The Albany Register.

The Young Artist.

BY VIRGINIA DEFOREST.

Fanny Farquhar was the most persevering girl I ever knew. She was gay and lively, but not volatile. She did not *fly off* from a pursuit, nor even an amusement, until she had accomplished her purpose, or "played out the play." With a character of great energy, she was perfectly ingenuous, and as docile and obedient as many young ladies are, who have, as Pope slanderously says of most of our sex, "no characters at all."

When she first came to the "young ladies' seminary," where we were schoolfellows, she commenced drawing; and Mr. Mason soon pronounced her one of his most promising pupils. She was not content with copying the productions of others; and her judicious instructor encouraged her determination to learn the art of designing by drawing from real objects. So when she had exhausted all his models—his wooden globes, and cubes, and pyramids, and cylinders, and piles of blocks, and bronze figures of greyhounds and lyons, she forthwith commenced sketching landscapes from nature; and wherever we went visiting, Maying, or botanizing, Fanny always had her sketch-book or her Bristol boards and pencil; and while the rest of us frolicked, she drew pictures. This went on so constantly, that at last she came to be designated among us as "the Sketcher," just in the same way as we denominated Marion Raymond "the Poet," and Fanny's sister, Harriet, "the Pianist," because they took the lead of us all, in poetry and music.

So long as Fanny confined herself to sketching landscapes, we thought it a mere matter of girlish fancy; but when after a severe course of drawing the human figure from models, she actually took up oil colors and painted good portraits of her sister and myself, we began to think there was some serious object in view, although the large fortune of Colonel Farquhar, her father, entirely excluded the idea of its being a mercenary one.

One day, when we were above in her little chamber, puzzling out a hard Latin lesson, I took the opportunity to question Fanny about it, in a bantering way, as though it were just for idle gossip.

"Pray, Fanny," said I, "what could possess you to soil your delicate hands and spoil I don't know how many silk aprons with those horrible oil colors? I never heard of such a thing."

"Oil colors are more easily managed than water colors; and they certainly produce much stronger effects."

"I should think they would, at least, on one's olfactories,—turpentine! oil! pah!"

"Oh, that is nothing. It is very easy to keep one's studio nice if one only takes pains. You perceive nothing offensive here now, I believe."

"Certainly not. But I see no signs of painting, except your little easel there, in the corner."

"But all the materials I find necessary for my purpose are locked up in yonder closet."

"What a world of trouble it must be to clear them away every time you paint. I can not conceive what should induce you to carry this matter so far."

"Oh! I like it. Besides it pleases my father."

"Well, it is very odd," said I, resorting to that stupid remark which one is so apt to make when one does not very well know what to say next.

"Papa," she replied, "has some peculiar notions, indeed. Do you know that when he placed Harriet and me at this school, before going to Europe, he said: Now, girls, I wish each of you to have a truly liberal education in the belles-lettres and sciences; but I do not wish you to fritter away your time on a variety of frivolous accomplishments. If one of you will learn drawing well enough to design cleverly, and the other will learn the piano thoroughly, I shall like it much better than for you both to attempt and half learn a dozen different things of the same class. It is better to do one thing well, than to do forty things after the trumpery fashion that most girls are satisfied with learning. This was quite a long speech for papa, who, you know, is a man of few words. So, after he was gone, as Harriet was fond of music, and I of pictures, we determined to follow out the hint which he had given, as literally as possible."

So here was the grand secret. Filial affection, literal, exact obedience and perseverance, had already made Fanny Farquhar a sketcher—nay more, an artist of no mean power. The same motives had rendered her sister one of the most accomplished amateur performers on the piano in the whole city. Certainly, this of itself, was a sufficient compensation for their ignorance of embroidery, and rug work, and poonah, and net work, and gingerbread work of all kinds, with silk and floss, and worstead, and beads; and those other indescribable labors of Arachne, which puzzle the brains and torture the fingers of innocent young ladies, who, in other respects, hardly know their right hand from their left.

Do not let my readers suppose that Fanny was negligent of the ordinary feminine accomplishments. She was a good seamstress, and her neatness and taste in dress were remarkable; and she had such a noble spirit, and such a feeling heart, I did love her; and when the Colonel came home from Europe, and carried her and her sister off with him to his estate in Mississippi, I sat down and had a good hearty crying spell, which lasted me two hours. Sentiment was not out of fashion then.

Fanny, as if it were to relieve my sorrow, turned out a very regular and persevering correspondent and it is by means of her letters, continued through a series of years, that I am enabled to tell the rest of her story.

