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**THE
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THOMAS JEFFERSON, AS SEEN BY THE LIGHT OF 1863.

Mr. Jefferson, in his lifetime, underwent the extremes of abuse and of adulation. Daily, semi-weekly, or weekly did Fenno, Porcupine Cobbett, Dennie, Coleman, and the other Federal journalists, not content with proclaiming him an ambitious, cunning, and deceitful demagogue, ridicule his scientific theories, shudder at his irreligion, sneer at his courage, and allude coarsely to his private morals in a manner more discreditable to themselves than to him; crowning all their accusations and innuendoes with a reckless profusion of epithet. While at the same times and places the whole company of the Democratic press, led by Bache, Duane, Cheetham, Freneau, asserted with equal energy that he was the greatest statesman, the profoundest philosopher, the very sun of republicanism, the abstract of all that was glorious in democracy. And if Abraham Bishop, of New Haven, Connecticut, compared him with Christ, a great many New Englanders of more note than Bishop, pronounced him the man of sin, a malignant manifestation of Satan. On one or the other of these two scales he was placed by every man in the United States, according to each citizen's modicum of sense and temper. We say, every man—because in that war of the Democrats against the Federalists, no one sought to escape the service. Every able-tongued man was ready to fight with it, either for Jefferson or against him.

When Jefferson passed away triumphant, toleration set in. His enemies dropped him to turn upon living prey. They came to acquiesce in him, and even to quote him when he served their purpose. But the admiration of his followers did not abate. They canonized him as the apostle of American democracy, and gave his name to the peculiar form of the doctrine they professed. For many years the utterances of the master were conclusive to the common men of the party—better far than the arguments of any living leader. Of late we have heard less of him. The right wing of the democracy begin to doubt the expediency of the States' Rights theory; and with the wrong wing his standing has been injured by the famous passage on slavery in the 'Notes on Virginia.' The wrong wing of the Democratic party are the men who cry out for the 'Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was'—a cry full of sound and often of fury; but what does it signify? The first gun that was fired at Fort Sumter shattered the old Union. If peace men and abolitionists, secessionists and conservatives were to agree together to restore the old Union to the *status quo ante bellum*, they could not do it. 'When an epoch is finished,' as Armand Carrel once wrote, 'the mould is broken, it cannot be made again.' All that can be done is to gather up the fragments, and to use them wisely in a new construction. An Indian neophyte came one day to the mission, shouting: 'Moses, Isaiah, Abraham, Christ, John the Baptist!' When out of breath, the brethren asked him what he meant. 'I mean a glass of cider.' If the peace party were as frank as the Indian, they would tell us that their cry signifies place, power, self. The prodigal sons of the South are to be lured back by promises of pardon, indemnification, niggers *ad libitum*, before they have satiated themselves with the husks which seem to have fallen to their portion, and are willing to confess that they have sinned against heaven and against their country. The arms of the peace men are open; the best robe, the ring, the fatted calf are ready. All that is asked in return is a Union (as it was) of votes, influence, and contributions, to place the party in power and to keep it there.

These misguided Democrats owe to Jefferson the war cries they shout and the arms they are using against the Government. His works are an arsenal where these weapons of sedition are arranged ready for use, bright and in good order, and none of them as yet superseded by modern improvements. He first made excellent practice with the word 'unconstitutional,' an engine dangerous and terrible to the Administration against which it is worked; and of easy construction, for it can be prepared out of anything or nothing. Jefferson found it very effective in annoying and embarrassing the Government in his campaigns. But as he foresaw that the time must come when the Supreme Court of the United States would overpower this attack, he adapted, with great ingenuity, to party warfare the theory of States' Rights, which in 1787 had nearly smothered the Constitution in its cradle. This dangerous contrivance he used vigorously against the alien and sedition law, without considering that his blows were shaking the Union itself. Mr. Calhoun looked upon the Kentucky Resolutions (Jefferson's own work) as the bill of rights of nullification, and wrote for a copy of them in 1828 to use in preparing his manifesto of the grievances of South Carolina. It is unnecessary to allude to the triumph of these doctrines at the South under the name of secession.

As Jefferson soon perceived that a well-disciplined band of needy expectants was the only sure resort in elections, he hit upon rotation in office as the cheapest and most stimulating method of paying the regular soldiers of party for their services (if successful) on these critical occasions. But as a wise general not only prepares his attack, but carefully secures a retreat in case his men push too far in the heat of conflict, Jefferson suggested the plan of an elective judiciary, which he foresaw might prove of great advantage to those whose zeal should outrun the law. He even recommended rebellion in popular governments as a political safety valve; and talked about Shay's War and the Whiskey Insurrection in the same vein and almost the same language that was lately used to the rioters of New York by their friends and fellow voters. And he and his followers shouted then, as their descendants shout now, 'Liberty is in danger!' 'The last earthly

hope of republican institutions resides in our ranks!' Jefferson is also entitled to the credit of naturalizing in the United States the phrases of the French Revolution: virtue of the people; reason of the people; natural rights of man, etc.—that Babylonish dialect, as John Adams called it, which in France meant something, but in this country was mere cant. Jefferson knew that here all were people, and that no set of men, whether because of riches or of poverty, had the right to arrogate to themselves this distinction. But he also knew that in Europe this distinction did exist, and that the emigrants who were coming in such numbers all belonged to the lower class, there called people. Of course these flattering phrases would win their ears and their votes for the people's ticket, against an imaginary aristocracy. Thus might be secured an army of obedient voters, knowing nothing but their orders, and thinking of nothing but the pleasing idea that they were the rulers.

These useful inventions are enough to immortalize any man. His theory, that the rich only should be taxed, as an indirect form of agrarianism, ought not to be forgotten, for we see it daily carried out; and his darling doctrine, that no generation can bind its successors, will come to light again and life whenever a party may think the repudiation of our war debt likely to be a popular measure. Indeed, there is scarcely a form of disorganization and of disorder which Jefferson does not extract from some elementary principle or natural right. We do not mean to accuse him of doing wrong deliberately. Jefferson was an optimist. All was for the best—at least, all that he did; for he was naturally predisposed to object to any measure which did not originate with himself or had not been submitted to his judgment. His elementary principles were always at his call. They were based upon reason: how could they be wrong? His mind grasped quickly all upon the surface that suited his purpose; deeper he did not care to go. In deciding whether any political doctrine was consistent or inconsistent with natural reason, he generally judged of it by his reason—and this varied with his position, his interest, his feelings. He probably was not aware of the extent of his mutations; his mind was fixed on the results to be obtained—always the same: the gratification of his wishes. His was a Vicar-of-Bray kind of logic. The ultimate results of his dealings, as affecting others and the nation at large, he apparently was unable to consider, or put them aside for the time; taking it for granted, in a careless way, that all must come well.

Thus as times changed, he changed with them. Laws, measures, customs, men, that seemed useful and praiseworthy when he was a private individual, appeared pernicious and wicked to the Secretary of State or to the President. His life and writings are full of self-contradictions, or rather of self-refutations, for he seems to forget that he had ever thought differently. Men of sense modify their opinions as they advance in years and in wisdom, but very few men of sense have held diametrically different opinions on almost every important question that has come before them.

Jefferson satisfied himself early in life that slavery was wrong, morally and economically. On no subject has he expressed himself more decidedly. When a very young member of the Assembly of Virginia, he seconded Colonel Bland's motion to extend the protection of the laws to slaves. Bland was treated roughly, and the matter dropped. From Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence a long passage on the iniquity of slavery and the slave trade was stricken out by Congress. In 1778 he introduced a bill prohibiting the importation of slaves into Virginia. Two years later he wrote the well-known pages in the 'Notes.' In 1783 it was proposed to adopt a new constitution in Virginia; Jefferson drew one up, and inserted an article granting liberty to all persons born of slave parents after the year 1800. From that time his zeal began to cool. He perceived that his views were unpopular at the South. The 'Notes' had been printed for private circulation only; when Châstellux asked permission to publish them in France, Jefferson consented on the condition that all passages relating to slavery should be stricken out.^[A] Although he adopted so heartily the most extravagant doctrines of the French Revolution on the natural rights of mankind, among which liberty, equality, fraternity certainly ranked first, he quietly ignored the claims of the American black to a share in the bright future that was promised to the human race. The act of Congress prohibiting the importation of slaves came into force in 1808. It was well received by slave owners, for it increased the value of the homemade 'article.' Jefferson could safely approve of it. He did so warmly. With that exception his silence on this great question was profound during the period of his power; but he had no language too theatrical for liberty in the abstract, nor too violent for despots who were three thousand miles away, and with whose oppressions the people of the United States had no concern whatever. When the debates on the admission of Missouri brought up this ever-recurring question again to the exclusion of all others, Jefferson spoke to sneer at the friends of freedom. The Federalists had found out that their cherished monarchical 'form' would get them no adherents, and so were trying to throw a new tub to the whale by appealing to the virtuous sentiments of the people. He was in favor of making Missouri a Slave State. To extend the area of slavery would increase the comfort of the slaves without adding one more to their number, and would improve their chances for emancipation. It would also relieve Virginia from the burden that was weighing her down—slaves being rather cheaper there than horses—and would enable her to export her surplus crop of negroes; perhaps eventually to dispose of them all. This last notion, by the way, gives us a pretty good idea of Jefferson's practical knowledge of political economy.

His chief objection to the new constitution, when he first saw it, was the omission in it of a bill of rights providing for the 'eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus act'—and for the freedom of the press. When Colonel Burr was arrested, Jefferson, who, by the way, showed a want of dignity and self-respect throughout the affair, was eager to suspend the habeas corpus act, and got a bill to that effect passed by one branch of Congress; it was lost in the other. This was the first instance in the history of the United States. The many fine things he had said on the

integrity and independence of judges did not prevent him from finding bitter fault with Chief-Justice Marshall for not convicting Burr. He accused Marshall and the whole tribe of Federalists of complicity in Burr's conspiracy. Poor old Paine, then near his end, who was one of Jefferson's jackals of the press, informed the Chief-Justice, through the *Public Advertiser*, that he was 'a suspected character.' When Jefferson had felt the pricking of the Federal quills, he began to think differently of the freedom of the press. Once, in the safety of private station, he had got off this antithesis: if he had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, he should prefer the latter. But when in his turn he felt the stings that previously, under his management, had goaded even Washington out of his self-control, Jefferson could not help saying that 'a suspension of the press would not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood.'

Before September, 1791, Mr. Jefferson thought that our affairs were proceeding in a train of unparalleled prosperity, owing to the real improvements of the Government, and the unbounded confidence reposed in it by the people. Soon a jealousy of Hamilton came upon him, and the displeasure of playing a second part: he began to look for relief in the ranks of the malcontents. He then perceived monarchical longings in the Administration party, and prophesied corruption, despotism, and a loss of liberty forever, if they were to be allowed to interpret the Constitution in their way. Washington was the Atlas whose broad shoulders bore up the Federalists. Bache, of the *Aurora*, with whom Jefferson's word was law, and Freneau, of the *Gazette*, who had received from Jefferson a clerkship in the Department of State, accused the General of a desire to subvert the Constitution: the reserve of his manners was said to proceed from an affectation of royalty; they even ventured to charge him with perverting the public money. Jefferson refused to check these base attacks, and wrote in the same vein himself in the famous letter to Mazzei. But after the battle had been fought, he perceived that Washington had a hold stronger than party feelings on the affections of Americans. It would never do to leave his name and fame in the custody of Federalists. And so Mr. Jefferson turned about and denied that he had ever made any charges against General Washington. On the contrary, he felt certain that Washington did not harbor one principle of Federalism. He was neither an Angloman, a monarchist, nor a separatist. Bache he (Jefferson) knew nothing about; over Freneau he had no control; and the Mazzei letter had been misprinted and misinterpreted. In spite of his hatred of England, and his fears lest the English 'form' should be adopted in the United States, Jefferson, in 1788, had recommended the English form to Lafayette for the use of France. And in spite of the admiration for France, which with him and the Democrats was an essential article of the party faith, he took offence with the French Government because they sided with Spain in the dispute on the boundary line between Louisiana and Florida, and proposed to Madison an alliance with England against France and Spain. But Madison kept him steady. Six months later he accused John Randolph, who had abandoned the party, of entertaining the intolerable heresy of a league with England.

Mr. Jefferson once thought it necessary that the United States should possess a naval force. It would be less dangerous to our liberties than an army, and a cheaper and more effective weapon of offence. 'The sea is the field on which we should meet a European enemy.' 'We can always have a navy as strong as the weaker nations.' And he suggested that thirty ships, carrying 1,800 guns, and manned by 14,400 men, would be an adequate force. But the New Englanders, those bitter Federalists, loved the sea, lived by foreign trade, and wanted a fleet to protect their merchantmen. Mr. Jefferson's views became modified. He took a strong dislike to the naval service. He condemned the use of the navy by the late President, and wished to sell all the public armed vessels. Finding, however, that the maritime tastes of the nation were too strong for him, he hit upon the plan of a land navy as the nearest approximation to no navy at all. Gunboats were to be hauled out of the water, and kept in drydocks under sheds, in perfect preservation. A fleet of this kind only needed a corps of horse marines to complete its efficiency. The Federalists laughed at these 'mummy frigates,' and sang in a lullaby for Democratic babes this stanza:

'In a cornfield, high and dry,
Sat gunboat Number One;
Wiggle waggle went her tail,
Pop went her gun.'

The pleasantry is feeble; but the inborn absurdity of this amphibious scheme was too great even for the Democrats. Mr. Jefferson was forced, in the teeth of theory, to send a squadron against the Barbary pirates. He consoled himself by ordering the commodore not to overstep the strict line of defence, and to make no captures. It was to be a display of latent force. Strange as it may seem, he once doubted the expediency of encouraging immigration. Emigrants from absolute monarchies, as they all were, they would either bring with them the principles of government imbibed in early youth, or exchange these for an unbounded licentiousness. 'It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty.' Would it not be better for the nation to grow more slowly, and have a more 'homogeneous, more peaceable, and more durable' government? But when it was found at a later day that the new comers placed themselves at once in opposition to the better classes and voted the Democratic ticket almost to a man, Jefferson proposed that the period of residence required by the naturalization laws to qualify a voter should be shortened. He had no objection to coercion before 1787. Speaking of the backwardness of some of the colonies in paying their quota of the Confederate expenses, he recommends sending a frigate to make them more punctual. 'The States must see the rod, perhaps some of them must be made to feel it.' His somersets of opinion and conduct are endless. Once he talked of opening a market in the neighboring colonies by force; at another time he advised his countrymen to abandon the sea and let other nations carry for us; in 1785 we find him going

abroad to negotiate commercial treaties with all Europe. He objected to internal improvements, and he sanctioned the Cumberland road. He proclaimed all governments naturally hostile to the liberties of the people, until he himself became a government. He made the mission to Russia for Mr. Short, regardless of repeated declarations that the public business abroad could be done better with fewer and cheaper ambassadors. The unlucky sedition law was so unconstitutional in his judgment that he felt it to be his duty, as soon as he mounted the throne, to pardon all who had been convicted under it. But before he left the White House he attempted to put down Federal opposition in the same way. Judges were impeached; United States attorneys brought libel suits against editors, and even prosecuted such men as Judge Reeve and the Rev. Mr. Backus of Connecticut. It was a pet doctrine of Jefferson that one generation had no right to bind a succeeding one; hence every constitution and all laws should become null and every national debt void at the end of nineteen years, or of whatever period should be ascertained to be the average duration of human life after the age of twenty-one. He adhered to this notion through life, although Mr. Madison, when urged by him to expound it, gently pointed out its absurdity. When the news of the massacres of September reached the United States at an unfortunate moment for the Francoman party, Jefferson forgot this elementary principle and his logic. He professed that he deplored the bloody fate of the victims as much as any man, but they had perished for the sake of future generations, and that thought consoled him. Finally, the man who had announced in a public address, that he considered it a moral duty never to subscribe to a lottery, nor to engage in a game of chance, petitioned the Legislature of Virginia for permission to dispose of his house and lands in a raffle, and in his memorial recapitulated his services to the country to strengthen his claim upon their indulgence.

Jefferson professed great faith in human nature; but he meant the human nature of the uneducated and the poor. Kings, rulers, nobles, rich persons, and generally all of the party opposed to him, were hopelessly wrong. The errors of the people, when they committed any, were accidental and momentary; but in the other class, they were proofs of an ineradicable perversity. His faith in human reason as the only power for good government must have been shaken by the students of his university in Virginia. Their lawless conduct seemed to indicate that the time had hardly yet come when the old and vulgar method of authority and force could be dispensed with. The University of Virginia was a favorite project of Jefferson and an honorable memorial of his love of education and of letters. Although it may be considered a failure, it has failed from no fault of his. But we may judge of the real extent of Jefferson's toleration, when we read in a letter written about this university: 'In the selection of our law professor we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles.'

It is easy to know what would be Jefferson's position if by some miracle of nature he were living in these times. If at the South, he would be a man of brave words—showing it to be a natural right of the white man to own and to chastise his negro—and proving, from elementary principles, that slavery is the result of the supremacy of reason and the corner stone of civilized society. Had the advantages of the North led him to desert Monticello for the banks of the Hudson, he would have opposed the Administration, acting and talking much like a certain high official, 'letting I dare not wait upon I would'—for Jefferson was not a bold man, was master of the art of insinuating his opinions instead of stating them manfully, and never advanced so far as to make retreat impossible.

The truth is that there was nothing great nor even imposing in Jefferson's mental nor in his moral qualities. He expressed himself well in conversation and on paper, although a little pedagogical in manner, and too much given to epithet in style. The literary claims of the author of the Declaration of Independence cannot be passed over lightly. His mind was active; catching quickly the outlines of a subject, he jumped at the conclusion which pleased his fancy, without looking beneath the surface.^[B] He was curious in all matters of art, literature, and science, but his curiosity was easily appeased. He raves about Ossian, gazes for hours on the *Maison Carrée* at Nismes, writes letters to Paine on arcs and catenaries, busies himself with vocabularies, natural history, geology, discourses magisterially about Newton and Lavoisier, and studies nothing thoroughly. One can see by the way in which he handles his technical terms that he does not know the use of them. He was a smatterer of that most dangerous kind, who feel certain they have arrived at truth. Like so many other children of the eighteenth century, he rejected the past with disdain, but was blindly credulous of the future; and was ready to embrace an absurdity if it came in a new and scientific shape. The marquises and abbés he met in France had dreamed over elementary principles of society and government, until they had lost themselves in wandering mazes like Milton's speculative and erring angels. He believed that those gay *philosophes* had discovered the magical stone of social science, and that misery and sin would be transmuted into virtue and happiness. It was only necessary to kill all the kings and to confide in the reason and virtue of the people, and the thing was done. The scenes of 1789 stimulated Jefferson's natural tendency beyond the bounds of common sense. He asserted that Indians without a government were better off than Europeans with one, and that half the world a desert with only an Adam and Eve left in each country to repopulate it would be an improvement in the condition of Europe. He became a bigot of liberalism. Luckily he had his American blood and practical education to restrain him, or he might have been as foolish as Brissot and as rabid as Marat. As it was, he could not help perceiving in his calmer moments that this new path to the glorious future which the *philosophes* were pointing out to their countrymen, had been for many years in America the well-worn high road of the nation.

On most subjects, Jefferson's opinions were dictated by his feelings. He takes so little pains to conceal this weakness, that we can hardly suppose he was aware of it. Contradiction he could not

bear. Opposition of any kind produced a bitter feeling. Vanity, latent perhaps, but acrid, corroded his judgment of his adversaries. In France Gouverneur Morris remarked that he was too fond of calling fools those who did not agree with him; a sure sign of want of strength. Great minds are essentially tolerant of the opinions of others. They know how easy it is to err. There was a good deal, too, of the Pharisee about Jefferson. 'He was of no party, nor yet a trimmer between parties. If he could not go to heaven but with a party, he would not go there at all.' But he thanked God he was not as the Federalists were: Anglomen, monarchists, workers of corruption! nor even as this Washington! He boasted, too, that he had never written a line for the public press; his method was to suggest his views to others, and employ them to put them into print.

Careful not to speak out too boldly when it was not altogether safe to do so, and wanting rather in moral courage, he was a persevering man, pursuing his plans with the eagerness of women, who always have a thousand excellent reasons, however illogical and inconsistent they may be, for doing as they please—and like women, he was not over scrupulous as to the means he employed to reach his object.

The same envious vanity and inability to resist his feelings which warped his judgment into so many contradictions, led him into actions that have damaged his character as a gentleman. For instance, his behavior to Washington. When a member of Washington's cabinet, protesting the warmest friendship to him, his confidential adviser by virtue of the office he held, he permitted, not to say encouraged, those attacks in Freneau's paper which were outrages on common decency. His intimacy with the President enabled him to judge of the effect of the blows. He noticed, with the cool precision of an experimental observer, the symptoms of pain and annoyance which Washington could not always conceal. Freneau was Jefferson's clerk; a word would have stopped him. 'But I will not do it,' Jefferson says; 'his paper has saved our Constitution, which was galloping forth into monarchy.' Jefferson's underhand attack upon Vice-President Adams, in the note he wrote by way of preface to the American publisher of Paine's 'Rights of Man,' is a domestic treachery of the same kind, though very much less in degree. That note might have been written on the impulse of the moment; but what shall we say of his practice of committing to paper Hamilton's sayings in the freedom of after-dinner conversation—a time when open-hearted men are apt to forget that there may be a Judas at table—and of saving them up to be used against him in the future? Jefferson explains away these and other dubious passages in his life with great ingenuity. He had to make such explanations too often. An apology implies a mistake, wilful or accidental. Too many indicate, to say the least, a lack of discretion. What a difference between these explanations, evasions, excuses, denials, and the majestic manliness of Washington, who never did or wrote or said anything which he hesitated to avow openly and without qualification!

Another dissimilarity between these two worth heeding, is Jefferson's want of that thrift which produces independence, comfort, and self-respect. He lived beyond his means, and died literally a beggar.

Jefferson was deficient in that happy combination of courage, energy, judgment, and probity, which mankind call character, for want of a more distinctive word—but which, in fact, in its highest expression, is genius on the moral side. It commands the respect of mankind more than the most brilliant faculties—and it accomplishes more. We have only to look at Washington's life to see what can be done by it.

When Governor of Virginia during the Revolutionary War, Jefferson showed a want of spirit and of action; the same deficiency was more painfully conspicuous in his dealings with the Barbary pirates and in the affair of the Leopard and Chesapeake. The insults and spoliations of the English and French under the orders in council and the Berlin and Milan decrees were borne with equal meekness. He was for peace at all hazards, and economy at any price. When at last he found he had exhausted his favorite method, and that neither 'time, reason, justice, nor a truer sense of their own interests' produced any effect upon the obstinate aggressors, he could desire no better means of checking their depredations upon our trade than to order our merchants to lay up their ships and shut up their shops. It was a Japanese stroke of policy—to revenge an insult by disembowelling oneself—hari kari applied to a nation.

His was indeed a brilliant theory of government, if we take him at his word. At home, freedom was to be invigorated by occasional rebellions, not to be put down too sharply, for fear of discouraging the people—the tree of liberty was to be watered with blood. Abroad, custom-house regulations would keep the peace of the seas. Embargo and non-intercourse must bring France and England to their good behavior.

Mr. Jefferson had his political panacea: all disorders would infallibly be cured by it. He puffed it in his journals and extolled its virtues in his state papers. He congratulated his countrymen upon his election; he called it the revolution of 1800. Now at length they could try the panacea. What wonders did it work? The Federalists can point to the results of their twelve years of power: credit created out of bankruptcy; prosperity out of union; a great nation made out of thirteen small ones—an achievement far beyond that Themistocles could boast of. Jefferson added the Louisiana Territory to the Union; but this, the only solid result of his Administration, was totally inconsistent with his principles. Did he render any other service to the country? We know of none. His 'Quaker' theories and 'terrapin' policy increased the contempt of our enemies, cost the nation millions of money to no purpose, and made the war of 1812 inevitable.

No one can deny that Jefferson was a monster of party tactics and strategy. He knew well how to get up a cry, to excite the *odium vulgare* against his antagonists, to play skilfully upon the class

feeling of poor against rich, and to turn to profit every popular weakness and meanness. He drilled and organized his followers, and led them well disciplined to victory. But on the grander field of statesmanship he was wanting. He was what Bonaparte called an ideologist. A principle, however true, may fail in its application, because other principles, equally true, may then come into action and vitiate the result. These collateral principles Jefferson never deigned to consider. He had no conception of expediency, of which a wise statesman never loses sight. Results he thought must be advantageous, provided processes were according to his principles. His object appears to have been rather a government after his theories than a good government. And in this respect he is the type of the impracticable and mischief-making class of reformers numerous in this country.

Jefferson seems to have been unable to grasp the real political character of the American people, the path they were destined to tread, the shape their institutions must necessarily take. He was possessed with the idea that liberty was in danger, and that the attempt was made to change the republic into a monarchy, perhaps a despotism. This delirious fancy beset him by day and was a terror by night. He was haunted by the likeness of a kingly crown. Hamilton and Adams were writing and planning to place it upon somebody's head. Federalist senators, congressmen, Revolutionary soldiers, were transformed into monarchists and Anglomen. Grave judges appeared to his distempered vision in the guise of court lawyers and would-be ambassadors. The Cincinnati lowered over the Constitution eternally. The Supreme Court of the United States was the stronghold in which the principle of tyrannical power, elsewhere only militant, was triumphant. Hamilton's funding system was a scheme to corrupt the country. Even the stately form of Washington rose before him in the shape of Samson shorn by the harlot England. Strange as it may seem, Jefferson persisted in his delusion to the end. A man in his position ought to have seen that in spite of the old connection with the British crown, the States were and always had been essentially republican in feelings, manners, and forms. Nowhere in the world had local self-government been carried to such extent and perfection. To build up a monarchy out of the thirteen colonies was impracticable. Washington, more clear sighted, said that any government but a republic was impossible: there were not ten men in the United States whose opinions were worth attention who entertained the thought of a monarchy. In his judgment the danger lay in the other direction. The weakness of the Government, not its strength, might lead to despotism through license and anarchy. He desired to keep the rising tide of democracy within bounds by every legitimate barrier that could be erected, lest it should overflow the country and sweep away all government. Jefferson was for throwing open the floodgates to admit it. He thought himself justified in combating the monarchists of his hallucinations by every means, however illegal and unconstitutional. Washington warned him and his followers that they were 'systematically pursuing measures which must eventually dissolve the Union or produce coercion.' Jefferson, deaf to the admonition, pressed on, and, like Diomede at the siege of Troy, wounded a divinity when he thought he was contending only with fellow men. With his Kentucky Resolutions he gave the first stab to the Union and the Constitution. What were Burr's childish schemes, which would have fallen to the ground from their own weakness, compared with that? From Jefferson through Calhoun to Jefferson Davis the diabolic succession of conspirators is complete.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

II.

It has become the fashion to sneer at the Long Parliament: but for all this it cannot be denied that that assemblage rendered services of incalculable importance to the state. Extreme old age forms at all times an object of pity, and, with the thoughtless and inconsiderate, it is but too often an object of ridicule and contempt. Many a great man has, ere now, survived to reach this sad stage in his career; but it does not therefore follow that the glorious deeds of his prime are to be ignored or forgotten. As it has been with the distinguished warrior or statesman or author, so it is with the Long Parliament. England owes it a great debt of gratitude on many accounts, but the one with which we have more especially to do on the present occasion is, that with it originated the custom of making public proceedings in Parliament. By this act was the supremacy of the people over the Parliament acknowledged, for the very publication of its transactions was an appeal to the people for approval and support. This printed record of parliamentary affairs came out in 1641, and was entitled *The Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 3d of November, 1640, to the 3d of November, 1641*. The speeches delivered from the first date down to the following June were also published in two volumes, and in 1642 weekly instalments appeared under various titles, such as *The Heads of all the Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament—Account of Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament—A perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament, etc.*, etc. There was no reporter's gallery in those days, and the Parliament only printed *what they pleased*; still this was a step in the right direction. After Parliaments occasionally evinced bitter hostility toward the press, but that which boasted Sawyer Lenthal for its speaker was its friend (at all events, at first, though afterward, as we shall notice by and by, it displayed some animosity against its early *protégé*), and from this meagre beginning took its rise that which is beyond doubt one of the most important domestic functions of the press at the present day.

The abolition of the great bugbear and tyrant of printers—that infamous mockery of a legal tribunal, the Star Chamber—was another gigantic obstacle cleared away from the path of journalism. The *Newes Bookes*, which, in spite of all difficulties, had already become abundant, now issued forth in swarms. They treated *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*. Most of them were political or polemical pamphlets, and boasted extraordinary titles. There is a splendid collection of these in the British Museum, collected by the Rev. W. Thomason, and presented to the nation by King George III. We will mention a few of them. A controversial religious tract rejoices in the title of *A fresh bit of Mutton for those fleshy-minded Cannibals that cannot endure Pottage*. A political skit upon Prince Rupert is styled *An exact Description of Prince Rupert's malignant She-Monkey, a great Delinquent*, and has a comical woodcut upon the title page of the animal, in a cap and petticoat and with a sword by its side. This pamphlet is printed partly in ordinary modern type and partly in black letter. Another pamphlet in the form of dialogue is directed against the abuses of the laws, especially at one of the infamous 'comptoirs' of the time. It is called *Wonderfull Strange Newes from Wood Street Countor—yet not so Strange as True, being proved by lamentable Experience, the relation of which*

'Will make you laugh, 'twill make you cry;
'Twill make you mad, 'twill make you try.'

Another is *Newes, true Newes, laudable Newes, Citie Newes, Countrie Newes, the World is Mad or it is a Mad World, my Masters, especially in the Antipodes, these Things are come to passe*. This is a satirical description of manners and customs on 'the other side of the world,' the writer asserting that in those regions everything is the exact opposite of what takes place among us, so that there beggars ride in carriages and are highly esteemed, men of title are of no account, lawyers take no fees, and bailiffs decline to arrest debtors, etc., etc. There is also a very quaint woodcut of the world and the heavens, the four winds, etc., with an astrologer and other persons looking at them. Very many of these pamphlets are actual relations of occurrences in different parts of the kingdom and in foreign countries. Thus we find, *Victorious Newes from Waterford; The joyfulest Newes from Hull that ever came to London of the Proceedings of the Earl of Warwick's Shipp; The best and happiest Newes from Ireland, from the Army before Kildare; Newes from Blackheath concerning the Meeting of the Kentish Men; Exceedingly joyfull Newes from Holland; The best Newes that ever was Printed*, consists of, 1. *Prince Rupert's Resolution to bee gone to his Mother, who hath sent for him;* 2. *His Majestie's royall Intentions declared to joyne with the Parliament in a treaty of Peace;* 3. *The Particulars of the High Court of Parliament drawn up to be sent to his Majesty for Peace;* 4. *Directions from the Lords and Commons directed to the Commanders for the ordering of the Army*. One quaint title presents a very odd association: *Newes from Hell and Rome and the Innes of Court*. The contending parties appear to have suited their titles to the substance of the *Newes* they chronicled accordingly as it affected their interests. Thus, while many pamphlets bore the titles of *Glorious, Joyful, Victorious*, etc., others were dubbed *Horrible Newes, Terrible News*, and so forth. By far the greater number of these were issued by the partisans of the Parliament; but the Royalists were by no means idle, and the king carried about a travelling printing press, as is evidenced by several proclamations, manifestoes, etc., issued at Oxford, Worcester, York, and other places, sometimes in ordinary type, sometimes in black letter, by 'Robert Barker, his Majestie's Printer.' All the emanations of the press were not, however, mere isolated pamphlets, but there was a large crop of periodicals, such as *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer—The Royal Diurnall*, etc. About this time the name *Mercurius* began to be very freely adopted for these periodicals. It had been already, for a long time, assumed as a *nom de plume* by writers and printers, but the title was now assigned to the publications themselves. One of the earliest of these was *Mercurius Aulicus*, a scurrilous print in the interest of the court party—as its name imports—which first appeared in 1642. Others were entitled respectively *Mercurius Britannicus—Mercurius Anti-Britannicus—Mercurius Fumigosus, a Smoaking Nocturnal—Mercurius Pragmaticus—Mercurius Anti-Pragmaticus—Mercurius Mercuriorum Stultissimus—Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus—Mercurius Diabolicus—Mercurius Mastix, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spyes, and others—Mercurius Radamanthus, the Chief Judge of Hell, his Circuits through all the Courts of Law in England*, etc., etc. Other newspapers bore such quaint titles as the following: *The Dutch Spye—The Scots Dove—The Parliament Kite—The Secret Owle—The Parliament Screech Owle*, and other ornithological monstrosities. Party spirit ran high, and the contending scribes carried on a most foul and savage warfare, and demolished their adversaries, both political and literary, without the slightest compunction or mercy. Some of these brochures were solely directed against the utterances of one particular rival scribe, as is shown by one or two of the titles above quoted. Doctor Johnson says:

'When any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend.'

According to Mr. Nichols' the printer's list, there were no less than three hundred and fifty of these *Mercuries* and *Newes Bookes* published between 1642 and 1665, a list that would no doubt be largely swollen could the titles of all that have perished and left no trace behind be ascertained. These *Mercuries* appeared at different intervals, but none oftener than three times a week, and their price was generally one penny, but sometimes twopence.

Many of the writers were nothing but venal hirelings, and changed sides readily enough when their own private interests seemed to render it desirable. One of the most famous—or infamous, according to Anthony à Wood, who describes him as 'a most seditious, mutable, and railing

writer, siding with the rout and scum of the people, making them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble,' etc.—was Marchmont Nedham. In 1643 he brought out the *Mercurius Britannicus*, one of the ablest periodicals on the Parliamentary side, whatever honest old Anthony may say to the contrary. But, being imprisoned for libel, he thought it best to change his politics, and for two years appeared as an ultra-virulent Royalist partisan in the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*. After the execution of Charles the First, however, he returned to his old party, and advocated their cause in the *Mercurius Politicus*, which purported to be published 'in defence of the commonwealth and for information of the people.' After some years he fell into temporary disgrace, but was soon received again into favor by the House of Commons, which passed a vote in August, 1659, 'that Marchmont Nedham, gentleman, be and hereby is restored to be writer of the *Publick Intelligence* as formerly.' At the Restoration he was discharged from his office, but contrived to make his peace with the party in power, and, true to his instincts, changed his political creed once more for that of the winning side, but without succeeding in being reinstated in his old post. The other most noteworthy writers of *Mercuries* were John Birkenhead, author of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, Peter Heylin, Bruno Ryves—all parsons—and John Taylor, the Water Poet, author of the *Mercurius Aquaticus*.

Nothing was too great or too small for the writers of these *Mercuries*, nothing too exalted or too mean. Nothing was sacred in their eyes; the most private affairs were dragged into the political arena, and family and domestic matters, that had nothing whatever to do with public life, were paraded before the world. Bitter personalities and invective seem to be inseparable concomitants of the early stage of journalism in all countries. This was the case in France and Germany; it is the case in Russia at the present day. That it was the case in America, let the following extract from Franklin's private correspondence testify:

'The inconsistency that strikes me the most is that between the name of your city, Philadelphia, and the spirit of rancor, malice, and hatred that breathes in the newspapers. For I learn from those papers that State is divided into parties, that each party ascribes all the public operations of the other to vicious motives, that they do not even suspect one another of the smallest degree of honesty, that the anti-Federalists are such merely from the fear of losing power, places, or emoluments, which they have in possession or expectation; that the Federalists are a set of conspirators, who aim at establishing a tyranny over the persons and property of their countrymen and who live in splendor on the plunder of the people. I learn, too, that your justices of the peace, though chosen by their neighbors, make a villanous trade of their offices, and promote discord to augment fees, and fleece their electors; and that this would not be mended were the choice in the Executive Council, who, with interested or party aims, are continually making as improper appointments, witness a 'petty fiddler, sycophant, and scoundrel' appointed judge of the admiralty, an 'old woman and fomentor of sedition' to be another of the judges, and 'a Jeffreys' chief justice, etc., etc., with 'harpies,' the comptroller and naval officers, to prey upon the merchants, and deprive them of their property by force of arms, etc. I am informed, also, by these papers, that your General Assembly, though the annual choice of the people, shows no regard to their rights, but from sinister views or ignorance makes laws in direct violation of the Constitution, to divest the inhabitants of their property, and give it to strangers and intruders, and that the Council, either fearing the resentment of their constituents or plotting to enslave them, had projected to disarm them, and given orders for that purpose; and, finally, that your President, the unanimous joint choice of the Council and Assembly, is 'an old rogue, who gave his assent to the Federal Constitution merely to avoid refunding money he had purloined from the United States.' There is, indeed, a good deal of man's inconsistency in all this, and yet a stranger, seeing it in our own prints, though he does not believe it all, may probably believe enough of it to conclude that Pennsylvania is peopled by a set of the most unprincipled, wicked, rascally, and quarrelsome scoundrels upon the face of the globe. I have sometimes, indeed, suspected that those papers are the manufacture of foreigners among you, who write with the view of disgracing your country, and making you appear contemptible and detestable all the world over; but then I wonder at the indiscretion of your printers in publishing such writings. There is, however, one of your inconsistencies that consoles me a little, which is that though, living, you give one another the character of devils, dead, you are all angels. It is delightful, when any of you die, to read what good husbands, good fathers, good friends, good citizens, and good Christians you were, concluding with a scrap of poetry that places you with certainty in heaven. So that I think Pennsylvania a good country to die in, though a very bad one to live in.'

These remarks, which Franklin makes with such powerful irony, might apply with equal force to a similar period in the newspaper history of any country, and most of all to that of England.

The worst features, perhaps, of these writers of *Mercuries*, were the readiness with which they apostatized, and the systematic and unblushing manner in which they sold their pens to the highest bidder, and prostituted the press to serve the purposes of their patrons. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the memoirs of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, gives a curious instance of their venality:

'Sir John Gell, of Derbyshire, kept the diurnall makers in pension, soe that

whatever was done in the neighboring counties against the enemy, was attributed to him, and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited. That which made his courage the more questioned was the care he tooke and the expense he was att to get it weekly mentioned in the diurnalls, so that when they had nothing else to renoune him for, they once put it that the troops of that valiant commander Sir John Gell tooke a dragoon with a plush doublet.... Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, that did well for virtue's sake, and not for the vaine glory of it, never would give aniething to buy the flatteries of those scribblers; and, when one of them once, while he was in towne, made mention of something done at Nottingham, with falsehood, and had given Gell the glory of an action in which he was not concerned, Mr. Hutchinson rebuked him for it; whereupon the man begged his pardon, and told him he would write as much for him the next weeke; but Mr. Hutchinson told him he scorned his mercenary pen, and warned him not to dare to be in any of his concernments; whereupon the fellow was awed, and he had no more abuse of that kind.'

The *Mercuries*, however, were not allowed to have everything their own way without any interference on the part of the powers that were. In 1647, Sir Thomas Fairfax called the attention of the House of Lords, by letter, to the great number of unlicensed newspapers, with a view to their suppression; but he adds, in mitigation of his attack:

'That the kingdom's expectation may be satisfied in relation to intelligence till a firm peace be settled, considering the mischiefs that will happen by the poisonous writings of evil men sent abroad daily to abuse and deceive the people, that if the House shall see it fit, some two or three sheets may be permitted to come forth weekly, which may be licensed, and have some stamp of authoritie with them, and in respect of the former licenser, Mr. Mabbot, hath approved himself faithful in that service of licensing, and likewise in the service of the House and of this army, I humbly desire that he may be restored and continued in the same place of licenser.'

The result of this letter—which is remarkable, by the way, for its mention of the licenser—was that the House of Lords issued an edict to forbid any such publications except with the license of one or both Houses of Parliament, and with the name of the author, printer, and licenser attached. The penalties for any evasion of this enactment were, for the writer, a fine of forty shillings or imprisonment for forty days; for the printer, half that punishment, and the destruction of his press and plant as well, and for the vendor a sound whipping and the confiscation of his wares. A second instance of parliamentary interference took place in the same year, when a committee was appointed for the purpose of discovering and punishing every one connected with the publication of certain *Mercuries*. The licensing system continued in force, but was not made much use of, although the scurrilities of the press roused the Parliament every now and then into spasmodic efforts of repression. In addition to measures of this kind, Nedham's paper, from its official character, was doubtless looked upon by the legislature as a sort of antidote to the poison diffused by other journalists. This came out twice a week, on Mondays under the name of *The Public Intelligencer*, and on Thursdays under that of *Mercurius Politicus*. When Nedham fell into disgrace at the Restoration, his paper was placed by Parliament in other hands, and the Monday title changed to that of *The Parliamentary Intelligencer*, though that of the Thursday's issue remained unaltered. The powers of the licenser were now much more strictly exercised, and the *Mercuries* gave up the ghost in shoals. In 1662 an act was passed 'for preventing the frequent abuses in printing seditious, treasonable, and unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for regulating of printing and printing presses.' It also divided the duties of the licenser, and the supervision of newspapers passed into the hands of the Secretary of State. Ireland was not slow to follow England's example, for, in Lord Mountmorris's 'History of the Irish Parliament,' mention is made in 1662 'of a very extraordinary question' which 'arose about preventing the publication of the debates of the Irish Parliament in an English newspaper called *The Intelligencer*, and a letter was written from the Speaker to Sir Edward Nicholas, the English Secretary of State, to prevent these publications in those diurnalls, as they call them.' In 1661, *The Parliamentary Intelligencer* was turned into *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, and this last appellation was again changed for that of *The Public Intelligencer* in 1663. The celebrated Roger L'Estrange, who was then the public licenser, was the editor of this paper, as also of an extra Thursday issue called *The News*. In the first number of this old friend with a new face, he says, among other pros and cons as to the desirability of a newspaper:

'Supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a public *Mercury* should never have my vote, because I think it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatistical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch, but a kind of colorable right and license.... A gazette is none of the worst ways of address to the genius and humor of the common people, whose affections are much more capable of being turned and wrought upon by convenient hints and touches in the shape and air of a pamphlet than by the strongest reason and best notions imaginable under any other and more sober form whatsoever.... So that upon the main I perceive the thing requisite (for aught I can see yet). Once a week may do the business, for I intend to utter my news by weight, not by measure. Yet if I shall find, when my hand is in, and after the planting and securing of my correspondents, that the matter will fairly furnish more, without either

uncertainty, repetition, or impertinence, I shall keep myself free to double at pleasure. One book a week may be expected, however, to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing of it.'

