again, just returned after a day's lake fishing, their heavily laden baskets, disordered tackle, and empty flask betokening how thoroughly they must have entered on the spirit of the sport; and now they tarry not, till they reach the refectory, where our kind landlady will be sure to regale them with the best cheer of the inn. We have had some rare sport of late, and there is every prospect of having plenty of work to do for many weeks yet, for the peal fishing has only just commenced, and if the water keeps in as good order as it is at present, there can be no doubt but we will have excellent trout and pale fishing. Last week we were signing for rain and gentle zephyrs, but this present week we have both one and the other, and there is no lack of sport in consequence. We got up an angling match last week which went off very well and proved most interesting to all concerned, the poor unoffending *gillaros* excepted. But perhaps the prettiest incident of the past week was the aquatic excursion which our entire party had up the lakes. A more delightful day's recreation—whether considering the surpassing scenery of the lake,

"That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
Is depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
Built by the giant race before the flood!"

the mildness of the atmosphere, or the general hilarity of all present—we seldom before experienced: and there were those amongst us, who, as gay bachelors had

"Spent winters in Paris, and winters in Rome,
With summers at Baden, and summers at home."

On our return journey we put into Innis Caltra, or the island home of St. Camin. This island which is situated to westward on the lake, and distant from Killaloe about ten miles, contains the ruins of several monastic edifices, as also a round tower of great height, and a very curious stone cross. The view presented to us from the island was grand in the extreme. It was at the golden sunset hour, the waters of the lake hushed, yet glowing like a beauteous bride beneath the glorious light (nowhere are the sunsets finer than here); and around were the remains of buildings ancient and venerable, stones sealed with the impress of antiquity, as if here she had fixed her abode, and concentrated all her powers of destruction to make it a dwelling worthy of her venerable name.

There was no sign of life on the margin of the lake. All was profound silence, broken only by the shrill call of the king-fisher, or the dip of the paddles of some homeward bound fishing boat. And then these mountain peaks—the towering Slieve Beragh—which for miles extend along the lake, what inconceivable splendor do they not lend to the scene! If, however, the natural beauties of these regions excites so much admiration, the interest is doubled by the associations which are connected with them. In fact every island, every creek almost on the lake (which, at this point, is fourteen miles wide) has a history of its own; and hours might be spent in listening to the legends which the fishermen relate concerning them. One of these legends, which refers to a district a few miles higher up on the lake, and which one of the boatmen related to us in a style and with a diction and emphasis impossible to be done justice to on paper, is not devoid of interest. The substance of the legend was to the following effect:

The tale is, of course, of love—the love of O'Carroll, the Irish Lord of Lough Derg, and of the fair Teresa, the daughter of De Burgho, his Norman conqueror and successor. A captive in his own castle, O'Carroll gained the heart of Teresa, and with her aid escaped from his prison, to return in the hope of carrying off his beloved. The Norman lord was, however, too vigilant, and having watched the coming of the young chieftain, he caused his skiff to be perforated with holes, while he was keeping his tryst with the lady in an adjoining grove. De Burgho, it is added looked out from a place of concealment while the lovers entered the boat, and having pushed off a little from the land, sunk with her, to rise no more except to the "mind's eye" of the native fisherman, which often at midnight, sees O'Carroll and Teresa in ghostly shadow stealing over the waters.

Late in the afternoon we re-embarked, and the prows of our boats being directed towards home, each one of us plied his oar. Lake after lake, mountain after mountain was quickly passed: and we continued to gaze on the ever varying scene until

"Evening led her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star."

In all our travels we have seen few spots more worthy of a visit than the neighborhood of Killaloe. Few places can equal it in the beauty of its scenery; still fewer can afford such a combination of all that is grand in nature with associations such as those to which I have alluded in sketching "a day in Lough Derg."

PISCATOR.

Lough Derg, Killaloe, June, 1861.
—Western Star.

Anglo-American Regiment.

THE belligerent "British subjects" who honor New York by making it the scene of their money speculations, have made even a more melancholy failure in their attempt to raise a "British Legion," than we prophesied for them. The only parallel we can find for the result of their efforts is Falstaff's "ragged regiment;" but even that historical corps had not the advantage of the Anglo-American "Legion;" for the fat knight managed to get his "rascals" where they were "well peppered," while the modern Britishers are to be found in that dubious position, commonly and emphatically indicated as "nowhere."