The family were hardly settled at home, before the Colonel set off again for Europe, taking Fanny with him, and leaving Harriet in charge of an aunt, who resided in their neighborhood. I never could exactly make out from Fanny's letters whether her father's motive for his repeated visits to [illegible] business or pleasure; but [illegible] about a great deal and had [illegible] with the merchant princes of [illegible] the banker peers of France, and the trading nobles of Italy; so that Fanny saw all sorts of society, and had plenty of subjects for sketches, some of which done with a crow quill, adorned her letters, and now form the most unique and attractive ornament of my scrap-book.

One winter they stayed in Rome, as Fanny said, "to enjoy themselves and see the sights." There she had her studio, and made sketching excursions among the ruins, and indulged her fondness for an art, which had become her favorite pursuit, with all the enthusiasm which it was calculated to inspire in a city consecrated by so many recollections of ancient glory and power. Suddenly her dream of happiness was sadly terminated by a series of unlooked for calamities. Her father received information from home, that, in consequence of extensive speculations, in which he had been concerned, his whole fortune was irretrievably lost. The blow was too much for one of his sanguine temperament. It broke his heart. He fell into a rapid decline, and in a few months breathed his last, leaving his daughter in a strange land, surrounded with all the difficulties which are attendant on pecuniary destitution and an unprotected situation.

Unfortunately there were, at the time of Colonel Farquhar's decease, no Americans in Rome with whom Fanny was acquainted. Unable to communicate speedily with her sister, and knowing no one upon whom she could call for aid, she was thrown entirely upon her own resources for support until she could receive remittances from her friends, to enable her to return to her own country.

It was fortunate for Fanny that, at this trying period, she had resources of her own, which were fully adequate to the occasion. Her father's foresight in recommending to her the complete acquisition of one art, was now apparent. Her pencil furnished the means of independence. An English lady with whom she had become acquainted during her residence in Rome, offered her an asylum in her palazza; and when she learned that Fanny had resolved to make her art the means of her support, she exerted herself with effect to afford her ample opportunities for disposing of her productions among the British residents in the Eternal City.

A young English gentleman, who frequently visited Mrs. Vinton, Fanny's friend, had, with much entreaty, prevailed upon her to obtain permission for him to sit by Fanny's easel, while she was painting the portrait of a beautiful flower girl, the figure being introduced into a group which was intended to adorn the gallery of some nobleman. They very naturally fell into conversation on the arts. This led to some disquisitions on literature and science; and before the sitting was over, Mr. Mordaunt became not a little impressed with the extraordinary extent and variety of Fanny's knowledge. He had expected to find a mere artist, ignorant of everything but that which pertained immediately to art; but he discovered a mind rich with the stores of poetry and history, a taste which could appreciate the finer beauties of literature, and a feeling heart filled with the noblest enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and grand, not only in the physical, but the moral world.

It may readily be supposed that he became interested in no ordinary degree. Having once obtained the entree of Fanny's studio, he repeated his visits every day, and soon found that the fair artist had, without intending it, made an impression on his heart, which rendered it necessary to his happiness to gain her own, or beat a hasty retreat.

In this state of things, he had recourse to Mrs. Vinton, of whom he formally demanded permission to pay his addresses to Fanny. As his character was unblemished, and his fortune ample she referred him at once to his own family, and to the fair object of his attentions. As to the former, he was independent, and he determined to follow the bent of his own inclinations. How to break the matter to Fanny was a question which required "a mighty deal of nice consideration."

Fanny was not without her share of pride, and she would have rejected addresses in her present situation from one apparently her superior in station, which she might have accepted when she could in every point have claimed equality. Poor Mordaunt was over head and ears in love, and for the life of him he could not contrive a mode of disclosing his passion without alarming the pride and delicacy of Fanny. Day by day did he watch the movements of her pencil and endeavor by every way of which he was master to sound the depths of a heart which was all unconscious of his devotion, vainly wishing that it were as easy to trace the course of her thoughts as it was to follow the movements of her hand. Fanny was so completely engrossed with her art, that she took little heed of the progress of her lover's attachment; and there was something about her so frank, so calm, so quiet, that the trumpery gallantry so frequently played off upon ordinary girls, was entirely out of question in her case. All that Mordaunt could do was to admire unnoticed, and to sigh unheeded. Fanny thought him unusually fond of paintings, but never dreamed that he was still more partial to the painter. She recognized a devotee to the arts, but not a devoted slave to the artist. As for Mrs. Vinton, who might have been supposed ready enough to inform Fanny of her conquest, she had the delicacy never to mention it. She chose to let the affair take its own course, determined that in a matter of so much importance to her friend, no interference of hers should influence her decision, or expose her own motives to misconstruction.