The Newspaper was evidently developing itself—correspondents were a new feature—but still it was very tardy and very far from being free. Fancy a newspaper in the present day with no news more recent than that of the day before yesterday! In 1663 the title of *Public Intelligencer* was exchanged for that of *The Oxford Gazette*, so called because the court had gone to Oxford on account of the plague. After the court's return to the metropolis, *London* was substituted, in 1666, for *Oxford*, and from that date to the present this, the first official or semi-official organ, has gone by the name of *The London Gazette*. The king caused an edition of it to be published in French, for the convenience, probably, of his accommodating banker, Louis the Fourteenth, and this edition continued to appear for about twenty years.

Charles the Second was an unsparing and unscrupulous foe to the press, and put in practice every possible form of oppression in order to crush it. One's blood boils at the perusal of the persecutions to which the struggling apostles of freedom of speech were subjected, so that the contempt which this miserable 'king of shreds and patches' inspires in other respects wellnigh changes into positive hatred. But despite of fine and imprisonment, scourge and pillory, the press toiled on steadily toward its glorious goal. The Newspaper began to assume—as far as its contents were concerned—the appearance which it wears at the present day. Straggling advertisements had long ago appeared, the first on record being one offering a reward for the recovery of two horses that had been stolen. This appeared in the first number of the *Impartial Intelligencer*, in 1648. Booksellers and the proprietors of quack medicines were among the earliest persons to discover the advantages of advertising, and in 1657 came out the *Public Advertiser*, which consisted almost entirely of advertisements. The following curious notification appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus*, of September 30, 1658:

'That excellent and by all Physicians approved *China Drink*, called by the *Chineans, Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultanness' Head Cophee House*, in *Sweeting's Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, *London*.'

The earliest illustrated paper is *Mercurius Civicus, London's Intelligencer*, in 1643. The first commercial newspaper was a venture of L'Estrange's in 1675, and was styled *The City Mercury, or Advertisements concerning Trade*. The first literary paper issued from the press in 1680, under the denomination of *Mercurius Librarius, or a Faithful Account of all Books and Pamphlets*. The first sporting paper was *The Jockey's Intelligencer, or Weekly Advertisements of Horses and Second-hand Coaches to be Bought or Sold*, in 1683. The first medical paper, *Observations on the Weekly Bill, from July 27 to August 3, with Directions how to avoid the Dis eases now prevalent*, came out in 1686; and the first comic newspaper, *The Merrie Mercury*, in 1700. Notwithstanding these 'first appearances on any stage,' there never was a darker or more dismal period in the history of journalism. A great number of newspapers had sprung up in consequence of the Popish Plot, and the exclusion of the Duke of York—the respectable admiralty clerk of Macaulay—from the throne; and with the intention of sweeping these away, a royal 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news books and pamphlets of news' was put forth in 1680. Vigorous action against recalcitrants followed, and with such pliant tools as those perjured wretches, Scroggs and Jeffreys, for judge and prosecutor, convictions and the 'extremest punishment of the law' became a foregone conclusion. Doubtless there were many vile scribblers who deserved to have the severest penalties inflicted upon them, but no discrimination was used, and good and bad alike experienced the vengeance of 'divine right.' The aim of the abandoned monarch and his advisers was manifestly total extermination, and journalism appeared to be at its last gasp. But though crushed and mutilated in every limb, and bleeding at every pore, faint respirations every now and then showed that the vital spark still lingered. But brighter days were at hand. That festering mass of mental and bodily corruption which had once worn a crown, was buried away out of the sight of indignant humanity, and the vacillating James with feeble steps mounted the tottering throne. The licensing act had expired in 1679, and had not been again renewed, for there were no newspapers to license. Upon the alarm of Monmouth's invasion, James renewed it temporarily for seven years. Journalism reared its head again, and the court party, instead of persecuting, found itself compelled to fawn and flatter and sue for its protection and support. Newspapers, both native and imported from Holland in large numbers, played an important part in the Revolution, and paved the way for the downfall of the Stuarts and the advent of William and the Protestant Succession.

It must not be supposed that the capital had possessed a monopoly of newspapers during all this period. Scotland appeared in the field with a *Mercurius Politicus*, published at Leith in 1653. This, however, was nothing but a reprint of a London news sheet, and probably owed its existence to the presence of Cromwell's soldiers. In 1654 it removed to Edinburgh, and in 1660 changed its denomination to *Mercurius Publicus*. On the last day of this year, too, a journal of native growth budded forth, with the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*. But the canny Scots either could not or would not spare their bawbees for the encouragement of such ephemeral literature, for Chalmers tells us that only ten numbers of this publication appeared, and they were 'very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected.' Dublin appears to have produced a *Dublin News Letter* in 1685, but little is known about it, and its very existence has been disputed. There were other sheets with Scotch and Irish titles, but they were all printed in London. With 1688 a new era dawned upon the press—the most promising it had yet seen—and newspapers gradually sprang

up all over the kingdom.

The first that came out in the interests of the new Government were the *Orange Intelligencer* and the *Orange Gazette*. The opponents of the ministry also started organs of their own, and the paper warfare went gayly on, but with more decency and courtesy than heretofore. William did not show himself disposed to hamper the press in any way, but Parliament, in 1694, proved its hostility by an ordinance 'that no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or other proceedings of this House.' This was only a momentary ebullition of spleen. The licensing act, which expired in 1692, had been renewed for one year, but at the end of that period disappeared forever from English legislation. The House of Lords—obstructive as usual to all real progress—endeavored to revive it, but the Commons refused their consent, and a second attempt in 1697 met with a like defeat. This obstacle being happily got rid of, new journals of all kinds arose every day. One was called *The Ladies' Mercury*; a second, *The London Mercury, or Mercure de Londres*, and was printed in parallel English and French columns. A third was entitled *Mercurios Reformatus*, and was, during a portion of its existence, edited by the famous Bishop Burnet. Some were half written and half printed. One of these, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, says in its prospectus:

'If any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for twopence of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun, in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being blank, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.'

In 1696, Dawks's *News Letter* appeared, printed in a sort of running type, to imitate handwriting, with the following quaint announcement:

'This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does, undoubtedly, exceed the best of the written news, contains double the quantity, with abundant more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand.'

Various authors, whose names will always find a lofty place in literature, contributed to the newspapers of this epoch, and among them we find those of South, Wesley, Sir William Temple, and Swift. The advertisements by this time had become as varied as they are nowadays, and were without doubt almost as important a part of the revenue of a newspaper. An amusing proof of this is to be found in the *Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade*, in which the editor displays a lively interest in this department of his paper, by employing the first person, thus: 'I want a cook maid for a merchant,' 'I want an apprentice for a tallow chandler,' etc., etc. He also advertises that he knows of several men and women who wish to find spouses, and he undertakes match making in all honor and secrecy. He tells us that he has a house for sale, and wishes to buy a shop, an estate, a complete set of manuscript sermons, and a government situation. Other editors bear witness to the character of their advertisers, and recommend doctors, undertakers, waiting maids, footmen, and various tradesmen. Some of the advertisements are very funny. 'I want a compleat young man that will wear a livery, to wait on a very, valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play on a violin or flute.' Was the 'very valuable gentleman,' we wonder, troubled like Saul with an evil spirit, that could be exorcised by music? Tastes certainly differ, for this advertisement reminds us of a venerable old lady of our acquaintance, who was kept in a chronic state of irritation by a favorite footman, whom she did not choose to discharge, through his learning the flute and persisting in practising 'Away with melancholy'—the only tune he knew—for an hour daily! But to return to the advertisements. A schoolmaster announces that he 'has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to a degree of exactness'—departments of education which are, unfortunately, too much lost sight of in modern 'Establishments for Young Ladies,' 'His price is £10 to £11 the year; with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned if desired.'

During the whole reign of William there was not a single newspaper prosecution, but there were many in that of 'the good Queen Anne.' Still editors were obliged to be very careful in the wording of their items of news, generally prefacing them with 'We hear,' 'It is said,' 'It is reported,' 'They continue to say,' 'Tis believed,' and so on. Of the chief newspapers of this period we get the following account from John Dunton, who was joint proprietor with Samuel Wesley of the *Athenian Mercury*:

'The *Observer* is best to towel the Jacks, the *Review* is best to promote peace, the *Flying Post* is best for the Scotch news, the *Postboy* is best for the English and Spanish news, the *Daily Courant* is the best critic, the *English Post* is the best collector, the *London Gazette* has the best authority, and the *Postman* is the best for everything.'

The *Daily Courant*, which was the first daily newspaper, first appeared on the 11th of March, 1702. It was but a puny affair of two columns, printed on one side of the sheet only, and consisted, like most of the journals of the time, mainly of foreign intelligence. It lasted until 1735, when it was merged in the *Daily Gazetteer*. In spite of prosecutions for libel, the press thrived, and, perhaps, to a certain extent, on that very account greatly improved in character. Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Manwaring, Prior, Swift, Defoe, and other celebrities became editors or contributors, and a battle royal was waged among them in the *Examiner*, the *Whig Examiner*, the *Observer*, the *Postboy*, the *Review*, the *Medley*, and other papers of less note.

Meanwhile newspapers began to appear in the provinces. The earliest was the *Stamford Mercury*—a title preserved to the present day—which came out in 1695. Norwich started a journal of its own, the *Norwich Postman*, in 1706, the price of which the proprietors stated to be 'one penny, but a half penny not refused.' The *Worcester Postman* made its bow in 1708, and Berrow's *Worcester Journal*—which still exists—in 1709. Newcastle followed suite with its *Courant*, in 1711, and Liverpool with its *Courant* in 1712. The other large towns did the same at less or greater intervals, and of the provincial journals which were born in the first half of the eighteenth century about a score still flourish. The *Edinburgh Gazette* came cut in 1699, as appears from the following quaint document, which has been republished by the Maitland Club at the 'modern Athens':

'Anent the petition given to the Lords of his Majestie's Privy Councill by James Donaldson, merchant in Edinburgh, shewing 'that the petitioner doth humbly conceive the publishing ane gazette in this place, containeing ane abridgement of fforaigne newes together with the occurrences at home, may be both usefull and satisfieing to the leidges, and actually hath published on or two to see how it may be liked, and so farr as he could understand the project was approven of by very many, and, therefore, humbly supplicating the said Lords to the effect after mentioned;' the Lords of his Majestie's Privy Councill, having considered this petition given in to them by the above James Donaldsone, they doe hereby grant full warrant and authority to the petitioner for publishing the above gazette, and discharges any other persones whatsoever to pen or publish the like under the penaltie of forfaulting all the coppies to the petitioner, and farder payment to him of the soume of ane hundred pounds Scots money, by and altour the forsaid confiscatioun and forfaulture; and recommends to the Lord High Chancellor to nominat and appoint a particular person to be supervisor of the said gazetts before they be exposed to public view, printed, or sold.'

In 1705 a rival started up in the *Edinburgh Courant*, which was published three times a week. About the same time appeared the *Scots Courant*, in 1708 the *Edinburgh Flying Post*, and in the following year the *Scots Postman*, the two last being tri-weekly. In 1718 there dawned upon the literary horizon the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, which still continues. It was published *cum privilegio* on condition that the proprietor 'should give ane coppie of his print to the magistrates.' With regard to Ireland, it is a curious fact that Dublin took the lead of London in establishing a daily paper, for *Pue's Occurrences* first issued in 1700, and survived for more than fifty years. But this effort appears to have exhausted the newspaper energies of the sister isle, for we have no record of any other journal during a quarter of a century.

Contemporary with its extension to the provinces, newspaper enterprise was penetrating into the colonies, and America took the lead. Small were the beginnings in the land where the freedom of the press was destined to attain its fullest development. America's first journal—the *Boston News Letter*—was printed at Boston in 1704, and survived to the limit assigned by the Psalmist to the age of man. In 1719 appeared the *Boston Gazette*, and in the same year the *American Weekly Miscellany*, at Philadelphia. In 1721 appeared James Franklin's paper, the *New England Courant*, and in 1728 the *New York Journal*. In 1733 John P. Tenzer brought out the *New York Weekly Journal*, a paper which was so ably conducted in opposition to the Government, that in the following year a prosecution, or rather persecution, was determined upon. Andrew Hamilton was Tenzer's counsel, and the temptation to quote a passage from the peroration of his speech for the defence is irresistible:

'The question which is argued before you this day is not only the cause of a poor printer, nor yet even of the colony of New York alone: it is the best of causes—the cause of liberty. Every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor in you the men whose verdict will have secured to us upon a firm basis—to us, to our posterity, to our neighbors, that right which both nature and the honor of our country gives us, the liberty of freely speaking and writing the truth.'

What could the jury do, after these burning words, but acquit the prisoner? They did acquit him, and from this famous trial dates, according to Gouverneur Morris, the dawn of the American Revolution, which myriads of Englishmen, whatever may be thought or said to the contrary by persons who wish to raise bad blood between two mighty countries, delight to acknowledge as glorious. But the progress of the press in America was slow under British rule, for in 1775 there were only thirty-six journals in the various States altogether. The West India islands soon began to establish papers of their own, and Barbadoes led the way in 1731 with the *Barbadoes Gazette*. Yet the development of journalism in other British colonies belongs to a later period of history.

To return to England. A heavy blow was impending over the fourth estate. In 1712 a tax, in the shape of a half-penny stamp, was levied upon each newspaper. The reason alleged for this measure was that political pamphlets had so increased in number and virulence that the queen had called the attention of Parliament to them, and had recommended it to find a remedy equal to the mischief, and, in one of her messages, had complained that 'by seditious papers and factious rumors, designing men have been able to sink credit, and that the innocent have to suffer.' An act was accordingly passed by which every printer was obliged to lodge one copy of each number of his paper, within six days of its publication, with a collector appointed for the purpose, and at the same time to state the number of sheets, etc., under a penalty of £20 for default. Country printers were allowed fourteen days instead of six. This act, as may easily be

imagined, spread confusion and dismay in all directions. Half-penny and farthing newspapers fell at once before the fierce onslaught of the red oppressor—a vegetable monstrosity, having the rose, shamrock, and thistle growing on a single stalk, surmounted by the royal crown. All the less important and second-rate journals withered away before the deadly breath of the new edict, and a few only of the best were enabled to continue by raising their price. Addison, in the 445th number of the *Spectator*, July 31st, 1712, alludes to this new tax as follows:

'This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above all others, delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapped upon it before it is qualified to communicate anything to the public, will make its way but very heavily.... A facetious friend, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors 'the fall of the leaf.' I remember upon Mr. Baxter's death there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed: 'The last words of Mr. Baxter.' The title sold so great a number of these papers, that, about a week after these, came out a second sheet, inscribed: 'More last words of Mr. Baxter.' In the same manner I have reason to think that several ingenious writers who have taken their leave of the public in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title.'

This prediction of Addison's was verified, for, after the first year, the act was allowed to fall into abeyance, and the scribblers raised their heads once more, and endeavored, by extra diligence and industry, to make up for their past discomfiture and enforced silence.

Of the essay papers, as they are called, the *Tatler* is the only one which properly comes within the scope of this article, as being, to a certain extent, a newspaper. Addison wrote in the *Freeholder*, and Steele in the *Englishman*, both being political journals opposed to the Government. For certain articles in this last, which were declared to be libellous, and for a pamphlet, entitled *The Crisis*, which he published about the same time, poor 'little Dicky, whose trade it was,' according to his quondam friend Addison, 'to write pamphlets,' was expelled the House of Commons, despite the support of several influential members, and the famous declaration of Walpole, who was not then the unscrupulous minister he afterward became, 'The liberty of the press is unrestrained; how then shall a part of the legislature dare to punish that as a crime which is not declared to be so by any law framed by the whole? And why should that House be made the instrument of such a detestable purpose?'

The newspaper writers had now reached a great pitch of power, and had become formidable to the Government. Prosecutions therefore multiplied; but not without reason in many cases. Addison complains over and over again of the misdirection of their influence, and says, among other things:

'Their papers, filled with different party spirit, divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles than the truth of the news writers.'

At no time, probably, in the history of journalism did party feeling run higher than at this period. New organs sprang up every day, but were, for the most part, very short lived. Among the papers of most note were *The Weekly Journal*, *Mist's Weekly Journal*, the *London Journal*, *The Free Briton*, and the *Weekly Gazetteer*. *Mist* was especially a stout opponent of the Government, and was consequently always in trouble. In 1724 there were printed nineteen first-class journals, of which three were daily, ten tri-weekly—three of them 'half-penny *Posts*'—and six weekly. News was abundant, and the old plan of leaving blank spaces or filling up with passages of Scripture—an editor actually reproduced from week to week the first two books of the Pentateuch—was now abandoned. In 1726 appeared the *Public Advertiser*, afterward called the *London Daily Advertiser*, which deserves to be remembered as having been the medium through which the letters of Junius were originally given to the world. In the same year, too, was started *The Craftsman*, one of the ablest political papers which London had yet seen, and of which Bolingbroke was joint editor. It was immediately successful, and its circulation soon reached ten or twelve thousand. In 1731 a great novelty came out, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or *Monthly Intelligencer*, under the proprietorship of Edward Cave, the printer. The title page contained a woodcut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which had been in olden times the entrance gateway to the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, but was then the abiding place of Cave's printing press, and upon either side of the engraving was a list of the titles of metropolitan and provincial newspapers. The contents, as announced on the same title page, were: 1. Essays, controversial, humorous and satirical, religious, moral, and political, collected chiefly from the public papers; 2. Select pieces of poetry; 3. A succinct account of the most remarkable transactions and events, foreign and domestic; 4. Marriages and deaths, promotions and bankruptcies; 5. The prices of goods and stocks, and bills of mortality; 6. A register of barks; 7. Observations on gardening. The prospectus states:

'Our present undertaking, in the first place, is to give monthly a view of all the pieces of wit, humor, or intelligence daily offered to the public in the newspapers, which of late are so multiplied as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it his business, to consult them all; and in the next place, we shall join therewith some other matters of use or amusement that will be communicated to us. Upon

calculating the number of newspapers, 'tis found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half sheets *per mensem* are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms, a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment, and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matter of public concern, communicated to the world by persons of capacity, through their means, so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence. But then, being only loose papers, uncertainly scattered about, it often happens that many things deserving attention contained in them are only seen by accident, and others not sufficiently published or preserved for universal benefit or information.'

The *Magazine* sets to work upon its self-imposed task by giving a summary of the most important articles during the preceding month in the principal London journals, of the ability, scope, and spirit of which we thus obtain a very fair notion. The *Craftsman* has the precedence, and among articles quoted from it are a historical essay upon Queen Bess, and 'her wisdom in maintaining her prerogative;' a violent political article full of personalities, a complaint of the treatment of the *Craftsman* by rival journals, and an essay upon the liberty of the press. The summary of the *London Journal* seems to show that it was continually occupied in controverting the views and arguments of the *Craftsman*. *Fog's Journal* is employed in making war upon the *London Journal* and the *Free Briton*. The following specimen does not say much for Mr. Fog's satirical powers:

'One Caleb D'Anvers' (Nicholas Amherst, of the *Craftsman*), 'and, if I mistake not, one Fog, are accused of seditiously asserting that a crow is black; but the writers on the other side have, with infinite wit, proved a black crow to be the whitest bird of all the feathered tribe.'

These old newspapers give us curious glimpses of the manners of the time. The *Grub-Street Journal* has an article upon 'an operation designed to be performed upon one Ray, a condemned malefactor, by Mr. Cheselden, so as to discover whether or no not only the drum but even the whole organ be of any use at all in hearing.' The writer must have been an ardent vivisector, for he concludes by a suggestion that 'all malefactors should be kept for experiments instead of being hanged.' In another number this periodical indulges in a criticism upon the new ode of the poet laureate (Colley Cibber), in the course of which the writer expresses an opinion that 'when a song is good sense, it must be made nonsense before it is made music; so when a song is nonsense, there is no other way but by singing it to make it seem tolerable sense'—a criticism which, whether it were true of that period or no, may be fairly said to apply with great force to the times in which we live. The *Weekly Register* makes war upon the *Grub-Street Journal*, and, in a satirical article upon the title of that newspaper, likens the writers to caterpillars and grubs, etc., 'deriving their origin from Egyptian locusts;' and, in another article, accuses them of 'having undertaken the drudgery of invective under pretence of being champions of politeness.' The other papers summarized are the *Free Briton*, a violent opponent of the *Craftsman*, the *British Journal*, and the *Universal Spectator*, the forte of the last two lying in essays and criticisms.

But the grand feature of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was, that it was the first to systematize parliamentary reporting. This was originally managed by Cave and two or three others obtaining admission to the strangers' gallery, and taking notes furtively of the speeches. These notes were afterward compared, and from them and memory the speeches were reproduced in print. Cave's reports continued for two years unmolested, when the House of Commons endeavored to put an end to them. A debate took place, in which all the speakers were agreed except Sir William Wyndham, who expressed a timid dissent, as follows: 'I don't know but what the people have a right to know what their representatives are doing.' 'I don't know,' forsooth—the Government and the people must have been a long way off then from a proper appreciation of the duties of the one and the rights of the other! Sir Robert Walpole, the former friend of the press—who, by the way, is said to have spent more than £50,000 in bribes to venal scribblers in the course of ten years—had completely changed his views, and had nothing then to say in its favor. A resolution was passed which declared it breach of privilege to print any of the debates, and announced the intention of the House to punish with the utmost severity any offenders. Cave, however, was not easily daunted, and, instead of publishing the speeches with the first and last letters of the names of the speakers, he adopted this expedient: he anagrammatized the names, and published the debates in what purported to be 'An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the Famous Empire of Lilliput, giving the Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput.' This system was continued for nine years, but, after an interval, Cave reverted to the old plan. He had always employed some writer or other of known ability to write the speeches from his notes, and generally even without any notes at all, so that the speeches were often purely imaginary. In 1740 Dr. Johnson was employed for this purpose, and he, according to his own confession, had been but once inside the walls of the Parliament. Murphy tells the story and gives the names of the persons who were present when he made the avowal. It occurred thus: A certain speech of Pitt's, which had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was being highly praised by the company, when Johnson startled every one by saying: 'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter street.' He then proceeded to give an account of the manner in which the whole affair used to be managed—this happened many years after his connection with the matter had ceased—and the assembly 'lavished encomiums' upon him, especially for his impartiality, inasmuch as he 'dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties.' Johnson replied: 'That is not quite true: I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' These speeches were long received by the world as verbatim reports, and Voltaire is

said to have exclaimed, on reading some of them: 'The eloquence of Greece and Rome is revived in the British Senate.' Johnson, finding they were so received, felt some prickings of conscience, and discontinued their manufacture. When upon his deathbed, he said that 'the only part of his writings that gave him any compunction was his account of the debates in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing upon the world.' Several attempts had been made to checkmate Cave, and in 1747 he was summoned before the House of Lords, reprimanded, and fined, but finally discharged upon begging pardon of the House, and promising never to offend again. However, in 1752, he resumed the publication of the debates, with this prefatory statement, a statement which must be taken *cum grano*:

'The following heads of speeches in the H— of C— were given me by a gentleman, who is of opinion that members of Parliament are accountable to their constituents for what they say as well as what they do in their legislative capacity; that no honest man, who is entrusted with the liberties and purses of the people, will ever be unwilling to have his whole conduct laid before those who so entrusted him, without disguise; that if every gentleman acted upon this just, this honorable, this constitutional principle, the electors themselves only would be to blame if they reflected a person guilty of a breach of so important a trust.'

Cave continued his reports in a very condensed form until he died, in 1754, and left his system as a legacy to his successors and imitators. He was the father of parliamentary reporting, and it is for this reason more especially that his name deserves to be remembered with gratitude by all well wishers to the freedom of the press, which is the liberty of mankind.

THE TREASURY REPORT AND MR. SECRETARY CHASE.

The military condition at the present time is highly encouraging; but our armies have not always been successful in the field, and many of our campaigns have ended either in disaster or without decisive results. The navy, though it has achieved much in some quarters, has not altogether answered to the reasonable expectations of the country or to the vast sums which have been expended to make it powerful and efficient. Our foreign relations, during the war, have sometimes assumed a threatening aspect, and, it must be confessed, have not always been managed with the skill and firmness due to our prominent position among the nations of the world. But there is at least one department of the Government whose general operations during all these vicissitudes have been the subject of just pride to the American people. In the midst of great difficulties, sufficient to appal and disconcert any ordinary mind, our stupendous fiscal affairs have been conducted with unrivalled firmness, ability, and success. All our military and naval operations, and indeed our whole national strength at home and abroad, have necessarily been in a large degree contingent upon the public credit, and this has remained solid and unmoved except to gain strength, in spite of all the disasters of the war on the land and on the water. The recent annual report of Mr. Chase, though chiefly confined to a simple statement of facts and figures, is like the account of some great victorious campaign, submitted by the unassuming officer who conducted it. The achievements of the Treasury are in fact the greatest of all our victories; they underlie and sustain the prowess of our armies, while they signalize the confidence and the patriotism of our whole people. Without them the peril of the Union would have been infinitely enhanced, and perhaps it would have been wholly impossible to conquer the rebellion. There was a narrow and difficult path to tread in order to avoid national bankruptcy; it was necessary within three years to raise fifteen hundred millions of dollars, and a single false step might have doubled or trebled the amount even of that enormous demand. How often has intelligent patriotism trembled to think that the failure of our finances would involve the probable futility of our sacred war for the Union, with all its tremendous sacrifices of life and property!

Nobly have the people sustained their Government; with a wise instinct of confidence, they have freely risked their money, as their lives, in support of their own holy cause. This confidence at home has given us unbounded strength abroad. Nor do the facts in the least diminish the credit fairly due to the Secretary, whose great merit is to have organized a system so well calculated to attract the confidence of the people and to inspire them with a sense of perfect security in trusting their fortunes to the keeping of the nation for its help and support in the hour of supreme peril. It is the highest evidence of wise statesmanship to be able thus to arouse a nation to the cheerful performance even of its obvious duty: this has been accomplished by Mr. Chase, under the embarrassment of repeated failures on the part of those who had in special charge to defend and promote our noble cause. The entire merit of this grand success can only be adequately estimated by considering how slight a mistake of judgment or want of faithful courage in conducting these momentous affairs would have thrown our finances into inextricable confusion. Our own experience immediately before the war, when there was no adequate conception of the extent of the trouble about to come upon us, shows how easily the public credit may be shaken or destroyed by incompetent or dishonest agents. In spite of envious detraction and interested opposition, these great and successful labors of the Secretary will remain an imperishable monument of his ability to conduct the most intricate affairs of government, in times of the most appalling danger and difficulty. He has undergone the severest tests to which a statesman was ever subjected; his genius and his great moral firmness have brought him out

triumphant.

There are a few prominent points in the lucid report of the Secretary which constitute the great landmarks of his system. Adequate taxation was of necessity its basis; and, from the very beginning, Mr. Chase insisted upon a rigid resort to every available means of raising a revenue sufficient to strengthen the hands of the Government, and sustain its credit through all the vast operations which it was compelled to undertake. And now by reference to the actual figures, and by an analysis of the facts embodied in them, the Secretary shows that since the first year of the war, the taxes collected have paid all the ordinary peace expenditures together with the interest on the whole public debt, and beyond this have yielded a surplus which, had the war ended, might have been applied to the reduction of the debt. This sound and indispensable principle, beset with so many temptations and difficulties in time of civil commotion, is the very soul of the public credit; and the fearlessness with which the Secretary meets the contingency of prolonged war and the necessity of additional taxes, evinces his determination to strengthen and sustain the principle, rather than to abandon it under any possible circumstances. The enormous loans already so advantageously obtained, to say nothing of those additional ones which will probably be indispensable, could not have been negotiated on any reasonable terms without a firm adherence to this policy.

That part of Mr. Chase's financial system which is most questionable, and which affords his assailants a fulcrum for their attacks, is its interference with the State banks and with the currency which they have been supplying to the country. The issuance of Treasury notes in the form of a circulating medium, and with the qualities of a legal tender, has revolutionized the whole currency and exchanges of the country, and has given universal satisfaction to the people. But this popular judgment is by no means an unerring test of the wisdom or safety of such a measure. Its necessity, however, and its eminent success will forever stamp it as an expedient of great usefulness and value, especially as the Secretary has most judiciously arrested the system at that point where its unquestionable advantages still outweigh its acknowledged dangers and inconveniences. He informs us that these issues 'were wanted to fill the vacuum caused by the disappearance of coin, and to supply the additional demands created by the increased number and variety of payments;' and he adds: 'Congress believed that four hundred millions would suffice for these purposes, and therefore limited issues to that sum. The Secretary proposes no change of this limitation and places no reliance therefore on any increase of resources from increase of circulation. Additional loans in this mode would indeed almost certainly prove illusory; for diminished value could hardly fail to neutralize increased amount.'

In consequence of these issues, the average rate of interest on the whole public debt on the 1st of July last, was only 3.77 per centum, and on the 1st of October, 3.95 per centum.

It was to be expected that the banks, which have heretofore had an entire monopoly of the paper circulation, and of the large profits derived from its legitimate use, as well as from its disastrous and sometimes dishonest irregularities, would not very cordially receive the system which is destined to supersede their present organization entirely. The Secretary justly exults in the advantages of the sound and uniform circulation which he has afforded in all parts of the country. And as to the depreciation of the Treasury notes in comparison with gold, he reasons, with great force and truth, that the greater part of it is attributable to 'the large amount of bank notes yet in circulation,' remarking at the same time, that 'were these notes withdrawn from use, that much of the now very considerable difference between coin and United States notes would disappear.' Whether this belief of the Secretary be well founded or not, nothing can be more certain than the superiority of the Treasury notes to those of the mass of suspended banks, as they would have been after three years of the present war. It is frightful to think of the condition to which the currency would have been reduced at this time, if the Government had been guilty of the folly of conducting its immense operations in the suspended paper of irresponsible local banks. No one can doubt that the Treasury notes have been of immense service to the nation in its hour of trial; and if the limitation proposed by the Secretary shall be faithfully maintained, there need not be the slightest fear of any difficulty or discredit in the future. Upon the return of peace the whole issue will be easily absorbed and redeemed, either by the process of funding, or more gradually in the ordinary transactions of the Government.

On a kindred subject, that of the high prices at present prevailing, let Mr. Chase speak for himself. This statement is so direct and pertinent that nothing could well be added. He says:

'It is an error to suppose that the increase of prices is attributable wholly or in very large measure to this circulation. Had it been possible to borrow coin enough, and fast enough, for the disbursements of the war, almost if not altogether the same effects on prices would have been wrought. Such disbursements made in coin would have enriched fortunate contractors, stimulated lavish expenditures, and so inflated prices in the same way and nearly to the same extent as when made in notes. Prices, too, would have risen from other causes. The withdrawal from mechanical and agricultural occupations of hundreds of thousands of our best, strongest, and most active workers, in obedience to their country's summons to the field, would, under any system of currency, have increased the price of labor, and, by consequence, the price of the products of labor,' &c.

It is impossible to deny the force of this statement; and upon the whole we must acknowledge that most of the evils which have been attributed to the financial policy of the Government were inherent in the very nature of the situation, and would have developed themselves, more or less,

under any system which could have been adopted. It is very obvious that they might have been greatly aggravated by slight changes; but it is not easy to see how they could have been more skilfully met and parried than by the measures which have actually yielded such brilliant results.

The most signal triumph of Mr. Chase's whole system of finance is to be found in the truly marvellous success of his favorite five-twenty bonds. Even at the present time the public enthusiasm for these securities seems to be unabated, and it is more than probable that the whole amount authorized to be issued will be taken up quite as rapidly as the bonds can be prepared or as the money may be required.

Not without good reason does the Secretary attribute the 'faith' thus shown by the people 'in the securities of the Government,' to his national banking law and the prospective establishment of a currency 'secured by a pledge of national bonds,' and destined at no distant day to 'take the place of the heterogeneous corporate currency which has hitherto filled the channels of circulation.' The idea of thus making tributary to the Government in its present emergency the whole banking capital of the country, or at least so much of it as may be employed in furnishing a paper circulation for commercial transactions, was as bold and magnificent as it has proved successful. Nothing less than the national credit is sufficiently solid and enduring to be the basis of a paper currency throughout the vast extent of our country. It is eminently fit that this perfect solidarity of the central government with those who furnish paper money for the people of every locality, should be required and maintained on a proper basis. But the currency thus provided is not liable to any of the objections properly urged against a paper circulation issued by the Government itself; it is issued by individuals or companies, and secured only by such national stocks as have been created in the necessary operations of the nation itself. The system does not constitute a national bank or banks in the sense of that term as heretofore used in our history. It does nothing more than assume that indispensable control over the long-neglected currency of the country which is at once the privilege and the duty of the National Government. It has authority to pronounce the supreme law among all the States; and if there be any subject of legislation requiring the unity to be derived from the exercise of such authority, it is, above everything else, that common medium of exchange which measures and regulates the countless daily commercial transactions of our immense territory. The system involves no participation by the Government in any banking operations; no partnership in any possible speculations, great or small; no interference, direct or indirect, with the legitimate business of the country: it is only a wise and efficient device, by which the Government assures to the people the soundness of the paper which may be imposed upon them for money.

The greatest merit of the scheme consists in the fact that it is intended to supersede that irregular and unsatisfactory system of banking which is based on a similar pledge of the credit of the several States. It is said to be hostile to the existing banks; but it is only so in so far as it requires a change of the basis of their credit from State to National securities. The measure was not conceived in any unfriendly spirit toward those institutions. It was necessary for the National Government to assert its own superiority, and thus to strengthen itself, at the same time that it sought to protect the people by securing them a uniform currency and equable exchanges.

Some murmurs of opposition have been heard from a quarter well understood; but the good sense of the people, and, we hope, of the holders of State bonds themselves, seems to have quickly suppressed these complaints. A war of the State banks on the Government, at this time and on this ground, might well be deplored; but the issue would not be doubtful. Mr. Chase occupies the vantage ground, and he would be victorious over these, as the country is destined to be over all other enemies.

At no other time could so fundamental a change in our system of currency have been proposed with the slightest chance of success; and, upon the whole, it was a grand and happy conception, in the midst of this tremendous war, to make its gigantic fiscal necessities contribute to the permanent uniformity of the currency and of the domestic exchanges. For this great measure is no temporary expedient. Its success is bound up with the stability of the Government; and if this endures, the good effects of the new system will be felt and appreciated in future years, long after the unhappy convulsion which gave it birth shall have passed away. It will serve to smooth the path from horrid war to peace, and to hasten the return of national prosperity; and when experience shall have fully perfected its organization, it may well be expected, by the generality of its operation and its great momentum, to act as the great natural regulator of enterprise and business in our country.

If these grand achievements in finance have had so important an influence in sustaining the war for the Union, it is not likely they will fail to constitute a large element in controlling the political events of the immediate future. Their author is well known to entertain the soundest views in reference to the thoroughness of the measures necessary to restore harmony in the Union, without being of that extreme and impracticable school whose policy would render union uncertain or impossible; and if a ripe experience in public affairs and the most brilliant success in transactions of great delicacy and difficulty, as well as of the most vital importance to the triumph of our arms, are of any value, they cannot be without their due and proper weight in the crisis which is fast approaching.

The election of next fall will take place under circumstances dangerous to the stability of our institutions, and trying to the virtue and wisdom of the American people. We are compelled to undergo that great trial, either in the midst of a mighty civil war, or in the confusion and uncertainty of its recent close, with the legacy of all its tremendous difficulties to adjust and

settle. Even in quiet times, the Presidential election is an event of deep significance in our political history; but at such times, the ordinary stream of affairs will flow on quietly in spite of many obstructions; and even the errors and follies of the people consequent on the intrigues of politicians and the strife of parties, are not then likely to be fatal to the public security. In the midst of the tempest, however, or even in the rough sea, where the subsiding winds have left us crippled and exhausted, and far away from our true course, we have need of all the skill, experience, integrity, and wisdom which it is possible to call into the service of the country. But it is the skill and experience of the statesman, not of the warrior, which the occasion requires. To our great and successful generals, the gratitude of the people will be unbounded; and it will be exhibited in every noble form of expression and action becoming a just and generous nation. But civil station is not the appropriate reward of military services, except in rare cases, when capacity and fitness for its duties have been fully established. To conduct a great campaign and to gain important victories is evidence of great ability in achieving physical results by the organized agency and force of armies; it does not necessarily follow that the great general is an able statesman or a safe counsellor in the cabinet or in the legislative assembly. The functions to be performed in the two cases are wholly dissimilar, if not actually opposite in nature. War is the reign of force, and is essentially arbitrary in its decisions and violent in its mode of enforcing them: civil government, on the other hand, is the embodiment of law, and it ought to be the perfection of reason; its instrumentalities are eminently peaceful and antagonistic to all violence.

In times like the present, there is always a tendency to appropriate the popularity of some great and patriotic soldier, and make it available for the promotion of personal or party ends. Success in that sinister policy will no doubt often prove to be only an aggravation of ordinary party strategy, by which the vital questions of capacity and fitness are made subordinate to that of availability. We have in our history too many instances of such intrigues and their dangerous consequences, to admit of their success at the present time, though they come in the seductive form of military glory. The degenerate system of party strategy culminated seven years ago in the election of James Buchanan. In pursuance of the secret and treacherous preparations for the present infamous rebellion, the people were ignorantly and blindly led by cunning intrigue into that fatal mistake; but it was not less the circumstances of the times and the sinister combination of parties, than the weakness and wickedness of the man chosen, which gave him the immense power for mischief which he wielded against his country. The complications of the approaching crisis will not be less controlling in their power to bring about the ruin or the restoration of the republic. In the uncertain contingencies and possible combinations of opinion and interest destined to grow out of the immediate future, no man can foresee what dangers and difficulties will arise. The only path of safety lies in the straight line of consistent action; avoiding sinister expedients and untried men; despising the arts of the demagogue, when they present themselves in the most specious of all forms, that of using military success as the pretext for ambitious designs; and doing justice to the great soldier, *as a soldier*, according to the value of his achievements, not forgetting that 'peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war,' and that the faithful and able statesman cannot be overlooked and set aside amid the glare of arms, without danger to the best interests of the republic.

ASPIRO.—A FABLE.

Then my life was like a dream in which we guess at God-thoughts. I was so completely absorbed in my love that I marked the lapse of time only by the delicate varyings of my mistress's beauty, or the deepening spell of her royal rule. I was delirious with the delight of her presence, which comprised to me all types of excellence. Within her eyes the sapphire gates of heaven unclosed to me; in the splendor of lustred hair was life-warmth.

—And had I forgot?—the red lips I crushed like rose-leaves on my own—the tender eyes that plead 'remember me'—the faded rosemary which we culled together—the vows with which I said that love like ours was never false, nor parting fatal. Had I forgot? Could this *Aspiro* of my worship quite dispel my youth-dream—had her infatuating presence quite eclipsed my memory of Christine?—

Alas! I had not meant to be inconstant, but while I strove sullenly for success in uncongenial occupation, *she* came to me—*Aspiro*—came like the truth and light, and taught me to myself.

For a long time I doubted and resisted; though she tempted me, making real the dreams of my shy, worshipful childhood, teaching me the meanings of treasured stories which I had listened to from flower-sprite and river-god, leading and wooing me with lovelier lures than even Nature's; for tropical bird-song and falling water was harsh to her voice, and dew-dripped lilies dim to her brow. But I shut my dazzled eyes at first from these, and strove to see only the face whereon, with tender kisses, I had sealed my future—having narrow aims; till the vision faded despairingly, and even closed lids would not recall it, and my weak resistance seemed but to strengthen the sway that bore me willingly away.

Over and over I told the rosary of *Aspiro's* charms. Hour by hour I wearied not of her perfections. With burning vows and rapturous words I pledged my life to her.

Once when the wind was sweeping her gay garments, like hope-banners, against my limbs, and tangling her long, loose hair about me—once when I was blind with the jewel-dazzle from her

breast, thrilled by the passion-pressure of her hand, she said, in saddest, sweetest tones:

'I am erratic, Paulo, and exacting—will you tire of me!'

O Immortality! Did not that seem sacrilege!

Like curlew's wings flapped the white sails of the ship on the blue waters. Aspiro's eyes absorbed my mind and memory. The past was voiceless—the future clarion-toned. So we loosed our hold of the real past, and drifted toward an ideal future.

We wandered through apocalyptic mazes, startling the hush of mystery with daring footsteps. We brake the bread of the cosmic sacrament in sight of the Inaccessible.

In the metallic mirrors of Arctic lakes we watched the wind-whipped clouds. Mute we knelt in the ice-temples of Silence, and where the glaciers shatter the rainbows we renewed our promises.

Wet sat at the universal banquet, and drank deep of Beauty. Cheek pressed to cheek, arms interlaced, we sighed in the consecrated throes of its reproduction, and in the imagery of Art we lisped Creation's lessons.

