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Title: The International Monthly Magazine, Volume 5, No. 1, January, 1852

Author: Various

Release date: March 31, 2007 [eBook #20955]

Language: English

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THE

INTERNATIONAL

MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOLUME V.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1852.

NEW-YORK:

STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 BROADWAY.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BY THE NUMBER, 25 CTS; THE VOLUME $1; THE YEAR, $3.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The April number of the INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE completes the fifth volume, and the series. The Publishers respectfully announce to its readers and the public, that from the issue of the present Volume, the Magazine will be blended with *Harpers' Monthly Magazine*, and, therefore, suspended as a distinct publication.

To the numerous subscribers to THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, the Publishers beg to say, that each one will be served with HARPERS' MAGAZINE to the end of his term; or, if preferred, furnished with any other Magazine to the amount of his unexpired subscription.

The Publishers cannot take leave of the friends of the work, without expressing in terms of thankfulness their sense of the extensive and cordial support it has received during the period of its publication. They are happy to know that its good qualities will be perpetuated in the

prosperous, admirable, and widely circulated periodical with which it will hereafter be united.

New-York, *March 30*, 1852.

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Art and Science.

Vol. V. NEW-YORK, JANUARY 1, 1852. No. 1.

KOSSUTH.

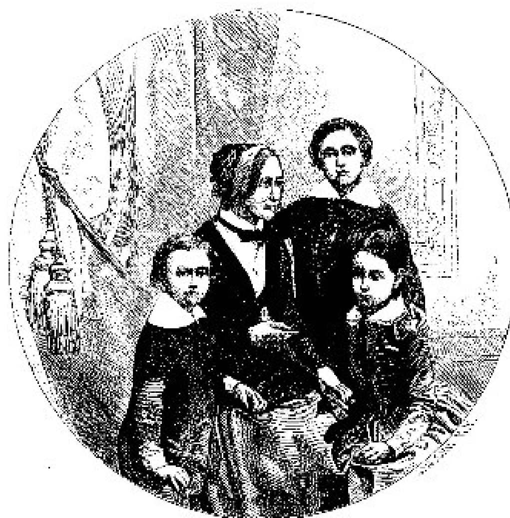
On the preceding page is the best portrait we have seen of the illustrious Hungarian, whose presence in America is destined to mark one of the brightest pages in the history of Liberty. Of his personal appearance we transcribe the description in the *Tribune*. He is taller than had generally been supposed, and his face has an expression of penetrating intellect which is not indicated in any portrait. It is long, the forehead broad, but not excessively high, though a slight baldness makes it seem so, and the chin narrow, but square in its form. His hair is thin in front and of a dark brown, as is his beard, which is quite long, but not very thick, and arranged with neatness and taste. His moustache is heavy and rather long. His eyes are very large, and of a light blue; his complexion is pale like that of a man who is not in perfect health, and his appearance yesterday was that of the spirit bearing up against the exhaustion of the body; he was sea-sick during the passage, and had not slept for two or three nights. His manner in speaking is at once incomparably dignified and graceful. Gestures more admirable and effective, and a play of countenance more expressive and magnetic, we remember in no other public speaker. He stands quite erect, and does not bend forward like some orators, to give emphasis to a sentence. His posture and appearance in repose are imposing, not only from their essential grace and dignity, but from a sense of power they impress upon the beholder. This sense of unused power, this certainty that he is not making an effort and doing his utmost, but that behind all this strength of fascination there are other treasures of strength, other stores of ability not brought into use, possibly never brought into use, is perhaps what constitutes the supreme charm of his oratory. He speaks as if with little preparation, and with that peculiar freshness which belongs to extemporaneous speaking; there is no effort about it, and the wonderful compactness and art of his argument are not felt until you reflect upon it afterward. His every movement is perfectly easy, and he gesticulates much, equally well with either arm. Nothing could be more beautiful in its way than the sweep of his right hand, as it was raised to Heaven, when he spoke of the Deity—nothing sweeter than the smile which at times mantles his face. His voice is not very loud, but it was heard distinctly through the large pavilion. On the whole our previous impression was perfectly confirmed by hearing him. In speaking, Kossuth occasionally referred to notes which lay on the stand before him. He was dressed after the Hungarian fashion, in a black velvet tunic, single breasted, with standing collar and transparent black buttons. He also wore an overcoat or sack of black velvet with broad fur and loose sleeves. He wore light kid gloves. Generally his English is fluent and distinct, with a marked foreign accent, though at times this is not at all apparent. He speaks rather slowly than otherwise, and occasionally hesitates for a word. His command of the language, astonishing as it is in a foreigner, seems rather the result of an utter abandonment to his thought, and a reliance on that to express itself, than of an absolute command of the niceties of the grammar and dictionary. He evidently has no fear of speaking wrong, and so, as by inspiration, expresses himself often better even than one to whom the language is native and familiar. Though he often uses words with a foreign meaning, or a meaning different from that we usually give them, he does not stop to correct himself, but goes on as if there were no doubt that he would be perfectly apprehended.