While things were going on in this way, it happened one evening that Mordaunt returning from an excursion in the neighborhood of Rome was attacked by banditti and badly wounded. He was brought to his hotel, and confined some weeks before he was able to go out. When at last he was released by his physician from the confinement of his room, his first visit was to Mrs. Vinton's. During his illness he had hoped that [illegible] been most welcome; but [illegible] beyond what a common acquaintance would have manifested, presented itself.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that when accidentally left alone with Fanny in Mrs. Vinton's boudoir for a few moments, he should have appeared unusually dejected. Fanny, good soul, as was very natural, began to inquire of him what it was which weighed so heavily on his mind. She hoped he had heard no bad news from England, or that nothing had happened to that splendid Carlo Dolce which he was so good as to show her a few days before his wound had been received.

"To tell you the truth," said Mordaunt, "I am placed in a most unfortunate and trying dilemma."

"How? If it is not improper to inquire."

"By no means. You are very good, Miss Farquhar, to take sufficient interest in my affairs to ask. Know, then, that since my residence here, in Rome, I have become most devotedly attached to a lady, who is one of the most noble and lovely of her sex—"

"Oh, of course. You need not describe her. All ladies are paragons, under the same circumstances."

"But I must describe her," replied Mordaunt, rallying a little, at this unexpected sally; "I must describe her, in order that you may understand something of the difficulty of the case."

"Very well. Go on, since it must be so."

"This lady is in mental and moral endowments infinitely my superior, and so beautiful! In her own country, she ranks among the highest; and the elevation of her character is such, that I reverence as much as I love her. But she knows not of my attachment, and there is I fear, an insuperable barrier placed between us by the position which she at present occupies. A circumstance exists which I regard as not of the slightest moment, which ought not to prevent her accepting my devotion; but which I fear, will be sufficient to occasion her not listening for a moment to my suit."

"Are you certain that she is not aware of your preference?"

"Quite certain; and I know not how to declare myself. I dare not speak to her on the subject. If she should repel me, it seems to me that I should die upon the spot."

"I should think, from what you say that this terrible barrier is altogether an imaginary one—nothing real. The lady is not engaged to any one else I hope?"

"I certainly have no reasons to suppose that she is; and the difficulty arises altogether from the high-toned ideas of the lady upon certain points."

"Why not declare yourself at once? She will not have the heart to refuse you now, just rescued as you are from the dagger of the assassin."

"Would you plead my cause for me? Would you lend me your benevolent aid?"

"I would with all my heart, if only I knew who the lady was."

"Know, then, Mrs. Farquhar—Fanny—it is yourself? You hold in this fair hand the keys of life and death for me."

With a sudden impulse he had seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips. He durst not look up to read his destiny in her face. The turn the conversation had taken, had hurried him into a declaration, which, a moment before, he had not intended at that time to make; and the tumult of emotions, combining with the weakness occasioned by his wound, was so powerful that he fell prostrate at her feet in a swoon.

* * * * * *

The wooing sped rather more agreeably than it began. It took many months however, for the lover to win Fanny's consent to abandon the prospect of returning to reside among her own kindred in her own beloved country. But Mordaunt's perseverance in his suit, was as unremitted as Fanny's had been in her sketching at school; and at last they were married, and went to reside on Mr. Mordaunt's estate in Kent; and, last Summer, when I was in England, Fanny took me with her on a sketching excursion to the Isle of Wight, accompanied by her husband, who is a fine, spirited looking fellow, although he did falsify the old adage, that "a faint heart never won a fair lady."

A. B. Carpenter of St Johnsbury, Vermont, gave away his three daughters in marriage, all in one day, week before last.

The late Prince Imperial is said to be in very delicate health, at Chiselhurst, and his mother, Eugenie, is much troubled about him.

The following method of divorce seems easy enough for the most "advanced thinkers" on the subject. It is an advertisement, dated Marine, Ill., and signed by Charles Schumann:

HEREBY I notify my wife, Sophia Schumann, and command her to return to me with the money she has in her possession from me, within eight days, to live with me again, else I will be lawfully divorced from her.

Father Hecker has been represented as saying in a recent lecture at Detroit that "Catholicism has taken possession of New York City by 50,000 majority," and "it looks now as if nearly all the cities and large towns of the country were to be given over to it." The statement is not his, but he quoted it from an address by the Rev. E. M. Atwood, delivered at the anniversary of the American and Foreign Christian Union in Boston, in 1868.

The total number of hogs packed in Chicago this season will reach 920,000.

There are thirteen railroads terminating on the Illinois shore, opposite St. Louis.

Peoria, Ill., has twenty thousand tons of ice, and a street called "Nilsson avenue."

It is said that negotiations in London for the new French loan have been suspended.

Why will folks pay so much for rent when they can get a house-maid for three or four dollars?

Bonner is said to be worth $3,000,000.