From height to height and depth to depth. Lagging in low canoes along the black waters of silent swamps—life-left—seeing the far-off blue of sky and hope between the warning points of cypress spires. Across the stretch of yellow sands, seeking her riddle of the Sphinx, and asking from the Runic records of one dead faith, and the sand-buried temples of another, the aim of the True.

Or clouds or rocks or winds or waves, the mutable or the unchangeable was in turn the theme of our reproductive praise. There were transfigurations on the mountain tops, where the spirit of the universe wore shining garbs and hailed us, their Interpreters. From every wave stretched Undine arms to greet us, and tongues of flame taught us the glories of the element.

Sometimes in giddy pauses shone sad eyes—yet not reproachful on me; but if I sighed in answer to their shining, Aspiro dazzled in betwixt me and my memory, and bade me 'cease not striving,' while her white finger pointed farther onward. For our love-life was a striving, and life's best porcelain was like common clay for fashioning vessels for its use.

I gave up all to her, time, talent, ingenuity. Studying for her caprices and struggling for her pleasure. How fair she seemed, how worthy any effort! If only I might hope that I, at last, should wholly win her approbation and make our union indissoluble. Her radiant smiles, and lofty, loving words, were hard to win, but then, when won—! Who ever looked and spoke and smiled as did Aspiro?

There was neither rest nor dalliance on our way. Unrest lit meteors in the heaven of my mistress's eyes, and I lost, at length, the delusion that I should ever satisfy all her imperious exactions. Then I hoped to make but some one thought or deed quite worthy of her favor, even to the sacrifice of my life.

I strove my utmost in the Art we loved. The strife consumed the dross of daily, petty hopes and fears, which make the happiness of common lives, and left my soul a crucible receptive for refinement only; and Aspiro tempted me to new endeavors by glimpses of the court which Nature holds, wearing Dalmatian mantle and spray-bright crown, in realms forbidden mortals.

'I thought, for my sake,' she would say, sadly, 'you had already done something better than you have.'

If my soul sickened then, my courage did not falter, nor did her incentive beauty lose any of its charm.

I said: 'Give me a task, Aspiro, and I will please you yet.'

Then she pointed to me what I might do, and my work began.

In this work I reproduced my mistress's beauty and my love's significance. Having learned the language of nature, I translated from her hieroglyphic pages in characters of flame. With rash hands I stripped false seemings from material beauty, and limned the naked divinity of Idea. Shorn by degrees in my strife of youth and strength and passion, I wound them in my work—toiling like paltry larvæ. And it was done—retouched and lingered over long, apotheosized by mighty effort. So I offered it to my Fate.

Never before, as at that moment, had Aspiro seemed so worthy to be won at any cost. I trembled as I laid my work before her—she so transcended Beauty. But still I hoped. I waited for her dawning smile and outstretched hand, ready to die of attained longing when these should be bestowed.

She, gleaming like ice, transfixed me coldly, and, slighting with her glance my work, asked: 'Can you do no more?'

I answered with weary hopelessness: 'No more.'

How cold her laugh was!

'And have I waited on you all these years for this?'

I echoed drearily: 'For this.'

'Well, blot it out, and try again, if you would please me,' said Aspiro.

With spent strength I cast myself at her feet.

'You see,' I said, 'I have mixed these colors with my life-wine.'

'Why, then,' she asked, carelessly, 'with your insufficient strength, were you tempted to woo and follow me?'

So my life with its endeavors was a wreck. I thought of the good I had sacrificed, of the hopes that had failed. The Past and Future alike pierced my hands with crucifical nails, till, faint with the pain and the scorning, I lapsed into a long prostration, from which I came at last to the dawn-light of sad, once-forgotten eyes—to the odor of withered rosemary.

'True heart that I spurned,' I cried, 'can you forgive? I will return Aspiro scorn for scorn, and go humbly back, where it is perhaps not yet too late for happiness.'

With dreary reproaches came memory, disenthralled. I dreamed of my youth, its love, and its aim. I pictured a porch with its breeze-tossed vines, a rocking boat on a limpid lake, a narrow path through twilight-brooded woods, and each scene the shrine of a sweet face with brown, banded hair, and love-lit eyes.

And these pictures were the True. My heart cleaved the eternity of separation, beaconing my sad return to them, and I followed gladly, hope being not yet dead.

The summer porch was shady with fragrant vines—but I missed the face. I buoyed my heart, and said, 'Of course she would not have waited so long.'

I went to the woods, through the narrow paths where of old the birds twittered, and javelins of sunshine pierced—on, where we had gone together long ago, till I reached the dell where we pledged our love. Ah! I should find her here—

The sweet face where I should kindle smiles—the brown hair I could once more stroke—the lithe form that I longed to clasp—the true heart that should beat for me in a quiet home.

No. No waiting eyes—no true heart—no glad smile. But a cross and a grave and a name:

'CHRISTINE.'

Aspirants of the Age! Offspring of Aloëus I you have chosen a worship that admits not a divided heart. But your faith, like the Mystic's, shall also make your strength; and though *Aspiro* stoops not to your stature, yet she reigns, and she rewards. Be true. Be firm. Even if it be upon the wreck of some frail, temporal heart-hopes, you *must* reach higher, till, in the sheen of the approving smile, you read the world-lesson: Salvation through sacrifice. Through strife and suffering—excellence.

THE RED MAN'S PLEA.

ALMOST LITERALLY THE REPLY OF 'RED IRON' TO GOVERNOR RAMSEY.

The snow is on the ground, and still my people wait;
They ask but their just dues, ere yet it be too late;
For we are poor, our huts are cold, we starve, we die,
While you are rich, your fires are warm, your harvests lie
High heaped above the hunting grounds, our fathers' graves,
We sold you long ago. Alas! our famished braves
Have sold e'en their own graves! When dead, our bones shall stay
To whiten on the ground, that our Great Father may
More surely see where his Dacotah children died—
His dusky children whom ye robbed, and then belied.

BUCKLE, DRAPER, AND A SCIENCE OF HISTORY

THIRD PAPER

In any classification of our intellectual domain which it is possible to make on the basis of Principles now known to the Scientific world at large, the most fundamental characteristic should

be, the distinctive separation of those departments of thought in which *Certainty* is now attainable, from those in which only varying degrees of Probability exist, and the clear exhibition of that which is *positive and demonstrable knowledge*, in the strict sense of the term, as distinguished from that which is liable to be more or less fallible. Although the precise point at which, in some cases, the proofs of Probable Reasoning cease to be as convincing as those of Demonstration cannot be readily apprehended, yet the essential nature of the two *methods* of proof is radically and inherently different, and is marked by the most distinctive results. In the latter case, we have always accuracy, precision, and certainty, *beyond the possibility of doubt*; in the former, always the conviction that, how strong soever the array of evidence may seem to be, in favor of a particular inference, there still remains a possibility that the conclusion may be modified or vitiated by the subsequent advancement of knowledge.

The Generalizations which respectively affirm that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, rest upon an entirely different basis of proof from those upon which the Generalizations rest which respectively assert that water is composed of certain chemical constituents combined in certain proportions, or that the nerves are the instruments of sensation and of motion. The former are irresistible conclusions of the human mind, because, from the nature of the intellect, they cannot be conceived of as being otherwise. The Laws of Thought are such, that we are unable to think a triangle whose angles will *not* be equal to two right angles, or a right-angled one, the square of whose hypotenuse will *not* be equal to the squares of the other two sides. So long, therefore, as man is constituted as he now is—unless the human organization becomes radically changed, these geometrical Laws cannot be conceived as being otherwise than as they are. All men must apprehend them alike if they apprehend them at all. So long as man lives and thinks they remain unalterable verities, about which there can be no shadow of doubt, no possibility of error.

The doctrine that water is composed of certain definite chemical constituents in certain definite proportions, or the theory that the nerves are the instruments of sensation and of motion, rests upon no such foundation. Whenever water has been analyzed, it has yielded the same separate elements in the same proportions; and whenever these elements are put together in the same quantitative ratio they have produced water; so that the conviction is proximately established in the minds of all that water is invariably the product of these elements in certain proportions. But this proof does not establish the generalization as *inevitably true, nor show that it is impossible for it to be otherwise*. It is *possible*, in the nature of things, for us to conceive that the fluid which we call water may be produced from other constituents than oxygen or hydrogen, or that such a fluid may even now exist undiscovered, the product of elements altogether unknown.

So in regard to the nerves. Observation and experiment have established to the general satisfaction, that they are the instruments of sensation and motion; but we are not *absolutely sure* that this is the fact, nor can we *know* that a human being may not be born in whom no trace of nerves can be detected, and who will nevertheless experience sensation and exhibit motion. We may be as well satisfied, for all practical purposes, of the nature of water and of the office of the nerves as of the nature of a triangle; but the character of the evidence, on which the conviction is based, is essentially different; being, in the one case, incontrovertible and infallible; and, in the other, indecisive and *possibly* fallacious.

This repetition of that which has been substantially stated before, brings us to the final consideration of the distinctive nature of different departments of Thought, as indicated by the Methods of Proof which respectively prevail in them; and hence as embodying either exact and definite *Knowledge*, or only varying degrees of *Probability*. We have already seen that in at least one sphere of intellectual activity we are able to start from the most basic and fundamental conceptions, from axiomatic truths so patent and universal that they cannot even be conceived of as being otherwise than as they are, and to proceed from them, by equally irresistible Inferences, to conclusions which are, from the nature of the human mind, inevitable. It is in the Mathematics, in which the Deductive Method is rightly operative, that this kind of Proof—Demonstration in the strict sense of the term—prevails. The various branches of Mathematics have therefore been appropriately denominated the *Exact Sciences*, in contradistinction from those domains of Thought whose Laws or Principles are liable to be somewhat indefinite or uncertain; hence, called the *Inexact Sciences*.

Exact Science—in its largest sense, that which extends to all domains in which the proper Deductive Method has been or may hereafter be rightly employed—is therefore a *system or series of truths relating to the whole Universe, or to some department of it, consecutively and necessarily resulting from, and dependent upon, each other, in a definite chain or series; and resting primarily upon some fundamental truth or truths so simple and self-evident, that, when clearly stated, all men must, by the natural constitution of the human mind, perceive them and recognize them as true. Demonstration is the pointing out of the definite links in the chain or series by which we go from fundamental truths, clearly perceived and irresistible, up to the particular truth in question.*

Thus far in the history of Science, Mathematics, as a whole, has ranked as the only Exact Science; being the only department of intellectual activity, all of whose Laws or Principles are established on a basis of *undeniable certainty*. If, however, theories of Cosmogony and considerations of Cosmography be excluded from the field of Astronomy, this Science consists almost wholly of the application of the Laws of Mathematics to the movements of the celestial bodies. Restricting Astronomy proper to this domain, where, as a *Science*, it strictly belongs, and

setting aside its merely descriptive and conjectural features, as hardly an integral part of the Science itself, we have another Exact Science in addition to Mathematics.

Of still another domain, that of Physics, Professor Silliman says, 'all its phenomena are dependent on a limited number of general laws ... which may be represented by numbers and algebraic symbols; and these condensed *formulæ* enable us to conduct investigations with the certainty and precision of pure Mathematics.'

The various branches of Physics have not hitherto been ranked as Exact Sciences, because, as in Astronomy, unsubstantiated theories and doubtful generalizations, incapable of Mathematical Proof, have mingled with their *Demonstrated* Laws and Phenomena, as a component part of the Science itself. It has consequently exhibited an ambiguous or problematical aspect, incompatible with the rigorous requirements of Exact Science. Even in Professor Silliman's admirable work, *formulæ* are given as Laws, which, however correct, have yet no foundation in axiomatic truth; while Inferences are drawn from them which are by no means capable of *Demonstration*. Strictly speaking, however, only those Laws which *do* rest upon a Demonstrable basis and the Phenomena derived from them come within the scope of the *Science* of Physics. So far as these prevail, this department of investigation is entitled to the Mathematical character accorded to it by Professor Silliman, and ranks as an Exact Science.

Astronomy and Physics, viewed in the light in which they are here presented, are rather special branches of Mathematics, than distinct Sciences. But as we often speak of Geometry as a separate Science, although it is in reality only a division of the Mathematical domain, and is so classed by Comte; so there is a sense in which both Astronomy and Physics, as herein defined, may be regarded as individual Sciences, and in that character they will be considered in this paper.

We have, then, three domains in which the true Deductive Method is active; in which we can start from universally recognized Truths and proceed, by irresistible Inferences, to ulterior Principles and Facts. In three Sciences, in Mathematics as commonly defined and understood, in Astronomy and Physics as herein circumscribed, we are able to establish starting points of thought with Mathematical certainty, and to deduce from them all the Phenomena of their respective realms.

Within the scope of these three Sciences, therefore, our information is clearly defined, positive, and indisputable. The conclusions to which we are led by their Principles can no more be gainsayed than human existence can be doubted. While time shall last, while mankind shall endure, while the human Mind is constructed on its present basis; while, in fine, there is a possibility for the exercise of Thought in any way conceivable to the existing Mentality of the universe, the Laws of Mathematics, of Astronomy, and of Physics can be apprehended in no way different from that in which they are now apprehended. There is *no conceivable possibility* that subsequent investigations will show them to be erroneous or defective. They stand upon a foundation of Proof as unalterable as the fiat of Fate or the decrees of the Almighty, which can neither be shaken nor destroyed.

It is between these three Mathematical Sciences, on the one side, and all other domains of intellectual investigation on the other, that a line of distinct demarcation must be drawn, in any Classification of our so-called Knowledge, in accordance with any method of classification known to the scientific world at large. Not that the Laws or Principles which lie at the base of all other departments of the universe are not as stable, as definite, and as infallible as those which inhere in the Sciences which have been specially indicated. But that, as yet, the endeavor to apprehend fundamental Principles, in other spheres than these, has been attended with only partial success; and hence, the ability to establish a Mathematical or Demonstrable basis for other regions of Thought is yet wanting, so far as is commonly known.

When, therefore, we emerge from the domains of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, we are leaving the field of *positive assurance*, of *undeniable* truth, and entering the realms where opinion, conjecture, and variable degrees of certainty prevail. *The Facts of Observation may be, indeed, as plain here as elsewhere and as firmly established. But the conclusions drawn from them, the Scientific Principles assumed to be established, may be erroneous or defective, and the power of prevision, the great test of Scientific accuracy, is proportionally wanting.* Derived, as we have hitherto seen these conclusions to be, from Phenomena, on the supposition that a given range of Observation will secure all the essential Principles which appertain to the *whole* of the Phenomena included in the range, we can never be *entirely sure* that our basis of Facts is sufficient for our purpose, and hence the *possibility* of error always exists.

It is not to be understood, therefore, that first or observational *Facts* are not rightly to be known in other departments of investigation than Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics; but that Laws, Principles, or Generalizations which *relate* Facts and serve as instruments for penetrating into the deeper arcana of Nature, cannot be precisely, accurately, and certainly *known*, in their relations and belongings, until we are able to establish their connection with the lowest, most fundamental, and self-evident truths, and in this manner become competent to advance step by step from undeniable first truths to those equally undeniable. In Mathematics, in Astronomy, and in Physics, we are able to do this. We *know* the Laws or Principles of these Sciences, therefore, so far as we have developed the Sciences themselves. We know the relations of the various Laws within the range of each Science, and the relations of the different Sciences with each other. We can advance, within their boundaries, from the simplest and most positive verities, such as the whole is equal to all its parts—a self-evident truth, which it is impossible to conceive as being

otherwise than as here stated—up to the most intricate ulterior Facts of the universe, by Inferences which are as irresistible to the mind as the axioms with which we started. In no other domains of Thought can this be done by any methods now in vogue. In no other realms, therefore, are complete precision and infallibility attainable. It is this which constitutes the peculiar character of these three Sciences, and distinguishes them radically from all others.

The whole body of our authoritative and irrevocably determinate intellectual acquisitions lies, therefore, at the present time, so far as is commonly known, within the range of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics. These are in strictness the only *Sciences* which we possess; and the only domains in which *knowledge*, in the proper sense of the term, is attainable. In passing their boundaries, we leave the regions of positive *certitude*, and come into the domain where Conjecture, varying from the strongest presumption to mere plausibility, is the highest proof. Laws or Principles are yet undiscovered there, and in their place we find Generalizations—Suppositive or Proximate Laws—which are in process of proof, or already established by such evidence as the Inductive Method can array, and which carry the conviction of their correctness with varying degrees of force, to larger or smaller classes of investigators.

These three branches of knowledge are unquestionably entitled to the designation of *Positive Sciences*; and to no others can it with justice be accorded. To apply the name of *Science* to domains in which real knowledge is not attainable, is, in some sense, an abuse of terms. To denominate *Positive Sciences*, domains which are not strictly Scientific, and in which *positive* certainty, in reference to Principles and ulterior Facts, cannot be attained, is still more incongruous. Comte's arrangement of the schedule of the Positive Sciences, in which domains where Demonstrable knowledge prevails are placed upon a common basis with those in which it does not, was probably owing to the want of a clear perception on his part of the essential difference of the nature of proof by the true Deductive Method and of proof by the Inductive Method, of the *actual* Certainty of the one and the merely *proximate* Certainty of the other.

If such were the case, his want of discrimination was rather due to an overestimate of Inductive proof than to an undervaluation of Mathematical Demonstration. That Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics were more perfect Sciences than the others in point of *precision*, he distinctly affirms, pointing out that 'the relative perfection of the different Sciences consists in the degree of precision of Knowledge,' that this degree of precision is in accordance with the extent to which Mathematical analysis can be applied to the given domain, and that to the above-mentioned Sciences only is its application possible. Notwithstanding this apprehension of the different degrees of *precision* or *exactitude* attainable in the various Scientific realms, he does not seem to have sufficiently understood that there was also a vast difference in the *nature of the evidence* which went to prove the truth of the supposed Principles and ulterior Facts of the various departments of Thought, and hence variable degrees of *Certainty* in regard to the positive bases of the Principles themselves. He thus falls into the same error which it was one of the main purposes of his Scientific labors to correct—commingling problematical theories with Demonstrable Truths, as equally entitled to belief—and ranks Sociology, including *La Morale*, afterward called a distinct Science, with Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, as domains in which our reasonings, in the present state of Knowledge, can be equally reliable.

It is barely possible that the purpose and design of Comte's Classification had, unconsciously, much to do with its really unscientific and incongruous character. The aim which he had in view was to construct a Sociology or Science of Society which should be a guide in the establishment of a new Government, a new Political Economy, a new Religion, a new Social Life, a new Order of Things, in fine, to take the place of the decrepit institutions, governmental, ecclesiastical, and social, which he thought were fast approaching their period of dissolution. The Generalization which had exhibited to him, that the Laws and Phenomena of the various departments of investigation were dependent on each other in a graduated scale, and had thus enabled him to establish the *Hierarchy of the Sciences*, showed him that Sociology, including as it does the Principles and Phenomena of the other domains which he regards as Positive Sciences, must be based upon them.

Hence it became necessary to fix the Scientific character of all these branches of intelligence, in order to create a Scientific basis for his Sociology. It was, however, impossible for him to claim that a Demonstrable or Infallible method of Proof was applicable to Chemistry and Biology; while, on the other hand, to exhibit such a method as introducing a certainty into Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics which did not appertain to the other so-called Positive Sciences, would have indicated too plainly the unspanned gulf which yawned between the indubitable Demonstrations of the Exact Sciences and the merely probable Generalizations of the others, and have exposed the fallible character of his Sociological theories.

A Classification was rendered indispensable, therefore, which should display uniformity in its character, and a sufficiently rigorous mode of Scientific proof. To fulfil this end, the Inexact Sciences were accorded a position of *certainty* in reference to their Principles which does not in reality belong to them; while the Exact or Infallible Sciences were degraded from their peculiarly high state, and brought to the new level of the former on the middle ground of the Positive Philosophy. A quasi-Scientific basis was thus erected for the Sociological movements of the French Reformer.

Had he been as *Metaphysically analytical, profound, and discriminating* in his intellectual development, as he was *vigorous, expansive, and broadly generalising*, he would have discerned the insufficiency of the bases of the structure which he was building. Had he understood the

Scientific problem of the age, he would have known that until the task which he believed too great for accomplishment was adequately performed, until all the phenomena of the respective Sciences were brought within the scope of a larger Science and included under a Universal Law, there could be no 'clearness, precision, and consistency' throughout all our domains of Thought, and hence no *true* Sociology. Had he rightly apprehended the nature of 'The Grand Man,' as he aptly denominates Humanity, he would not have failed to perceive that the attempt to measure the capacities and requirements of Society by the capacities and requirements of any individual or individuals, how catholic soever they may be, is but the repetition of the Procrustean principle on a broader basis, and that a reconstructive movement established on such a foundation could not meet the wants of this individualized epoch. That he should not have perceived that the capital and necessary precursor of any true Science of Society must be a Universal Science, a Science of Universal Laws underlying and unifying Physics and Metaphysics, is not strange, when we consider his peculiar mental characteristics. That he should ever have anticipated any permanent acceptance of his Sociological Theories, or regarded his Social Institutions as anything more than transitional forms, could only have been due to a lack of the highest Scientific powers, and to an earnest impatience at beholding Humanity crawling along the path of Progress by the aid of obsolete instrumentalities.

The work which Auguste Comte accomplished was immense. Its value can hardly be overestimated. Every modern Scientist and Thinker is largely indebted to him for that which is indispensable to high intellectual development and progress in thought. For the immense steps in Scientific advancement which he took; for his love of his Race; for his really religious spirit, exhibited in his utter devotion to that which he deemed the highest right; the love and sympathy of every student of Science and every devotee of truth is, and will be, forever his. That he failed in achieving a permanent Scientific basis of a sufficiently universal and unquestionable character—a real Universology, which should exhibit the essential verity of the *religious intuitions* of the past, and should establish their inherent and harmonious connection with the unfolding *intellectual discoveries* of the present—is true. But it should not be forgotten that every attempt, made in the right direction, which comes short of the final result, is but a stepping stone for the next effort, and, viewed as a single round in the great ladder of human ascension, a success—an element without which the final achievement would have been impossible. Without Comte there would have been no Buckle, whose work furnishes another of these steps. Every page of the 'History of Civilization' exhibits the indebtedness of the English Historian to the French Encyclopædist of the Sciences; while the 'Intellectual Development of Europe' bears evidence of a 'Positivist' inspiration to which Professor Draper might have more completely yielded with decided benefit. For the lift which the author of the Positive Philosophy and the founder of the Positive Religion has given the world, let us be deeply grateful; although we must reject, as a finality, a System of Science which cannot *Demonstrate* the correctness of its Principles and Phenomena, or a System of Religion which emasculates mankind of its diviner and more spiritual aspirations, and dwarfs him to the dimensions of a refined Materialism.

In classifying our existing Knowledge, then, on our present basis of Scientific acquisition, we must draw a distinct line between Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, on the one side, and all remaining departments of Thought, on the other, and set these three Sciences apart as the Exact or Infallible ones, occupying a rank superior to the others, by virtue of the Certainty and Exactitude with which we are able, through the operation of the true Deductive Method, to ascertain their Principles and Phenomena. We shall then be enabled—by the aid of Comte's principle that the domains of investigation take rank in proportion to the complexity of their Phenomena—to ascertain, after a very brief examination, the place which History holds in the Scale, and how much claim it can lay to a Scientific character.

Comte closes the Hierarchy of the Positive Sciences by adding to the three which we have denominated *Exact* Sciences, Chemistry, Biology, Sociology, and *La Morale*, in the order in which they are named, as indicated by the nature of the Phenomena with which they are concerned. If we adopt this arrangement, and annex to each of these *general* Sciences, as they are called in the language of Positivism, its derived or dependent branches, we shall have the following order: Chemistry; Geology; Biology, including Botany, Human and Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology; Zoology; Sociology; and *La Morale*. Although this enlarged scale is defective, many important departments, such as Ethnology, Philology, etc., being left out, it is sufficiently correct to show the complex nature of the Phenomena with which History must concern itself.

History—in its largest aspect, that in which we are now considering it—is the record of the progress of the Race in all its various modes of development. In it is therefore involved the examination and consideration of all the agencies, Material or Spiritual, which have operated on Mankind through past ages. Mathematical questions concerning Number, Form, and Force; Astronomical problems on the relation of our Earth to other Celestial bodies, and the effect thereof on Climate, Soil, and Modes of Life; Physical inquiries into the influence of Heat, Electricity, etc., on individuals and nations; Chemical investigations into the nature of different kinds of Food, and their relations to the animal economy, and hence to the career of Peoples; Geological researches to discover the origin of the human Race, and its position in the Animal Kingdom; questions of Physiology, of Social Life, of Ethnology, of Metaphysics, of Religion; every problem, in fine, which the world has been called to consider, forms a part of the record of its progress and comes within the scope of History. As the Descriptology, or verbal daguerreotyping of the Continuity of Society, and hence of the Dynamical aspect of Concrete Sociology, History stands, then, in a sense, at the head of the scale, omitting Theology, the true apex of the pyramid of Sciences, which pyramid Comte has decapitated of this very apex.

The problems which History is called to solve are therefore exceedingly intricate and perplexing. The Generalizations of Chemistry, conducted, as they must be, on our present basis of Knowledge, by the Inductive Method, are involved in a degree of uncertainty, not only on account of the complexity of their Phenomena, but also by reason of the absence of any method of ascertaining when all the elements of a right Generalization are obtained. In Geology, including Mineralogy, the complexity increases, and the possibility of precision and certainty decreases in the same ratio. This augmentation of complexity in the Phenomena and proportionate diminution of exactitude and certainty in respect to the Generalizations derived from them, continues at every successive degree of the scale; so that when we arrive at History, all hope of even proximate precision, and all expectation of anything like positive Knowledge, except in the broadest outline and generalization, by any application of the Inductive Method, has completely vanished.

The hopelessness of a Science of History prior to the discovery of a Unitary Law and the introduction of the Deductive Method into all domains of investigation, now becomes plainly apparent. Until the occurrence of that event we shall look in vain for a true Science of History. With the advent of such a discovery, it will be possible to carry the precision and infallibility of Mathematical Demonstration into all departments of Thought, and to subject the Phenomena of History to well-defined and indubitable Laws.

We must guard, however, against entertaining the supposition that a Unitary Science will bring *all* the Phenomena of the universe within the compass of *Demonstrable* apprehension. The province of Science is not infinite, but circumscribed. We are limited in the application of Mathematical Laws, even within the sphere of Pure Mathematics; general equations of the fifth degree having until recently resisted all attempts to solve them; and fields yet remain into which we cannot advance. The power of the human mind to analyze Phenomena ceases at some point, and there our ability to *apply* Scientific Principles, however indubitable in themselves, ends. It is the office of Exact Science to furnish us with a knowledge of the inherent Laws which everywhere pervade the Universe and govern continuously and unalterably its activities. To the extent to which it is possible to trace the constituent elements of Thought or Things we can have the guidance of these Laws or Principles. But when we reach that point in any department of investigation where the complexity of the Phenomena renders it impossible for the human intellect to successfully analyze it and discover its separate parts, the sphere of accurate Scientific Knowledge is transcended. The Intuition—the faculty which apprehends what we may call the spirit of *Concrete* things, which goes to conclusions by a rapid process that overleaps intermediate steps, which is our guide in the numerous decisions that we are called to make in our every-day life, and which perceives, in a somewhat vague and indefinite manner—becomes our only guide in this Realm of the Inexact.

The advent of a Unitary Science and the inauguration of a true Deductive Method in all domains of Thought, will, indeed, completely revolutionize our Scientific bases, and render precision and infallibility possible in domains where now only conjecture and probability exist. It will enable us to establish on a firm and secure foundation the *Laws or Principles of every department of the Universe of Matter and of Mind*, and to penetrate the Phenomena of all realms to an extent now scarcely imagined. It will furnish us the 'Criterion of Truth' so long sought after—a ground of intellectual agreement in all the concerns of life, so far as this is essential, similar to that which we now have in Mathematics, where difference of opinion is impossible because *proof is of a nature to be alike convincing to all*.

But, as in Mathematics a limit is reached, beyond which the finite character of our intelligence does not permit us to *apply* the Laws which we are well assured still prevail, so there is an outlying circle of practical activity which no Science can compass. The various tints of the autumn forest are probably the results of Mathematical arrangements of particles; but to how great an extent we shall be able to discover what precise arrangement produces a given shade of color, is doubtful. Some delicate varieties, at least, will always be beyond our definite apprehension. Whether we shall dine at one hour or another, whether we will wear gray or black, and innumerable other questions of speciality, do not come within the range of Scientific solution, and never can. So that when every domain of human concern is solidly established on a basis of Exact Science, there will still remain a field of indefinite extent, in which the Intuitive application of eternal Principles will furnish an unlimited activity for the Practical, Æsthetic, Imaginative, Idealistic, Artistic, and Religious faculties of Mankind.

The task which Mr. Buckle set himself to accomplish was, in a marked sense, original and peculiar. Although several systematic attempts had been made in Europe, prior to his time, to investigate the history of man according to those exhaustive methods which in other branches of Knowledge have proved successful, and by which alone empirical observations can be raised to scientific truths, the imperfect state of the Physical Sciences necessarily rendered the execution of such an undertaking extremely defective. It was not, indeed, until the vast mass of Facts which make up the body of the various Sciences had been included within appropriate formulæ, and until the elaborate Classification of Auguste Comte had separated that which was properly Knowledge from that which was not, with sufficient exactitude to answer the purposes of broad Generalization, and had established the relations of the different domains of intelligence, that such a work as the 'History of Civilization' was possible.

Previous Historians, with these few exceptions, had contented themselves with the narration of the *Facts* of national progress, the merely superficial exhibition of the external method of a

people's life, and had almost wholly neglected or greatly subordinated the Philosophical or Scientific aspect of the subject, namely, the causes of the given development. Separate domains of History had, indeed, been examined with considerable ability; but hardly any attempt had been made to combine the various parts into a consistent whole, and ascertain in what way they were connected with each other. Still less had there been any notable effort to apply the whole body of our existing knowledge to the elucidation of the problem of human progress. While the necessity of generalization in all the other great realms of investigation had been freely conceded, and strenuous exertions had been made to rise from particular Facts to the discovery of the Laws by which those Facts are governed, Historians continued to pursue the stereotyped course of merely relating events, interspersed with such reflections as seemed interesting or instructive.

Up to the period when Mr. Buckle essayed his 'History of Civilization,' few, if any, of the well-known modern Historians had conceived that an acquaintance with all the departments of human intelligence was a necessary accomplishment in a writer on the past career of the world, and no one of them had undertaken to write history from that basis. 'Hence,' says the author whom we are considering, and who makes, in the first pages of his book, substantially the same statements concerning the condition of Historical literature which are made here—'hence the singular spectacle of one historian being ignorant of political economy; another knowing nothing of law; another, nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, and changes of opinion; another neglecting the philosophy of statistics, and another physical science; although these topics are the most essential of all, inasmuch as they comprise the principal circumstances by which the temper and character of mankind have been affected, and in which they are displayed. These important pursuits being, however, cultivated, some by one man, and some by another, have been isolated rather than united: the aid which might be derived from analogy and from mutual illustration has been lost; and no disposition has been shown to concentrate them upon history, of which they are, properly speaking, the necessary components.'

The work which Mr. Buckle contemplated was designed to supply this *desideratum* in respect to History. It was an endeavor to discover 'the Principles which govern the character and destiny of nations,' an effort 'to bring up this great department of inquiry to a level with other departments,' 'to accomplish for the history of man something equivalent, or at all events analogous to, what has been effected by other inquirers for the different branches of Natural Science,' and 'to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state,' and place 'it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the Sciences.'

At the outset of his undertaking, we have ample evidence that the capacious-minded Englishman had fixed upon no less a labor than '*to solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, which is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world.*' He was thus bent, doubtless with only a vague apprehension of the nature of the problem, on the discovery of that Unitary Law, whose apprehension is so anxiously awaited, *which is to cement the various branches of our Knowledge into a Universal Science, and furnish an Exact basis for all our thinking.*

The Method which Mr. Buckle employed in the prosecution of his magnificent design was the Inductive. He made 'a collection of historical and scientific facts,' drew from them such conclusions as he thought they suggested and authorized; and then applied the Generalizations thus obtained to the elucidation of the career of various countries. When we consider the nature of the work undertaken and the means by which it was to be achieved, we can hardly deny, that this attempt to create a Science of History was, in a distinguishing sense, the most gigantic intellectual effort which the world has ever been called to witness. The domain of investigation was almost new. The point of Observation entirely so. Vast masses of Facts encumbered it, aggregated in orderless heaps—orderless, at least, so far as his uses were subserved. Comte had, indeed, brought the different departments of inquiry into proximately definite relations in obedience to an *abstract* and *Static* Law; but while this labor was, in other respects, an essential preliminary to Mr. Buckle's undertaking, it was of little *immediate* value in an attempt to secure the direct solution of the most intricate and complex questions of Concrete *dynamical* Sociology, involving the unstable and shifting contingencies of individual activity. The whole of the intellectual accumulations of the centuries may be said to have been piled about the English Thinker, and he was to discover in and derive from them the unerring Law or Laws which should serve to explain, with at least something approaching precision and clearness, the kaleidoscopic phases of human existence.

Only one generally known effort in the realm of Thought bears any comparison to this, examined in reference to the vigor, breadth, and variety of the mental faculties which it called into requisition. Viewed in connection with the work of the founder of the Positive School, we may say, without any disparagement to the comprehensive abilities of the French Philosopher, that the task undertaken by the English Historian required a tenacity of intellectual grasp, a steadiness of mental vision, a scope of generalizing power, an all-embracing scholarship, a marvellous accumulation of Facts, and a wonderful readiness to handle them, which even the prodigious labors of the Positive Philosophy did not demand. Comte had, indeed, like Buckle, to arrange the Facts of the universe into order. But in his case they were only to be grouped under appropriate headings, and, as it were, quietly labeled.

With the author of 'Civilization in England' it was otherwise. In the *actual* careers of men and of nations, Facts do not stand related to each other and to human actions in the distinct and distinguishable way in which they appear when correlated, as by Comte, in accordance with

general Laws. The domain of the *concrete*, or of practical life, has always a variable element which does not obtain in the sphere of generalizing Principles, and which immensely complicates the investigation of the problems of real existence. Comte purposely excluded the realm of the *concrete* from his studies, and therefore simplified, to a great extent, his field of labor. Yet even in his attempt to bring order into this curtailed department of inquiry, he professes, not merely his own inability to accomplish, but his conviction of the inherent impossibility of the accomplishment of that, for the *abstract* only, which Buckle really undertook for the *concrete*; namely, the reduction of the Phenomena of the Universe to a single Law; or, what is synonymous, the integration of all the laws of the moral and physical world into a single Science.

The character of his undertaking compelled Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, to stretch his mental antennæ into every department of mundane activity, to hold the Facts there discovered, so far as he might, collectively within his grasp, and to draw them by an irresistible strain into gradually decreasing circles of generalization, until they were brought to a Central Law, which should contain within itself the many-sided explanation of the intricate ramifications of individual and national careers. The difference in the work essayed by the two distinguished Thinkers whose labors we are considering, is somewhat analogous to that which exists between the profession of the apothecary and that of the physician. The former must know the range of *Materia Medica*, and the contents of the *Pharmacopœia*, so far as is necessary to arrange the various medicines in order, and deliver them when called for. The latter must hold the different remedies in his knowledge, not as classified upon the pharmacist's shelves, but as related to the various forms of constantly changing vital Phenomena, in the midst of which he is to detect their applicability to different forms of disease. Still more analogous is Comte to the student of Natural History, whose business it is, preëminently, to distribute and classify the Animal Kingdom, in accordance with Generalizations which relate mainly to the form or type of organization; while Buckle resembles the student of a higher rank, who endeavors, in the midst of the play of passion and the actual exhibitions of life itself, to read the nature of the mental and moral development which exists beneath them and controls their workings.

It is evident that, up to a period subsequent to the publication of his first volume, the writer of the 'History of Civilization' entertained the fullest confidence in the ability of the Inductive Method to cope with the ultimate problems of the Universe, and had high expectations of being able, through its instrumentality, to reduce the whole body of our Knowledge to a systematic whole, and to establish a Science of Sciences which should be a Criterion of Truth, and the crowning intellectual achievement of the ages. Whether Mr. Buckle fully comprehended the real nature of the Science toward which he was aiming; whether he entirely appreciated the radical and important change which its discovery would necessarily introduce into our Methods of Investigation;—whether he saw that it would be the inauguration of a true Deductive Mode of reasoning, which would enable us to advance with incredible rapidity and certainty into the arcana of those departments which he was then obliged to explore with the most tedious research, the most plodding patience, and the most destructive intellectual tension, in order to accumulate a limited array of Facts, is somewhat doubtful.

The significant sentence which occurs in the second volume of his work, closely following the announcement of his disappointment at being unable to achieve all that he had expected and promised, and which states that 'in a complete scheme of our knowledge, and when all our resources are fully developed and marshalled into order, as they must eventually be, the two methods [the Inductive and the Deductive] will be, not hostile, but supplementary, and will be combined into a single system,' seems to indicate that at some period prior to the publication of the second volume, and subsequent to the issue of the first, the insufficient nature of the Inductive Method as a Scientific guide broke upon him, and some conception of the nature of a Mode of Reasoning which should combine the two Processes in just relations, began to dawn into his mind. That he obtained anything more than a faint glimpse of the true Method, is not likely. Had he done so, he would certainly have made some statement of the great results which would follow its inauguration, even if he could have refrained from bestowing one of his glowing and enraptured paragraphs upon the fairest and most entrancing vision of future achievement which the devotee of intellectual investigation will ever witness.

It is probable, that in carrying on his investigations after the publication of the first volume of his work, finding it impossible to handle the accumulations of Facts necessary to his purpose, and discovering the inexactitude and insufficiency of his Generalizations in the ratio that the bounds of his field of inquiry enlarged, he was led to perceive the essential weakness and inadequacy of the Inductive Method, and the probable certainty that, at some future period, the progress of our Knowledge would lead to the establishment of positive bases for all departments of investigation, and thus furnish an opportunity for the harmonious and reciprocal activity of the two hitherto antagonistic Methods. That he had any definite idea of the precise nature of the bases on which this union would take place, that he perceived the exact character of the Science of Universology which it would create, or contemplated the subordination of the Inductive Process to the Deductive, there is no indication.

But whatever may have been Mr. Buckle's understanding or expectation in reference to the future, it is certain that between the publication of the first and second volumes of his History, the hope which he had formed and announced of being able to create a Science of History had vanished, and his efforts were confined to a less extensive programme. The pages in which this change of purpose is made known display, in touching outlines, tinged with a noble sadness, that the soul of the great Englishman was, in all the attributes of magnanimity, at least, a fitting mate

for his intellect.

A storm of obloquy had assailed him at the outset of his labor. Beginning with the time when the first instalment of 'Civilization in England' was given to the public, passion, prejudice, and pride had strained their powers to vilify his character and heap abuse upon his name. The Press, the Pulpit, and the Lyceum, with rare and brave exceptions, met the formidable array of Facts with which the work bristled, by sciolistic criticisms, bigoted denunciations, or timid, faint praise. Conservatives in Politics and Religion exhibited him as a dangerous innovator, a social iconoclast, the would-be destroyer of all that was sacred in Institutions and in Religion. Theologians branded him as immoral and atheistic, and poured upon him a torrent of vituperation and hatred.

The only public reply which the English writer condescended to make, is contained in the closing pages of the fourth chapter of the last volume which he published. Every line of this answer, which is transcribed below, breathes the spirit of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again—the spirit of forbearance, of generous forgiveness, of magnanimity, of unruffled dignity. Buckle had learned, indeed, from his own investigations, that he who would elevate mankind must expect, not only its indifference to his labors, but its positive abuse. He knew, that the individual who, like Jesus, attempts to promulgate new truth, either moral or intellectual, must expect to array against himself the greatest portion of the human family, incrustated in their prejudices, their ignorance, their interests, or their feelings, and must be content with the appreciation and sympathy of the few who are wise enough to understand him, truthful enough to accept his doctrine, however unwholesome to their tastes, and brave enough to avow it. Perhaps he had also learned the fact, that, in the present state of humanity's development, few, very few, even of the best of mankind, love truth, chiefly *because it is truth*, and are hence eager to know their own shortcomings; but that those truths only are, for the most part, capable of being acceptably presented to individuals, which it is more satisfactory to their personal feelings, more comfortable to their own inherent peculiarities of disposition, to conform to than to reject. Be this as it may, the reply which he makes to the outrages showered upon him is evidently the language of a man whose thoughts are far removed from the arena of petty spite or private resentment, the expression of one who knew the grandeur and usefulness of his labors, who expected, in their prosecution, to be misunderstood and calumniated, and who, yet, was incapable of other than the most generous impulses of a noble philanthropy toward his maligners and traducers.

In the announcement of his inability to fulfil the great promises made in the former volume, we find, likewise, the indications of a nature full of lofty grandeur. He who has known the scholar's hopes, the student's struggles, and the author's ambition, may form some faint conception of what must have been the feelings of the great Historian when the conviction came to him, first faintly foreshadowed and then deepening to a reality, that the prize for which he had contended—and such a prize! which had seemed, too, at times, almost within his grasp—was destined forever to elude him. Frankly to acknowledge failure in such a struggle, was in itself great; to acknowledge it when the cries of his assailants were still ringing in his ears, and when it might have been measurably concealed, was still greater; to acknowledge it in words which betray no trace of disappointed *personal* ambition, but only a regret that the final avenue to truth should not have been opened, was heroic even to sublimity. The pages of Buckle's 'History of Civilization' which record the answer to his traducers and the acknowledgment of his disappointment in relation to what he should be able to achieve, will stand in the annals of literary history as a memorable instance in which is significantly exhibited one factor of that highest religious spirit so much needed in our day—*devotion to the intellectual discovery of all truth for truth's sake*.

