

THE HISTORY OF A FELON.

BY MILTON M. STANBURY. It was cold and dreary winter; thick the snow lay on the ground...

There was darkness in the heavens and darkness in the streets; and all other sounds were swallowed in the rattling of the street.

Is a slow and gloomy gait, a wasted figure lay in unheeded, unheeded in the deepening twilight gray.

The straw was scant and meagre, and no fire glared from the grate, uneven floor there was no other seat.

And a scolding child was kneeling by his mother's side, and a scolding child was kneeling by his mother's side.

Day broke, and men came thronging to gaze upon the sight; Of a woman who had perished of starvation in the night.

And there were twelve who scanned the corpse with cold and careless eyes; To discover things permitting, how the creature came to die!

I could not hear to hear their jests—what mattered it to me? Where they bore the senseless body, so the no friend was left to aid me as I step to join me in my play.

I turned my back upon them all, and sobbing, hid away! I could not longer linger there, where all were by the end of poverty, my heart beat thick and fast.

And it seemed as though each moment was doomed to bring a last. All day I wandered idly, little heeding where I lay.

Though my feet were bare and frozen, and the wind at random played; Each gust that swept around me sent a shiver to my bones.

But the fire that blazed within me made me senseless to the pain. Another night drew on apace, and from many a window high.

On the cheerful fire light, glimmering on the stragglers passing by; And the voice of merriment and revelry was borne upon the air.

To hearts whose grief had set its seal, but found no echo there. Faint with walking and with hunger, (food I had not known that day.)

I stole within a friendly porch, to sleep my weary head; But a hand was laid upon me, and a rough voice said to me: "Get up, you scoundrel!"

And that night I found a shelter that a vagrant might despise. First, trampled as a vagrant in a prison's loathsome cell.

Where men of blood and men of peace in strange communion dwell; Then forced by sheer starvation to trample on the Law.

What other course had I, when Death was knocking at my door? I was born with human feelings—I was born with human feelings.

I am fashioned like my fellows, and we seek a common goal; Then why, instead of friendly words and admonitions kind,

Do they drive me into courses I would fain have left behind? Is it that my clothes are ragged, or my speech too sadly free?

That they hunt me like a beast of prey, and will not let me be? God, that made me, be my witness! but to end this fearful strife,

I would work my fingers to the bone to lead an honest life! But when I seek employment I am viewed with scorn and hate.

And the purse-proud sons of fortune mark my garments with disdain; And all backs are turned upon me, and the lovely pass me by.

A groaning cry, a wailing cry, and all we pass. Progress of American Chromo-Lithography.

Mr. Prang is rapidly increasing his business and improving his beautiful art. He has begun to publish a series of plates "Gallery of American Painters,"

in which he proposes to produce at least one characteristic picture by each of our eminent artists. He has already published every landscape by Brecher, several groups of chickens and the like by Tait, several fruit pieces by Lily M. Spencer, and Miss V. Granberry, of New York, a couple of genre pictures by Niles, of Boston,

a series of Ruggles' "gems" in oil colors, besides a great variety of illuminated texts and cards by Miss Jennie Lee, of Jersey, and cartoons and lithographs by Mr. Honer, and others.

He has now in active preparation "A New England Winter Landscape" by the late Mr. Morvillier of Malden; a figure piece, "The Barfooted Boy," by Estman Johnson; "Easter Morning," by Mrs. Theresa Hart, wife of James Hart, the landscape painter;

two brilliant pictures of children in the woods, "The May Queen" and "The Little Rogue," by Mrs. S. G. Brown; "The Shipwreck of Steerforth," by Moran; "The Friends," by Girard; "The White Mountains in October," by Mr. George L. Brown;

"The Boy of New York," by the same artist; "The Field of the Yon Semites," by Bierstadt; the fruit pieces, by S. W. Fuller; "Cherries and Basket," by Mrs. Granberry; and besides these he has a number of other compositions on the easels of distinguished New York painters. Tait is hard at work on his favorite subjects. We are not at liberty to name the paintings by foreign artists that are to be chronicled as rapidly as possible, because, in the absence of an international copyright law, fine-art publishers are liable to the same annoyances which are now experienced by the publishers of foreign books.

The "Winter Landscape," by Morvillier, is a picture as essentially New England as if we may on the word—on pumpkin pie or Thanksgiving. Morvillier made a specialty of winter scenes, and was admitted to be the best painter of snow in America. This is one of the best of his small pieces. It represents an old farm house by the road-side, with its inevitable L's and out house; grass in the yard engaged in feeding poultry; a group of skaters on a frozen stream hard by; with spectators looking at the sport; in the distance, the village, which is hidden by the trees on its outskirts. A grand old elm, under whose wide spreading branches the farm-house is built, is rendered with wonderful delicacy and spirit; and the apple-trees, on the other side of the road, seem to have been photographed from every family homestead in Massachusetts away from the great iron thoroughfare. The picture is a pleasant one; for it has a warm, cheerful glow—such as every one delights in, on "fine mornings" in winter when the snow lies deep and the slight bells are ringing merrily on an every road.

The "Field of the Yon Semites" is a characteristic bit of California scenery in Bierstadt's well-known style. It

by a pair of water fowl that novel over and rest on the rocks at the shore. A abrupt, steep and rugged cliff—over a part of which tumbles headlong, a graceful waterfall—from the southern boundary of the lake; and a fringe of gigantic branches fir-trees skirts the Northern shore. It is a careful study after nature and every touch is Bierstadtish.