Let us suppose to be wrong our gallant "Anglo Saxons" in the premises, we give the denouement of the affair as we find it represented in the *Montreal Commercial Advertiser*, by one of the principal actors:

"Colonel Austin, of the much talked of British regiment of New York, has returned to Canada, a poorer and no doubt a wiser man. It appears from his statement that there never was any British regiment; the whole thing was a monstrous lie and fraud, not eighty men having offered for it. Nor was there any pay forthcoming; and the Colonel after proceeding to Washington, and vainly supplicating the authorities there for his expenses, concluded to secede from a service which promised neither profit nor honor. Some of his companions who were without means of their own, are unable to return, being kept in pawn by inexorable hotel keepers. So ends the farce of the British Regiment."—*Irishman*.

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HATS! HATS!!

CHARLES MURCH THE HATTER!!

In all ages of the world no portion of the human structure has attracted the notice of the philosophic critic so much as that portion of it which is considered or believed to be the seat of intellect. And, in proportion as intellectual strength has been appreciated, so, it would appear, have improvements been made in that particular habiliment which imparts protection to that portion of the human system where knowledge is enthroned. Long before phrenologists mapped out and traced the lines on the crowning portion of the "human form divine," or long before incredulous sceptics sneered in utter disregard of the lectures of a Fowler on the *cranium*, that article of dress known to us as a HAT was a matter for much study, and of much social and political importance.

In the industrial exhibition of all nations, in London, in 1851, and in New York in 1853, prominent positions were allotted, by the superintendents of space, to the manufacturers of this indispensable article of dress, for the exhibition at the various models and samples of their industry and ingenuity. There is no article of utility, or even of adornment, that can, with more difficulty or acknowledged impropriety, be dispensed with than with a fashionable Hat, nor is there any one article of dress, the unworkmanlike or unscientific construction of which is more unbearable to the wearer than that of ill-proportioned head gear.

A clumsily-built boot or a poorly-shaped coat can be borne, with comparative ease, but a mis-shapen hat is the scold of the community, of even personal friends, while it sorely pinches the scalp of the wearer, and "caps" the climax of all bodily wretchedness.

The political importance of the Hat is not less remarkable than the part which it has played, and is destined to play, in the "dress circles" of polished society. The part which it was made to perform in the reign of Charles the First is not forgotten by the chronicler of those times. Even in the peculiar cock of the Calabrian Hat was an object of the deepest solicitude, and of the greatest proscription, to Italian despots within our own recollection. Louis Napoleon, though he deprived his *canonized* countrymen of almost all other privileges, yet did not dare to deprive them of the popular though, perhaps, harmless manner of vindicating their revolutionary convictions, by suppressing the peculiar construction of *Monsieur's chapeau*. The relative degrees of social position are better demonstrated by the peculiar shape of this indispensable article, whether on the Boulevard plaza or tented field, than by any other article of the toilet, and indicates, at a glance, what the rank or status of the wearer is, nor is there a surer or a quicker way of conveying to rank or age, or beauty, an assurance by the wearer that he possesses a due appreciation of that respect which the courtesies of polished life extend and accord to each, than by his graceful handling and uplifting of a well-formed and artistically-finished HAT.

The finding of a manufacturer for fabricating an article so apparently simple, still, so really important as a good Hat is, however, not so easily accomplished.

Therefore, we claim that we are rendering a public service when we call the attention of our readers, and of the public in general, to the manufacturer whose name is placed at the head of this notice. Mr MURCH requires neither praise or approval at our hands, nor could he obtain either if undeserving; but we feel it is due to the community to state that no such value as he gives can be found at similar prices anywhere within the range of our acquaintance. The fact of the vast numbers who heretofore were the customers of "CHARLEY" MURCH, having doffed the fashionable hat of that gentleman for the regulation cap of the soldier, has, of course, diminished materially the number who heretofore crowded the sale rooms of this popular manufacturer. However, it is to be hoped that the friends and admirers of those devoted patriots and gallant fellows who were, but a few weeks ago, the steadfast patrons of Mr MURCH will not be forgetful of the man who gave so much satisfaction to their friends, but that they will also extend to him the same patronage during—it is to be hoped—the temporary absence of our brave soldiers.

There is no material of which hats are made, whether of the furs of the beaver or nutria, besides a selection of the best silk, which he does not hold in abundance.

His silk hats are made from silk plush, with the modern improvement of substituting beaver, silk and muslin foundations, for the cane and willow framework which imparted such hardness to the hat, and such a headache to the wearer. In fact, whatever gives elasticity, color and durability to the hat, and gives ease and comfort to the wearer, makes his constant care and study.

In a word, the generous, good hearted, open-handed and kind disposition of "CHARLEY" MURCH, superadded to his skill as a manufacturer and his desire to please his customers and patrons, must always secure to his establishment, at the corner of Twentieth street and Third Avenue, New York, a brisk and satisfactory trade.