The following is the passage in question:

'In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous; nothing is unnatural; nothing is strange. All is order, symmetry, and law. There are opposites, but there are no contradictions. In the character of a nation, inconsistency is impossible. Such, however, is still the backward condition of the human mind, and with so evil and jaundiced an eye do we approach the greatest problems, that not only common writers, but even men from whom better things might be hoped, are on this point involved in constant confusion. Perplexing themselves and their readers by speaking of inconsistency, as if it were a quality belonging to the subject which they investigate, instead of being, as it really is, a measure of their own ignorance. It is the business of the historian to remove this ignorance by showing that the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, like all other movements, they are solely determined by their antecedents. If he cannot do this, he is no historian. He may be an annalist, or a biographer, or a chronicler, but higher than that he cannot rise, unless he is imbued with that spirit of science which teaches, as an article of faith, the doctrine of uniform sequence; in other words, the doctrine that certain events having already happened, certain other events corresponding to them will also happen. To seize this idea with firmness, and to apply it on all occasions, without listening to any exceptions, is extremely difficult, but it must be done by whoever wishes to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state, and do what he may toward placing it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the sciences. Even then, he cannot perform his task unless his materials are ample, and derived from sources of unquestioned credibility. But if his facts are sufficiently numerous; if they are very diversified; if they have been collected from such various quarters

that they can check and confront each other, so as to do away with all suspicion of their testimony being garbled; and if he who uses them possesses that faculty of generalization, without which nothing great can be achieved, he will hardly fail in bringing some part of his labors to a prosperous issue, provided he devotes all his strength to that one enterprise, postponing to it every other object of ambition, and sacrificing to it many interests which men hold dear. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action, he must disregard. Not for him are those rewards which in other pursuits the same energy would have earned; not for him, the sweets of popular applause; not for him, the luxury of power; not for him, a share in the councils of his country; not for him a conspicuous and honored place before the public eye. Albeit, conscious of what he could do, he may not compete in the great contest; he cannot hope to win the prize; he cannot even enjoy the excitement of the struggle. To him the arena is closed. His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow creatures, or for such honors as they are able to bestow. So far from looking for these things, he should rather be prepared for that obloquy which always awaits those, who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contemporaries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him, while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached, while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy, who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward, and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he cannot but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke. These are the qualities, and these the high resolves, indispensable to him who, on the most important of all subjects, believing that the old road is worn out and useless, seeks to strike out a new one for himself, and, in the effort, not only perhaps exhausts his strength, but is sure to incur the enmity of those who are bent on maintaining the ancient scheme unimpaired. To solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this, will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its various parts, and harmonize its apparent discrepancies. Perchance, the human mind is hardly ready for so vast an enterprise. At all events, he who undertakes it will meet with little sympathy, and will find few to help him. And let him toil as he may, the sun and noontide of his life shall pass by, the evening of his days shall overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete. He may lay the foundation; it will be for his successors to raise the edifice. Their hands will give the last touch; they will reap the glory; their names will be remembered when his is forgotten.

'It is, indeed, too true, that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts, and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms, which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations, there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savored of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognize its own weakness. Still, even now that they are defeated and brought to nought, I cannot repent having indulged in them, but, on the contrary, I would willingly recall them if I could. For, such hopes belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life, when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at the prospect of the future. Those are glorious days; but they go from us, and nothing can compensate their absence. To me, they now seem more like the visions of a disordered fancy than the sober realities of things that were, and are not. It is painful to make this confession; but I owe it to the reader, because I would not have him to suppose that either in this or in the future volumes of my History I shall be able to redeem my pledge, and to perform all that I promised. Something I hope to achieve which will interest the thinkers of this age; and, something, perhaps, on which posterity may build. It will, however, only be a fragment of my original design.'

In estimating the extent to which Mr. Buckle succeeded in consummating the labor which he undertook, we are not, therefore, to measure his results by the standard of the first, but by that of the second volume. It is not, then, the Science of History which he is striving to write; but only something 'which will interest the thinkers of this age, and something, perhaps, on which posterity may build.' His task, as thus abridged, was confined to the endeavor to establish the 'four leading propositions, which, according to my [his] view, are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization;' that is, the basis of a Science of History. These propositions, given in a previous article, may be here repeated:

'1st. That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2d. That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it. 3d. That the discoveries thus made, increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish, relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths; moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4th. That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and the church; the state teaching men what to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe.'

In the first paper of this series, which was devoted to the examination of the third proposition as announced by Mr. Buckle and substantially affirmed by Professor Draper, together with the consideration of the fundamental Law of Human Progress, the error into which both of these distinguished writers had fallen in regard to the relative influence of moral and intellectual truths, was pointed out; as also the misconception under which they rested concerning the Law of Human Development. This misconception, it was then shown, arose from an incorrect understanding of the essential character of the Law itself, and could be traced, basically, to the same source whence sprang their mistake in reference to the comparative power of moral and mental forces. It is to a misapprehension, analogous to that which brought him into error concerning these two important points, that the radical defect of Mr. Buckle's first and fourth propositions is to be traced, as will be hereafter exhibited.

The complete and exhaustive consideration of the second proposition demands a range of Metaphysical examination which cannot be entered upon at this time. For our present purposes it may be dismissed with the following remarks:

That before men begin the investigation of any subject *deliberately, reflectively*, and with a *fixed and intelligent* purpose of ascertaining the truth concerning it, there must arise some feeling of doubt in their minds in relation to the given subject or to some details of it, is certainly true, and needed no array of evidence to prove it; but that prior to such *conscious and intentional* effort at exploration, there exists an *unconscious or automatic* action in the mind, an instinctual and passive kind of thinking, a vague floating of ideas *into* the mental faculties, rather than an apprehension of them by an active and deliberate *tension* of the intellect, and that it is through this kind of *intuitive investigation* that the 'spirit of scepticism' primarily arises, is equally true; though not, perhaps, at the first blush, so apparent. In this sense, the statement of Mr. Buckle is simply one half of a truism, the other half of which, not enunciated by him, is equally correct.

Whether the spirit of scepticism—which then undoubtedly aids in the investigation—*is afterward aided or fostered by it*, depends upon the nature of the question investigated. If this be one which has hitherto been considered as established upon a basis that was in every respect right, and if errors are revealed in the process of the examination, then, indeed, the spirit of scepticism is strengthened. But if, on the contrary, the investigation be in reference to a range of thought which rests upon a basis that is, in all ways, sound—concerning Mathematical truths, for instance—then the sceptical spirit is *not* aided by it, but is, contrariwise, weakened.

In respect to the field of inquiry covered by the author of 'Civilization in England,' it was seen that numerous statements had been accepted as true in early times, which closer scrutiny at a later period showed to be erroneous. Hence there came to be a want of confidence in the general basis upon which knowledge rested; and, as continued research served to confirm the doubts previously existing, investigation did aid, in this great department of thought, covering indeed the entire history of the past, the spirit of scepticism. As a *fact*, therefore, *in relation to this special sphere of inquiry*, Mr. Buckle's statement is correct; as a universal *Generalization* derived from this Fact, it may or may not be true, according to the subject of examination to which it is applied.

This proposition is, therefore, like that in relation to the moral and intellectual elements—as previously shown—and like all Mr. Buckle's Generalizations—as will be hereafter shown—a half-truth, a correct statement of one side of a verity, good so far as it goes, but essentially false when put for the whole, as in the present instance, or when held so as to exclude the opposite half-truth.

It is this fact, that basic truth is everywhere made up of a *union of opposites*, each of which seems, at first sight, to exclude the other, which the Historian himself so forcibly expresses when he exclaims: 'In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous; nothing is unnatural; nothing is strange. All is order, symmetry, and law. *There are opposites, but there are no contradictions.*' Had he understood the full meaning of this statement of the *inherently*

paradoxical nature of truth, and been able to give the Principle which it establishes a universal application in unfolding the various domains of human intelligence and activity, he would have grasped the Knowledge for which he vainly strove, would have discovered the veritable Science of the Sciences, the long-sought Criterion of Truth. In the absence of a right understanding of this complex fact, that fundamental truth has always two sides affirming directly opposite half-truths, he fell into the error of mistaking the moiety for the whole, and has left us a world in which, with all the aid that he has afforded us, we still fail to discern the 'order, symmetry, and law' which undoubtedly pervade all its parts—a world in which there is still exhibited, so far at least as governmental, religious, and social affairs are concerned, an 'anomalous, strange, and unnatural' aspect.

Such consideration as it is feasible to give the first of these historical propositions in these columns, was, for the most part, included in that portion of the examination of the positions of our two authors, which was contained in the opening paper of the series; though no special application of Principles there elaborated was made to this formula. It was there pointed out, that intellectual forces constitute only *one* of the factors in the sum of human progress, and that *moral* forces are equally as important, being the second—the opposite and complementary factor. In the light of that exposition, and of the brief consideration here given to the second Generalization, it is perceptible that the defect in this proposition consists, not in what it affirms, but in what it does *not* affirm. 'That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused,' is a statement which is undeniably true. It does not, however, contain the *whole truth* in relation to the subject of investigation. It is just as correct to say that the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the moral or religious faculties—faculties which instigate devotion to our highest perception of right—are cultivated, and on the extent to which they are practically active. For it is not in the inculcation of intellectual truth alone, or preëminently, nor in the cultivation of moral strength alone, or predominantly, that the progress of mankind is secured; but in the developing vigor of *both* mental and moral forces, and in their mutual coöperation and assistance.

The proposition, as announced by Mr. Buckle, is, therefore, either a half-truth, which does not sufficiently explain the cause of 'the progress of mankind,' which the Historian avers that it unfolds, or it is actually false, accordingly as it is understood to state a verity which does not exclude the *affirmative* statement of an opposite and apparently antagonistic truth, or as it is interpreted to be the explanation of the whole or main cause upon which the advancement of society has depended. That the author of 'Civilization in England' regarded it in this latter light, is plainly apparent. His whole work is an elaborate attempt to establish the invalid theory, that human progress is due *almost exclusively* to the enlightenment of the intellect, and in a very minor degree only to the cultivation of the moral or religious nature. In a certain sense it is indeed true that *all* social elevation is the result of intellectual growth; but it is only in that *absolute* sense in which the Intellect is used for the totality of human faculties, and of course includes the moral faculty itself. In this sense, it is just as true to say that all progress is through the Moral Powers, using this term to include the whole of the human Mind, and consequently the intellectual forces. In either case, the question still remains, of the relative effect of the Intellectual and Moral powers upon the career of humanity, when considered as not including each other. It was in this *relative* point of view that Mr. Buckle entertained it.

With this cursory examination of the first and second propositions, their distinctive consideration will close. Some things, however, that will have to be enunciated in the investigation of the English Historian's Generalizations as a whole, are also necessary to a clear understanding of the merits and defects of each one taken singly. Additional light will also be thrown upon them in the course of our analysis of the fourth proposition, which practically touches more vital and important questions than are involved in the others. Contrary to previous announcement, want of space will prevent the examination of this Generalization and of Dr. Draper's work in the present paper.

After this article was put in type, the writer received a letter from a friend, a distinguished member of the Positive School, in which occurs the following sentence:

'I notice in your ... article on 'Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History,' one inaccuracy. You say: 'History, while it is the source whence the proof of his (Comte's) fundamental positions is drawn, finds no place in his scientific schedule.' In the positive Hierarchy of Science History *is* included: it constitutes the Dynamic Branch of Sociology. As in the Science of Life, Anatomy constitutes Biological Statics and Physiology Biological Dynamics, in Sociology we have Social Statics—the Theory of Order, Social Dynamics—the Theory of Progress = the Philosophy (Science) of History.'

The kindly criticism of the writer arises from that fruitful source of misunderstanding—a wrong apprehension of terms.

History, as it has been hitherto written, has been—*First*, a narration of the supposed facts of the past, without any especial attempt to investigate the proximate causes of national characteristics or mundane progression. *Secondly*, an account of the life and vicissitudes of states and communities, accompanied with an inquiry into the proximate causes of national peculiarities. These two Branches of Investigation have been included under the common appellation of

History, when they related to a special portion of the globe; and of *General* or *Universal History* when, theoretically at least, the whole earth was under consideration. *Thirdly*, the examination of the past progress of the Race, with a view to the discovery of the fundamental Cause or Causes which control or direct the Evolutions of Time, or the Principles in accordance with which nations and civilizations have developed. This Department is denominated *The Philosophy of History*. From it are excluded all those investigations of an individual or national character which comprise *History* in the ordinary acceptation of the word.

Such a complete and exhaustive consideration of the Facts and Causes of Human Progress as would suffice for the construction of a *Science of History*, would necessarily include *all* the Branches of Inquiry above mentioned. While, therefore, *History*, as it has been used in these papers, and as it is especially exhibited in the present one, has had this comprehensive signification, the term is not applied by Comte to any of the Departments of which he treated; and a very different meaning, and one much more circumscribed, attaches to the qualified expression which he uses in its stead. The Dynamic Branch of Sociology does not appertain, even in his own estimation, to *History* proper, but to *The Philosophy of History*, which is the title by which he designates it. Strictly speaking, it does not appertain to that, in any broad sense. It is mainly an inquiry into the Theological, Political, and Social Principles of the Past and Future, and leaves unnoticed many questions of equal importance with those discussed, and which, in the constitution of a comprehensive *Philosophy of History*, would occupy an equally important place.

But leaving this point aside, it is sufficient to indicate the fact that Comte, in conformity with the plan upon which he proceeded in the investigation of other Departments of the Universe, eliminated from his Historical examination all *concrete* questions, everything relating primarily to individuals or nations, or to the causes of their peculiar development; on the same ground on which he set aside Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, etc. In the beginning of his treatise on Social Dynamics, he says:

'We must avoid confounding the *abstract* research into the laws of social existence with the *concrete* history of human societies, the explanation of which can result only from a very advanced knowledge of the whole of these laws. *Our employment of history in this inquiry, then, must be essentially abstract*. It would, in fact, be history without the names of men, or even of nations, if it were not necessary to avoid all such puerile affectation as there would be in depriving ourselves of the use of names which may elucidate our exposition or consolidate our thought.... Geological considerations must enter into such *concrete* inquiry, and we have but little positive knowledge of geology; and the same is true of questions of climate, race, etc.'

And again he says, the inquiry is to be conducted 'stripped of all circumstances of climate, locality, etc.'

It will be sufficiently evident from this brief statement, that *The Philosophy of History* (not *History*, as the letter says) which constitutes the Dynamic Branch of Sociology in the Positive System is, in Comte's own intention and showing, a series of bald abstractions from which the *substantial* or *concrete* elements of individual and national activity, the proximate causes of Human Progress, are dropped out; and that *History* in the ordinary sense of that term, or in the broader sense in which it has been used in these papers, as referring to a possible Science, finds no place in his Scientific Schedule.

The error into which our critic has fallen, in this case, undoubtedly resulted in part from the unfortunate confounding of the words *Philosophy* and *Science*, which pervades the Positive System. Philosophy and Science are not, in any proper use of the terms, synonymes. They relate—as it is designed at some future time to show—to equally true and important, though *opposite* aspects of the Universe, considered either as a whole or in relation to its parts. Comte, as has been heretofore exhibited, degraded Science from its *Exact* and *Certain* position, in order to include Domains of Inquiry which did not have and to which he could not furnish a truly scientific basis. In like manner, after discarding a false Philosophy, unable to institute a true, or at least a sufficiently comprehensive one, on the foundation which he had reared, he gave the name of *Positive Philosophy* to his incongruous coordination of Scientific and Unscientific Departments of Thought. The terms *Science* and *Philosophy*, thus wrenched from their legitimate uses, are therefore loosely understood and indiscriminately applied by the students of his System and the followers of his social theories, in ways which are productive of numerous misunderstandings, though not perhaps of unprofitable criticisms.

In a subsequent letter, the same gentleman calls attention to another supposed error—the omission of *La Morale* from the Positive Hierarchy of Sciences—and adds:

'Although this final Science was in a manner involved in Sociology as treated in the *Philosophy*, its normal separation was yet a step of Capital Importance; sufficiently so to make the enumeration of Comte's Theoretical Hierarchy without it equivalent to a misrepresentation.'

For the purposes of the article in question—the exhibition of the incongruous, and hence really unscientific character of the Hierarchy—the Positive Scale was given in the paper alluded to, as stated by Comte himself in the 'Positive Philosophy'—a work which is accepted as valid, *both* by the followers of his theories in regard to Science, and the adopters of his Social Scheme—there being no occasion, at that time, to indicate the subsequent elevation into a separate Science, of

what there formed a subdivision of Sociology. The after enumeration of *La Morale* as a separate Science, in a work which is *not* regarded as valid by many of the disciples of the *Positive Philosophy*, is, however, exhibited in the present writing, where a more minute enumeration of the Branches of Inquiry included in the Positive Hierarchy rendered it desirable.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA; OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Sunday, *December 30th, 1760.*

I have finally decided upon going to Maleszow; I may perhaps feel more at ease there than here. Barbara would accompany me, but the state of her health will prevent her; her husband says it would be very imprudent for her to travel. I have finally received a letter from the prince royal; he is in despair at my departure. He is exceedingly irritated against the princess, and fears lest Brühl should disclose all he knows to the king.

I must leave here as soon as possible. The happiness surrounding me is a real torment. This sweet and quiet joy of a husband and wife who love each other so tenderly, pierces my heart. This well-arranged household, this family union, and all the delicate attentions of the Starost Swidzinski, who adores my sister—all these blessings, which I must covet, and yet of which I am not jealous, increase the bitterness of my suffering.

My sister is predestined to every possible felicity. Her little girl is the most charming child anywhere to be found; her father fondles and caresses her, and my parents are always writing to my sister, because they feel so much solicitude for her and her little one. Happy Barbara! Life is one long festival for her. Ah! may God take her happiness into his own keeping, and may this reflection console me under my own weight of sorrow!

I shall perhaps feel more tranquil when I have seen my dear parents; their pardon will be as a Christian absolution for me. I will again live and hope when protected by their tenderness. I will begin the new year with them; it may perhaps be the dawn of my happiness! I was formerly so happy at Maleszow....

CASTLE OF MALESZOW, *January 5th, 1761.*

I have been here several days, but I think I will soon return to Sulgostow. I suffer everywhere, and it always seems to me that I will be most happy in whatever place I am not. My lot is brilliant in imagination, but miserable in reality. And yet, my parents have received me well, and have treated me with the greatest kindness. But a matter of comparatively slight importance is one of the causes of my uneasiness here: I have no money; I cannot make the slightest present to my sisters, and can give nothing to the people of the castle.

When I was with the princess, she provided for all my wants, and gave me besides a small sum every month; I could save nothing, nor indeed could I anticipate any cause for doing so. I now find myself in the most complete state of destitution, and would rather die than ask for money from my husband or my parents, who of course think that I am abundantly provided for. When Barbara returned from the school of the Holy Sacrament, she doubtless had much less money than I spent during my sojourn in Warsaw, and yet she made a small gift to every one. She was not, as I, bowed down beneath the weight of melancholy thoughts; her spirit was free and her heart was joyous. She could think of others, and offer the labor of her own hands when more costly presents were wanting.... But I, unquiet, agitated, passing alternately from the most actual and positive grief to fears still more terrible, cannot apply myself a single moment.

Formerly, when I was happy through hope, and when all life seemed to me one brilliant illusion, I fancied that when I should return to Maleszow after my marriage, I would be followed by as long a train as a queen; I forgot no one in my dreams; all had their share in my royal favors.... Ah! what a fearful contrast between my desires and the reality!

I have not passed a single day since I came here without shedding tears. When I first saw my parents I wished to throw myself at their feet; but my father prevented me, and, treating me as if I were a stranger, made me a profound bow. Whenever I enter the saloon, he rises and will not sit near me; the homage he considers due to my dignity as princess royal overpowers his paternal tenderness.

This formal etiquette causes me inconceivable torment! Ah! if honors are to cost me so dear, I would a thousand times prefer to be only a simple noble.

The first dinner I ate with the family was ceremonious and cold. My mother was uneasy and ready to apologize for offering me the ordinary fare of the castle, and my father whispered in my ear:

'I might have offered you a bottle of wine, drawn from the tun of Miss Frances; it would have been very pleasant for me to have drunk it at our first dinner, but custom requires that the father should drink the first glass, and the husband the second; otherwise it would be a bad omen.... Will that day ever come?' he added, sighing.

I could not restrain my tears, and could neither speak nor eat; my mother looked at me with the most tender compassion. Every moment here brings me some new sorrow, and the bonmots of our little Matthias have lost all power to divert me. My father makes signs to him with his eyes that he may invent something witty, but it is all lost upon me. Music to a suffering body is but an importunate noise; and sallies of wit to a despairing soul have lost their savor.

Our little Matthias is inconceivably acute; he divines all. He knows my position, I am quite sure. He took advantage yesterday of a moment when I was quite alone to come into my room, and with an air half sad, half jesting, he knelt down before me and drew from his pocket a little bouquet of dried flowers tied with a white ribbon and fastened by a gold pin.... I could not at first tell what he meant, but soon the bouquet I had worn at Barbara's wedding flashed across my memory. He gave me the flowers, saying: 'I am sometimes a prophet,' and, still on his knees, went toward the door. I ran after him; I remembered all, and with the remembrance came a crowd of feelings, at once sweet and bitter. This bouquet was the same I had given Matthias on Barbara's wedding day....

I took a rich diamond pin from my dress, and fastened it at the buttonhole of Matthias's coat. Neither he nor I spoke a single word, but I am sure that while each wondered inwardly at the strange fulfilment of the prophecy, each was still more surprised that it had realized none of our hopes.

Just as I was writing these lines, my mother entered my room. Her kindness is incomparable; she brought me such a quantity of stuffs, of jewels and blondes, that she could scarcely carry them. She laid them on my bed, and said:

'I give you a portion of the trousseau destined to my daughters; I should have added many other articles, but I was afraid they were not handsome enough, and yet I have given you the best I had. I have spoken to my husband, and he has determined to sell two villages to make a trousseau worthy of so illustrious a union. That will come when the secret is unveiled.'

I burst into tears, and would have thrown myself at her feet, but she prevented me, and asked me a thousand pardons for presenting me with things of so little value.

Oh, yes! I must certainly leave here day after to-morrow. I suffer beyond expression. My younger sisters, madame, the courtiers, and even the old servants exclaim over the change which has come upon me, and ask one another why I am not yet married, and why no one seems to think of having me married.

The three girls whom I was to take into my service came to see me; doubtless, to remind me of my promise. Our old Hyacinth himself brought his daughter to me. Every one I see causes me some new sorrow or vexation. Ah! how astonished they would be if they knew of my marriage! And these poor people who relied upon my protection, I cannot take them into my service, because I have married a prince, the son of a king!

SULGOSTOW, Wednesday, January 9th.

I am again with my sister. On my arrival, I found no letter from the prince royal. He may be ill! Or, perhaps, the king has been informed of our marriage, and has placed him under strict surveillance. If the prince palatine were in Warsaw, he would surely have written to me; I can rely upon his devotion. As for Prince Martin, I thank him for his light-headedness, and am very glad that he forgets me.

My parents' parting farewell did me much more good than their reception; at that moment, I again found all their former tenderness.

Before I left, I went to Lissow, and visited the curate in his presbytery. When I came, he was planting cypress trees in his garden, and he promised me to plant one in memory of me in the cemetery. I will leave behind me this melancholy remembrancer. His words to me were very kind and consoling. As I left him, I experienced a moment of real calm and resignation.

Tuesday, January 15th.

During the last few days I have been forced to struggle against new persecutions. Just as we were about sitting down to table, the sound of the trumpet announced the arrival of a stranger, and soon after, the double door of the dining hall was thrown open, and M. Borch, the king's minister, was announced.

I at once divined the motive of this visit, and my heart throbbed as if it would burst. M. Borch, like a real diplomatist, tried to give his visit the appearance of a simple courtesy. Remembering the gracious reception offered him at Barbara's wedding, he came, he said, to offer his homage to her ladyship the Starostine Swidzinska, and renew his acquaintance with the starost. During dinner, many compliments were exchanged; but as soon as the dessert was over and the court had retired, he invited me to go with him into the starost's private cabinet, and said to me:

'Brühl and I know your secret, madame, and I can assure you we have been exceedingly diverted; for you may well believe that we regard this marriage as a mere jest, a real child's play: the benediction given by a priest not belonging to the parish, and without the knowledge of the parents, can never be valid. This marriage then will soon be broken, and with very little trouble, I can assure you.'

These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt, and without a superhuman courage and the aid of Heaven, I should have been crushed at once; but I felt that the fate of my whole life might depend upon that moment. Borch's character was well known to me; I knew him to be as cowardly as base, and also that strength of will is all powerful with such men, who are only bold with the weak. I replied:

'Sir, your cunning lacks skill; your diplomacy and that of Minister Brühl, come to nought through the simple good sense of a woman. Your world, which judges me and deems me devoid of courage and reason, only excites my pity; I am ready for a struggle with you and with Brühl. My marriage is valid; it has been blessed by the consent of my parents; I hold my powers from God, and will be able to defend them. The bishop was aware of this marriage on which you are pleased to throw the anathema of your irony; the curate of my own parish gave us the benediction, and two witnesses assisted us during the holy ceremony. I know that divorce is possible, but only through the common consent of both parties, and the prince royal, my husband, and myself, will never consent to it.'

Borch's astonishment may easily be imagined, and even I could not have believed myself capable of so much energy. Borch expected to find a child whom he could dazzle with a few promises; he thought he could easily bring me to a renunciation of my rights, and that I would readily consent to sign the instrument of my own shame and sorrow: he found me most determined. He remained here two days, and again renewed his attempts, but, finding that I persisted in my refusal, he departed, having however previously asked me if I would consent to a divorce in case the prince royal should deem it necessary.

'Yes,' I replied, 'but you must first show me a writing to that effect, signed by the prince himself.'

I feared lest this occurrence should be the cause of a new sorrow: Barbara's situation requires so much care, and she feels my troubles so deeply! I was really alarmed lest her health should suffer, but, thank God! she feels quite well. Dear Barbara is another me; alas! all who love me must accept the chalice of misery! The starost was quite uneasy concerning his wife; they are so happy together, so tenderly united!... And I, what a sad destiny is mine! I have obtained neither repose, nor happiness, nor those objects of ambition which I would have consented to receive from the hand of love.

Here ends the Diary of Frances Krasinska. Her thoughts were too sad, her memories too bitter, to bear being transferred to paper. When sorrow in all its bitterness has seized upon the soul, we can no longer see or hear without a shudder certain words which formerly excited reveries more or less sweet and seductive within our souls. Frances lost all her illusions, one by one; she was strong enough to bear up against injustice, but she was powerless against her husband's indifference.

My readers may perhaps have accused her of ambition; and yet she loved him; but love is not always absolute devotion and self-abnegation; love is not always a virtue; it is often the result of egotism; it is, as Madame de Staël says, one personality in two persons, or a mere double personality. Frances loved the prince royal, but not the less had she been dazzled by his rank.

She remained a long time at Sulgostow after Borch's departure. Barbara Swidzinska, already the mother of one daughter, bore also a son, and another daughter, who was named Frances. The tenderness, care, and attention which Frances experienced in her own family could not console her for the prince royal's desertion. Her sister was the only being in the world to whom she confided her grief; women have a delicate sensibility which enables them to comprehend the minutest details; nothing escapes them, and, with the finest instruments in their possession, they can more readily deal with a crushed heart. If love had left Frances a single hope, she might still have found happiness in friendship.

Nowhere at rest, she sometimes left Sulgostow for the convent of the Holy Sacrament in Warsaw; but solitude could not restore her peace, and her prayers were one cry of despair sent up to God to implore death.

The genius of sorrow is the most prolific of all spirits, it seems as if human nature were infinite in nothing but in the power to suffer. There was still another grief in store for Frances, another wound for her afflicted soul; she lost her parents, lost them before they had bestowed the name of son upon their daughter's husband. At this time she went to the Franciscan convent in Cracow, whither Barbara sent her young daughter Angelica, to endeavor to bind her to earth through the influence of this innocent and youthful affection.

She lived also at Czestochowa or at Opole, and everywhere received orders not to disclose her marriage. At long intervals of time, the prince royal came to see her, and thus accomplished an external duty of conscience: total desertion and forgetfulness would perhaps have been preferable.

The prophecy made by the little Matthias was finally verified: the ducal crown and the throne of Poland both slipped from Prince Charles's grasp; Biren was named Duke of Courland, and, when Augustus III. died (at Dresden, October 5th, 1763), he was succeeded by Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski.

To quiet the uneasiness and the melancholy suspicions of Frances, the prince royal declared to her that through regard for his father's advanced age he must continue to conceal his marriage. But many years passed after the king's death without bringing any amelioration or change in the position of Frances; the prince and the royal family lived in Dresden, while the prince's wife was constrained to hide her real name in obscurity.

The Lubomirski family did all in their power to obtain a recognition of Frances's rights; they even appealed to the Empress Maria Theresa. Prince Charles finally yielded; he wrote a most tender letter to his wife, begging her to come to him in Dresden; this letter found her at Opole, and the Lubomirski advised her to await another advance from the prince before she consented to go to Dresden, which she did.

Prince Charles, like all men who are impassioned through their fancies and cold at heart, was irritated at Frances's hesitation, and wrote her another letter still more pressing and affectionate; she resisted no longer, as one may well believe; but she found neither happiness nor the rank she was entitled to occupy, or rather, the honor due to her rank. Unprovided with a revenue suited to her position, she led a life of privation, almost of want. The Empress Maria Theresa, touched with compassion at her melancholy fate, conferred upon her the county of Lanckorona, near Cracow. This possession, coming from a strange hand, could not satisfy her ambition, and her heart must long before have renounced every hope of happiness.

She maintained a constant correspondence with her sister and the other members of her family in Poland.

We will here give the letter which she wrote to her sister before her departure for Dresden, translating it scrupulously from the Polish, and underlining [italicizing] the portions originally written in French:

I shall not see you again, as I can no longer delay, my husband having fixed the very day for my arrival in Dresden. In his second letter, he impresses on me not to be later than the fifth of January. I must then say farewell, and rest assured that I return with my whole soul the affection you feel for me; always, and in whatever place I may be, *you will be the dearest to me, and the tokens of your remembrance, the most satisfactory to my heart.*

Write to me often, I beg you, and rely upon my punctuality in replying.

I am going where I hope to find a little repose.... Alas! I no longer expect happiness, for the elector will not concede me my rank as princess royal, nor recognize me as the wife of the prince. He desires, that is to say, he commands me to preserve my *incognito*, while in his estates. The prince royal is truly grieved, and of all my sorrows the most bitter is that of my husband; his health is visibly failing.

I will write you a faithful account of all that happens to me; you shall know how I am received and the progress of all my affairs. If they will be willing to decree us an augmented allowance, I will beg my husband to permit me to leave Dresden and settle in some foreign country contiguous to Saxony, that I may readily hold communication with him. Do not mention my project to any one, for if it were known in Saxony, *my whole enterprise would be ruined. Adieu, most tenderly loved sister.* Do not forget me. Farewell, the multiplicity of my occupations will not permit me to write at greater length. *Apropos, I beg you to go now and see the princess palatiness; you will find her with the Bishop of Kamieniec, and Kulagowski; she will be very grateful for this attention from you; it must be agreeable to her; you will brighten a little the gravity of this trio. Adieu, I embrace you with all my heart, and am, as ever, your most affectionate and attached sister,*

FRANCES.

A thousand tender and friendly messages to your husband; I conjure him always to retain a place for me in his memory.

In 1776 the Polish diet assigned large pensions to all the heirs of Augustus III.; the half of that bestowed upon Prince Charles was revertible during her lifetime to his wife, the princess royal, Frances Krasinska.

During her sojourn in Dresden, she gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Mary; she educated her with the greatest care, but was soon forced to leave her; her many sorrows developed an insidious malady, which finally proved fatal. She died on the 30th of April, 1796, aged fifty-three.

Madame Moszynska, who had shown herself a friend to Frances in her prosperity, and, what is still more rare, also in adversity, was grievously afflicted by her death. It was she who announced it to Madame Angelica Szymanowska, born Swidzinska, whom Frances had held at the baptismal font with the prince royal in the cathedral church at Warsaw, in 1760.

DRESDEN, *June 8th, 1796.*

I comply with your request, madame, but with extreme grief; the loss you have sustained is a

most cruel one to me; indeed it is the deepest affliction I have ever known. The princess royal's malady began about two years ago. She then felt pains in her breast; some physicians said her disease was cancer, while others assured her it was tumor.

An incision was then made, and she was better during some time. But the disease soon made the most fearful progress. The inflammation appeared upon the outside, and she felt the most acute pains in her breast and throughout the whole length of her arm. She patiently endured the most excruciating torments. Having tried various modes of treatment without experiencing any relief, she finally consented to make trial of a new cure. During twelve weeks she saw no one except the members of her own household and the physicians, who sometimes said she was better and sometimes that she was worse; finally, however, fever set in, accompanied by all the signs of consumption.

Perfectly aware of her condition, she prepared for death with resignation and devotion; she died during the night of the 30th of April. Her breast had burst open several weeks before. An examination was made after her death, and many causes for her last illness were discovered; but I cannot dwell upon these details.... In my opinion, and I followed the whole course of her malady, her chest was seriously affected in addition to the cancer.

We have experienced an irreparable loss; I can scarcely endure life since our misfortune, and will never be able to think of the princess royal without the most bitter regret. I have not yet seen her husband; some say that he is ill, and cannot long survive his wife, but others speak of him as quite well: I know not whom to believe.

I sometimes see their daughter, the Princess Mary, whom I love with all my heart, but whom I can only visit once during the week. She is charming, and already gives promise of a noble character. The princess royal, during her dying moments, left her under the protection of Elizabeth, the king's daughter and the prince royal's sister. Elizabeth is warmly interested in the young princess, and sincerely attached to her brother; she is a highly meritorious personage.

May I beg you, madame, to continue toward me your previous sentiments of kindness, and to accept the expression of my unbounded esteem.

L. MOSZYNSKA.

The prince royal, Charles, survived his wife several months, and their daughter, still very young, was confided to the guardianship of Prince Charles's sister. When she reached a marriageable age, she wedded Prince Carignan, of Savoy, and their descendants are now allied to the reigning family of Sardinia.

PETROLEUM.

Lucian of Samosata is responsible for the strange story of Minerva—how Jupiter commanded Vulcan to split open his skull with a sharp axe, and how the warlike virgin leaped in full maturity from the cleft in the brain, thoroughly armed and ready for deeds of martial daring, brandishing her glittering weapons with fiery energy, and breaking at once into the wild Pyrrhic dance. We refer to this myth, bearing, as it doubtless does, an important moral in its bosom, as suggestive of the sudden and gigantic proportions of a traffic which has recently loomed up in the region of Western Pennsylvania. The petroleum trade has worn no swaddling bands, acknowledged no leading strings, but sprung at once into full maturity. In less than one year from the moment of its inception, it has fairly eclipsed the Whale Fishery, gray with time, and strong through the energy and vigor with which it has ever been prosecuted. And who can measure its extent in the future, since it can only be limited by the sources of the supply flowing in the depths of the laboratories of the Great Chemist?

Petroleum, in some form or other of its various developments, is no new substance in the world's history. More than two thousand years before the Christian era, we read of its existence in the days of the builders of Babel, when men sought to realize the dreams of the Titans, and would scale heaven itself in their insane folly. It may have been used in the building of the ark. Herodotus informs us it was largely used in the construction of the walls and towers of Babylon. Diodorus Siculus confirms this testimony. Great quantities of it were found on the banks of the river Issus, one of the tributaries of the Euphrates, in the form of asphaltum. By its aid were reared those mighty walls and hanging gardens which filled the heart of Nebuchadnezzar with such a dream of pride as he exclaimed: 'Is this not great Babylon that I have built?'

And from those days so ancient, when history would be dim and obscure, were it not for the light of inspiration on the sacred page, down to the present time, petroleum has occupied a place in the arrangements of man, either as an article of utility or luxury. It has been one of God's great gifts to his creatures, designed for their happiness, but kept treasured up in His secret laboratory, and developed only in accordance with their necessities. And now, in our own days, and in these ends of the earth, the great Treasure House has been unlocked, the seal broken, and the supply furnished most bountifully.

The oil region of Western Pennsylvania is the portion of oil-producing territory that now occupies the largest share of attention. It is confined principally to the valley of Oil Creek, a tributary of

the Alleghany River, which it enters at a point about sixty miles south from Lake Erie. It is true that oil wells are successfully worked on the banks of the Alleghany for some distance above and below the mouth of Oil Creek: still the county of Venango has monopolized almost the whole number of oil-producing wells in this region.

There are some strange facts, that point to a history all unwritten save in some few brief sentences in pits and excavations, of oil operations along the Oil Valley. These detached fragments, like the remains of the Sibylline Oracles, but cause us to regret more earnestly the loss of the volumes which contained the whole. A grand and wonderful history has been that of this American continent, but it has never been graven in the archives of time. The actors in its bygone scenes have passed away in their shadowy grandeur, leaving but dim footprints here and there to tell us they have been, and cause us to wonder at the mystery which veils their record, and to muse upon the evanescent glory of man's earthly destiny.

Along the valley of Oil Creek are clear traces of ancient oil operations. Over sections embracing hundreds of acres in extent, the entire surface of the land has, at some remote period of time, been excavated in the form of oblong pits, from four by six to six by eight feet in size. These pits are oftentimes from four to five feet still in depth, notwithstanding the action of rain and frost during the lapse of so many years. They are found in the oil region, and over the oil deposits, and in no other locality, affording unmistakable evidence of their design and use. The deeper pits appear to have been cribbed up at the sides with rough timber, in order to preserve their form and render them more available for the design in view. Upon the septa that divide them, and even in the pits themselves, trees have grown up more than one and a half feet in diameter, indicating an antiquity antedating the earliest records of civilized life in this region. For centuries has this treasure been affording intimations of its presence. Before Columbus had touched these western shores was it gathered here, in this valley, as an article of utility or luxury, by the processes of design and labor, and with the idea of traffic and emolument.

By whom were these excavations planned and these pits fashioned, that tell of the pursuit of wealth so many centuries ago? Let the mighty dead, that are slumbering in our valleys, and the remains of whose fortifications and cities are spread out all over the great West, in magnificence as vast and gorgeous as the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, arise and speak, for they alone of mortals can tell!

From the fact that some of these pits have been cribbed with timber bearing marks of the axe in its adjustment, many have supposed that their construction was due to the French, who at one time occupied, to a certain extent, the Venango oil region. But this theory is scarcely plausible. Fort Venango was completed by the French at Franklin, seven miles below the mouth of Oil Creek, in the spring of 1754, and this was probably about the beginning of their active operations in this region. But the construction of these pits no doubt antedates the French operations very many years. Timber placed in these oil pits, and thoroughly impregnated by its preserving properties, would be almost proof against the ravages of time. As evidence of this, petroleum in some of its forms entered largely into the ingredients used in embalming by the ancient Egyptians. These embalmed bodies remain perfect to this day. Even the cerements remain with every thread distinct and perfect as when they came from the loom, in days when Joseph was prime minister in Egypt.

There is evidence, too, from the growth of timber in the very beds of these excavations, that they claim an antiquity greater far than the occupation of their valleys by the French. Year after year, a silent, solemn record was made by the concentric circles, first in the shrub, next in the sapling, and then in the fully developed tree, that tells of the lapse of time since these mysterious works were in operation.

Besides all this, where was the market for the immense quantity of petroleum that must have been produced from these excavations, on the supposition that they were constructed by the French? Surely not at home, for neither in the misty traditions nor early records of that time do we find reference to any large quantity of this product, nor even their facilities for conveying it to the seaboard, had there been a demand for it at home.

The sole object of the French at that time was to gain military possession of the country. This is seen in the line of forts that was thrown across the country, extending from Erie, Pennsylvania, to a point on the Ohio River below Pittsburg. There is no evidence that they made any attempt either to cultivate the soil or develop the mineral resources of the country. There were white inhabitants, too, who were settled here quite as early as the temporary occupancy of the French. Their descendants remain unto this day. These early settlers knew nothing of French operations in petroleum. They were ignorant of its production, save in minute quantities, as it issued spontaneously from the earth; nor could they throw any light on the origin of the excavations that were found in their midst.

Another theory, that has been somewhat popular is, that these pits are due to the labors of the American Indians. But the very term labor seems absurd when used in reference to these lords of the forest. They never employed themselves in manual labor of any kind. The female portion of the community planted a little corn, and constructed rude lodges to shelter them from the wintry blast; but they never even dreamed of trade or commerce. The Indian loved to roam through the wilderness and follow the war path—to seek for game to supply present wants, or to bring home the scalp of his enemy as a trophy of his prowess, but would scorn to bend his strength to rude toil in excavating multitudinous pits for the reception of oil, or in bearing it from place to place after it had been secured.