The "Barfooted Boy" is a true artist's rendering of Whittier's familiar lines:—"Blessings on the little man, who goes with his pack on his back; With turned-up pantaloons And his merry whistled tunes; With his red, rosin-stick, Kissed by straw-berries in the hill; With the shantolom of his feet, Through the torn hem of his jaunty gait; From my heart I give thee joy—"I was a barfoot boy, Prince thou art—the grown up man Only a trifle taller; Let the million-dollar ride; That last more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eye—"Outwaded sunbaker, inward boy—"Blaspheming like, barfoot boy!"

It represents a comely rustic lad, clad in coarse homespun dress, with his trousers turned up, his hands in his pockets and his brightest of "knowing" yet innocent smiles on his face and in his eyes. His face is half shaded by his broadest hat; his feet are firmly planted on a grey rock; he looks so hopeful, so self-reliant, so entirely at his ease, that he seems the perfect incarnation of Young America.

The accessories of this picture are a distant landscape with a tree in the middle and foreground. They are well handled, but they serve only to put the figure in his proper place, the best pieces that Mr. Johnson has ever produced.

The "Fringed Gentian" after Newman is one of those carefully and wonderfully elaborate and truthful representations of vegetable life in which the pre-Raphaelite school of arts of New York and elsewhere, excels to delight. It is a work of art. It looks as if it had been drawn with the aid of a microscope—the most Lilliputian details are so exactly reproduced. It is one of the most delicately subjects to chromo, and we shall take an interest in examining the result.

Among the fruit pieces in press, judging from the original, we prefer the "Cherry Blossom" and "Strawberries" of Miss Granberry, which are certainly admirably rendered, with a certain fidelity to nature. Mr. Fuller's pieces are highly finished and harmonious in color, but it strikes us that the subjects are less likely to be universally popular.

The "Friends," by Girard—we forgot to name in our list—is the picture of a little girl, who is petting a Newfoundland dog. Girard has an excellent faculty for the conception and execution of this class of subjects, and it is in one of his happiest efforts. It will charm the children everywhere.

In an entirely different style, but of the same character, are the companion picture by I. C. Case, New York. This young artist excels in genre pictures; he renders children with a rare ability, especially when there is a single figure at rest, but in an attitude expressive of mental action. These subjects—the "May Queen" and the "Little Rogue"—are just suited to his peculiar genius. The "May Queen" is a little girl in the woods, brightly attired, self-absorbed with wildflowers, bathed in sunlight, her eyes beaming with delight at the thought of surprising her friends by her new and gay decorations. The "Little Rogue" is the picture of a boy, four or five years old, who is trying to hide himself from somebody coming—which somebody he is evidently intending to startle. He is stooping under a sumac bush, which he gently bends over him. This gives the artist an opportunity for a brilliant piece of coloring. It is autumn, and the declining sun shoots rays through the misty atmosphere, brightening the gay hues of the sumac leaves and warming up the surrounding of the figure, which are rather cold and low in tone. The two pictures contrast finely; the clear, bright summer glow of spring—in the "May Queen"—being harmoniously offset against the dreary, misty autumn vapors in the "Little Rogue." Mr. Brown regards these pictures as his masterpieces.

"Easter Morning," by Mrs. Hart, is a massive marble cross, hung round about with fuchsias, pansies, yellow roses and other exquisitely tinted flowers. It is a combination entirely new, peculiar and novel, which seldom seen an effect so original produced by a combination of such simple and familiar elements. There is an absence of quiet beauty in the work that is essentially harmonious with Easter and its sacred memories. It is altogether charming. If there is a single flaw in it we have not detected it. As far as the chromo has gone it bids fair to rival the original; but we reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed, we know only that if it is as good as the original, it is an exquisite painting, it will soon be one of the most common ornaments of our bondaires, vestries, Sunday schools and libraries.

The last painting on our list was handed in as we were taking notes of the new publications. It is a small reproduction of "The Crown of New England," a painting which, both in England and America has secured for Mr. George L. Brown some of the highest encomiums from artists and art critics, which American productions have ever obtained. Glowing, poetically truthful, full of brilliancy and light and beauty, it represents the White Mountains when they are seen to the best advantage—when, as the portrait painters say, they are in their "highest moments"—transfigured under the early morning of a late October day. The original on a large scale is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Childs & Co., where it has been visited and admired by thousands of our wealthiest and best educated citizens. If this beautiful creation, this lyric on canvas, can be reproduced in facsimile, it will mark an epoch in the art; for the vapors and mists that enircle the mountain sides, the subtle gradations of light and shade, and the marvelous blendings of colors and tints render it exceedingly difficult either to imitate or duplicate.

It is gratifying to know that the popular demand for pictures is almost in the exact ratio of their artistic excellence. Every touch of nature, whether in canvas or chromo, is instantly recognized and applauded. The best things sell best; no reputation avails against the fact as it is:—"Ruggles' gems" have not paid expenses; whereas Tait's groups go off with amazing rapidity. Of Britner's pictures, on the other hand,—"The White Mountains in America," "The Creek" and "Sawyer's Pond" (a little gem) and one or two others have a steady and rapid sale, while some others do not move off at all. The people have a truer taste than they generally have been credited with in the critical doomsday book. It is a faith in this instinctive taste that has borne on Mr. Prang to the rare good fortune that has rewarded his efforts. BERWICK.

MISS MARY A. SIMPSON, MILLINER & DRESS MAKER, Second Street, bet. Main and Water, BROWNVILLE.

Wishes to inform the Ladies of Brownville and vicinity, that she has just received from every family homestead in Massachusetts away from the great iron thoroughfare. The picture is a pleasant one; for it has a warm, cheerful glow—such as every one delights in, on "fine mornings" in winter when the snow lies deep and the slight bells are ringing merrily on an every road.

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