The Murderer's Career.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

Edward H. Rulloff was convicted yesterday at Binghampton of murder in the first degree. His case is singular in this, that he possesses an education and a literary capacity very remarkable among "the criminal classes;" and yet seems to have lived not only a life of crime, but one habitual and desperate criminality. It would be as unreasonable to argue from this that culture and knowledge are not favorable to orderly conduct and honesty, as it would be to say, because men of long tried and trusted character sometimes commit wrongs, that character is never to be trusted or respected. The very shock all men feel in learning that a man of ability and learning is a murderer proves to us that the case is an extraordinary exception; such an exception as, according to the proverb, prove to the rule. Some of the incidents connected with Rulloff's crime and its detection are striking. The

STORY OF THE MURDER

Has been told at length in this journal. The *Sun* of this morning gives the following account of Rulloff's examination:

"He gave his name as Smith, and on his examination repeated the story of his unfortunate ejection from the cars at Union. Judge Balcom, however, after a sharp scrutiny of the prisoner, stood up before him, and in a calm, solemn manner, pointing with outstretched hand to his altered but still familiar face, said: 'You are Edward H. Rulloff! You murdered your wife and only child at Ithaca over twenty years ago. You escaped the gallows then, but I sentenced you to fourteen years in prison for the abduction of your family!' During the fearful accusation the face of the prisoner assumed a stolid and stern expression. Nothing abashed, however, he changed his tack, and said he left the cars at Union because he feared some one at Binghampton might recognize him, and he had good reason, as the Judge had stated, for not wishing to be known."

He was discharged for want of evidence against him, but was arrested again, when a

SINGULAR SHOE LEFT BY THE MURDERER,

Was identified as his. A long train of circumstantial evidence was finally discovered and brought against him; such as left no doubt on any impartial mind of his guilt. The *Sun* gives a remarkable account of his earlier crimes: "In December, 1843, he married a daughter of a Mr. Schurt, a refined and intelligent gentleman of Dryden, and after his marriage he went to Ithaca, Rulloff having engaged as a clerk in a drug store. While here, charges of infidelity were heaped upon the young wife by her husband, his rage taking the shape of fiendish violence. Once he tried to make her take poison, and she was only prevented by the arrival of witnesses. On this occasion he renewed his insults and insinuations upon his wife's character, when she dropped on her knees and cried, 'Oh, Edward, Edward, I am as innocent as an unborn child of this cruel charge!' The brute struck her in the face while yet on her knees, and said, "Get up, G—d d—n you, you know better than to whine at me in that manner when I am mad." In spite of these cruelties she clung to him, refusing to go to her father's, and endeavoring in every way to hide from her natural protectors the character of her husband. A few months afterward Rulloff took his wife and infant daughter to live in a rented farm-house, four miles from Lansing. One morning in June, 1845 Rulloff called at the house of a neighbor and borrowed a horse and wagon to take, as he alleged, a box of books and other articles to an uncle of his wife, who lives some eight or ten miles distant. The neighbors went to Rulloff's house and assisted him in

LOADING THE BOX.

The latter said his wife had gone on a visit and had taken the child with her, and that he would be back the next day. He kept his word, and after disposing of the horse went to his house, but soon came out and started in the direction of Ithaca with a bundle in his hand. The mother and child have never returned from that alleged visit, and to this day no one has ever seen them. How he murdered them and how he disposed of their bodies will undoubtedly remain a subject for conjecture. Rulloff told his counsel on the trial for abduction which followed, that he

STRANGLED HIS WIFE,

And then took up a board in the house floor, and opening an artery, let her bleed to death, the blood flowing through the opening in the floor. Having smothered the child, then nine months old, he put the bodies into the box, which the neighbors innocently helped him to load into the wagon. He then drove to Ithaca and to the lake shore, where he put the box into a skiff, and, when far enough from the shore sunk it in the water."

He was tried for the offense of abducting his wife and child, and sentenced to the Auburn prision for ten years. After serving out his time he was tried at Ithaca, in August 1856, for the murder of his child, was convicted and sentenced to death, but was released by the Court of Appeals on the ground that a conviction for murder could not be sustained where no murder had been actually proved, and the body of the deceased, in this case, not having been produced, a doubt remained as to the fact of the crime. In the Ithaca jail Rulloff is still remembered as a diligent

STUDENT OF CRIMINAL LAW

And a teacher of languages. He has written an elaborate manuscript on language, which has been found in his room in New York, and he is said to regard this as a work of immense value, although enough has become public concerning it to show that it is founded upon inaccurate knowledge and long refuted theories. But it remains true that he is a man of 65 years of age, who has spent much of his life in earnest study, and has made respectable acquirements in literature and science, and that he is a felon under just sentence of death, a case unparalleled in America since the crime and execution of Professor Webster of Cambridge, Massachusetts, twenty years ago.

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Albany, May 14, '70-3y

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Hundreds of Thousands Of Testimonials Bear witness to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

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THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refined Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

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