Beyond all doubt the Indians were well acquainted with the existence and many of the properties of petroleum. That they valued it is beyond question. They used it, both for medicinal and toilette purposes. But they knew of its existence and production, just as did the early white settlers: they found it bubbling up from the bed of the stream and from low marshy places along its banks. They, no doubt, collected it in small quantities, without labor and without much forethought, and with this small supply were content. But even if a much larger supply had been desirable, and if the modern idea of traffic had found a place in their hearts, they had no facilities for conveying it from place to place. Even at the present time, with all our improvement in the arts, the great desideratum is an appropriate vessel for carrying petroleum from place to place, or retaining it safely in any locality; but the Indians were utterly destitute of any appliances suitable for the purpose. If they were acquainted with a rude kind of pottery, it was without glazing, and so incapable of retaining fluids, particularly petroleum; and we have no knowledge of their ability to construct vessels of any other material that would answer the desired purpose. The inference is therefore fair, that for purposes of trade the production of oil was not desirable in so large quantities as indicated by these excavations. The same reasons would hold good in relation to its use in the religious ceremonies of the Indians. It could be used only in limited quantities, from the want of convenient receptacles for its retention. Besides, we doubt whether the Indians were sufficiently devout to resort to such labor and pains in religious worship.

Reference is sometimes made to a letter said to have been written by the commander of Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) to General Montcalm, describing a grand scene of fire worship on the banks of Oil Creek, where the whole surface of the creek, being coated with oil, was set on fire, producing in the night season a wonderful conflagration. But there is room for the suspicion that this account is apocryphal. Such scenes as are there described have been witnessed on Oil Creek since the beginning of the modern oil trade. During the continuance of several accidental conflagrations, the scene has been awfully grand and impressive. It has been strongly suggestive of the conflagration of the last day, when

'The lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and recross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre!—burn without, within,
And help the native fires which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of His wrath.'

But this was when thousands of barrels of petroleum had been stored up in vats, and when the combustible fluid was spouting from the wells at the rate of many hundred barrels per day. Before the present deep wells were bored, oil was not produced in sufficient quantities to cause such a conflagration, and there was never seen upon the creek a stratum of the fluid of such consistency as to be inflammable.

The remains of the once powerful confederacy of Indians known as the Six Nations still linger in Western Pennsylvania, in a region not very remote from Oil Creek, but they can throw no light upon the origin of these pits. In regard to their history, they can give no more information than they can concerning the mounds and fortifications, ruined castles, and dismantled cities, that tell us of a once glorious past, of a mysterious decadence, and of the utter vanity of all earthly glory.

There are men still living in the oil valley, who were on terms of familiar intimacy with Cornplanter, a celebrated chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians—the last of a noble and heroic line of chieftains that had borne sway from the Canadas to the Ohio River, and who was living at the time of the French occupation. But in reciting his own deeds and memories, and those of his fathers, who had gone to the silent hunting grounds of the spirit land, he could say nothing of early oil operations, any further than the collection of it in small quantities for medical or ornamental purposes.

The only rational conclusion, therefore, at which we can arrive in regard to these early oil operations is, that they are due, not to the Indians or French or early white settlers, but to some primitive dwellers on the soil, who have long since passed away, leaving no written records to tell of their origin or history, but stamping the impress of their existence on our mountains and in our valleys, assuring us of their power and the magnificence of their operations, yet leaving us to wonder that such strength could fail, that such magnificence could perish, and that such darkness could settle over the memory of a great people.

As before intimated, petroleum was found in Venango County by the earliest white settlers, and was esteemed for its medical properties. But it was obtained only in minute quantities. It was found in particular localities along the banks of the Alleghany, issuing with the water from springs, and sometimes bubbling up from the bottom of the river in small globules, that rising to the surface, disperse themselves upon the water, and glide away in silent beauty.

The principal oil spring, or that from which the largest quantity of petroleum was collected, was located on Oil Creek, about two miles from its mouth. From this the main supply was drawn for the wants of the earlier inhabitants. And as the demand was limited, no great amount of enterprise was called forth in its production. The *modus operandi* was most primitive, and yet withal the results were satisfactory.

A point was selected where the oil appeared to bubble up most freely, a slight excavation was made, and the oil suffered to collect. When a tolerable stratum of petroleum had collected on the

top of the water, a coarse blanket was thrown upon the surface, that soon became saturated with the oil, but rejected the water. The blanket was then taken out, wrung into a tub or barrel, and the operation repeated.

But the demand was limited. Most families kept a supply for their own use. Yet, for ordinary purposes, a pint bottle was sufficient for a year's consumption. Indeed, half a dozen barrels were all that could be disposed of throughout the entire oil region of Western Pennsylvania up to a period when the researches of science were brought to bear upon its purification as an illuminator. Almost every good housewife was supposed to have a small store of Seneca oil, as it was popularly termed, laid by in case of accident, for the medication of cuts and bruises; and not even the most popular of the nostrums of the present day is so much relied on as was this—nature's own medicine—by the early settlers in these valleys.

In the mean time a well was bored on the bank of the Alleghany, within two miles of the mouth of Oil Creek, in quest of salt water, with a view to the manufacture of salt. This was some forty years ago. After sinking the well through the solid rock to the depth of seventy or eighty feet, oil presented itself in such quantities, mingled with the salt water, as to fill the miners with the utmost disgust, and induce them to abandon the well altogether. They were boring for salt, not for petroleum. Salt was an article of utility and large demand; oil was of comparatively small importance, and already a drug in the market, through the spontaneous yield of nature. Again, a well was dug in the town of Franklin, about thirty years ago, for the supply of a household with water. At the depth of thirty feet there were evident signs of petroleum, that were annoying to the workmen; and although the water of the well was used for culinary purposes, it always bore a trace of oil, and was absolutely offensive to those unaccustomed to it. A hole has since been sunk in this well through the rock, but the yield of oil has not been as great as in some other wells in the immediate neighborhood. In the cases cited above were strong hints of the existence of the treasure concealed in the rocks beneath, and even of the manner of obtaining it. It was in fact the treasure knocking at the door, and asking to be released, in order to contribute to human wealth and enjoyment.

But the time had not then arrived for the grant of this great boon. The earth was at the first made the repository of all the gifts that man should need until the end of time. But they were not all revealed at the first, nor to succeeding generations, until the fitting time arrived, and man's necessities induced the great Giver to unlock the treasure house and dispense his rich bounty.

Before man was created, the great treasure house in the earth's bosom was filled with its minerals, and as the centuries rolled by in their slow and solemn march, such treasures were gradually brought to light. Not at once did the earth disclose her mighty resources, but just as man needed them, and as they should tend to his own best interests. Even on the banks of the river that watered the terrestrial paradise, gold was found, but although 'the gold of that land was good,' it was brought to light in limited quantities. In the same sacred locality, and at the same early day in the history of time, 'the bdellium and the onyx stone' were found in their beauty; yet were they few and rare, until God would consecrate the treasures of the earth to His own service in the construction and adornment of the tabernacle and the temple. The great treasure house of earth was then opened, until gold became common as brass, and precious stones numerous almost as the pebbles of the brook, and the riches of the earth were eternally consecrated to the service of God.

And in the present century, and within our own recollection, when the world's business seemed to be stagnated—when the sails of commerce flapped idly at the masts—when the great highways of trade and traffic were in danger of being deserted, and the coffers of the nation were almost exhausted, the hand of Providence unlocked the treasures of California and Australia, and every department of business has become prosperous, and every branch of industry has received a new impetus. A new lesson has been taught the world: that God's treasures are inexhaustible, and that his hand can never be shortened.

And now here, in this remote county of Western Pennsylvania, God's treasure has been concealed for ages—locked up in the very heart of the eternal rock, awaiting the time of need, and accomplishment of the eternal purposes of Omnipotence. It has oozed forth in limited quantities during the lapse of centuries, as though to show us now that man cannot lay his hand upon the houses of God's treasure until his own appointed time.

We know not where the great Chemist has his laboratory, or where he formed the mighty retorts that are distilling for us the oily treasure: most probably they were fashioned when the earth assumed its present form; and since 'the morning stars' sang creation's hymn together, deep down amid earth's rocky caverns, through the revolving centuries, the stores have been accumulating that are destined to bless the world and become elements of national wealth. And now from that great laboratory, through innumerable channels, cut through the living rock by the hand of the Creator, and by 'paths which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen,' is that treasure brought near to the earth's surface, just in our time of need. When other supplies are failing and other resources giving way, we see God's wisdom in opening up new channels. The great Benefactor would teach us that his resources are unlimited, and that our time of need is but the beginning of his overflowing bounty.

It is really strange how slow men were to discover the abundance of this supply, and to trace it to its luxuriant deposits amid the rocks. While it was literally forcing itself upon their observation, it was only by a roundabout process that they discovered its richness and importance. As early as the year 1835 its presence amid the rocks was made known on the Alleghany River, a short

distance above Pittsburg, by its interference with the salt wells; but no dream of its future importance seems to have forced itself upon either the miner or the capitalist until within the last few years.

Perhaps the first real conception of the petroleum trade was in the mind of a young physician in the Venango region. Yet it was but a dream, and, like many another dream of the past, it was in advance of the age, and resulted in nothing but speculation. In looking at the numerous slight veins of oil that oozed up along the bed of Oil Creek, the thought occurred to him that, by tracing these little veins to their source, the main artery might be reached. And as this tracing must be through the rock, the proper plan would be to bore down through it, until a large vein was reached. This was certainly professional, and, now that it has been tested, seems a very plain and simple idea. But it was like the theory of Columbus in regard to a new continent, entirely too bold for the times, and was rejected. There was in this physician's theory but one link lacking in order to have anticipated the entire scheme of oil production as it was afterward generally carried on. The thought did not occur to him of leasing the lands along Oil Creek, and thus securing an interest in the entire territory: he thought only of purchasing, and as he could not command the capital for this purpose, the scheme was lost, as far as he was concerned. The idea was however a brilliant one, and entitled its originator to be classed among the long line of those who have dreamed without realizing the vision, and who have sown precious seed without being permitted to reap the harvest.

In the mean time, artificial oil had begun to be produced in large quantities from different minerals, principally, however, from cannel coal, by the process of destructive distillation. This oil was refined and deodorized, and found to be a valuable illuminator. A spirit of inquiry and investigation was excited. It was ascertained that this artificial oil, the product of distillation, was almost identical in its properties with the natural oil of the valleys—that the latter might be purified and deodorized, and if found in sufficient quantities, prove a source of wealth to the country. The enterprise of bygone ages in the excavation of oil pits was considered by many, but the process seemed tedious, and, in addition, the finest portions of the oil were in danger of passing off by evaporation.

The grand idea, however, was struggling toward the light. If the oil, now so greatly desired, bubbled up through concealed clefts in the rocks, why might it not be discovered in large quantities by boring in supposed localities deep into the rock that was conjectured to be its home? And if found in some localities while boring for salt water, why not expect to find it more certainly in localities where there were discovered such decided 'surface appearances'?

The work was finally commenced by Colonel E. L. Drake, near the upper oil springs on Oil Creek, by boring in the rock. But it was labor pursued under difficulties. To have announced the intention of boring for petroleum into the bowels of the earth, would have been to provoke mirth and ridicule. The enterprise would have appeared quite as visionary as that of Noah to the antediluvians in building his ark against an anticipated inundation. It was generally supposed that the search was for salt water; and perhaps the idea was a complex one even in the mind of the proprietor. Oil was desirable, salt was within the reach of probability; if the former failed, the latter might probably be secured; and if neither object was attained, the search for salt would be considered neither visionary nor disreputable.

But the work went forward, through good report and through evil report, particularly the latter, until August 26th, 1859, when, at the depth of seventy feet, the drill suddenly sank into a cavity in the rock, when there was immediate evidence of the presence of oil in large quantities. It was like the cry of 'Land ho!' amid the weary, disheartened mariners that accompanied Columbus to the Western World. The goal had been reached at last. A pathway had been opened up through the rocks, leading, not to universal empire, but to realms of wealth hitherto unknown. Providence had literally forced upon men's attention that which should fill many dwellings with light, and many hearts with gladness.

Upon withdrawing the drill from the well, the oil and water rose nearly to the surface. The question was now to be tested whether the petroleum would present itself in sufficient quantities to justify further proceedings, or whether it was, like many another dream, to vanish in darkness, or dissolve in tears. The well was tubed, and by a common hand pump yielded ten barrels per day. By means of a more powerful pump, worked by a small engine, this quantity was increased to forty barrels per day. The supply was uninterrupted, the engine working day and night, and the question was considered settled. This oil well immediately became the centre of attraction. It was visited by hundreds and thousands, all eager to see for themselves, and test by actual experiment, the wondrous stories that had been related concerning its enormous yield, by counting the seconds that elapsed during the yield of a single gallon.

The fortune of the valley of Oil Creek was now settled, and the prices of land throughout its whole extent immediately became fabulous. Sometimes entire farms were sold, but generally they were leased in very small lots. In some cases the operator was required to give one half and even five eighths of the product, besides a handsome bonus, to the proprietor of the soil. The work now commenced in earnest. A tide of speculators began to set in toward the oil region, that would have overpowered that of California or Australia in their palmiest days.

The excitement did not stop at the valley of Oil Creek. It extended down the Alleghany to Franklin, and up the valley of French Creek, which enters the Alleghany seven miles below the mouth of Oil Creek. Wells were sunk at all these points, and many of them yielded from three to forty barrels per day. In the course of the summer succeeding the first successful experiment on

Oil Creek, there were not less than two hundred wells in different stages of progress in the town of Franklin alone. Wells were being bored in gardens, in dooryards, and even in some cases in the bottoms of wells from which water had been procured for household purposes. So numerous were the tall 'derricks,' that a profane riverman made the remark that the people of Franklin must be remarkably pious, as almost every man seemed to be building a meeting house with a tall steeple near his dwelling. At one time there were in Franklin fifteen productive wells, yielding a daily aggregate of one hundred and forty barrels. Among these were what was known as 'the celebrated Evans well.' This was, in some respects, the most remarkable well in all the region. It was sunk by its proprietor in the bottom of the well that had long been used for household purposes. An humble house and lot constituted his entire worldly possessions. The work in the well was performed entirely by his own family. Being a blacksmith, he constructed his own boring implements, and was dependent on no outside assistance. Patiently and assiduously did the blacksmith and his two sons toil on, as they had seldom toiled before, the former guiding the drill, and the latter applying the power by hand to the simple machinery. At the depth of only forty feet in the rock they struck a crevice that promised to pour them out rivers of oil. In attempting to enlarge this, the drill broke, the fragment remaining in the cavity, and defying every effort used for its removal. The well was then tubed, and a hand pump inserted, when it was found to yield at the rate of ten or fifteen barrels per day. Speculation soon began to run wild, and the fortunate owner of this well, among other propositions, received an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his well. To all these tempting offers he persistently returned the same reply—that he had bored that well for his own use, and that if others wished a well, they could do as he had done.

Oil was generally obtained in the valley around Franklin at the depth of about three hundred feet from the surface, for pumping wells; in the valley of Oil Creek the same stratum was reached at about half that depth. In all these wells, whether successful as oil wells or not, a strong body of salt water was obtained, that added greatly to the facility of separating the oil by its increased gravity. Hitherto the business had been pursued with advantage and profit to those who were engaged. The demand was steady and prices remunerative, and visions of untold wealth were looming up before the minds of thousands. Prospecting was extending far and near. Every stream and ravine that deflected toward the Alleghany or Oil Creek was leased, and in very many unpropitious localities operations were commenced.

But a change now took place in the development of oil proceedings that wrought ruin in the hopes of many an ardent operator. In the Oil Creek region, some of the smaller wells having been exhausted, resort was had to deeper boring. One hopeful theorist imagined that if the desirable fluid came from a very great depth, it might be good policy to seek it in a stratum still nearer its rocky home. So down he penetrated, regardless of the 'fine show' of oil that presented itself by the way, until at the depth of five hundred feet in the rock, a vein of mingled gas and oil was reached that literally forced the boring implements from the well. This sudden exodus of the implements was followed by a steady stream of petroleum that rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet above the surface, and was occasionally accompanied by a roaring noise like the Geysers of Iceland.

Here was a new feature in oil operations. The idea of flowing wells for the production of petroleum, once inaugurated, was seized upon with avidity. There was not only a spontaneous yield, but a yield in enormous quantities. And so a pumping well was voted a slow institution, and all parties on Oil Creek renewed the operation of boring, and, at about the depth of the first flowing well, obtained almost uniformly like success.

These flowing wells were almost as difficult to govern and regulate as was Pegasus of old. They 'played fantastic tricks' when least expected, throwing the oil over the workmen, and in one case, when the vein of petroleum was suddenly opened, setting fire to the machinery, and destroying the lives of those in the vicinity. The enormous yield of these wells had the effect of bringing down the price of petroleum to so low a figure that pumping wells were at once closed. They could not be worked with profit. Hence almost the entire oil business has, for the present at least, been confined to the valley of Oil Creek. The yield from the flowing wells varies from fifty to two thousand barrels per day. This, as may readily be supposed, involves the loss by wastage of immense quantities of oil, that is scattered on the ground and runs into the creek. So great is this waste at times, that the oil is gathered in quantities on the surface of the Alleghany for a distance of eight or ten miles below the mouth of Oil Creek, in the eddies, and along the still water of the shore, and is distinctly perceptible at Pittsburg, a distance of one hundred and forty miles from the wells.

Notwithstanding these wells are confined to a very narrow valley, and in many instances in very close proximity, it is very rare that they interfere with each other. In fact cases are known where two wells have been bored within forty feet of each other, with the discovery of oil at different depths, and even of different qualities, as regards color and gravity. In some instances the well has all the characteristics of an intermittent spring. One in particular may be specified for the regularity of its operations. It would remain quiescent for about fifteen minutes, when there would be heard the sound as of fearful agitation far down in its depths. This rumbling and strife would then appear to approach the surface for a few moments, when the petroleum would rush forth from the orifice, mingled with gas and foam, almost with the fury of a round shot from a rifled cannon. This furious flow would continue for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it would suddenly subside, and all would be peace again. This alternate rest and motion would continue with great regularity day and night, yielding perhaps one hundred and fifty barrels per day. In

other instances, there are interruptions of days and even weeks, when the flow will be continued as before. In others still, the yield is steady and uninterrupted, yielding with unvarying regularity from week to week.

The oil region of Venango County, as far as has been explored, is confined to the creek and river bottoms. In connection with wells that have been opened, there is a superincumbent stratum of earth, varying from ten to sixty feet in thickness: underlying this is a stratum of argillaceous shale, generally about one hundred and eighty feet in thickness, and then a stratum of white sandstone. Sometimes this sandstone is intermingled with red, presenting a ruddy appearance as the sand is withdrawn from the well in the process of boring.

Occasionally in passing through the shale, small fissures in the rock are passed through, with circumstances indicating the presence of a stratum or vein of water, as at such times the sand accumulated in boring all disappears, leaving the bits clean and bright. At other times small veins or cavities of petroleum are pierced, the product of which rises to the surface of the well, and indicates its presence by appearing in the sand pump. In the earlier stages of the business this 'show of oil,' as it was termed, was considered most favorable to ultimate success; but latterly it is not regarded as essential, as many first-class wells have been discovered without the intermediate show; and on the other hand, there has been many a brilliant show that has resulted in failure and disappointment.

The presence of surface oil is not always a sure criterion in deciding upon a location for a well. Oftentimes very fine wells are opened in localities where no oil has been found on the surface, and no appearance of oil having been obtained at any previous time in the neighborhood. Perhaps the most unsuccessful operations in the whole Oil Creek valley have been in the midst of the ancient pits that have already been alluded to. Wells have been bored in the bottom of these pits without the least success. At a point near the bank of the Alleghany, some two miles above Franklin, there was a well-known oil spring some forty years ago. It supplied the family that lived near it as well as the surrounding neighborhood with petroleum for medical and other domestic purposes to the extent of their wants. For many years the supply has entirely failed. During a recent excavation, at the precise spot where it was known formerly to exist, for the purpose of laying the abutment of a bridge, no trace of oil was found—not even a discoloration of the earth.

Of course the boring of wells has become quite an institution in the oil region, and is carried on with great system. After selecting a site, the first thing in order is the erection of a derrick. This is a frame in the form of a truncated pyramid, about ten feet square at the bottom, and five at the top, having one of its four posts pierced with rounds to answer the purpose of a ladder, by means of which the workmen can ascend and descend. This derrick is from twenty to thirty feet in height, and has at its summit a pulley, by means of which the boring implements are drawn from the well. A pit is then sunk through the earth within the derrick, about six feet square, until the work is interrupted by water. The remaining distance to the rock is reached by driving strong cast-iron pipe by means of a battering ram. This pipe has a caliber of about five inches, with walls of one inch in thickness. It is prepared in joints of about eight feet in length, which are connected together at the point of contact by wrought-iron bands. When the pipe reaches the rock, the earth is removed from its cavity, and the operation of boring is ready to be commenced. Occasionally, however, this driving operation is interrupted by coming upon a huge boulder. When this is the case, the boring operation is commenced, and a hole made through the boulder nearly equal in size to the cavity of the pipe, when the driving is resumed, and the pipe made to ream its way through the stone. Sometimes in these operations the pipe is fractured, or turned aside from a perpendicular direction, when the place is abandoned and a new location sought for.

The boring implements do not differ materially from those used in sinking artesian wells. As a general thing, bits of two or three sizes are used, the first and smallest of which only has a cutting edge. If the hole to be sunk through the rock is to be four inches in diameter, the bits would be, first, one with a cutting edge two inches in width; secondly, a blunt bit, three inches wide by one inch in thickness; and lastly, by a similar bit four inches wide. These bits have a shank about two feet in length, that is screwed into an auger stem ten or twelve feet in length and about one inch and a half in diameter. Connected with this auger stem is an arrangement called, technically, 'jars'—two elongated loops of iron, working in each other like links in a chain, that serve to jar the bit loose when it sticks fast in the process of boring.

Sometimes this auger stem is connected with wooden rods, joined together with screws and sockets, new joints being added as the work proceeds; but more generally the connection is with a rope or cable of about one and a half inches in diameter. To this rope the auger stem is attached by a clamp and screw, that can be readily shifted as the progress of the work renders it necessary. The entire weight of these implements is from four to six hundred pounds. The power applied is sometimes that of two or three men working by means of a spring pole; but oftener a steam engine of from four to eight horse power. Midway between the well and the engine a post is planted, on which is balanced a working beam about sixteen feet in length: one end of this beam is attached to the crank of the engine, and the other to the implements in the well. The power is applied to raising the bit—the blow is produced by the fall of the same when relieved by the downward motion of the working beam.

In the process of boring, the workman is seated over the well, and, by a transverse handle attached to the machinery just above the rope, turns the rope, and with it the bit, partially around, so that each stroke of the bit on the rock beneath is slightly across the cut that has preceded it. After the fore bit has proceeded about two feet, or until the work begins to clog with

sand, it is withdrawn, and the next is inserted in its place, and the work is then finished as it goes by the last bit. The fragments of rock that are cut away descend to the bottom of the well in the form of sand, and are readily withdrawn by means of the sand pump. This is a simple copper tube about six feet in length, with a diameter something less than that of the well, and furnished at the lower end with a simple valve opening upward. This pump is let down into the well by a rope, and, when it reaches the bottom, is agitated for a few moments, when the sand is forced up through the valve, and thus withdrawn from the well, when the boring is again resumed.

As the work proceeds, a register is kept by the judicious borer of the different strata passed through, and also of the veins of water and oil passed through, in order to the formation of an intelligent judgment in tubing the well.

As might be supposed, this operation of descending amid the rocks is not without its difficulties and discouragements. Sometimes the bit breaks or becomes detached from the auger stem, leaving a fragment of hardened steel, or an entire bit, deep in the recesses of the rock. When the latter is the case, recourse is had to divers expedients, by means of implements armed with sockets and spring jaws, in order to entrap the truant bit. And it is marvellous what success generally attends these efforts to extract bits that are oftentimes two or three hundred feet below the surface. Sometimes, however, these efforts fail, and the well must be abandoned, with all the labor and anxiety that have been expended upon it.

During the progress of the boring there is more or less carburetted hydrogen gas set free. This supply is so abundant at times as to cause an ebullition in the water of the well, resembling the boiling of a pot. In the case of the flowing wells, when the vein of petroleum is reached, the gas rushes forth with such violence, and the upward pressure is so furious, as to force the implements from the well, and even the tubing, when not properly secured, has been driven through the derrick in its upward progress.

After the boring has been successfully accomplished, the next operation consists in tubing the well. This is merely the introduction of a copper or iron chamber, extending down, or nearly so, to the vein of the oil. This tubing is, for the pumping and larger-class flowing wells, usually about two and a half or three inches in diameter, consisting of sections about twenty feet in length, and connected together by means of screw and socket joints. As there are usually many veins of water passed through in boring, some device must be resorted to in order to shut off this water from the oil vein and produce a vacuum. This is accomplished by applying what is called a 'seed bag' to the tube at the point where this stoppage is desirable. The seed bag is a tube of strong leather some eighteen inches in length and about five inches in diameter. It is put around the metallic tube and the lower end firmly tied around it. From a pint to a quart of flaxseed is then poured in, and the upper end bound rather more slightly than the lower, when the tube is sunk to its place in the well. In a few hours the flaxseed in the sack below will have swollen and distended the bag so as to effectually shut off all water from above. When it is desirable to withdraw the tubing from the well, the effort of raising it will break the slight fastening at the upper end of the leathern sack, permitting the seed to escape and the tube to be withdrawn without difficulty. When the well is to be pumped, a pump barrel is placed at the lower end of the tube, with piston rods extending to the top and attached to the working beam used in boring the well.

As the petroleum is ordinarily mixed with more or less water when brought to the surface, it is thrown first into a tank, and the superior gravity of the water causing it to sink to the bottom, it is drawn off from beneath, and the petroleum placed in barrels. These tanks are of all sizes, ranking from thirty to two thousand barrels each.

For the present, wells that were formerly pumped at a profit are biding their time; for at present prices of oil operations upon them would be ruinous. This renders the computation of the weekly yield of the Oil Creek region comparatively easy. There are at the present time not far from one hundred flowing wells along the valley of the creek, producing probably on an average about forty thousand barrels per week. A portion of this is refined in the county, but by far the largest part is shipped to a distance, either by the Alleghany River by way of Pittsburg, or by the Philadelphia and Erie or Atlantic and Great Western Railroads to the Eastern markets.

The necessities of the trade have given rise to many ingenious inventions in getting the oil to market. The wells extend along Oil Creek for a distance of about fourteen miles from its mouth. The ground is not favorable for land carriage, as the valley is narrow and the stream tortuous. The creek itself is too small for navigation under ordinary circumstances, and a railroad with steam power would be in the highest degree dangerous. To compensate for all these difficulties, a system of artificial navigation has been adopted. Throughout the whole distance, at intervals of perhaps a mile, dams have been constructed across the creek, with draws in the centre, that can be easily opened at the proper time. In this way 'pond freshets' are arranged one or two days in a week. By the appointed time, all persons having oil to run out of the creek have their boats ready, and as the water from the upper dam raises the creek below, the fleet of boats sets out. Each successive dam raises the water to a higher level, and as the fleet proceeds, small at first, it increases until, as it approaches the river, it often numbers two hundred boats, bearing with them not less than ten thousand barrels of petroleum.

The advent of this fleet of boats to the mouth of the creek is in the highest degree exciting. As boat after boat rushes into the river, there is the dashing to and fro of the boatmen, and the shouts of the multitude on the shore. Here and there a collision occurs that often results in the crushing of the feebler boat, and the indiscriminate mingling of boatmen, fragments of the

broken craft, oil, and fixtures in one common ruin. In this fleet the form and variety of boats beggars all description. Sometimes there is the orthodox flatboat, filled with iron-bound barrels, with an air of respectability hovering around it. Next will follow a rude scow, and close upon it an unwieldy 'bulk,' into which the oil has been pumped at the well. After this, perhaps, may be seen a rude nondescript, that surely was never dreamed of outside the oil region. It consists of a series of rough ladders, constructed of tall saplings. Between each pair of rounds in these ladders is placed a barrel of oil, floating in the water, but kept in position by its hamper. A number of these ladders are lashed together, until the float contains two or three hundred barrels of oil.

The bulks spoken of are about sixteen feet square and two or three feet in depth, divided internally into bulk-heads of perhaps four feet square, to prevent any undue agitation of the oil by the motion of the boat, and are sometimes decked over. These unpromising boats, as well as the ladder floats, are, during favorable weather, often run to Pittsburg with entire safety. Steamboats, however, run up to the mouth of Oil Creek during the time of high water, and afford the safest and most expeditious means of transportation.

As to the abundance of the supply in this region, there can be but little doubt. Wells seem at times to become exhausted, but it is from local causes. At times a cavity may be tapped that has been supplied from a very small avenue, and may be readily exhausted, but exhausted only to be refilled again. The fact that wells do not interfere with each other, even when but fifty feet apart, is evidence that the supply is not confined to a limited stratum, but is drawn from the great depths beneath. The existence of the ancient oil pits, before alluded to, assures us that the supply has been continued for centuries; and observation confirms this, as we have noticed the hitherto unused treasure bubbling up silently through the crevices in the rocks and gradually evaporating amid the sands, or arising in the beds of the streams and floating down upon their surface. The history of the petroleum trade in other lands encourages us as to the abundance of the supply in our own. In the northern part of Italy, petroleum has been collected for more than two hundred years, without any intimation that the supply is being exhausted. In Burmah a supply has been drawn from the earth for an unknown period, and so far are these wells from exhaustion that they yield at the present time over twenty-five millions of gallons per annum. We may well suppose, then, that the treasure brought to light in such abundance in our day will not be readily exhausted—that as the coals are found in illimitable abundance for fuel as the forests fail, petroleum for illuminating purposes will be found in like profusion.

We have said that the petroleum trade has known no infancy, but has sprung at once into maturity. The oil wells of Venango County alone produced, during the first year of their operation, more oil than the entire product of the whale fisheries during the most favorable and prosperous year in their history. At the present time, after a lapse of little more than two years, the daily product of the wells on Oil Creek alone is computed to be over six thousand barrels. And in this neighborhood the quantity might be wellnigh doubled, were it not for the low price the product commands.

Petroleum differs in its characteristics in different localities. It is usually heavier in the shallow wells than in those that are deeper. Ordinarily it is of a greenish hue, that changes to a reddish as the oil becomes lighter and more evaporative. It is all characterized by a strong and pungent odor peculiar to itself. The gravity of the various kinds of oil is ascertained by the oleometer. The lighter oils are found on Oil Creek, and are about 40° to 46° Baumé; at Franklin, from 30° to 32°.

It is difficult to speak of the uses of petroleum at the present time, for these uses have not yet been fully developed. In its refined state it is preëminent as an illuminator. In this character it yields the palm to gas in matters of convenience and neatness, but is superior to it on the score of general adaptation and economy. Besides, the quality of the light is superior to that of gas, being soft, mild, tranquil, and exceedingly white. In the rural districts, where coal gas is impracticable, it would be an intolerable calamity to be obliged to return to the use of the old tallow candle that was the main dependence in years gone by. As an article of fuel, it has been used to some extent in the oil regions, but the appliances have been so rude that its use has not been general. When proper machinery shall have been invented, no doubt it will be a most important item of fuel in ocean navigation as well as in railway travel, conducting alike to economy of space and to ease of manipulation.

In the manufacture of gas it has already been brought into successful use, both in this country and in England, and has been found most valuable alike in the quality of the product and in the economy of its production.

As a medicinal agent it has long been employed in this country. It was used by the Indians in this way when the country was first discovered. It was also held in high estimation by the early settlers in what are now called the oil regions, for the medication of cuts and bruises, as well as an internal curative. It formed the staple of the British and American oils that were sold largely and at high rates throughout the country. It is a remarkable fact that since the quantity has increased so largely the popular faith has been correspondingly weakened in its medical efficacy.

Further uses are developed in the process of refining. This latter is exceedingly simple. The crude oil is placed in an iron retort connected with a coil of pipe in a vessel of cold water. Heat is then applied to the retort, when the process of distillation commences. The first product is a light-colored, volatile substance, sometimes called naphtha, that is very explosive. This substance is used in the place of spirits of turpentine in the preparation of paints and varnishes, and, after further treatment, in removing paints and grease from clothing. The next product from the retort is the refined fluid for illumination. This is of a yellow color, with a bluish tinge and powerful

odor, requiring further treatment before it is ready for the lamp. This treatment consists in placing it in a cistern lined with lead, and agitating it with a portion of sulphuric acid. The acid and impurities having subsided, the oil is drawn off, and further agitated with soda lye, and finally with water, when it is ready for use. After this a coarse oil for the lubrication of machinery is produced. Paraffine is another product resulting from this distillation. It is a white, tasteless, and inodorous substance, used in the manufacture of candles. The residuum in the retort may be applied to various useful purposes. It is sometimes used as fuel, and sometimes takes the place of coal tar in the arts, and by chemical processes is made to yield products useful in the laboratory and in the manufactory.

But the æsthetics connected with this distillation must not be passed by in silence. On a bright, sunshiny day we see a bright globule of petroleum rising from the bottom of the stream. As it reaches the surface of the water it disperses, and, as it glides away, all the colors of the rainbow are reflected from its undulating surface.

'What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams o'er all profusely drest,
Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,
When Orient dews impearl th' enamelled lawn,
Than in its waves in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beams a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of art can Nature's powers display?'

We gaze upon those colors, ever changing in their lustre and variety, until imagination revels in its most delightful dreams, suggesting thoughts of the good and beautiful, and reminding how beauty lingers amid the most unpromising things of earth! And just as the bow that spans the mantling cloud reminds us of all beautiful things that glow around its antitype that spans the emerald throne on high, so, as we gaze upon the prismatic tints that are reflected from the oily surface, we dream of all that is beautiful in color and gorgeous in tinted radiance, as being hidden amid the elements of petroleum.

This dream has its fulfilment amid the processes of distillation and treatment. One product in these processes is called aniline, that is, the base of those beautiful colors so popular with ladies these last days—Mauve, Magenta, and Solferino. And in process of time, no doubt, the most delicate colors for flower and landscape painting will be educed, that will give a new impetus to the fine arts, and to the development of taste in our midst.

And now where shall we look for the origin of this treasure? From what elements is it elaborated? We cannot go with the great Chemist to his laboratory and look upon the ingredients, and notice the treatment used there. Science, although denominated the 'star eyed,' cannot penetrate the mighty strata of everlasting rocks that lie beneath us, and reveal to us these mysteries of nature. 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and His eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and the thing that is hid, bringeth He forth to light.'

Nature has her mysteries. The earth has its great secrets. But over all, a God of wisdom and goodness presides. Age after age has rolled by—change after change has agitated the history of Time, as forms of beauty have been moulded and marred—as songs of joy have been sung, and requiems of sadness chanted in the great highways and quiet bypaths of life—the living of bygone ages are slumbering quietly in the dust, and the living of the present are hurrying to the same 'pale realms of shade.' The nations of antiquity have passed off the stage with all their grandeur and littleness, and the nations of more modern times are surging and dashing to and fro, like ships in the wild chaos of ocean's storms. God alone is great!

Changes, too, have been quietly going on beneath us in the earth's bosom. A great dream of science, but perhaps an earnest, glowing reality, suggests that when God's almighty power was rolling away the curtains of darkness from earth's chaotic state—forming channels for oceans and rivers, and heaving up as barriers the mountain chains of earth, His eternal prescience of man's coming need induced Him to bury deep down in subterranean recesses the imperfect vegetable organisms of a pre-Adamic state, that in the ages to come, coals and oils and gases might be drawn forth to supply his wants.

We find in the coal deposits traces of ferns and leaves of gigantic stature and proportions. Casts of huge boles of trees are found among our fossils, inducing the belief that in some bygone age quantities of vegetable matter, absolutely enormous, were produced on the earth's surface. And it is presumable that in some of the revolutions that have agitated our planet, renovating, improving, and fitting it for a higher order of life, mighty deposits of this vegetable matter were buried up amid the rocky strata, to be evolved in new forms and products. And it may be that since the days of Adam this vegetable deposit has been undergoing the process of destructive

distillation in the hidden regions beneath. In this process heat would not be wanting: it is furnished by the natural constitution of the earth.

Says Professor Hitchcock:

'Wherever in Europe or America the temperature of the air, water, rocks, in deep excavations, has been ascertained, it has been found higher than the mean temperature of the climate at the surface, and experiments have been made at hundreds of places; it is found that the heat of the earth increases rapidly as we descend below that point in the earth's crust to which the sun's heat extends. The mean rate of increase of heat has been stated by the British Association to be one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every forty-five feet: at this rate all the known rocks in the earth would be melted at a depth of sixty miles.'

Here, then, are all the conditions necessary to the production of petroleum. The vegetable deposit was made amid the rocks—we know not when; internal heat has been decomposing that matter, and setting free its gases; these again have been condensed as they approached the surface, and have filled up the cavities, and accumulated amid the rocks, until in these last days the earth has literally poured us out rivers of oil.

Still all this is mere speculation. The hidden path yet remains unexplored. It may always remain so; but we have the great fact of Divine providence in the rich and copious supply, that is none the less valuable because it flows from an unknown source, and comes to us through unexplored channels.

THE ANGELS OF WAR.

Two angels sat on a war-cloud, watching the din of the fight,
One was an angel of darkness, and one was an angel of light.
The first looked down and smiled, with fearful, fiendish glee:
'Of all earth's sights,' he shouted, 'this is the one for me!
Where is your God in heaven? and where on earth is your Christ?
What have your laws and your gospels, your churches and sabbaths sufficed—
That here in this freest land, and now in this ripest age,
Men give up reason and manhood for brutal fury and rage?
Men who have prattled of peace, of brotherhood, freedom, and right!
Here is a thirst which is deeper! See how your Christians can fight!
Louder than savages' war-whoop, fiercer than savages' ire,
List to the din of their cannon, look on its murderous fire.
These be thy triumphs, O Freedom! Christendom, this is thy good!
Deadliest weapons of warfare, earth's reddest vintage of blood;
The fate of states and nations, the fate of freedom and right
Staked on the nerve of a man, poised on a cannon ball's flight;
A land of widows and orphans, a land of mourning and pain,
Whose air is heavy with sighs, whose soil is red with the slain.
Say, Earth, art thou drawing nearer that age, the promised of yore,
When swords shall be beaten to ploughshares, and war be learned no more?
Is the Prince of Peace appearing of whom your prophets tell?
Lo, here is the Prince of Darkness, and here is the reign of Hell.'

And the angel laughed in scorn, and said, in his fearful glee:
'Aha, of all earth's sights, this is the one for me.'

The other angel spake, and his face was fair and bright,
'And of all earth's sights to me this is the noblest sight.
At the touch of a hand profane laid on its sacred things,
Countless as heaven's bright army, to arms a nation springs.
Thousands of peaceful homes give up their cherished ones,
Young wives give up their bridegrooms, old mothers give their sons;
Manhood gives up its work, and eager youth its dream:
The reign of sense is over, the spirit rules supreme.
No victims of brute rage, no hirelings trained to fight,
But men in calmest manhood, fresh from the hearthstone's light.
This right arm, maimed and crippled, was dedicate to art;
All high and noble purpose beat with that pulseless heart;
Pure bridal kisses linger upon this gory brow;
On those fair curls a mother's blessing rested even now:
Such men,—the best and dearest, the very life of life,
Earth has no ransom for them,—have hastened to the strife.
'The nobler days have come when men must do and die,'
Methinks I hear them say, with calm, uplifted eye:
'Our human lives are nothing; thy will, great God, is all;
We come to work thy work, we have heard the heavenly call;

Thy right hand holdeth chance, thy strong arm ruleth fate,
To thee, the God of battles, our lives are consecrate.
Not at the foeman's call, not to the foeman's sword,
But we come at the disposal and the summons of the Lord.'

'This,' said the second angel, and his smile was fair to see,
'Of all the sights on earth is the noblest one to me;
No brutelike men are these, nay, rather to my eyes,
Men raised to angels' heights of calm self-sacrifice.'
Yet he wept, and weeping prayed, 'Oh, may these sons of men
Keep faith and strength and patience, till thou comest, Christ, again!'

A TRAGEDY OF ERROR.

I.

A low English phaeton was drawn up before the door of the post office of a French seaport town. In it was seated a lady, with her veil down and her parasol held closely over her face. My story begins with a gentleman coming out of the office and handing her a letter.

He stood beside the carriage a moment before getting in. She gave him her parasol to hold, and then lifted her veil, showing a very pretty face. This couple seemed to be full of interest for the passers by, most of whom stared hard and exchanged significant glances. Such persons as were looking on at the moment saw the lady turn very pale as her eyes fell on the direction of the letter. Her companion saw it too, and instantly stepping into the place beside her, took up the reins, and drove rapidly along the main street of the town, past the harbor, to an open road skirting the sea. Here he slackened pace. The lady was leaning back, with her veil down again, and the letter lying open in her lap. Her attitude was almost that of unconsciousness, and he could see that her eyes were closed. Having satisfied himself of this, he hastily possessed himself of the letter, and read as follows:

SOUTHAMPTON, *July 16th, 18—.*

MY DEAR HORTENSE: You will see by my postmark that I am a thousand leagues nearer home than when I last wrote, but I have hardly time to explain the change. M. P—— has given me a most unlooked-for *congé*. After so many months of separation, we shall be able to spend a few weeks together. God be praised! We got in here from New York this morning, and I have had the good luck to find a vessel, the *Armorique*, which sails straight for H——. The mail leaves directly, but we shall probably be detained a few hours by the tide; so this will reach you a day before I arrive: the master calculates we shall get in early Thursday morning. Ah, Hortense! how the time drags! Three whole days. If I did not write from New York, it is because I was unwilling to torment you with an expectancy which, as it is, I venture to hope, you will find long enough. Farewell. To a warmer greeting!

Your devoted C.B.

When the gentleman replaced the paper on his companion's lap, his face was almost as pale as hers. For a moment he gazed fixedly and vacantly before him, and a half-suppressed curse escaped his lips. Then his eyes reverted to his neighbor. After some hesitation, during which he allowed the reins to hang so loose that the horse lapsed into a walk, he touched her gently on the shoulder.

'Well, Hortense,' said he, in a very pleasant tone, 'what's the matter; have you fallen asleep?'

Hortense slowly opened her eyes, and, seeing that they had left the town behind them, raised her veil. Her features were stiffened with horror.

'Read that,' said she, holding out the open letter.

The gentleman took it, and pretended to read it again.

'Ah! M. Bernier returns. Delightful!' he exclaimed.

'How, delightful?' asked Hortense; 'we mustn't jest at so serious a crisis, my friend.'

'True,' said the other, 'it will be a solemn meeting. Two years of absence is a great deal.'

'O Heaven! I shall never dare to face him,' cried Hortense, bursting into tears.

Covering her face with one hand, she put out the other toward that of her friend. But he was plunged in so deep a reverie, that he did not perceive the movement. Suddenly he came to, aroused by her sobs.

'Come, come,' said he, in the tone of one who wishes to coax another into mistrust of a danger

before which he does not himself feel so secure but that the sight of a companion's indifference will give him relief. 'What if he does come? He need learn nothing. He will stay but a short time, and sail away again as unsuspecting as he came.'

'Learn nothing! You surprise me. Every tongue that greets him, if only to say *bon jour*, will wag to the tune of a certain person's misconduct.'

'Bah! People don't think about us quite as much as you fancy. You and I, *n'est-ce-pas?* we have little time to concern ourselves about our neighbors' failings. Very well, other people are in the same box, better or worse. When a ship goes to pieces on those rocks out at sea, the poor devils who are pushing their way to land on a floating spar, don't bestow many glances on those who are battling with the waves beside them. Their eyes are fastened to the shore, and all their care is for their own safety. In life we are all afloat on a tumultuous sea; we are all struggling toward some *terra firma* of wealth or love or leisure. The roaring of the waves we kick up about us and the spray we dash into our eyes deafen and blind us to the sayings and doings of our fellows. Provided we climb high and dry, what do we care for them?'

'Ay, but if we don't? When we've lost hope ourselves, we want to make others sink. We hang weights about their necks, and dive down into the dirtiest pools for stones to cast at them. My friend, you don't feel the shots which are not aimed at you. It isn't of you the town talks, but of me: a poor woman throws herself off the pier yonder, and drowns before a kind hand has time to restrain her, and her corpse floats over the water for all the world to look at. When her husband comes up to see what the crowd means, is there any lack of kind friends to give him the good news of his wife's death?'

'As long as a woman is light enough to float, Hortense, she is not counted drowned. It's only when she sinks out of sight that they give her up.'

Hortense was silent a moment, looking at the sea with swollen eyes.

'Louis,' she said at last, 'we were speaking metaphorically: I have half a mind to drown myself literally.'

'Nonsense!' replied Louis; 'an accused pleads 'not guilty,' and hangs himself in prison. What do the papers say? People talk, do they? Can't you talk as well as they? A woman is in the wrong from the moment she holds her tongue and refuses battle. And that you do too often. That pocket handkerchief is always more or less of a flag of truce.'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Hortense indifferently; 'perhaps it is.'

There are moments of grief in which certain aspects of the subject of our distress seems as irrelevant as matters entirely foreign to it. Her eyes were still fastened on the sea. There was another silence. 'O my poor Charles!' she murmured, at length, 'to what a hearth do you return!'

'Hortense,' said the gentleman, as if he had not heard her, although, to a third person, it would have appeared that it was because he had done so that he spoke: 'I do not need to tell you that it will never happen to me to betray our secret. But I will answer for it that so long as M. Bernier is at home no mortal shall breathe a syllable of it.'

'What of that?' sighed Hortense. 'He will not be with me ten minutes without guessing it.'

'Oh, as for that,' said her companion, dryly, 'that's your own affair.'

'Monsieur de Meyrau!' cried the lady.

'It seems to me,' continued the other, 'that in making such a guarantee, I have done my part of the business.'

'Your part of the business!' sobbed Hortense.

M. de Meyrau made no reply, but with a great cut of the whip sent the horse bounding along the road. Nothing more was said. Hortense lay back in the carriage with her face buried in her handkerchief, moaning. Her companion sat upright, with contracted brows and firmly set teeth, looking straight before him, and by an occasional heavy lash keeping the horse at a furious pace. A wayfarer might have taken him for a ravisher escaping with a victim worn out with resistance. Travellers to whom they were known would perhaps have seen a deep meaning in this accidental analogy. So, by a *détour*, they returned to the town.

When Hortense reached home, she went straight up to a little boudoir on the second floor, and shut herself in. This room was at the back of the house, and her maid, who was at that moment walking in the long garden which stretched down to the water, where there was a landing place for small boats, saw her draw in the window blind and darken the room, still in her bonnet and cloak. She remained alone for a couple of hours. At five o'clock, some time after the hour at which she was usually summoned to dress her mistress for the evening, the maid knocked at Hortense's door, and offered her services. Madame called out, from within, that she had a *migraine*, and would not be dressed.

'Can I get anything for madame?' asked Josephine; 'a *tisane*, a warm drink, something?'

'Nothing, nothing.'

'Will madame dine?'

'No.'

'Madame had better not go wholly without eating.'

'Bring me a bottle of wine—of brandy.'

Josephine obeyed. When she returned, Hortense was standing in the doorway, and as one of the shutters had meanwhile been thrown open, the woman could see that, although her mistress's hat had been tossed upon the sofa, her cloak had not been removed, and that her face was very pale. Josephine felt that she might not offer sympathy nor ask questions.

'Will madame have nothing more?' she ventured to say, as she handed her the tray.

Madame shook her head, and closed and locked the door.

Josephine stood a moment vexed, irresolute, listening. She heard no sound. At last she deliberately stooped down and applied her eye to the key-hole.

This is what she saw:

Her mistress had gone to the open window, and stood with her back to the door, looking out at the sea. She held the bottle by the neck in one hand, which hung listlessly by her side; the other was resting on a glass half filled with water, standing, together with an open letter, on a table beside her. She kept this position until Josephine began to grow tired of waiting. But just as she was about to arise in despair of gratifying her curiosity, madame raised the bottle and glass, and filled the latter full. Josephine looked more eagerly. Hortense held it a moment against the light, and then drained it down.

Josephine could not restrain an involuntary whistle. But her surprise became amazement when she saw her mistress prepare to take a second glass. Hortense put it down, however, before its contents were half gone, as if struck by a sudden thought, and hurried across the room. She stooped down before a cabinet, and took out a small opera glass. With this she returned to the window, put it to her eyes, and again spent some moments in looking seaward. The purpose of this proceeding Josephine could not make out. The only result visible to her was that her mistress suddenly dropped the lorgnette on the table, and sank down on an armchair, covering her face with her hands.

Josephine could contain her wonderment no longer. She hurried down to the kitchen.

'Valentine,' said she to the cook, 'what on earth can be the matter with Madame? She will have no dinner, she is drinking brandy by the glassful, a moment ago she was looking out to sea with a lorgnette, and now she is crying dreadfully with an open letter in her lap.'

The cook looked up from her potato-peeling with a significant wink.

'What can it be,' said she, 'but that monsieur returns?'

II.

At six o'clock, Josephine and Valentine were still sitting together, discussing the probable causes and consequences of the event hinted at by the latter. Suddenly Madame Bernier's bell rang. Josephine was only too glad to answer it. She met her mistress descending the stairs, combed, cloaked, and veiled, with no traces of agitation, but a very pale face.

'I am going out,' said Madame Bernier; 'if M. le Vicomte comes, tell him I am at my mother-in-law's, and wish him to wait till I return.'

Josephine opened the door, and let her mistress pass; then stood watching her as she crossed the court.

'Her mother-in-law's,' muttered the maid; 'she has the face!'

When Hortense reached the street, she took her way, not through the town, to the ancient quarter where that ancient lady, her husband's mother, lived, but in a very different direction. She followed the course of the quay, beside the harbor, till she entered a crowded region, chiefly the residence of fishermen and boatmen. Here she raised her veil. Dusk was beginning to fall. She walked as if desirous to attract as little observation as possible, and yet to examine narrowly the population in the midst of which she found herself. Her dress was so plain that there was nothing in her appearance to solicit attention; yet, if for any reason a passer by had happened to notice her, he could not have helped being struck by the contained intensity with which she scrutinized every figure she met. Her manner was that of a person seeking to recognize a long-lost friend, or perhaps, rather, a long-lost enemy, in a crowd. At last she stopped before a flight of steps, at the foot of which was a landing place for half a dozen little boats, employed to carry passengers between the two sides of the port, at times when the drawbridge above was closed for the passage of vessels. While she stood she was witness of the following scene:

A man, in a red woollen fisherman's cap, was sitting on the top of the steps, smoking the short stump of a pipe, with his face to the water. Happening to turn about, his eye fell on a little child, hurrying along the quay toward a dingy tenement close at hand, with a jug in its arms.

'Hullo, youngster!' cried the man; 'what have you got there? Come here.'

The little child looked back, but, instead of obeying, only quickened its walk.

'The devil take you, come here!' repeated the man, angrily, 'or I'll wring your beggarly neck. You won't obey your own uncle, eh?'

The child stopped, and ruefully made its way to its relative, looking around several times toward the house, as if to appeal to some counter authority.

'Come, make haste!' pursued the man, 'or I shall go and fetch you. Move!'

The child advanced to within half a dozen paces of the steps, and then stood still, eyeing the man cautiously, and hugging the jug tight.

'Come on, you little beggar, come up close.'

The youngster kept a stolid silence, however, and did not budge. Suddenly its self-styled uncle leaned forward, swept out his arm, clutched hold of its little sunburnt wrist, and dragged it toward him.

'Why didn't you come when you were called?' he asked, running his disengaged hand into the infant's frowsy mop of hair, and shaking its head until it staggered. 'Why didn't you come, you unmannerly little brute, eh?—eh?—eh?' accompanying every interrogation with a renewed shake.

The child made no answer. It simply and vainly endeavored to twist its neck around under the man's grip, and transmit some call for succor to the house.

'Come, keep your head straight. Look at me, and answer me. What's in that jug? Don't lie.'

'Milk.'

'Who for?'

'Granny.'

'Granny be hanged.'

The man disengaged his hands, lifted the jug from the child's feeble grasp, tilted it toward the light, surveyed its contents, put it to his lips, and exhausted them. The child, although liberated, did not retreat. It stood watching its uncle drink until he lowered the jug. Then, as he met its eyes, it said:

'It was for the baby.'

For a moment the man was irresolute. But the child seemed to have a foresight of the parental resentment, for it had hardly spoken when it darted backward and scampered off, just in time to elude a blow from the jug, which the man sent clattering at its heels. When it was out of sight, he faced about to the water again, and replaced the pipe between his teeth with a heavy scowl and a murmur that sounded to Madame Bernier very like—'I wish the baby'd choke.'

Hortense was a mute spectator of this little drama. When it was over, she turned around, and retraced her steps twenty yards with her hand to her head. Then she walked straight back, and addressed the man.

'My good man,' she said, in a very pleasant voice, 'are you the master of one of these boats?'

He looked up at her. In a moment the pipe was out of his mouth, and a broad grin in its place. He rose, with his hand to his cap.

'I am, madame, at your service.'

'Will you take me to the other side?'

'You don't need a boat; the bridge is closed,' said one of his comrades at the foot of the steps, looking that way.

'I know it,' said Madame Bernier; 'but I wish to go to the cemetery, and a boat will save me half a mile walking.'

'The cemetery is shut at this hour.'

'*Allons*, leave madame alone,' said the man first spoken to. 'This way, my lady.'

Hortense seated herself in the stern of the boat. The man took the sculls.

'Straight across?' he asked.

Hortense looked around her. 'It's a fine evening,' said she; 'suppose you row me out to the lighthouse, and leave me at the point nearest the cemetery on our way back.'

'Very well,' rejoined the boatman; 'fifteen sous,' and began to pull lustily.

'*Allez*, I'll pay you well,' said Madame.

'Fifteen sous is the fare,' insisted the man.

'Give me a pleasant row, and I'll give you a hundred,' said Hortense.

Her companion said nothing. He evidently wished to appear not to have heard her remark. Silence was probably the most dignified manner of receiving a promise too munificent to be anything but a jest.

For some time this silence was maintained, broken only by the trickling of the oars and the sounds from the neighboring shores and vessels. Madame Bernier was plunged in a sidelong scrutiny of her ferryman's countenance. He was a man of about thirty-five. His face was dogged, brutal, and sullen. These indications were perhaps exaggerated by the dull monotony of his exercise. The eyes lacked a certain rascally gleam which had appeared in them when he was so *empresé* with the offer of his services. The face was better then—that is, if vice is better than ignorance. We say a countenance is 'lit up' by a smile; and indeed that momentary flicker does the office of a candle in a dark room. It sheds a ray upon the dim upholstery of our souls. The visages of poor men, generally, know few alternations. There is a large class of human beings whom fortune restricts to a single change of expression, or, perhaps, rather to a single expression. Ah me! the faces which wear either nakedness or rags; whose repose is stagnation, whose activity vice; ingorant at their worst, infamous at their best!

'Don't pull too hard,' said Hortense at last. 'Hadn't you better take breath a moment?'

'Madame is very good,' said the man, leaning upon his oars. 'But if you had taken me by the hour,' he added, with a return of the vicious grin, 'you wouldn't catch me loitering.'

'I suppose you work very hard,' said Madame Bernier.

The man gave a little toss of his head, as if to intimate the inadequacy of any supposition to grasp the extent of his labors.

'I've been up since four o'clock this morning, wheeling bales and boxes on the quay, and plying my little boat. Sweating without five minutes' intermission. *C'est comme ça*. Sometimes I tell my mate I think I'll take a plunge in the basin to dry myself. Ha! ha! ha!'

'And of course you gain little,' said Madame Bernier.

'Worse than nothing. Just what will keep me fat enough for starvation to feed on.'

'How? you go without your necessary food?'

'Necessary is a very elastic word, madame. You can narrow it down, so that in the degree above nothing it means luxury. My necessary food is sometimes thin air. If I don't deprive myself of that, it's because I can't.'

'Is it possible to be so unfortunate?'

'Shall I tell you what I have eaten to-day?'

'Do,' said Madame Bernier.

'A piece of black bread and a salt herring are all that have passed my lips for twelve hours.'

'Why don't you get some better work?'

'If I should die to-night,' pursued the boatman, heedless of the question, in the manner of a man whose impetus on the track of self-pity drives him past the signal flags of relief, 'what would there be left to bury me? These clothes I have on might buy me a long box. For the cost of this shabby old suit, that hasn't lasted me a twelve-month, I could get one that I wouldn't wear out in a thousand years. *La bonne idée!*'

'Why don't you get some work that pays better?' repeated Hortense.

The man dipped his oars again.

'Work that pays better? I must work for work. I must earn that too. Work is wages. I count the promise of the next week's employment the best part of my Saturday night's pocketings. Fifty casks rolled from the ship to the storehouse mean two things: thirty sous and fifty more to roll the next day. Just so a crushed hand, or a dislocated shoulder, mean twenty francs to the apothecary and *bon jour* to my business.'

'Are you married?' asked Hortense.

'No, I thank you. I'm not cursed with that blessing. But I've an old mother, a sister, and three nephews, who look to me for support. The old woman's too old to work; the lass is too lazy, and the little ones are too young. But they're none of them too old or young to be hungry, *allez*. I'll be hanged if I'm not a father to them all.'

There was a pause. The man had resumed rowing. Madame Bernier sat motionless, still examining her neighbor's physiognomy. The sinking sun, striking full upon his face, covered it with an almost lurid glare. Her own features being darkened against the western sky, the direction of them was quite indistinguishable to her companion.

'Why don't you leave the place?' she said at last.

'Leave it! how?' he replied, looking up with the rough avidity with which people of his class receive proposals touching their interests, extending to the most philanthropic suggestions that

mistrustful eagerness with which experience has taught them to defend their own side of a bargain—the only form of proposal that she has made them acquainted with.

'Go somewhere else,' said Hortense.

'Where, for instance!'

'To some new country—America.'

The man burst into a loud laugh. Madame Bernier's face bore more evidence of interest in the play of his features than of that discomfiture which generally accompanies the consciousness of ridicule.

'There's a lady's scheme for you! If you'll write for furnished apartments, *là-bas*, I don't desire anything better. But no leaps in the dark for me. America and Algeria are very fine words to cram into an empty stomach when you're lounging in the sun, out of work, just as you stuff tobacco into your pipe and let the smoke curl around your head. But they fade away before a cutlet and a bottle of wine. When the earth grows so smooth and the air so pure that you can see the American coast from the pier yonder, then I'll make up my bundle. Not before.'

'You're afraid, then, to risk anything?'

'I'm afraid of nothing, *moi*. But I am not a fool either. I don't want to kick away my *sabots* till I am certain of a pair of shoes. I can go barefoot here. I don't want to find water where I counted on land. As for America, I've been there already.'

'Ah! you've been there?'

'I've been to Brazil and Mexico and California and the West Indies.'

'Ah!'

'I've been to Asia, too.'

'Ah!'

'*Pardio*, to China and India. Oh, I've seen the world! I've been three times around the Cape.'

'You've been a seaman then?'

'Yes, ma'am; fourteen years.'

'On what ship?'

'Bless your heart, on fifty ships.'

'French?'

'French and English and Spanish; mostly Spanish.'

'Ah?'

'Yes, and the more fool I was.'

'How so?'

'Oh, it was a dog's life. I'd drown any dog that would play half the mean tricks I used to see.'

'And you never had a hand in any yourself?'

'*Pardon*, I gave what I got. I was as good a Spaniard and as great a devil as any. I carried my knife with the best of them, and drew it as quickly, and plunged it as deep. I've got scars, if you weren't a lady. But I'd warrant to find you their mates on a dozen Spanish hides!'

He seemed to pull with renewed vigor at the recollection. There was a short silence.

'Do you suppose,' said Madame Bernier, in a few moments—'do you remember—that is, can you form any idea whether you ever killed a man?'

There was a momentary slackening of the boatman's oars. He gave a sharp glance at his passenger's countenance, which was still so shaded by her position, however, as to be indistinguishable. The tone of her interrogation had betrayed a simple, idle curiosity. He hesitated a moment, and then gave one of those conscious, cautious, dubious smiles, which may cover either a criminal assumption of more than the truth or a guilty repudiation of it.

'*Mon Dieu!*' said he, with a great shrug, 'there's a question!... I never killed one without a reason.'

'Of course not,' said Hortense.

'Though a reason in South America, *ma foi!*' added the boatman, 'wouldn't be a reason here.'

'I suppose not. What would be a reason there?'

'Well, if I killed a man in Valparaiso—I don't say I did, mind—it's because my knife went in farther than I intended.'

'But why did you use it at all?'

'I didn't. If I had, it would have been because he drew his against me.'

'And why should he have done so?'

'*Ventrebleu!* for as many reasons as there are craft in the harbor.'

'For example?'

'Well, that I should have got a place in a ship's company that he was trying for.'

'Such things as that? is it possible?'

'Oh, for smaller things. That a lass should have given me a dozen oranges she had promised him.'

'How odd!' said Madame Bernier, with a shrill kind of laugh. 'A man who owed you a grudge of this kind would just come up and stab you, I suppose, and think nothing of it?'

'Precisely. Drive a knife up to the hilt into your back, with an oath, and slice open a melon with it, with a song, five minutes afterward.'

'And when a person is afraid, or ashamed, or in some way unable to take revenge himself, does he—or it may be a woman—does she, get some one else to do it for her?'

'*Parbleu!* Poor devils on the lookout for such work are as plentiful all along the South American coast as *commissionaires* on the street corners here.' The ferryman was evidently surprised at the fascination possessed by this infamous topic for so lady-like a person; but having, as you see, a very ready tongue, it is probable that his delight in being able to give her information and hear himself talk were still greater. 'And then down there,' he went on, 'they never forget a grudge. If a fellow doesn't serve you one day, he'll do it another. A Spaniard's hatred is like lost sleep—you can put it off for a time, but it will gripe you in the end. The rascals always keep their promises to themselves.... An enemy on shipboard is jolly fun. It's like bulls tethered in the same field. You can't stand still half a minute except against a wall. Even when he makes friends with you, his favors never taste right. Messing with him is like drinking out of a pewter mug. And so it is everywhere. Let your shadow once flit across a Spaniard's path, and he'll always see it there. If you've never lived in any but these damned clockworky European towns, you can't imagine the state of things in a South American seaport—one half the population waiting round the corner for the other half. But I don't see that it's so much better here, where every man's a spy on every other. There you meet an assassin at every turn, here a *sergent de ville*.... At all events, the life *là bas* used to remind me, more than anything else, of sailing in a shallow channel, where you don't know what infernal rock you may ground on. Every man has a standing account with his neighbor, just as madame has at her *fournisseur's*; and, *ma foi*, those are the only accounts they settle. The master of the *Santiago* may pay me one of these days for the pretty names I heaved after him when we parted company, but he'll never pay me my wages.'

A short pause followed this exposition of the virtues of the Spaniard.

'You yourself never put a man out of the world, then?' resumed Hortense.

'Oh, *que s'il*.... Are you horrified?'

'Not at all. I know that the thing is often justifiable.'

The man was silent a moment, perhaps with surprise, for the next thing he said was:

'Madame is Spanish?'

'In that, perhaps, I am,' replied Hortense.

Again her companion was silent. The pause was prolonged. Madame Bernier broke it by a question which showed that she had been following the same train of thought.

'What is sufficient ground in this country for killing a man?'

The boatman sent a loud laugh over the water. Hortense drew her cloak closer about her.

'I'm afraid there is none.'

'Isn't there a right of self-defence?'

'To be sure there is—it's one I ought to know something about. But it's one that *ces messieurs* at the Palais make short work with.'

'In South America and those countries, when a man makes life insupportable to you, what do you do?'

'*Mon Dieu!* I suppose you kill him.'

'And in France?'

'I suppose you kill yourself. Ha! ha! ha!'

By this time they had reached the end of the great breakwater, terminating in a lighthouse, the limit, on one side, of the inner harbor. The sun had set.

'Here we are at the lighthouse,' said the man; 'it's growing dark. Shall we turn?'

Hortense rose in her place a few moments, and stood looking out to sea. 'Yes,' she said at last, 'you may go back—slowly.' When the boat had headed round she resumed her old position, and put one of her hands over the side, drawing it through the water as they moved, and gazing into the long ripples.

At last she looked up at her companion. Now that her face caught some of the lingering light of the west, he could see that it was deathly pale.

'You find it hard to get along in the world,' said she; 'I shall be very glad to help you.'

The man started, and stared a moment. Was it because this remark jarred upon the expression which he was able faintly to discern in her eyes? The next, he put his hand to his cap.

'Madame is very kind. What will you do?'

Madame Bernier returned his gaze.

'I will trust you.'

'Ah!'

'And reward you.'

'Ah? Madame has a piece of work for me?'

'A piece of work,' Hortense nodded.

The man said nothing, waiting apparently for an explanation. His face wore the look of lowering irritation which low natures feel at being puzzled.

'Are you a bold man?'

Light seemed to come in this question. The quick expansion of his features answered it. You cannot touch upon certain subjects with an inferior but by the sacrifice of the barrier which separates you from him. There are thoughts and feelings and glimpses and foreshadowings of thoughts which level all inequalities of station.

'I'm bold enough,' said the boatman, 'for anything *you* want me to do.'

'Are you bold enough to commit a crime?'

'Not for nothing.'

'If I ask you to endanger your peace of mind, to risk your personal safety for me, it is certainly not as a favor. I will give you ten times the weight in gold of every grain by which your conscience grows heavier in my service.'

The man gave her a long, hard look through the dim light.

'I know what you want me to do,' he said at last.

'Very well,' said Hortense; 'will you do it?'

He continued to gaze. She met his eyes like a woman who has nothing more to conceal.

'State your case.'

'Do you know a vessel named the *Armorique*, a steamer?'

'Yes; it runs from Southampton.'

'It will arrive to-morrow morning early. Will it be able to cross the bar?'

'No; not till noon.'

'I thought so. I expect a person by it—a man.'

Madame Bernier appeared unable to continue, as if her voice had given way.

'Well, well?' said her companion.

'He's the person'—she stopped again.

'The person who—?'

'The person whom I wish to get rid of.'

For some moments nothing was said. The boatman was the first to speak again.

'Have you formed a plan?'

Hortense nodded.

'Let's hear it.'

'The person in question,' said Madame Bernier, 'will be impatient to land before noon. The house to which he returns will be in view of the vessel if, as you say, she lies at anchor. If he can get a boat, he will be sure to come ashore. *Eh bien!*—but you understand me.'

'Aha! you mean my boat—*this* boat?'

'O God!'

Madame Bernier sprang up in her seat, threw out her arms, and sank down again, burying her face in her knees. Her companion hastily shipped his oars, and laid his hands on her shoulders.

'*Allons donc*, in the devil's name, don't break down,' said he; 'we'll come to an understanding.'

Kneeling in the bottom of the boat, and supporting her by his grasp, he succeeded in making her raise herself, though her head still drooped.

'You want me to finish him in the boat?'

No answer.

'Is he an old man?'

Hortense shook her head faintly.

'My age?'

She nodded.

'*Sapristi!* it isn't so easy.'

'He can't swim,' said Hortense, without looking up; 'he—he is lame.'

'*Nom de Dieu!*' The boatman dropped his hands. Hortense looked up quickly. Do you read the pantomime?

'Never mind,' added the man at last, 'it will serve as a sign.'

'*Mais oui.* And besides that, he will ask to be taken to the Maison Bernier, the house with its back to the water, on the extension of the great quay. *Tenez*, you can almost see it from here.'

'I know the place,' said the boatman, and was silent, as if asking and answering himself a question.

Hortense was about to interrupt the train of thought which she apprehended he was following, when he forestalled her.

'How am I to be sure of my affair?' asked he.

'Of your reward? I've thought of that. This watch is a pledge of what I shall be able and glad to give you afterward. There are two thousand francs' worth of pearls in the case.'

'*Il faut fixer la somme,*' said the man, leaving the watch untouched.

'That lies with you.'

'Good. You know that I have the right to ask a high price.'

'Certainly. Name it.'

'It's only on the supposition of a large sum that I will so much as consider your proposal. *Songez donc*, that it's a MURDER you ask of me.'

'The price—the price?'

'*Tenez,*' continued the man, 'poached game is always high. The pearls in that watch are costly because it's worth a man's life to get at them. You want me to be your pearl diver. Be it so. You must guarantee me a safe descent,—it's a descent, you know—ha!—you must furnish me the armor of safety; a little gap to breathe through while I'm at my work—the thought of a capful of Napoleons!'

'My good man, I don't wish to talk to you or to listen to your sallies. I wish simply to know your price. I'm not bargaining for a pair of chickens. Propose a sum.'

The boatman had by this time resumed his seat and his oars. He stretched out for a long, slow pull, which brought him closely face to face with his temptress. This position, his body bent forward, his eyes fixed on Madame Bernier's face, he kept for some seconds. It was perhaps fortunate for Hortense's purpose at that moment—it had often aided her purposes before—that she was a pretty woman.^[C] A plain face might have emphasized the utterly repulsive nature of the negotiation. Suddenly, with a quick, convulsive movement, the man completed the stroke.

'*Pas si hête!* propose one yourself.'

'Very well,' said Hortense, 'if you wish it, *Voyons*: I'll give you what I can. I have fifteen thousand francs' worth of jewels. I'll give you them, or, if they will get you into trouble, their value. At home, in a box I have a thousand francs in gold. You shall have those. I'll pay your passage and outfit to America, I have friends in New York. I'll write to them to get you work.'

'And you'll give your washing to my mother and sister, *hein?* Ha! ha! Jewels, fifteen thousand francs; one thousand more makes sixteen; passage to America—first class—five hundred francs; outfit—what does Madame understand by that?'

'Everything needful for your success *là-bas*.'

'A written denial that I am an assassin? *Ma foi*, it were better not to remove the impression. It's served me a good turn, on this side of the water at least. Call it twenty-five thousand francs.'

'Very well; but not a sous more.'

'Shall I trust you?'

'Am I not trusting you? It is well for you that I do not allow myself to think of the venture I am making.'

'Perhaps we're even there. We neither of us can afford to make account of certain possibilities. Still, I'll trust you, too.... *Tiens!*' added the boatman, 'here we are near the quay.' Then with a mock-solemn touch of his cap, 'Will Madame still visit the cemetery?'

'Come, quick, let me land,' said Madame Bernier, impatiently.

'We *have* been among the dead, after a fashion,' persisted the boatman, as he gave her his hand.

III.

It was more than eight o'clock when Madame Bernier reached her own house.

'Has M. de Meyrau been here?' she asked of Josephine.

'Yes, ma'am; and on learning that Madame was out, he left a note, *chez monsieur*.'

Hortense found a sealed letter on the table in her husband's old study. It ran as follows:

'I was desolated at finding you out. I had a word to tell you. I have accepted an invitation to sup and pass the night at C—, thinking it would look well. For the same reason I have resolved to take the bull by the horns, and go aboard the steamer on my return, to welcome M. Bernier home—the privilege of an old friend. I am told the *Armorique* will anchor off the bar by daybreak. What do you think? But it's too late to let me know. Applaud my *savoir faire*—you will, at all events, in the end. You will see how it will smoothe matters.'

'Baffled! baffled!' hissed Madame, when she had read the note; 'God deliver me from my friends!' She paced up and down the room several times, and at last began to mutter to herself, as people often do in moments of strong emotion: 'Bah! but he'll never get up by daybreak. He'll oversleep himself, especially after to-night's supper. The other will be before him..... Oh, my poor head, you've suffered too much to fail in the end!'

Josephine reappeared to offer to remove her mistress's things. The latter, in her desire to reassure herself, asked the first question that occurred to her.

'Was M. le Vicomte alone?'

'No, madame; another gentleman was with him—M. de Saulges, I think. They came in a hack, with two portmanteaus.'

Though I have judged best, hitherto, often from an exaggerated fear of trenching on the ground of fiction, to tell you what this poor lady did and said, rather than what she thought, I may disclose what passed in her mind now:

'Is he a coward? is he going to leave me? or is he simply going to pass these last hours in play and drink? He might have stayed with me. Ah! my friend, you do little for me, who do so much for you; who commit murder, and—Heaven help me!—suicide for you!.... But I suppose he knows best. At all events, he will make a night of it.'

When the cook came in late that evening, Josephine, who had sat up for her, said:

'You've no idea how Madame is looking. She's ten years older since this morning. Holy mother! what a day this has been for her!'

'Wait till to-morrow,' said the oracular Valentine.

Later, when the women went up to bed in the attic, they saw a light under Hortense's door, and during the night Josephine, whose chamber was above Madame's, and who couldn't sleep (for sympathy, let us say), heard movements beneath her, which told that her mistress was even more wakeful than she.

IV.

There was considerable bustle around the *Armorique* as she anchored outside the harbor of H—, in the early dawn of the following day. A gentleman, with an overcoat, walking stick, and small valise, came alongside in a little fishing boat, and got leave to go aboard.

'Is M. Bernier here?' he asked of one of the officers, the first man he met.

'I fancy he's gone ashore, sir. There was a boatman inquiring for him a few minutes ago, and I think he carried him off.'

M. de Meyrau reflected a moment. Then he crossed over to the other side of the vessel, looking landward. Leaning over the bulwarks he saw an empty boat moored to the ladder which ran up the vessel's side.

'That's a town boat, isn't it?' he said to one of the hands standing by.

'Yes, sir.'

'Where's the master?'

'I suppose he'll be here in a moment. I saw him speaking to one of the officers just now.'

De Meyrau descended the ladder, and seated himself at the stern of the boat. As the sailor he had just addressed was handing down his bag, a face with a red cap looked over the bulwarks.

'Hullo, my man!' cried De Meyrau, 'is this your boat?'

'Yes, sir, at your service,' answered the red cap, coming to the top of the ladder, and looking hard at the gentleman's stick and portmanteau.

'Can you take me to town, to Madame Bernier's, at the end of the new quay?'

'Certainly, sir,' said the boatman, scuttling down the ladder, 'you're just the gentleman I want.'

An hour later Hortense Bernier came out of the house, and began to walk slowly through the garden toward the terrace which overlooked the water. The servants, when they came down at an early hour, had found her up and dressed, or rather, apparently, not undressed, for she wore the same clothes as the evening before.

'*Tiens!*' exclaimed Josephine, after seeing her, 'Madame gained ten years yesterday; she has gained ten more during the night.'

When Madame Bernier reached the middle of the garden she halted, and stood for a moment motionless, listening. The next, she uttered a great cry. For she saw a figure emerge from below the terrace, and come limping toward her with outstretched arms.

'NOS AMIS LES COSAQUES!'

[In accordance with the policy embraced by THE CONTINENTAL, of giving views of important subjects from various stand-points, we lay before our readers the following article. It is from the pen which contributed to the 'New American Cyclopædia' the articles 'Czartoryski,' 'Francis Joseph,' 'Görgey,' 'Hebrews,' 'Hungary,' 'Kossuth,' 'Poland,' etc., etc. We doubt not the author gives utterance in the present contribution to the feelings which agitated the hearts of thousands of our naturalized citizens during the Russian excitement in New York. Heartily grateful as we may be to Russia for her timely sympathy, our country is pledged to Eternal Justice, and ought never to forget that she is the hope of mankind, and should be its model.]

On the evening of the thirtieth of November last, the large hall of the Cooper Institute—that forum of public opinion in the city of New York, which has so often been the theatre of interesting manifestations—witnessed a scene almost entirely novel. Flags, decorated with emblems unknown, were unfolded over the platform; young girls, daughters of a distant land, or at least of exiles from it, appeared in their national costume, and sang melodious strains in a foreign tongue, which charmed tears into the eyes of those who understood them; a straightened scythe, fixed to the end of a pole, was exhibited, not as a specimen of the agricultural implements of the country from which those homeless men and children had sprung, but as a weapon with which its people, in absence of more efficient arms, was wont to fight for liberty and independence; the bust of the father of the American republic was placed prominently in face of the large gathering, and at its side that of a man bearing the features of a different race, and apparently not less revered.

If I say that this man was Kosciuszko, I have explained all. Every reader not entirely ignorant of history will know which was the land, the people, what the meaning of the weapon, of the song. Who has never yet wept over the narrative of the fall of that unhappy country east and west of the Vistula, so shamelessly torn, quartered, and preyed upon by ravenous neighboring empires? Whose heart has never yet throbbed with admiration for the sons of that land who to this day protest with their blood, poured in streams, against that greatest of all crimes recorded in history, the partition of their country, and that blasphemous lie written upon one of its bloodiest pages: *Finis Poloniæ*? who, abandoned by the world, betrayed by their neighbors, trampled upon as no nation ever was before, again and again rise, and in 1794, under the lead of Kosciuszko, eclipse the deeds of those who, in 1768, flocked to the banners of Pulaski; in 1830-'31, on the battle fields of Grochow and Ostrolenka, show themselves more powerful than under the dictatorship of the disciple of Washington, and in 1863, fighting without a leader, without a

centre, without arms, surprise the world with a heroism, a self-sacrificing devotion, unexampled even in the history of their former insurrections? Who has never heard of Russian batteries assaulted and carried by Polish scythes? Whose bosom is so devoid of the divine cords of justice and sympathy as never yet to have revibrated the strain of the Polish exiles: POLAND IS NOT YET LOST?

Alas, the chronological dates just touched upon embrace a century! For a hundred years Poland writhes in heroic despair under the heels of Muscovite despotism, dazzles mankind by sublime efforts to recover her right to national life, liberty, and happiness, and *not a hand has been stretched out to help her break her chains!* All her martyrdom wrests from the better nature of mankind is a tear of mourning, when, after a superhuman struggle, she again sinks exhausted, and is believed to sink into the grave. And has Poland well deserved this heartless indifference, this pitilessness of the nations? Has she delivered none? aided none? served none? defended none? Answer, Vienna, rescued from the Turkish yoke by John Sobieski! Answer, thou monument at West Point, thou fort at the mouth of the Savannah, ye towns and counties named Kosciuszko and Pulaski! Answer, Elba and St. Helena! Answer, Hungarian companion-in-arms of Bern, Dembinski, and Wysocki! Answer, Germany, Europe, Christendom, for centuries shielded by Polish valor against Tartar barbarism and Moslem fanaticism!

Alas, Poland must beg even for sympathy! That gathering, which commemorated, on its thirty-third anniversary, the outbreak of the rising of 1830, was destined to resuscitate the feeling of the American people for the Polish cause. For the Poles sojourning in this country had reasons to believe that even that passive sentiment was on the wane, that interests, not less illusory than selfish, were working to destroy even the impressions which sacred national remembrances, by twining together the memories of Washington and Kosciuszko, had created in the American heart. Strange to say, amid the roar of cannon thundering freedom to slaves, amid streams of blood shed in the name of nationality, on this side of the Atlantic, amid daily echoes reverberating the groans of butchered martyrs, of mothers and sisters scourged, hanged, or dragged into captivity, on the other side—New York had gone mad with enthusiasm for the Muscovites! The metropolis of the freest people on the globe had prostrated herself before the shrine of semi-Asiatic despotism, had kissed the hands of the knoutbearers of the czar, had desecrated the holy memory of Washington, by coupling his name, his bust, with those of an Alexander, nay, of a Nicholas! The woes of Poland were forgotten, her cause was wantonly assailed, her fair name defamed by the very same organs of public opinion which for months and months made people shudder with daily recitals of nameless atrocities committed by the Russian hangmen, by the Muravieffs and Aunekoffs, on the defenders of their country and liberty. Unthinking scribblers and lecturers called Russia and America twin sister empires of the future, agitated for an alliance defensive and offensive between them; Poland and her defenders were calumniated. *Væ victis!*

There is an excuse for every folly New York commits and the country imitates, for she is blessed with papers and politicians more than others practised to flatter vanity and mislead ignorance. When New York strews palm leaves before the feet of the Prince of Wales, it is done to cement the bond of love that links the New World to its venerable mother; when she runs after the Japanese, it is in search of a trans-oceanic brother, just discovered, and soon lovingly to be embraced (witness our doings in the Japanese waters); when she kisses the knout and collects Russian relics, it is done to inaugurate a sistership of the future, already dawning upon her in Muscovite smiles of friendship, in diplomatic hints of the czar, and in the hurrahs for the Union of Lissoffski's crews! In this case she only pays with American sympathy for Russian sympathy, and at the same time frowns a rebuke upon England and France for their un-Russian-like behavior, and insinuates a threat which may save this country from the perils of European intervention.

But Russian imperial sympathy, with its diplomatic smiles and compulsory hurrahs, is nothing but a bait; he must be blind who does not see it. What is the natural tendency that would lead the czar, the upholder of despotism in the East, to sympathize with the model republic of the West? the empire which is again and again covered with the blood of Poland, divided by it and its accomplices, to have, amid its troubles, so much tender feeling for the indivisibility of this country? Is Alexander's friendship kindled by our acts of emancipation? It is true he has freed more than twenty millions of serfs in his empire, and, though following the dictates of political necessity, he may have acted with no more real anti-slavery sentiment than that which makes many avowed pro-slavery men emancipationists among ourselves, yet he certainly has achieved a noble glory, which even his monstrous reign in Poland may not entirely blot out from the pages of history. The same friendly disposition toward the United States was, however, ostentatiously evinced by Nicholas, who lived and died the true representative and guardian of unmitigated tyranny; it was as ostentatiously shown by Alexander at the time when Fremont's proclamation was repudiated as it is now, after the first of January, 1863; and it is he of all the monarchs of Europe who, as early as July, 1861, diplomatically advised this country to save the Union by compromise, as neither of the contending parties could be finally crushed down; that is to say, flagrantly to sacrifice *liberty* in order to save *power*. The Russian nobility will naturally sympathize with the slaveholders of the South, and the lower classes of the Russian people are too ignorant to think about transatlantic affairs. Russian imperial and diplomatic sympathy will cordially be bestowed upon any nation and cause which promises to become hostile to England (or, on a given time, to France), on Nena Sahib no less than on Abraham Lincoln. The never-discarded aim of Russia to plant its double cross on the banks of the Byzantine Bosphorus, and its batteries on those of the Hellespont, and thus to transfer its centre of gravity from the secluded shores of the Baltic to the gates of the Mediterranean; the never-slumbering dread of this expansion, which has made the integrity of Turkey an inviolable principle with the British

statesmen of every sect; and the growing inevitability of a bloody collision on the fields of central Asia of the two powers, one of which is master of the north, and the other of the south of that continent, have rendered Russia and Great Britain inveterate foes. To strengthen itself against its deadliest opponent, one courts the alliance of France, the other that of the American Union, both not from sympathy, but in spite of inveterate or natural antipathy. Against a common enemy we have seen the pope allying himself with the sultan. Russia always hates England, and from time to time fears France; both these powers continue to offend the United States, and at least one of them now threatens a Polish campaign: why should not the czar lavish his flattering marks of friendship on a great power which he hopes to entice into an unnatural alliance? It is not American freedom which the czars are fond of; they court American power as naturally antagonistic to that of England, at least on the seas. Wielded entire by a Jeff. Davis, with all the Southern spirit of aggression, it would be to them a more desirable object of an *entente cordiale*.

But why should we not accept the proffered aid, though the offer be prompted by selfish motives? Threatened by a wicked interference in our affairs, which might prove dangerous to our national existence, why refuse additional means to guard it, though these be derived from an impure source? Will an innocent man, attacked by assassins, repulse the aid of one hastening to save him, on the ground that he, too, is a murderer? Certainly not. History, too, proves it by noble examples. Pelopidas, the Theban hero, invokes the aid of the Persian king, the natural enemy of the Greeks; Cato, who prefers a free death by his own hand to life under a Cæsar, fights side by side with Juba, a king of barbarians; Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism in Germany, acts in concert with Richelieu, the reducer of La Rochelle, its last stronghold in France; Pulaski, who fights for freedom in Poland and dies for it in America, accepts the aid of the sultan; Franklin calls upon the master of the Bastille to defend the Declaration of Independence; Ypsilanti raises the standard of Neo-Grecian liberty in hope of aid from Czar Alexander I, and happier Hellenes obtain it from Czar Nicholas, and conquer; the heroic defender of Rome in 1849, Garibaldi, fights in 1859, so to say, under the lead of Louis Napoleon, the destroyer of that republic.

But what has all this to do with the question before us? Has it come to this? Is the cause of this great republic reduced to such extremities? Is this nation of twenty millions of freemen, so richly endowed with all the faculties, resources, and artificial means which constitute power, unable to preserve its national existence, independence, and liberty, without help from the contaminating hand of tyranny, without sacrificing its honor by basely singing hosannas to the imperial butcher of Poland, at the very moment when the blood of the people of Kosciuszko and Pulaski cries to Heaven and mankind for vengeance? Is the peril so great? so imminent? Is Hannibal *ante portas*? Has the French fleet dispersed Secretary Welles's five hundred and eighty-eight vessels of war, broken the Southern blockade, and appeared before our Northern harbors? Are all Jeff. Davis's bitter complaints against the English cabinet but a sham, covering a deep-laid conspiracy with treacherous Albion? Is Emperor Maximilian quietly seated on the throne of Montezuma, and already marching his armies upon the Rio Grande? The talk of foreign intervention has been going on for years, and not a threatening cloud is yet to be seen on our horizon. Both England and France deprecate the idea of hostile interference in American affairs. It is *Russia* that is *menaced*, an alliance with her can serve only herself, and her artifices have caused all the foolish clamor that threatens to disgrace this country.

And then, accepting aid is not forming an alliance, still less an alliance *defensive* and *offensive*. Not to speak of examples too remote, every one familiar with the historical characters of the men, will know that neither Pulaski, Franklin, Ypsilanti, or Garibaldi would ever have so degraded his cause—the cause of liberty—as to promise to the despot, whose aid he desired, a compensatory assistance in trampling down a people rising for freedom. No *innocent* man attacked by assassins will promise, with honest intent, to one who offers to save him, his assistance in continuing a work of murder and resisting the arm of justice.

For it must be supposed that nobody is foolish enough to believe that Russia would offer us her aid—say, against France—without requiring from us a mutual service; that merely in order to inflict a punishment on Louis Napoleon for the recognition of the South, or the establishment of monarchy in Mexico, she would, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the Polish insurrection, madly launch her armies upon the Rhine, or start her hiding fleet from behind the fortified shelters of Cronstadt and Helsingfors, make it pass the Sound and Skager Rack, unmindful of the frowning batteries of Landsrona and Marstrand, pass the Strait of Dover, and the English Channel, and enter the Atlantic, quietly leaving behind Calais, Boulogne, Cherbourg, and Brest, and all this with the certainty of raising a storm which might carry the armies of France and her allies into the heart of Poland, and ultimately, by restoring that country, press czarism back, where it ought to be, behind the Dnieper. Such assistance she would and could not honestly promise were we even to vouch a similar boon to her in case Napoleon should really enter upon a campaign for the deliverance of Poland. For neither promise could be executed with the slightest chance of real success, and without exposing the naval and land forces despatched across the seas to almost certain total destruction. The only practical military result of a Russo-American alliance could be an attack by the forces of the United States on the French in Mexico, serving as a powerful diversion for the benefit of Russia assailed by France in Europe. This is what Russia knows and our eager demonstrationists are unable to perceive. The sword of France hangs over Russia, just engaged in finishing the slaughter of Poland. The menace of a Russo-American alliance may induce Napoleon, who is entangled in Mexico, to put that sword back into the scabbard. He is too proud and too little magnanimous to give up, yielding to our menace, his Mexican work—a work so long begun, and so costly in blood and treasure—and turn all his

attention, all his forces toward Poland and Russia. He may give up Poland, for which he has not yet sacrificed anything, and turn all his attention toward Mexico and the United States. Thus our philo-Russian enthusiasm can bear no good fruits for ourselves; it can serve Russia, prevent the deliverance of Poland, and dishonor the fair name of the American republic.

Yes, dishonor it. Already, speaking of the demonstrations in favor of the Russians, that patriot soldier, Sigel, exclaims: 'They make me almost doubt the common sense of the American people.' And it is not Sigel that speaks thus: it is the voice of enlightened Germany, of the freedom-loving men of Europe.

May the people of America heed this warning before it is too late!

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

PART THE LAST.

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Everyone *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

As soon as they reached the room, Mrs. Meeker exclaimed, 'Augustus! tell me, what does this mean!'

The young man, thus appealed to, stopped, and, regarding his mother with a fierce expression, exclaimed:

'It means that I quit New York to-night!'

'Augustus! you are a cruel creature to alarm me in this way.'

'It is so, mother. I have got into a bad scrape.'

'Tell me just what it is, Augustus—tell me the whole truth.'

'Well, a few weeks ago, I lost a large sum of money—no matter how. I asked father to help me. I made him a solemn promise, which I would have kept, provided he had given me what I required. He refused, and I used his name to raise it.'

'O Augustus! Augustus!' exclaimed Mrs. Meeker in genuine agony.

'It's no use groaning over it,' said the young man. 'It is done; and, what is worse, it is discovered! Father will know it to-night. What I want is, money enough to take me out of the country; and if you will not give it to me, I will cut my throat before you leave the room!'

Mrs. Meeker could only reply by sobs and hysterical exclamations.

'It is of no use, mother—I mean it!' continued the young man.

'Where are you going, Augustus?' said Mrs. Meeker, faintly.

'Across the water. Give me the money, and I shall be on board ship in an hour.'

'I have only two hundred dollars in my purse,' said his mother, mournfully, producing it.

'It will serve my purpose,' answered her son. 'You can send me more after you hear from me.'

He took the money and put it into his pocket, and prepared to attend his mother to the door.

'But when shall I see you again, Augustus?' faltered Mrs. Meeker.

'Never!'

The parental feeling could no longer be restrained. She threw herself upon her son's neck, sobbing violently, and declared he should not leave her.

It did not avail. Although the young man's feelings seemed much softened, he resisted all her appeals. He unwound her arms with tenderness, and led her in silence down the staircase.

'Give my love to Harriet,' he said. 'Tell her I never will forget her.'

He opened the door into the street—a moment after, he had regained his room; and the miserable mother was driven back to her magnificent abode.

The next day an ordinary sailing vessel left New York for Liverpool, having on board the only son of Hiram Meeker.

When Mrs. Meeker reached her house, her husband had finished his dinner, and gone out. It was late when he returned—so late, that his wife had already retired.

In the morning, Mr. Meeker communicated to her the information of his son's disgraceful and criminal conduct. She listened with such an air of sorrow and distress, that it did not occur to him that she manifested no surprise. She prudently, perhaps, forbore communicating the incidents of the previous evening, for she knew it would lead to a terrible reproof on his part. Besides, her present interference was far beyond anything she had ever ventured on, and she stood in great terror of Hiram where important matters were concerned.

During the day, Hiram Meeker had intelligence of his son's flight. He received it with great outward composure, and with sensible inward relief.

The discovery of the fraud which Augustus had committed had also been borne with entire equanimity.

The fact is, Hiram, having thought best to conclude that his son was irreclaimable, searched the Scriptures to find the various eminent examples of disobedient, ungrateful, and wicked children; and he seemed to cherish with unctiousness the idea of being numbered among the godly parents of a reprobate child.

His own position was so strong, so far above that of any ordinary man of wealth, that the circumstance of a dissolute son's raising a few thousand dollars by forging his name (after all, it was only a few thousand) could only produce an expression of sympathy for the honored father.

What to do with Augustus—that was the question which troubled him through the night; and the morning brought an agreeable solution of it.

His child, an only son, possessed of many noble and generous qualities, without any of his father's intense selfishness, was a wanderer and an outcast on the earth, and he unmoved, undisturbed, complacent!

It was soon known in the house what had become of Augustus. When Belle heard of it, she gave a shrug, and exclaimed, 'Poor Gus!'

Harriet, the invalid, was deeply affected. Seeing how much she was sorrowing, her mother, whose heart was still tender from the recollection of her late parting with her boy, told her, under promise of secrecy (she knew she could trust her), that she had seen Augustus before he went away, and repeated the message with which she had been charged.

'O mamma!' exclaimed the poor girl, 'we can save him—I know we can! You say he is to write you. We shall know where he is, and by-and-by he will come back.'

'Your father will never permit it.'

'Perhaps not immediately; but he will yield—I am sure he will yield.'

'You do not know him as I know him,' said Mrs. Meeker, in a tone so sepulchral, that it made her daughter start. 'He will never yield—*never!*'

I think from that period the conduct of Mrs. Meeker toward her daughter was much less indifferent, not to say harsh, than it had previously been. Harriet was, in a way, connected with her last recollection of Augustus. And this spark of a mother's tenderness did, to an extent, spread a diffusing warmth over her whole nature.

CHAPTER III.

Hiram Meeker had erected an entire block of buildings, which he called 'model houses for the poor.'

By this observation the reader must not suppose I mean that they were provided *gratis* for that ever-present class. No. But they were made on a new plan, so as to give each family comfortable quarters, as if each had a house of their own.

Hiram Meeker received great credit for the 'act of benevolence' in building these homes for poor people. Doubtless it was a very great improvement over the old arrangement. Still, Hiram's block of buildings netted him just fifteen per cent. per annum, after deducting all possible charges and expenses against the property.

To secure such a handsome return, there had, of course, to be very strict and careful management. Hiram's agent in this department was a man entirely satisfactory to him, and with whom he never interfered. Frequent complaints were made of this man's severity, to which Hiram would pay no attention. It was impossible for him to look after all the details of his various affairs. An agent once appointed, people must transact their business with him.

This was reasonable, as a rule; but Hiram's iniquity was displayed in the nature of the men whom he selected to manage for him. You see he placed exacting and relentless folks in charge, and then tried to avoid the responsibility of their acts of severity.

One day, a few weeks after the circumstances recorded in the last chapter, Hiram was seated in

his inner and very private office, outside of which was his regular office, where was his confidential clerk; and beyond that the counting room of the princely house of 'Hiram Meeker'—for he admitted no partners—which several rooms were protected against persons having no business to transact with the house, but who wished to see Mr. Meeker personally.

This class found entrance very difficult. They had first to announce the nature of their business. If it required personal attention, they were introduced to a species of general agent, who was high in Mr. Meeker's confidence. If this last character was satisfied, then an interview could be had with the great man himself.

I say, one day Hiram was seated in his most private apartment, quite alone. He was engaged in calculations for some large real-estate improvements involving an outlay of at least a million of dollars. He had given orders not to be interrupted, and was deeply absorbed in his plans, when the door opened, and a young man came in with a quick step.

Hiram did not look up. He supposed it was some one connected with the establishment.

'Is this Mr. Meeker?' was asked, in a vigorous, earnest voice.

Hiram raised his head, and beheld an individual apparently five-and-twenty, dressed rather carelessly, but in the manner of a gentleman. He was of goodly proportions, and had dark hair, a clear complexion, and keen gray eyes.

Hiram made no reply to the question, except to ask, 'What is your name?'

'Dr. Ephraim Peters,' said the young man with the sparkling gray eyes.

'Who admitted you?' continued Hiram.

'I had a pressing errand of life and death, and could not wait for a formal presentation.'

'What is your business?'

Dr. Peters took a seat with considerable deliberation, while Hiram waited, with a displeased look, for him to reply.

'You are the owner of the block of 'model houses,' as they are called?'

Hiram nodded.

'A patient of mine, a laboring man, is one of your tenants. He broke his leg a few months ago, falling from a scaffolding. He has had hard work to live since. Thursday his wife was taken ill. Yesterday was rent day—he pays monthly in advance. He could not get the money, and your agent refuses to give him any grace. Now what I want to say is, the poor woman can't be moved without danger to her life.'

'Well?'

'Well,' echoed the other, 'I want to get an order from you to let her remain.'

'See the agent.'

'I have seen him; and, what is more, although I am poor enough myself—for I am just starting, you see, in New York—I offered to pawn my watch and pay the rent myself, but the man would not take it.'

'No?'

'No, he would not. He said they had gone over the time, and he did not want tenants who depended on charity to pay rent; besides he said he was afraid the woman was going to die, and he did not want a death in the building—it would give it a bad name.'

The young man paused, with the air of one who had made a successful argument, and was waiting for an auspicious result.

The only notice Hiram took of him was to say, in a decided tone, as he resumed his calculations, 'I can't interfere.'

'CAN'T interfere!' said the other, with naive astonishment. 'Why, what do you mean? It will kill the woman, I tell you! You *must* interfere.'

'Young man, you forget yourself. I repeat, go to the agent. I shall not interfere.'

'Well, well,' said the young physician, rising, 'I have heard of hard hearts and cruel men who grind the faces of the poor, but you are the first I have seen. I don't envy you, though. I would not stand in your shoes for a good deal.'

While Dr. Ephraim Peters was delivering himself of the above, Hiram had struck a small bell which stood before him, and a young man entered in response to the summons just as the doctor concluded.

'Holmes, send for a policeman.'

'Yes, sir.' And Holmes withdrew to execute the commission.

'Do you mean that for me?' exclaimed the young doctor, choking with passion, while the gray eyes flashed dangerously.

Hiram made no reply, but occupied himself intently with the figures before him.

'I say,' said the other, in a louder tone, 'do you mean that for me? I suppose you do, and I have half a mind that the errand shall not be for nothing. Yes, I have *more* than half a mind to break every bone in your worthless body!'

He looked at that moment, with his clenched hand, erect figure, and energetic presence, quite capable of carrying out the threat.

Still, Hiram paid not the slightest attention to this demonstration, but worked at his figures, more abstracted than ever. He knew it was merely a matter of time; the policeman would arrive in two or three minutes, and, as he hoped, would catch the doctor in the midst of his violent outburst of passion.

On the other hand, our young hero soon discovered that he was to get no satisfaction from his antagonist, as he now considered him, by the course he was pursuing. He, too, began to count the moments—well aware that he had not much time to spare.

He determined to change his tactics.

'After all,' he exclaimed, in a deliberate tone, 'I will not give you the chance for a case of assault and battery. I think better of the whole matter. Nature is slower, to be sure, but she will do the work better than I could. Do you know what an advantage I have over you? I am twenty-five, and you fifty-five. Money cannot buy back those thirty years. That's about all I have to say.'

'Not quite, either,' he continued, still more deliberately. 'I am a medical man, accustomed to judge of a person's condition by observation. Do you want me to tell you what is the matter with you?'

Dr. Ephraim Peters paused, as if for a reply.

A natural instinct, which acts without our volition, took such sudden possession of Hiram, that he raised his eyes from his papers and turned them upon the questioner, as if expecting him to continue.

'I see the subject interests you,' said the doctor. 'Take my advice. Sit over your papers less, and exercise more—or you will be struck with paralysis within five years! Good-day.'

He turned and quitted the apartment with a slow and dignified step.

As he advanced a little way along the street, he encountered Holmes, still in search of a police officer.

He had been at two or three places where one was always visible; but, as usual when wanted, none were to be found.

'Holmes,' said the doctor, addressing him as if he had known him all his life, 'hurry back to your employer; he wants you particularly.'

Holmes sped off at the word, delighted to be relieved in his search; and Dr. Ephraim Peters went on his way.

He was not mistaken as to the effect of the last attack. His chance shot struck Hiram amidships. The latter continued gazing on vacancy for a moment or two after the doctor had left the room.

'Paralysis—paralysis!' he muttered. 'That is what killed mother!'

Hiram started up, and walked across the room. He pinched his arms and his legs, and both his cheeks. He fancied his left side had less sensibility than his right.

'My brain *is* overworked, that's a fact. Dr. Joslin has told me so frequently. I must ride every morning before breakfast; I ought not to have neglected it. Paralysis! how did he come to say paralysis?'—and he commenced pinching himself again."

In the midst of these demonstrations, Holmes entered.

Hiram turned on him angrily. He had forgotten about sending him for a police officer.

'I thought you wanted me,' said the young man, timidly.

'No, I do not!'

Holmes retreated.

Hiram Meeker put on his overcoat, took his hat, and, though still early, prepared to walk all the way to his house.

One thing was uppermost in his mind—paralysis!

Hiram reached his house in a very pious state of mind.

His wife and Belle were both out, and he went immediately to Harriet's room.

She was delighted to welcome her father so early, and she told him so.

Hiram regarded the attenuated form and pale, thin face of his daughter, and I hope I am right in saying that he felt a touch of pity when he reflected on her distressed situation, shut out from the world, and slowly wasting away.

At any rate, he returned her greeting with more than ordinary kindness, and seated himself by the side of the couch where she was reclining.

[Had you the power to look into the HEART, even as the Omniscient regards it, which, think you, would most challenge your pity, Hiram or his daughter?]

'I fear you are lonely, Harriet, so much of the day by yourself.'

'Not very lonely, papa. You know I have a good many visits, and Margaret (the nurse) is invaluable. She reads to me whenever I desire; and she is so cheerful always, that—'

'Has your Uncle Frank been here to-day?' interrupted Hiram.

'No, papa, but he is coming in to-morrow.'

'What time, think you?'

'Uncle generally comes about six o'clock. He says he reserves his last visit before dinner for me.'

'Ask him to dine with us. Tell him I want to see him particularly.'

'Indeed, I will!' said Harriet, joyfully, for she knew there was not much cordiality between them.

Now Hiram had suddenly conceived the idea of consulting Doctor Frank about any latent tendency to paralysis in his constitution, and whether it was hereditary or not, and so forth, and so forth. Aside from his high reputation as a physician, he knew his brother could naturally judge better about that than any one else. His mind, had wandered, therefore, from his daughter back to himself.

Fortunately, she did not understand the selfish nature of the interruption.

'I wish you would come home as early every day, papa. How little you are with us!'

'It is a great self-denial, my child—very great,' responded Hiram; 'but on the rich fall a heavy responsibility—very heavy—and I must bear it. Providence has so ordered. We must uphold society. We have to sustain law and order—law and order.'

He should have said that it was law and order which sustained *him*.

[Ah, reader, it is a mighty *moral restraint* which makes the crowd wait patiently *outside*.]

Harriet heaved a deep sigh. She could not deny what her father had so pertinently expressed, yet these high-sounding words made no impression on her.

'Alas!' she said, mournfully, 'if I were a man, I should never wish to be rich.'

Hiram was preparing to make a harsh reply, but, looking at his daughter, her wan features at that moment were so expressive of every finer feeling, that his baser nature was subdued before it.

He took her hand kindly, and said, with a smile, 'My dear child, you know nothing about these things.'

'I suppose not, papa; but I have made you smile, and that is worth something.'

The interview was not prolonged. Hiram soon felt a restless feeling come over him. It occurred to him, just then, that he would have time before dinner to take a look at the locality which he was preparing to occupy for his real-estate improvements.

He told Harriet so, and repeating his request that she should induce her uncle to stay to dinner, he left her apartment.

As the door closed, his daughter sighed again. For a while she appeared to be absorbed in thought. Recovering, she directed the nurse to proceed with the book she had in reading.

We dare not inquire what was passing in her mind during those few moments of reflection. Perhaps, through that strange discrimination which is sometimes permitted to those appointed to die, she had a partial insight into her father's real nature.

I trust not. I hope she was spared that trial. It is an awful thing for a child to awaken to a sense of a parent's unworthiness!

CHAPTER IV.

The two brothers had met—had met more congenially than they ever met before. This was all

Hiram's doings. He seemed like a new creature in his bearing toward Doctor Frank, who could not (indeed he had no wish to do so) resist the influence of his cordial treatment. After dinner, they sat together in the library. They chatted of the old, old times when Frank was in college, and Hiram, a little bit of a fellow, was his pet and plaything during the vacations.

'We have done something, Frank, to keep up the Meeker name in New York,' said the millionaire, when that topic was exhausted. 'You are at the top of the profession, and I—I have accomplished a good deal.'

Hiram spoke in such a genial, mellow tone, that Frank was touched.

'Yes,' he replied; '*you* have at least achieved wonders. Do you remember what mother used always to prophesy about you? It is fulfilled tenfold.'

'Poor mother!' sighed Hiram.

'Ah, yes! she was carried off very unexpectedly. What a vigorous constitution she had, to all appearance!'

'Do you know, Frank, they tell me I may look for a similar visitation at her age?'

'You? nonsense! Who has been filling your ears with such stuff?'

'Stuff or not, so I am advised seriously. What think you of it?'

Thus appealed to, Doctor Frank regarded his brother more critically.

'That is right,' said Hiram. 'Now that you are here, give me an examination.'

Doctor Frank thereupon asked several pertinent questions, to which satisfactory replies were made. He sounded Hiram's chest: it was responsive as a drum. Then he proceeded to manipulate him in a more professional way. He put his ear close down, and held it for a minute, to get the pulsation of the heart. This he repeated two or three times.

Hiram's face grew anxious.

'You find something wrong,' he said.

His brother made no reply, except to ask more questions.

At last he exclaimed, 'You are all right, Hiram—all right. There *is* a little irregularity about the action of the heart: it is not chronic, but connected with the digestive organs. You are in as good health as a man could ask to be. Only, don't use your brain quite so much; it interferes with your digestion, and that in you affects the action of the heart. It is not worth mentioning, I assure you' (Hiram was looking alarmed); 'but, since you can just as well as not, I say, take more exercise, and give your brain a holiday now and then.'

'Thank you—thank you! So you don't think there is anything in the idea that I shall be—be—struck with paralysis—at about the same age that mother was?'

'Pure nonsense, Hiram—utter nonsense!' exclaimed Doctor Frank, cheerfully. [He knew how foolish it is to alarm one.] 'Still, exercise, exercise. That we ought all to do.'

The next day, Hiram commenced his morning rides; one hour before breakfast regularly.

He had fought the battle of life, and had won. Now he was called on to go into another contest. He set to work at this with his customary assiduity.

No one who saw the millionaire on his horse, trotting sharply over the road very early in the morning, understood really what was going on.

One day, however, Dr. Ephraim Peters caught sight of him, spurring on under full headway, as if everything depended on the work he had in hand.

'Do you know who that is, and what he is about?' asked the young doctor of his companion.

'No.'

'It is Hiram Meeker, *fighting Death*'

CHAPTER V.

As the gay season progressed, the love affair between Signor Filippo Barbone and the daughter of the millionaire was not permitted to languish.

The Signor was not in society.

Much as she might desire to do so, Belle dared not venture on the hazardous experiment of introducing into her own aristocratic circle one who had so lately figured as a second-rate opera singer. He would have been recognized at once, and the whole town agitated by the scandal.

Belle knew this very well. Yet, strange to say, it did not in the least weaken her infatuation for this coarse fellow. On the contrary, I think it stimulated it. Self-willed and imperious, she tolerated with extreme impatience any restraint whatever. In this instance, it was the more

tantalizing and exciting, because she felt that the world would be in opposition to her; while her lover adroitly added fuel to the flame, by protesting that he would no longer consent to be so unjust, so selfish, so criminal, as to attempt to absorb her attention, or even intrude on her notice. True, he should himself fade away and perish (he looked very much like it); what of that? What were misery and death to him, compared with her ease and peace of mind?

Thereupon he would disappear for two or three days, during which time Belle would work herself into a fever of excitement. And when he did return, unable, as he would say, to keep his oath to himself never to see her again, she would receive him with such emotion and such passionate demonstrations of delight, that the wily knave was satisfied he had completed his conquest.

Things were at just this pass, when Hiram received an anonymous letter, warning him in vague terms of what was going on, but mentioning no names.

Hiram was thunderstruck. On reflection, he was convinced that it was the work of some envious person, who had got up the note to cause him or his daughter annoyance; or else that it was a miserable joke, perpetrated by some foolish fellow. So entirely was he assured that one or the other hypothesis was correct, that he dismissed the matter from his mind. He carried the note home, however, and handed it to Belle in a playful manner, while he bestowed his customary caress, and received a kiss in return.

'Young lady, what do you think of that?' he asked.

It was fortunate—or rather most unfortunate—that Hiram did not entertain the slightest suspicion of his daughter: else he would have been led to scrutinize her countenance as he made the remark.

Like most persons who are accustomed to decide for themselves, he never questioned the correctness of his judgment after it was once formed.

Belle, for an instant, felt the floor sinking away under her feet!

It was only for an instant.

With the readiness for which the sex are so remarkable, she at once gave way to a most violent exhibition of temper. She walked up and down the room, apparently in a transport of rage; she tore the note into a hundred pieces, and *threw them into the grate*.

What was to be done? What would her father do to punish the miscreant who had dared take such a liberty with her name? Boldly she stepped before him, and asked the question.

During these exhibitions, Hiram stood smiling all the while. Belle was very handsome, and never, as he thought, so brilliant as at that moment, giving vent to her woman's passion.

It was really so. Her form, her face, her eyes worked so harmoniously in the scene she had got up to cover what was below the surface, that she did present, to any one whose senses were arbiters, a most beautiful display.

'You are laughing at me, papa—I see very plainly you are laughing at me! I will not endure it! I—'

'Belle,' interrupted her father, 'you little goose, what do you think I care for the scribbling of any fool that chooses to disgrace himself? What should you, my daughter, care? To be sure, I can understand why you may suddenly give way to your feelings; but there is reason in all things. Don't you think the miserable fellow who penned that scrawl (by-the-way, you have very foolishly destroyed it, provided you did wish to trace it out)—I say, don't you think the fellow who perpetrated the ridiculous joke would be pleased enough to see how you take it?'

He took his daughter by the arm—a very beautiful arm—and gave her a little shake—a playful, pleasant shake. Looking her in the face, he said: 'Answer me, Belle—am I not right? Have you not sense enough to see that I am right?'

'Oh, I suppose so, papa. You are always right. That is, I never can answer your arguments; but—'

'That will do, Belle. Run off to your room, and come down quite yourself for dinner.'

Belle gave her father an arch smile, to show how obedient she was, and bounded away.

Hiram watched his daughter with delight as she ran up the staircase, and his heart exulted in the possession of a child so charming and attractive.

THE ANDES.

The Andes, like a vast wall, extend along the western coast of South America. Woods cluster, like billows of foliage, around the feet of the mountains. A vast network of intersecting streams is woven by the gigantic warp and woof of these mountains. Many brooks, stealing along, scarcely heard, over the table-lands, and many fierce torrents, dashing wildly through rocky crevices, fill the great streams that roll, some into the Caribbean Sea, some into the near Pacific; while one, the mighty Amazon, stretches across the continent for more than three thousand miles, and swells the Atlantic with the torrents of the Andes. The keel of a vessel entering the Amazon from

the Atlantic, may cut through waters that once fell as flakes of snow on the most western ridges of the Andes, and glistened with the last rays of the sun as he sank in the Pacific.

A spell of fascination hangs about the Amazon. Its wonders, known and unknown, have a marvellous attraction; and the perils encountered in its exploration give a throb of interest to its very name.

How terrible were the sufferings of Gonzalo Pizarro and his companions, who set forth in youth and vigor to explore the valley of the Amazon! How worn and haggard the survivors returned to Quito, leaving some of the daring cavaliers of Spain to bleach in death on the wild plain, or to moulder in the lonely glen! No river has sadder chronicles of suffering and danger than the Amazon. Still, the exploration, so hazardous, yet of such vast value, will go on. Many a hero in the great war with nature will follow the track of Herndon, the noble man as well as the brave explorer, who escaped the perils of the great river, only to sink, with his manly heart, into the great deep.

In science as in war, ranks after ranks may fall; but the living press on to fill the vacant places. The squadrons are ever full and eager for service. To search new lands through and through, or to drag old cities from the graves of centuries, men will advance as heroically as an army moves to the capture of Chapultepec. Not a flower can breathe forth its fragrance, though in marshes full of venomous serpents and of as deadly malaria, but science will count its leaves, and copy with unerring pencil the softest tints that stain them with varied bloom and beauty. Science will detect every kind of rock in the structure of the most defiant crag. Not a bird can chant or build its nest in the most leafy shade, but science will find the nest, describe every change of color on the feathers of the little singer, and set to music every tone that gushes from its tiny throat. Not a gem can repose safe from seizure, in the rocks, in the sand, or in the torrent. Not a star can twinkle in the abyss of night, but science will tell its rate of light, and describe its silent and mysterious orbit. Torrid heat, the earthquake, the tornado, the pestilence, mountains of ice, craters of flame—science will dare them all, to know one more law of nature. God speed the daring of science, if only her votaries will not place the law in the place of Him who made both it and the works which it was commissioned to guide. Science, when she has found the highest and the most comprehensive law of nature, has not touched Deity itself; she has but touched the hem of the garment of the Great Lawgiver.

One veteran of science, Alexander von Humboldt, has yielded to the great law of humanity, as inexorable as any that he found in nature. His researches in South America, though mainly confined to the valley of the Orinoco, were most thorough, and his array of facts and observations are of inestimable value. Yet, Humboldt searched into nature with the coldness of the anatomist, content with examining its material structure, rather than with the zeal of one who seeks images of Divine power impressed alike on solid rocks and gliding streams. Science, however rigid, would not have restrained the ardor of homage to the Author of creative energy and grandeur, bursting forth irrepressibly in scenes where angels would have adored the Great First Cause, and where man can do no less.

Humboldt's fame as an observer is founded on a rock which no mortal power can shake. He lacked the reverential insight into the higher and deeper powers of nature, but, so far as his mental eyes saw, he described surely and vividly the manifestations of those powers. He was an observer of wonderful skill in the outer courts of nature, though he seemed either not to seek or to be bewildered in seeking her interior shrine. He exemplified rather the talent than the genius of discovery, the patient sagacity which accumulates materials, rather than the fervid enthusiasm which traces the stream of nature's action to its spring, the great Creative Will. Yet, the very title of Humboldt's great work, the concentrated fruit of a life of toil, 'Cosmos,' meaning beauty and order, and, then, the visible world, as illustrating both, seems to show a gleam of feeling above the spirit of material research. His warmest admirer could have respecting him no worthier hope than that he, who has left the scene of earthly beauty which he so long and diligently studied, may have had the joy to discern, in the sphere of celestial order, the Cosmos of the skies, higher and deeper truths than external nature can teach.

An American artist, Church, has portrayed with great force and beauty some portions of the inspiring scenery of the Andes. Church's pictures are avowedly compositions, and not transcripts of actual views; yet, they are not more remarkable for ideal beauty than for truthfulness to nature. Although no real scenes among the Andes correspond to his painting, yet the glorious characteristics of the Andes are seen in every line, in every color, in all the strange lights and shadows of his paintings. Imagination, which sees at once the powers and proportions of things, is, when joined to a feeling heart, the surest guide to him who would describe natural truth, whether of the souls of men or of material forms. The realists of art may not be so well satisfied with a composition, as with the delineation, line by line, and point by point, of a scene in nature; yet the more comprehensive critic will own that universality will gain by the composition far more than local identity can lose. By his imaginative skill, Church has portrayed in two or three pictures those characteristics of scenery which, to be faithfully delineated in copies from actual views, would require a hundred paintings. This is alike his best defence and his highest praise.

In recalling my own observations among these noble mountains, and in striving to express them in language, I feel how much higher is the vantage ground of the painter. One may examine for hours the canvas, until every scene is fixed on the memory as on the canvas itself. Yet I will endeavor to give a general view of the scenery of the stupendous Andes—stupendous truly, yet among those mountains are scenes of such quiet beauty as to touch the heart as tenderly as

softest music.

Scarcely a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean arise some of the highest peaks of the Andes, yet the way upward is much longer. From the coast, or from the decks of ships sailing by it, may be seen, in clear weather, some of the peaks of the mountains. On the shores, hazes and mists often temper the tropical sun and obscure distant objects; but, at early morning and evening, sometimes the great snowy dome of Chimborazo may be seen afar, towering in majesty above the tropical verdure between its base and the ocean. It looks as if invading the heavens with its colossal form; and at such times it wears a vesture of glory. A few years ago, in New England, of a clear night in the depth of winter, an aurora of the north reddened the whole sky; and the earth beneath, covered with snow, was as red as the sky above. Imagine such an aurora to fall upon the snowy summit of a mountain four miles high, and you may conceive how attractive is the flush of beauty upon the brow of Chimborazo at sunrise and at sunset.

Turn from the broad Pacific, as its long waves glance in the sun; and, as the morning tide washes up the tropical rivers, go with it along one of them, a part of the way, perhaps, in a sailing vessel or a steamer, but the rest in a light canoe. Tropical shrubbery and forests line the banks of the stream. New forms and modes of life impress the traveller from the temperate zone. The scenery of the tropics, so long the wonder of the imagination, now expands in wild luxuriance before the sight. When you have gone as far as you can along the winding river, waiting, perhaps, for hours, here and there upon the bank, in some rude cabin, or under the shade of some broad fragrant tree, for the returning tide from the ocean to bear you swiftly on; disembark upon a strange soil, and prepare to pursue your journey by mules or horses.

You reach the forests, and pierce their dark recesses by narrow paths, mere winding threads of road. Great clouds of foliage press around you, and, at the slightest breeze, thrill with that murmur of myriads of trees, which is so full of mystery and awe; for there, the very forests, unbroken and unbounded, seem audibly to breathe together with mystical accord, and to blend low quivering tones with the grand chorus which swells daily upward from vales and mountains, seas and shores.

Interspersed with the thick foliage, on every hand are blossoms and fruits of every tropical kind. Pale, white bridal blossoms clothe the orange tree, or golden fruit hangs among its clusters of glossy leaves. The starry rind and pale-green crown of the pineapple tempt you to enjoy the luscious fruit. High in air the cocoanut tree lifts its palmy diadem. The long broad leaves of the plantain protect its branches of green or yellow fruit, and throw a grateful shade upon the way, open here and there. Here is, indeed "a wilderness of sweets," and the air is full of blended fragrances. While the eye ranges, seeing trees, fruits, and flowers innumerable, of glorious hues and countless kinds, most never seen by you before, or at least only as exotics, the ear also takes in varied sounds. Birds are singing, insects humming; every tree seems a choir, and the immeasurable forest a wide congregation of joyful voices.

You are now on the lowest stage of that sublime gradation of climates and scenery displayed by the Andes. You cross it in two or three days' journey (for, as in the East, so, in the mountainous regions of South America, travelling is measured less by miles than by days' journeys). You then arrive at the foot of one of the mountains. Stop and look up! A ridge covered with forests to its very top stands steep before you. The wind makes tremulous the masses of evergreen foliage, which are now shaded by the reluctant mists of the morning, slowly ascending, and now are bright with the full splendor of noon. Above that ridge rises another, and another yet, unseen at the foot. Begin the ascent. The mules tremble as they strive to keep their hold on the steep, slippery soil. Press upward in zigzag paths for hours. Reach the top of the ridge, and descend into the valley between it and another higher opposite; then, ascend again. As you thus slowly, patiently, yet surely reach the heart of the mountainous region, wild diversity of views holds you bound in wonder and strange delight. Here are level places—here pure, bright brooks glide on as smoothly as in meadows. There, a torrent rushes over crags, foaming and roaring in an everlasting cascade. Before you may be a hillside, green with luxuriant pasturage, where flocks and herds graze quietly through the day, while the shepherd, with his crook and harmonic pipe, reminds you of classic scenes. Turn aside—and you may look down into cavernous recesses, whose gloomy, depths you cannot measure. Scenes fair and fearful meet in the same horizon. So, in life, the gentle charities, that, like the face of Una, make sunshine in the shady place, are often found not far from rugged rage and black despair. Press on through glad and sombre scenery. Press upward in steep ways, miry and craggy, narrow and broad, by turns.

Now, so deep are the paths cut in the mountain, so high are the banks, so contracted is the way, that, the higher you rise, the less you appear to see; and you feel disappointed at missing the grand horizon of smaller mountains, on which, coming nearer the summit, you expected to look; but now, a shout of exultation breaks from your lips; and well it may. A new Pacific Ocean seems to expand before you, as if by some sudden enchantment. It is an ocean of constant verdure and inexhaustible fertility, spreading far, far below you, as far as you can see, on every side but that from which, high on the mountain top, you look down upon the view. The seeming ocean is the first table land, whose soft, green undulations fill the horizon, though, when the sky is clear, the snowy mountains may be seen far away, dazzling the heavens and the earth with their brightness. Spring and autumn here join hands, consecrating the double seedtime and the double harvest of the year. Yonder is a field of ripened grain. And there is the Indian laborer, near his cabin of thatch and clay, guiding the rude ploughshare through the fertile soil.

Descend the mountain, and, crossing that sea of beauty, ascend the mountains beyond. The

scenes, just now all soft and pleasing, give way to others which unite the lovely and the severe. Look upward. There rises a mountain, so gently curving and so green, so alluring with its light and shade, that it seems the very emblem of graceful majesty, looking as if it must know its wondrous beauty, and as calm as if no wind strong enough to make a violet tremble could ever breathe upon its face; yet near, in vivid contrast, stands a craggy peak, towering up, up, toward the deep blue sky, so broken and so black that it seems like the very Giant Despair of mountains, frowning with unearthly fierceness upon his gentle neighbor, who returns his grim looks with meek and placid trust. Where whirlwinds and tempests await the signal for howling desolation, stands the beautiful colossal image of sublime serenity.

Again, steep, rocky roads lead over rugged cliffs. Your horses climb panting, and descend, picking their steps, upon the other side. Stop awhile on this green space, a valley between two high ridges. Countless flowers spread fragrance and beauty around. They are not those alone of the strictly tropical level, but, owing to the height above the sea, the floral wealth of the temperate zone is embosomed in the torrid region itself, and adds the charm of an almost magical diversity to the intrinsic splendors of the scene. See small objects flitting about from flower to flower. They are the smallest and most delicate of hummingbirds, nowhere found but in America. Watch their colors, changing with every changing motion, purple, crimson, golden, green. It is as if the very flowers had taken life, and were revelling with conscious glee in the soft, bright air. The hues of these birds are dazzlingly bright. The little creatures glance about like prismatic rays embodied in the smallest visible forms.

After gazing upon these hummingbirds with joy as great as theirs, as they revel like fairies in the profusion of this flowery valley, look upward on the high, grand ridges that close it in. What suddenly starts from the very top of yon cliff, and floats in the air, high, high, above you? It is the great condor, expanding his broad wings, wheeling in flight from ridge to ridge, curving with majestic motion, now poising himself upon his wings, now apparently descending, now suddenly but gracefully turning upward, until his lessening shape has gone beyond the farthest reach of sight. The hummingbird and the condor; hillsides covered with sheep; rocky ridges inaccessible to man or beast; brooks that quiver gently on; impetuous torrents; the beauty of Eden and craggy desolation like that of chaos—these all can you see among the Andes.

Let not the fascination of this valley, the songs of birds, the flowers, the hummingbirds glistening among them like gems, the soft outlines of the scenery detain you long. Harder and sterner scenes await you. The Andes are a picture of life. Every cliff records a lesson; and the unnumbered flowers interweave with their varied dyes and rich perfumes gentle suggestions, sweet similitudes for the understanding and the heart. If, as in this charming valley, the senses may be dissolved in joy, and the spirit would linger willingly in rapt delight, soon some hard experience, kindly sent, requires one to brace all manly energy for the rough encounter, the blast of peril, and duty's steep and craggy road. You ascend in narrowing ways, casting long, lingering looks upon the valley, whenever it opens to view between the cliffs.

Here, the ridges are so near together that the shrubbery from the top of each joins in an arch overhead. There, you pass along by the side of a mountain, in a path which affords scarcely room for a single horseman, and where he who enters the close defile, shouts aloud, and, if the first, thus gains a right of way through, and parties on the other side, hearing the shout, must wait their turn. Now, you leave for a while the narrow road, and descend upon a beautiful table land, bounded on the sides by parallel but distant mountains; and the open places reveal fertile plains in far perspective. Light streams through the wide, clear space in a golden tide of splendor. Again, you are partly surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, rising in gradations, and of such impressive magnitude and extent that one might imagine that here the secret forces of nature are wont to take bodily shape, to look on the grand tragic storms which their own fearful agency has raised.

Now, on one side, the mountains subside into soft undulations; on the other, the ridges are colossal, dark, and broken, and along the edges of their successive summits is a line of snow, varying with the line of the cliffs, and glittering like burnished silver in the sun, above the jagged battlements. The deep blue sky, the shining snow, the huge, dark, rocky bases, the different shades of color harmoniously blending, the soft and rugged shapes contrasting vividly—well may impress the soul with pleasure-relieving awe, with awe-ennobling pleasure.

Dismount awhile for rest. Enter this rude, thatched house by the wayside, on a level spot. Laden mules pass by in crowds, attended by Indian drivers, each of whom doffs his hat and blesses you—a mere ceremony, it may be, but one in picturesque keeping with the scenery. Invigorated by the breeze, the shade, the rest, prepare to go higher, higher, higher yet. First, pluck some of these roses that grow profusely around you, that, if you reach the line of snow that never melts, you may place upon the cold bosom of perpetual winter these blushing symbols of perpetual spring.

Again, you reach the edge of a cliff, through the deep, narrow valley between which and the cliff opposite pours a furious torrent, which, resounding louder and louder as it is approached, now drowns all other sounds in its despotic roar. But, fearful as it looks, it must be crossed. Some of these torrents are spanned by bridges; but most of them are so impetuous, especially in the rainy season, that bridges even of stone would be undermined, and those of timber would be swept away like wisps of straw. You must now trust to the sagacity of your mules or horses. You descend the precipitous side of the cliff, seeming to yourself as if about to fall headlong into the torrent; but after a painful and perilous jaunt, you reach its level. Its roar now confuses and

nearly stuns you. Each side is more or less precipitous, and you seem at the mercy of the furious tide, while jutting rocks above seem just ready to be loosened by some convulsion, and to crush you with their merciless weight: meantime, your horse stands unmoved by the peril before or above him, apparently deaf to the noise of the torrent, and quietly surveys the rapids, as if to select the safest point to cross. Disturb him not. He takes his time, and places one foot and then another in the torrent. As he reaches the main current, he trembles, not with fear, but with the effort to keep himself from being swept against the rocks. He may be able to keep his footing and to walk across, though panting and shaking at every step; or the stream may be so deep that he is forced to swim. If so, he bears up *manfully* (if one may say so) against the rushing force, and at last scrambles up the least steep peak of the opposite bank, bearing you more dizzy than he is. But the bank itself is only the foot of a ridge as precipitous as that which you descended to reach the stream. Quietly, patiently, surely the horse ascends. A sudden misstep or unwary slip among the loose stones of the path would send you far backward into the torrent which you have just escaped. This very seldom happens, for the horses and mules have been well trained for the service. In all the perils, the horse or mule is a safer guide than you. Give him a free rein, and he will bear you up the hardest, roughest, steepest places.

You are now high among the Andes, far above every sign of tropical vegetation; and, although hourly you are approaching the equatorial line, yet hourly also it is growing colder. Look up! A snowy peak rises directly before you, and seems to challenge you with its refulgent, inaccessible majesty. The sight at first almost appals, but fascinates. The feeling of fear soon surrenders to absorbing enjoyment of the sublimity of the scene. The more you look, the more you desire to look. There stands the mountain, a single glance at which repays all the fatigue and danger of the road;—there it stands, as high above the Pacific Ocean as if Vesuvius should be piled upon itself again, and again, and yet again. Clear snow covers it with a robe of dazzling light.

The snowy peak, though it seems so near in the pure atmosphere, is a weary distance off. As you advance slowly and laboriously upward, the wind blows almost like a hurricane. You can hardly breast its force. It grows colder and colder. Here, on the equator, man may freeze to death. Bear a stout heart and a firm face against the cold and the wind.

Now it is too steep even for the horses and mules of the Andes. You are ascending toward the snowy peak whose alluring brightness has charmed the long way, since you saw it first. Dismount and climb as you can among the rocks. The glittering snow is near. You pant as if you might soon lose all power to breathe again; yet, press on, and now touch at last the pure, bright, equatorial snow.

Would you now reach the very summit which shines far, far above you, arrayed in glowing white. That you cannot do. Angels descending on ministries of grace may touch that snowy mountain top, but mortal feet it never felt. That radiant peak is sacred from bold endeavor and the assaults of battle. War's gory feet never climbed so far. War's flaming torch never stained that pure and snowy light. Swords never flashed among those white defiles. Angels of peace guard the tops of the Andes. There is truce to all the rage of earth. During the middle ages, an interval in every week was sacred from the assaults of foes. It was called the Truce of God. Not for three days, but for countless ages, from the birth of time to the final consummation, on these snowy summits of the Andes shines in pure white the Holy Truce of God.

In Italy and Sicily, an ethereal veil, a pale, blue gossamer, spreads over the scenery, as if each object had caught some delicate reflection from the blue heavens above; and the golden illumination of this misty veil causes the peculiar charm of Italian sunsets. This effect is generally wanting in the scenery of the Andes near the equator, though among the mountains more remote, a similar effect is sometimes seen. Among the Andes of the equatorial region, so pure is the air, that the farthest objects visible are exactly defined. The curves and angles of distant cliffs are as clearly seen as those of masses of rock at one's side. Hardly a ray of light is so refracted as to disturb the perfect shape and color of any object in the horizon. The splendor of the sun brings out the true colors of everything within the range of sight; and so various are these colors, and so diversified are the groupings of ridges and valleys, in the scenery of the Andes of the equator, that the pure developing and defining light and the clear air of that region produce effects as enchanting as the transforming light and the soft veiling air of Italy. At sunrise and at sunset, indeed, but especially at sunset, a rosy light tinges the snowy summits of the far-off mountains, but those near shine with pure white, like mountains of silver. The hue of every precious stone is found in the colors of the Andes. Even the crevices on the rocky sides of the mountains without verdure seem when the sun shines upon them to be filled and overflowing with warm hues, varying from the softest lilac to the deep, rich, pervading purple which the artist loves to revel in. Each of the Andes, besides his emerald or pearly crown, seems also to wear, like the high priest of old, a jewelled breastplate, reflecting on earth the glory of the skies.

The table lands of the Andes, especially when seen from above, resemble the rolling prairies of western North America. Both have the same beautiful and various undulations, though those of the table lands are bolder. The prairies are far more extensive; though, often, the table lands present as broad a horizon of gently curving land. These table lands in some places extend like vast halls between widely separate but parallel chains of the Andes—again, like broad corridors along a line of ridges—again, like wide landings to gigantic stairs, of which the stone steps are mountains—again, they expand in hollows surrounded by hills, like lakes of land. Here is one large enough for several small farms only—there, many towns and rural estates are found on the same table land. Here is one which you may traverse in an hour—there is one which may be several days' journey across.

The agricultural wealth of the Andes is mainly concentrated in these table lands, in these millions of rolling acres. The table lands are above the region of forests. About the watercourses, on the farms, and in the towns, a few trees may be found—sometimes avenues of them laid out with care and beauty; and the fruit trees of the temperate zone may here be cultivated; but the great forests of the tropical level and the pines of the mountains are absent.

The *Paramos* are sandy plains, in fact, mountain deserts, in the dry season liable to great droughts, and in the wet season to fearful snowstorms. The armies of Independence, during the wars between Spain and South America, suffered terrible hardships and exposures in the *Paramos*. The *Pampas* are wide and level plains, not so high as the table lands, where graze innumerable herds of wild cattle. They are beyond the ranges of mountains, in the more central parts of South America. There are none west of the Andes.

The table lands complete the sublime varieties of the scenery. Their serenity enchants, as the grandeur of the mountains that rise above them exalts the mind. The works of nature are not only adapted to human need with Omniscient skill, as these fertile lands among the sterner mountains prove; but, feelings different, yet harmonious, are excited by the combinations of Infinite Power. The emotion of awe, being one of great concentration, becomes even painful, if the tension of the mind be too long sustained; and so He who tempers the ineffable splendor of His immediate presence even to the gaze of angels, with the rainbow of emerald about his throne, with the sea of crystal, the tree of life, or the gates of precious stones, also soothes the sublimity of mountains with gentle traits of scenery and soft gradations of color which give enjoyment more passive than awe, and rather captivate than overpower the eye and soul.

From the table lands can often be seen in the distance snow-covered tops of mountains, projected in bold, white outlines against the deep-blue sky; and there the sky is really blue, not of that pale tinge that often passes for it, but of a deeper blue than even the rich October sky of North America. As if joining the sky, are the shining summits of the mountains. The two ethereal colors, blue and white, thus meet in dazzling harmony. Sometimes so many of these white, towering heights can be seen, and in so different quarters, that one may almost fancy the sky itself to be a vast dome of sapphire supported by gigantic pillars of marble.

Most of the cities, villages, and farms are on these table lands. Often, for the sake of the grand view, a villa is built on a steep ridge, within sight of the broad, undulating surface of some plateau; or, in some position of peerless beauty, the glittering cross on some convent may be seen. The Spanish race appreciate the picturesque, as is shown by their choice of sites, not only in Spain, but in Spanish America. The poetical, imaginative character which has marked Spanish annals for centuries, still marks those who have any claim to Spanish descent. The South American, though half an Indian, recognizes the grandeur of his native mountains, and the beauty of the broad, fertile valleys, while a thorough-going Anglo-Saxon of North America, in the same places, would calculate whether or not the torrent that rushes foaming and glittering down the mountain is too steep to serve a mill, or whether the smaller mountains might not be levelled for building lots; or he would gaze upon some beautiful table land with wonder indeed, but with wonder chiefly how much wheat or barley there grows to the acre, or can be made to grow. The table lands produce the grains and fruits of the temperate zone; and, accordingly, proprietors who own, as many do, estates on the tropical and on the temperate level, may supply their tables with fruits from their own grounds, for which, in other countries, the world must be brought under contribution. The soil is cultivated mainly by Indians. Descendants of the ancient rulers of the land now till the fields of the descendants of the conquerors.

Some, indeed, representing more or less the Indian part of the population, are owners of estates; yet a full Indian rarely has lands of his own. He is a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, tills the fields, and performs most of the drudgery of the country. More South Americana of Indian descent, out of the general population, have gained honor and power than could possibly have done so under the confined and absolute sway of the Incas. The Indians of all Spanish America have progressed, however slowly and rudely, in the arts, labors, culture, and faith of Christian civilization, and, in the aggregate, are in advance of the Indians of Anglo-America.

Let the imagination survey the whole range of the Andes for their vast extent of sixty degrees of latitude. On every level space are seen the signs of culture and human habitation, fields green with the early grain, or yellow with the harvest. The roads now wind through forests of constant shade, even under the burning sun of the equator; now they turn with gentle windings, or with steep abruptness, while below spread bright and beautiful lands, and interesting the more because associated with the homes and lives of men.

In the grandest scenery, some sign of man's abode will be grateful. No one, indeed, whose soul has not been warped out of all likeness to the Divine image which it once wore, can regard without abhorrence such intrusions of noisy machinery into scenes of natural sublimity as, for instance, have desecrated the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, and which would have done so yet more, but for the energetic and forever-praiseworthy resistance of the proprietors of adjacent grounds; as if America, with her thousands of miles of rivers, and almost infinite number of rapid, unfailing brooks, had not mill privileges enough, without daring to insult the Divine Majesty by wresting the Falls of Niagara from their true design. The spirit of gain, which has been eager, though—thanks be to God—it has not been able to spoil the natural glory of Niagara, is vile, degraded, base enough to sell a mother's dying gift for gold, or to seize, if it had the power, the jewelled gates of the New Jerusalem as collateral security for its meagre faith in anything divine.

But, though the presence of that sacrilegious materialism, of that practical blasphemy, which

defies creative Deity at the very shrines where its infinite power is most wonderfully displayed, is a plague spot, a malignant sign of spiritual leprosy, which warns all to beware of its vile contagion; yet, the suggestions of rural toil, the sight of tilled fields, the cottage, the shepherd and his flock, are all harmonious with nature, even in her grandeur; for they show that the glorious wonders of earth were given, not, indeed, to be distorted, but to be enjoyed by man; and even the stupendous mountain derives a new charm from the reflection that it may minister daily to the elevation of the soul, while the benign fertility of the valley sustains the natural life.

How pleasantly these villages nestle upon the breasts of the mountains, as if there to find shelter from the stormy blast! Trains of mules, attended by their drivers, whose shrill shouts echo among the rocky hills, wind upward, laden with rich tropical fruits from the coast, or with goods from other lands. Other trains descend, laden with grain and the fruits of the temperate zone, from the higher districts. Well-guarded mules bear bars of precious silver from the mountain mines for the currency of the world, or to render dazzling service on the tables of nobles and kings in foreign lands. Look upon the gorgeous clouds above you, as if the snowy Andes were soaring heavenward; reach higher points, and look upon shining clouds far below, as if the same snowy mountains had descended to bow in meek devotion. The llama, the delicate beast of burden, sometimes called the Peruvian camel, with gently curving neck, moves gracefully on, turning often and quickly, from side to side, mild, plaintive eyes, as if entreating pity.

The cascade glances like a streak of silver from the mountain at your side; in the valley you see the sweet, calm lake, or you hear the torrent, sounding among shadowy woodlands, never weary, never still. Stand on a lofty ridge, and look abroad on the vast, snowy heights that appear in the horizon;—then let the 'mind's eye' look beyond the horizon, and behold similar peaks stretching three thousand miles along. Then bend reverently before Him who has made earth so grand.

Go to the galleries of Rome and Florence. It is wise to gather new beauty to the soul from works of art, and to study the exquisite graces which the great masters have gathered from nature and delineated in glowing canvas or in lasting marble; yet, here is a gallery of paintings by the Great Master and Author of all sublimity and beauty in heaven and earth, extending, not from room to room of buildings made with hands and roofed with cedar, but from hall to hall of nature's colossal cathedral, roofed by the infinite sky. Look at these pictures, ever changing, yet ever grand, of majestic mountains, of reposing valleys, of fertile plains, of rural homes, of streams and waterfalls, of vast forests, of myriad forms of life and beauty, of sunrise, sunset, and the glittering moon. What a marvellous variety in the objects portrayed! What surprises at every turn! Colors more brilliant than Titian or Allston could combine, join in harmonious effect on every side, and grace and vigor, beauty and grandeur, are blended in every scene and almost in every outline. Would you examine the famous statues of the world, and admire the symmetry of form and power of expression drawn forth by human skill from the hard, white stone? Or will the fragments of ancient art give delight for their expressive beauty, visible though in broken forms? Behold here a gallery of statuary, a line of divine masterpieces, whiter than Parian marble, wrought by the 'ANCIENT OF DAYS.' Will you admire Michael Angelo's colossal 'Day and Night'? and revere the mortal genius that can so impress the soul? Give homage, then, for the majesty of power with which He who created and adorned the universe has displayed, among the Andes, Day and Night—Day robed with unutterable splendor, Night with transcendent awe.

Mountains!—the grandest of nature's visible works—ye are also the figures of majesty, of strength, of loftiness of soul! Ye are the raised letters which record on the great globe the history of man! Ye are the mighty scales in which the fate of nations has been weighed! Ye have checked the march of conquest, or inspired with new, defiant energy the conqueror's will! Your ranges are the projecting lines which mark, on the great dialplate of the world, the shadows of the rolling ages! On your steep, bleak heights empires have been lost and won! Ye show how weak is man, how great is God!

Ye are the home of meditation, the colossal pillars of the audience chamber of the Deity! The Mount of Contemplation rises far above the mists of partial opinion and the mire of conflict, the discords of jangling interests and the refractions of divided policies, girt by a serene and sublime horizon, and within hearing of Nature's everlasting song.

Behold the holy family of mountains, on which the angels look with reverential wonder: the Mount of Awe, black with clouds and vivid with lightnings, whence descended the guide of wandering Israel, with light divine reflected on his brow; the Mount of Transfiguration, where native Deity gleamed from the face of the benign Messiah on adoring, rapt disciples; the Mount of Sorrow, where the world's grief was borne, and which celestial grace has made the Mount of Joy to 'numbers without number;'—the Mount of Ascension, where last stood on earth Incarnate Mercy. Look up! look up! See how the angelic guards point with amaranthine wands afar, where glows, beyond the vale of tears, the Mountain of Immortal Life.

Behold, in exalted vision, the mountains of Asia and of the islands of the Eastern seas, of Africa, of Europe, of America;—see how they are baptized with fire, one after, another, as the sun rises, to spread around the world the light of its daily consecration. How sadly is the world's morning glory soiled and dimmed by thoughtless man ere comes again the dark and silent night!

NATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Not long after the outbreak of the present war, the loyal portion of the country discovered that the sympathies of the British Government, and, in a great measure, of the British nation, were with the revolted States. The expectations of those who looked toward England for at least a hearty moral support, were quickly destroyed by the ill-concealed spirit of exultation which she exhibited on more than one occasion. Although it can hardly be asserted that the great body of our people expected from her more than an impartial observance of strict neutrality, it nevertheless occasioned considerable surprise that a country, called so often as herself to the task of suppressing rebellions, should be prejudiced against ourselves when similarly situated.

With France, however, it was different. We had for years been accustomed to regard the French as our natural allies. The amicable relations which had existed between us, with but comparatively little interruption, since the days of the Revolution, naturally led us to look to them for a degree of sympathy not to be expected from our constant rivals and competitors the English. It was with painful surprise therefore that we shortly perceived that the French Government was, of all others, the most hostile to our cause, and the one to be regarded with the most suspicion and distrust.

Spain also took advantage of our weakened condition to display a spirit of enmity toward us no less decided than that observed on the part of her more powerful neighbors. In short, of the whole great family of European nations scarcely one expressed a friendly interest for us in our perilous position.

It is not surprising, then, that, surrounded as we were by traitors at home, we manifested an almost unmanly regret on finding ourselves deserted by those whom we were wont to consider as friends abroad; and when we now reflect upon the bearing of those nations toward us, the inquiry naturally arises, whether there really exists no such thing as true friendship between nations. It is a mournful question; and not a few, unwilling to believe that such is the case, will at once point to frequent close alliances, to more than one example of the generous behavior of one people toward another. But our own experience has taught us that friendship exists between nations only so far as it is warranted by interest, and that all the instances referred to as proving the contrary, have been owing to the personal influence of high-minded men, who, at the time, were in power; and even in such cases a far-sighted policy will frequently prove to have been the ruling motive which prompted their apparently disinterested measures.

And here we pause to consider what considerations of interest could have stirred up such hostility to our prosperity, and caused such gratification when our very existence was threatened. In what way would our destruction benefit England? The advantages which she derives from her commercial intercourse with us are far greater than any which would accrue to her if she ruled the broken fragments of our country as she rules the oppressed provinces of India or her distant possessions in Australia. The same may be substantially said with regard to France. How far from compensated would she be for the loss of such large consumers of her staple productions as ourselves by the acquisition of portions of territory here, which would in all likelihood prove as unprofitable as her African dominions?

Spain, too, although her shadow of an excuse for her apparent ill will toward us may be a little darker than that of Great Britain or France, since she doubtless hopes that by the destruction of our power and influence, she may be able to regain her ascendancy over her former colonies, can scarcely be so blind as not to perceive that but little attention would probably be paid to her claims by her more powerful coadjutors in the work of our annihilation.

It does not appear, then, that these nations can urge even self-interest as a pretext for their treacherous enmity to us; and we again return to the question, What is the cause of their continued unfriendliness?

The comparison of the nation to the individual has become hackneyed, but we are forced to the conclusion that it is not alone true in considerations of policy and self-interest. Our experience has taught us that it holds good in the fact that mere feelings of spiteful jealousy and envy can, in the most powerful communities, override the dictates of justice—nay, even of interest itself.

Again, a little examination will show that a permanent friendship is not to be expected between different nationalities, from the very nature of their structure. A nation is composed of individuals—of individuals whose pursuits and principles are widely distinct. The parties formed from these different classes are often diametrically opposed to each other in their ideas of policy and government. Moreover, their relations with foreign countries enter, to an important extent, into the counsels of every administration, and, as successive parties come into power, it is not to be expected that connections with other Governments will remain unchanged.

This does not apply to the course of those countries whose conduct we have been considering, but it teaches us that we should never place reliance upon the long continuance of the friendship of any nation.

Thus, it has already been stated, that not one of what are commonly known as the Great Powers can be depended upon for the slightest demonstration of friendship. Russia has indeed been generally regarded as bearing toward us nothing but good will; yet friendly as her feelings may be, it is owing mainly to the fact that she is so distant, and the interests of the two countries are so widely separated, that she can have no possible motive for turning against us; while, situated as she is, an object of dislike to the other European Governments, she could not be insensible to the policy of conciliating so powerful a nation as our own.

How then shall we proceed in order to preserve ourselves from difficulties in which the interests, jealousies, or changing policy of foreign countries may involve us? The answer has been made before—by being ever prepared to meet promptly all hostile demonstrations. Situated as we are, employing our resources to quell a gigantic insurrection, we have no strength to waste in an *unnecessary* foreign war. But it should be remembered that if we had had an adequate force to resist a foreign enemy three years ago, the existing rebellion would never have assumed its present proportions. We, who in our previous wars had made ourselves formidable, intrusted our defence to a few thousand men, distributed throughout our broad land, and, while the former valor of our sailors had enabled us to boast our superiority upon the sea, we exposed ourselves, by our reliance upon a small number of old men-of-war, scattered over the world, to the sudden loss of our naval reputation. Large standing armaments are wisely discouraged by the Constitution, but an army of one hundred thousand men, an immense force for some Governments, would be but a small one for our own.

We owe to our being situated apart from other nations, our ability to dispense with the military burdens which European rulers impose upon their subjects; but the increase of neither our land or naval power has been proportional to our own extension, or to those modern inventions and discoveries by which large forces can be easily and expeditiously moved from point to point. An army, therefore, which less than half a century ago would have been ample, is at present far from sufficient for our protection.

We must, above all, recollect that as a Government can expect the affection and support of the people only when it shows that it possesses the elements necessary to maintain itself and protect them, so it can look for the friendship of other countries only when it causes to be seen that it is able and ready to resist any encroachment upon its rights.

For the present we must depend, in a measure, for an abstinence from open demonstrations against us on the part of the nations above referred to, upon the moral sense of the world, which has doubtless, to a great extent, preserved us thus far. But while it is necessary to avoid giving any pretext for war, let no tame submission to insult or wrong lower us in the eyes of the world, and hereafter let it be our policy, by commanding the respect and fear of foreign nations, to assure ourselves of their good will.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

North and South the war cries come:
Sounds the trumpet, beats the drum.

Hosts contending, marshalled foes
Battle while the red blood flows.

Two great armies whose Ideal
Bursts into the earnest Real.

Ideals twain, on battle height
Flaming into radiant light!

One, is Freedom over all;
One, is Slavery's tyrant thrall:

These are written on the plain
'Mid the Battle's fiery rain.

These the Powers that must contend
To the dark and bitter end.

Look upon the Nation's dead!
Lo, the blood of martyrs shed!

Dying that our Country may
Know her Resurrection day!

What shall be the Traitor's gain?
Endless scorn, undying pain.

Ever o'er the giant wrong
Sings the Right her triumph song.

Yes, as sure as God doth reign
Right the mastery shall obtain!

Over all these beauteous lands
These two Brothers clasp their hands.

These two Brothers now at strife
Make one heart, one soul, one life!

This at last will be their song:
'One forever, free, and strong.'

Northmen, ye have not in hate
Closed the heart's fraternal gate!

Ye have not for greed, nor gold,
Forged the slave-chains manifold!

But in patience ye have wrought
Out your Godlike, freeborn thought!

Ye have toiled that man might be
Clothed with truth and liberty.

God hath answered from the skies;
Bids you for His own arise!

Now the work is at your door:
Help His meek and suffering poor!

There are hearts uncomforted,
Weeping o'er the battle-dead.

There are wounded brave ones here:
Bring your hearts of kindness near!

Freedmen shiver at your gate—
Let them not forgotten wait!

Bind the wounded heart that bleeds;
Mould your *speeches* into *deeds*!

This is what all true hearts say:
'Glorious is our work to-day!'

LITERARY NOTICES.

DREAMTHORP; A Book of Essays written in the Country. By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of 'A Life Drama,' 'City Poems,' etc. Boston: J.E. Tilton & Company. For sale by Walter Low, 823 Broadway. New York.

We have been very unexpectedly charmed with this volume. Inverted and fantastical as he may be in his poems, Mr. Smith's essays are fresh, natural, racy, and genial. They are models in their way, and we wish our contributors would study them as such. Each essay is complete in itself; every sentence full of interest; there is no straining for effect, no writing to astonish a *blasé* audience, no show of unwonted erudition; but the light of a poet's soul, the sunshine of a calm and loving heart, are streaming and brooding over all these gentle pages. Knowledge is indeed within them, but it has ripened into wisdom; culture has matured into wine with the summer in its glow—yet, notwithstanding its many excellences, the book is so quiet, true, and natural, we know not what favor it may find among us. We were pleased to see that in 'A Shelf in My Book-case' our own Hawthorne had a conspicuous place. 'Twice-Told Tales' is an especial favorite with Mr. Smith, as it indeed is with most imaginative people. His analysis of Hawthorne is very fine, and it is like meeting with an old friend in a foreign land to come across the name so dear to ourselves in these pages from across the sea. Equally pleasant to us is the Chapter on Vagabonds. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and, confessing ourselves to be one of this genus, we dwell with delight on our author's genial description of their naive pleasures and innocent eccentricities. Mr. Smith says: 'The true vagabond is to be met with among actors, poets, painters. These may grow in any way their nature dictates. They are not required to conform to any traditional pattern. A little more air and light should be let in upon life. I should think the world had stood long enough under the drill of Adjutant Fashion. It is hard work; the posture is wearisome, and Fashion is an awful martinet and has a quick eye, and comes down mercilessly on the unfortunate wight who cannot square his toes to the approved pattern, or who appears upon parade with a darn in his coat or with a shoulder belt insufficiently pipe-clayed. It is killing work. Suppose we try 'standing at ease' for a little?'

SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE. By GEORGE H. CALVERT, Author of 'The Gentleman.' Boston: Little, Brown & Company. A new edition of a work first published in 1846.

Mr. Calvert is a writer of considerable vigor, but we think these 'Scenes and Thoughts' seriously injured by the hatred of Catholicity which breathes everywhere through them. We miss in them the large, liberal, and loving spirit which characterized 'The Gentleman.' Charity is the soul of wisdom, and we can never rightly appreciate that which we hate. Mr. Calvert totally ignores all the good and humanizing effects of the Catholic Church, and sees only the faults and follies of those who minister at her altars. Not the least cheering example of the progress we are daily making, is the improvement in this respect in our late books of travels. We have ceased to denounce in learning to describe aright, and feel the pulsations of a kindred heart, though it beat under the scarlet robe of the cardinal, the dalmatic of the priest, or the coarse serge of the friar. 'My son, give me thy heart,' says our God. If we can deem from a life of self-abnegation a man has so done, we have ceased inquiring into the dogmas of his creed. It is the heart and not the intellect which is required, 'Little children, love one another,' is the true law of life, progress, and human happiness.

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

As the title indicates, the essays contained in this volume are already known to the readers of *The Atlantic*.

Wherever Dr. Holmes sounds, he is sure to light upon pearls and golden sands, and scatter them about with a profusion so reckless that we feel convinced the supply is not to be exhausted. Scientist and poet, analyst and creator, full of keen satire, genial humor, and tender pathos, who may compete with him in varied gifts, or rival the charm of intellectual grace which he breathes at will into all he writes?

The contents of this volume are: 'Bread and the Newspaper,' 'My Hunt After the Captain,' 'The Stereoscope and the Stereograph,' 'Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture,' 'Doings of the Sunbeam,' 'The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes,' 'A Visit to the Autocrat's Landlady,' 'A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters,' 'The Great Instrument,' 'The Inevitable Trial.'

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY; or, The Young Mother's Guide. By Mrs. C. A. HOPKINSON.
Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1863. For sale by Blakeman & Mason.

A valuable and instructive little book, eminently calculated to spare the rising generation many a pang in body and mind, and the youthful mother many a heartache.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN WINTHROP, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work is dedicated to the Massachusetts Historical Society, who have honored the author with their presidency for eight years past. It is rather an autobiography than a biography, and an autobiography of the most trustworthy kind, 'written accidentally and unconsciously, as it were, in familiar letters or private journals, or upon the records of official service.' Such a Life is the volume before us. The most skilful use has been made of his material by our author. John Winthrop the elder, through contemporaneous records, in the familiar language of private correspondence and diary, tells us the story of a considerable part of his career in his own words, Cotton Mather says of him: ... 'This third Adam Winthrop was the father of that renowned John Winthrop, who was the father of New England, and the founder of a colony, which, upon many accounts, like him that founded it, may challenge the first place among the English glories of America.'

The volume also offers us in great detail a picture not only of the outward life, but of the inmost thoughts, motives, and principles of the American Puritans. Valuable to the antiquarian, it will also interest, in its naive pictures of home life, the general reader.

The brave and brilliant Theodore Winthrop, who gave up his young life to his country in the battle of Big Bethel, has rendered this name dear to all loyal Americans.

ROUND THE BLOCK. An American Novel. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway.

A Novel of American life, incident, and character. The style is easy, the tale interesting, the moral healthful. There is considerable humor in the delineation of character. The people drawn are such as we have all known, sketched without exaggeration, and actuated by constantly occurring motives. The book is anonymous, but we believe the author will yet be known to fame, Tiffles and Patching are true to life, and the exhibition of the 'Pannyrarmer' worthy of Dickens.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the original French by Charles Edwin Wilbour, translator of 'Les Misérables.' New York: Carlton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

A book which has attained a sudden and wide circulation, if not a lasting popularity, in France. We look upon it as a *romance* based upon the Sacred History of the Gospels. It is artistically constructed, and written with considerable genius. 'It is dramatic, beginning with a pastoral and ending with the direst of human tragedies.' M. Renan we suppose to be a Pantheist. He says: 'As to myself, I think that there is not in the universe an intelligence superior to that of man.' This view of course leads him to discard supernaturalism, and write of Christ as simply man. He believes as suits his system, and refuses testimony—without condescending to tell us why it is not

equally as valid as that received. He says: 'The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the bosom of humanity, was that of Jesus.' He is the 'universal ideal'—and yet we think he strives to make of this 'universal ideal' an impostor! Christ tells us of various facts with regard to himself: of his divine Sonhood and mission—if these things are not true, then was he either weakly self-deceived or a wilful deceiver. He sets up a claim to the working of miracles, and assumes the part of the Messiah of the prophets. This want of truth M. Renan smooths over by saying: 'Sincerity with oneself had not much meaning with Orientals; they are little habituated to the delicate distinctions of the critical spirit!' The resurrection of Lazarus, as he represents it, was a pious fraud managed by the apostles, agreed to by the Master, 'because he knew not how to conquer the greediness of the crowd and of his own disciples for the marvellous.' Does not the mere fact of such an acquiescence argue the impostor? Christ seeks death to deliver himself from his fearful embarrassments! Did he really rise from the dead? M. Renan tells us, with a sickly sentimentalism worthy of Michelet: 'The powerful imagination of Mary of Magdala played in that affair a capital part. Divine power of love! Sacred moments, when the passion of a visionary gives to the world a resuscitated God.' If this be indeed the Life of Jesus, well may we exclaim with the apostle: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are, of all men, the most miserable.' And is this all that the most advanced naturalism can do? All that human genius and erudition can offer us? All that artistic grace and tenderness can win for us? Clouds and darkness rise before us as we read, the mother of our Lord loses her sanctity, Jesus becomes an impostor, the apostles deceivers, human testimony is forever dishonored. A pall shrouds the infinite blue of the sky, and our beloved dead seem festering in eternal corruption!

We must confess we prefer the bold and defiant scepticism of Voltaire, to the Judas kiss of M. Renan.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ART ITEMS.

Among our exchanges is a little periodical entitled '*The New Path*, published by the Society for the Advancement of Truth in Art.' The members of this Society are otherwise known as 'Pre-Raphaelites,' in other words, as seekers of the Ancient Path, trodden before certain mannerisms had corrupted the minds of many painters and most technical connoisseurs. Their aims and principles are, so far as they go, pure and lofty. Truth in Art is a noble thing. But can these gentlemen find none outside of their own society? The face of nature is very dear to us, and during long years have we closely observed its forms, its changing hues and expressions. We do like when we look at a picture to know whether the trees be oaks, elms, or pines; whether the rocks be granitic, volcanic, or stratified; whether the foliage be of spring, midsummer, or autumn; even whether the foreground herbage be of grasses or broad-leaved weeds; but is there no danger that minutiae may absorb too much attention, that the larger parts may be lost in the lesser, that while each weed tells its own story, the distant mountains, the atmosphere, the whole picture, in short, may fail to tell us theirs in any interesting or even intelligible manner? In excess of surface details, may we not lose body, roundness; and, in matching exact color rather than the effect of color through the tremulous ether, may not the subtle mysteries of distance, of actually diffused and all-suffusing light, escape the painter? It is possible to possess the body and fail to grasp the life. Give us not blotchy nondescripts for natural objects, fling to the winds all narrow, school-made, conventional ideas, but, in giving us the real, give us the ideal also; otherwise we freeze, missing the spirit which should warm and shine through the letter.

We fear lest in his zeal for truth, many a Pre-Raphaelite may be led to overlook beauty. To a finite mind the two words are by no means synonymous. There can be no *real* beauty without truth, but many truths are not beautiful, and beauty, no less than truth, is an important ingredient in that complex resultant, Art.

We quote from one of the articles of organization of the above-named Society: 'The right course for young artists is faithful and loving representations of Nature, selecting nothing and rejecting nothing, seeking only to express the greatest possible amount of fact.' Now we all know that the best way to stultify the mind and conception of a youthful student, in any branch of art, is to keep before him commonplace models. Indeed, what student gifted with genius, or even with any high degree of talent, will not (if unrestrained) himself select as studies, not any mere chronicle of desired facts, but the most significant forms (suited to his proficiency) in which he can find those facts embodied?

The article quoted must be based upon the belief that there are no commonplace, ugly objects in nature. If we sit down and reason over, or use our microscopes upon any work of the Almighty, we can find wisdom and beauty therein, but that does not alter the fact that beauty and significance are distributed in degrees of more and less. 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' and the genuine artist has no hours to waste over the less significant and characteristic. Besides, each student deserving the name, has his own individuality, and will naturally select, and the more lovingly paint, objects in accordance with his especial bent of mind. Not that we would have him become one-sided, and neglect the study of matters that might some day be useful; but in this, as in all things else, he must temper feeling with judgment, and make the mechanical execution the simple, faithful handmaiden to truly imaginative conception.

In the moral world we may cheerfully accept physical deformity for the sake of some elevated principle therewith developed; but in the realm of art, man's only sphere of creation, we want the best the artist can give us, the greatest truth with the highest beauty. We are not willing to take the truth without the beauty. If we are to be told that sunlight tipping the edges of trees produces certain effects upon those edges and the shadowed foliage behind, let the fact be worthily represented, and not so prosily set forth that the picture shall be to us simply a matter of curiosity. That those trees did actually stand and grow thus, is small comfort, for the artist might surely have found other and more interesting forms telling the same tale. If light falling through loose foliage does indeed make upon the garments of a lad lying beneath spots at a little distance wonderfully like mildew, then rather let the boy sit for us under a tree of denser foliage, where a pathetic subject will not risk an unintentionally comic treatment. If a stone-breaker's face corrupts in purple spots at a certain period after death, we would prefer him painted before corruption, and consequently hideousness, had begun. If women will wear gowns ugly in color and form, and will sit or stand in graceless positions, we can readily avoid such subjects, and bestow our careful finish upon more worthy models.

Let us not be misunderstood; we well know that the humorous, the grotesque, the sublime may use ugliness to serve their own legitimate purposes, but then that ugliness must be humorous, grotesque, or sublime, and not flat, prosy, or revolting. A blemish is by no means necessarily an ugliness. A leaf nibbled by insects and consequently discolored, a lad with ragged jacket and soiled trowsers, a peasant girl with bent hat and tattered gown, are often more picturesque objects than the perfect leaf or the well-attired child.

Speaking of a certain artist, *The New Path* says: 'He follows nature as long as she is graceful and does not offend his eye, but once let her make what strikes him as a discord, and which is a discord, of course, for she, the great poet, makes no music without discords—and, straightway, Mr. — takes out the offending note, smooths it down, and thinks he has bettered nature's work.' Now, in music there are no *discords*; so soon as a discord is admitted, the sounds cease to be music;—there are *dissonances*, peculiar and unusual combinations of air vibrations, but these are never long dwelt on, and must always be resolved into the full and satisfactory harmony, of which the beauty is enhanced by the momentary lapse into strangeness. Dissonance is never the prevailing idea, and above all, never the final, closing one; it must always bear a certain relation to the key in which it is used, and the musical composition must be ended by the fullest and most satisfactory chord, or suggestion of a chord, found in that key.

The majority of the Pre-Raphaelite school are willing to admit that 'there is but one Turner, and Ruskin is his prophet.' Let us then hear *one* of the views which the eloquent oracle has advanced in connection with this subject. After advising the non-imaginative painter to remain in the region of the purely topographical or historical landscape, he continues; 'But, beyond this, let him note that though historical topography forbids *alteration* (did Turner heed this precept?), it neither forbids sentiment nor choice. So far from doing this, the proper choice of subject is an absolute duty to the topographical painter: he should first take care that it is a subject intensely pleasing to himself, else he will never paint it well; and then also, that it shall be one in some sort pleasurable to the general public, else it is not worth painting at all; and lastly, take care that it be instructive, as well as pleasurable to the public, else it is not worth painting with care. I should particularly insist at present on this careful choice of subject, because the Pre-Raphaelites, taken as a body, have been culpably negligent in this respect, not in humble honor of Nature, but in morbid indulgence of their own impressions. They happen to find their fancies caught by a bit of an oak hedge, or the weeds at the sides of a duck pond, because, perhaps, they remind them of a stanza of Tennyson; and forthwith they sit down to sacrifice the most consummate skill, two or three months of the best summer time available for outdoor work (equivalent to some seventieth or sixtieth of all their lives), and nearly all their credit with the public, to this duck-pond delineation. Now it is indeed quite right that they should see much to be loved in the hedge, nor less in the ditch; but it is utterly and inexcusably wrong that they should neglect the nobler scenery, which is full of majestic interest, or enchanted by historical association; so that, as things go at present, we have all the commonalty, that may be seen whenever we choose, painted properly; but all of lovely and wonderful, which we cannot see but at rare intervals, painted vilely: the castles of the Rhine and Rhone made vignettes of for the annuals; and the nettles and mushrooms, which were prepared by nature eminently for nettle porridge and fish sauce, immortalized by art as reverently as if we were Egyptians, and they deities.'

Want of space forbids further extracts, but we recommend the entire chapter: Of Turnerian Topography, *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., to the perusal of our readers.

We are glad to see the national mind beginning to effervesce on art subjects. The most opposite views, the new and the old, the conventional and the truly imaginative, the severely real and the more latitudinarian, the earnest and the flippant, the pedantic and the broad, far reaching—will continue to clash for a season, while a school of American Landscape is, we think, destined to rise steadily through the chaotic elements, and to reach a height of excellence to which the conscientious efforts of all advocates of the highest Truth in Art will have greatly contributed.

We are indebted to Mr. Cropsy for a pleasant opportunity to visit his studio (No. 625 Broadway), and see such pictures and sketches as he now has by him, the results of a long residence abroad and of his summer work among the hills of Sussex, N. J. A view of Korfe Castle, Dorsetshire, England, is a highly-finished and evidently accurate representation of that interesting spot. We

are presumed to be standing amid the ferns, flowers, and vines of the foreground, and looking off toward the castle-crowned hill, the village at its foot, and the far-away downs, with a silver stream winding into the distance. A rainbow quivers among the retreating clouds to the right, and from the left comes the last brilliant light of day, gilding the greenery of the hills, and throwing out the deepened hues of the long shadows. There are also pleasant views of other English scenery, of Italian landscape, and of American lakes and streams. Mr. Cropsey has a high reputation both at home and abroad, and we are glad to learn that for the present, at least, he intends to pursue his art labors within the limits of his native land.

Beethoven's Fidelio.—This noble opera has lately been given us by Mr. Anschütz, with the best use of such means as were at his disposal. The orchestral, choral, and concerted vocal portions are grand and beautiful, highly characteristic and effective. The story is simple, pure, and deeply pathetic. The prison scene affords scope for the finest histrionic abilities. In the solos, however (with the exception of that of Pizarro, where dramatic power satisfies), we miss the lyric genius of the Italians, their long-phrased, passionate, and never-to-be-forgotten melodies, containing the element of beauty *per se* so richly developed. Cannot the whole world produce one man, who, with all the expanded musical knowledge of the present day, can unite for us Italian gift of melody and German power of orchestral and choral effect, whose endowments shall be both lyric and dramatic, and whose taste shall be pure, refined, and ennobling? Should we recognize such a genius were he actually to stand in our midst, or would both schools reject him because he chanced to possess the best qualities of either?

L. D. P.

Ballads of the War

THE BROTHER'S BURIAL.

BY ISABELLA McFARLANE.

Hear me, stranger, hear me tell
How my gallant brother fell.

We were rushing on the foe,
When a bullet laid him low.

At my very side he fell—
He whom I did love so well.

On we rushed—I could not stay—
There I left him where he lay.

Then when fled the rebel rout,
I came back and searched him out.

Wounded, bleeding, suffering, dying,
Midst a heap of dead men lying.

Friend and foe above each other—
There I found my mangled brother.

Blind with tears, I lifted him:
But his eyes were sunk and dim.

'Brother, when I'm dead,' said he,
'Find some box to coffin me.'

For he could not bear to rest
With the cold earth on his breast.

All around the camp I sought;
Box for coffin found I not.

Still I searched and hunted round—
Three waste cracker-boxes found;

Nailed them fast to one another,—
Laid therein my precious brother!

Then a grave for him I made,
Hands and bayonet all my spade.

Long I worked, yet 'twas not deep:
There I laid him down to sleep.

There I laid my gallant brother:
Earth contains not such another!

Little more than boys were we,
I sixteen, and nineteen he.

For his country's sake he died,
And for her I'd lie beside.

FOOTNOTES:

- [A] But a copy fell into the hands of a French bookseller, who published a wretched translation, and Jefferson authorized an edition in London in 1787.
- [B] A statue was erected to Buffon with the inscription:
NATURAM AMPLECTITUR OMNEM.
Some sceptic wrote underneath:
QUI TROP EMBRASSE, MAL ÉTREINT;
a saying which we do not care to translate, but which is too good a description of Jefferson's scientific acquirements to be omitted.
- [C] I am told that there was no resisting her smile; and that she had at her command, in moments of grief, a certain look of despair which filled even the roughest hearts with sympathy, and won over the kindest to the cruel cause.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, VOL. 5, NO. 2, FEBRUARY, 1864 ***

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