The character of Kossuth has been very amply discussed in all the journals both before and since his triumphal entry into New-York. The judgment of the London *Examiner* is the common judgment of at least the Saxon race, that, while the extraordinary events of 1848 and 1849, afforded the fairest opportunities for the advent of a great man, the people who were ready for battle against oppression, were all stricken down on account of the incapacity of their leaders—

except in one instance. The exception was in the case of Kossuth. And he was no new man, but had been steadily building a great fame from his youth; had labored in the humblest as well as highest offices of patriotism; and as a thinker, a speaker, and a writer, had been before the public eye of all Europe for years. He was born in 1806, at Monok, in Hungary, of parents not rich, yet possessing land, and calling themselves noble. His native district was a Protestant one, and in the pastor of that district he found his first teacher. On their death, while he was still young, more devoted to books than to farming, he was sent to the provincial college, where he remained until eighteen years of age, and earned the reputation of being the most able and promising youth of the district. In 1826, he removed to the University of Pesth, where he came in contact with the political influences and ideas of the time; and these, blending with his own historic studies and youthful hopes, soon produced the ardent, practical patriot, which the world has since seen in him.

According to the Constitution of Hungary, the *Comitats* or electoral body treated those elected to sit in the Diet more as delegates than as deputies. They gave them precise instructions, and expected the members not only to conform to them, but to send regular accounts of their conduct to their constituents for due sanction, and with a view to fresh instructions. This kind of communication was rather onerous for the Hungarian country gentleman, and hence many of the deputies employed such young men as Kossuth to transact their political business, and conduct their correspondence. Acting in this capacity for many members of the Diet, Kossuth came into intimate relations with the *comitats*, and acquired skill in public affairs.

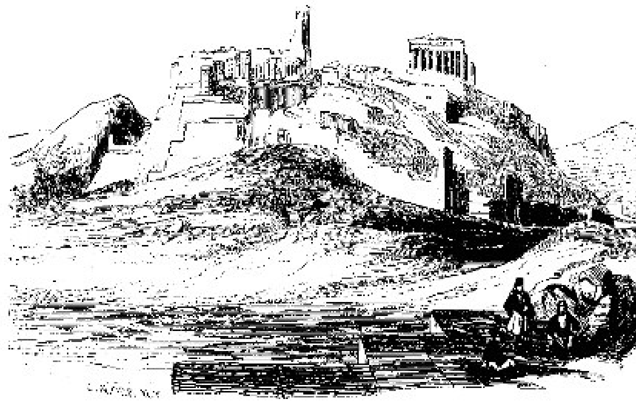
He was soon himself made a member, and from the first was distinguished in the Diet as a speaker. Here he felt, and soon pointed out to his colleagues, how idle and powerless were their debates unless these were known to the public in some more efficient manner than by the private correspondence of the deputies. Influenced by his representations, the chief members of the Diet resolved to establish a journal for the publication of their discussions; and Kossuth was selected as one of those who were to preside over it; but the Archduke Palatine objected, of course, because the object was to curtail the reports and garble them. Kossuth, however, was enabled by the more liberal of his colleagues to publish the reports on his own account. He then extended the journal by the insertion of leading articles; and his counsels and criticisms on the instructions of the *comitats* to the deputies, so stirred the bile and counteracted the views of the Austrian authorities, that they interfered and suspended his newspaper by seizing his presses. But, even this did not stop his pen, nor those of his many amanuenses; until, at last, Metternich, exasperated by his obstinacy, caused him to be seized and condemned to three years' imprisonment in the citadel of Ofen. He was liberated in 1837; and during the years that elapsed between that epoch and 1848 the history of Hungary was that of Kossuth, who, amidst the many men of noble birth, wealth, high character, and singular talents, who surrounded him, still held his ground, and shone pre-eminent. In 1847 he was the acknowledged leader of the constitutional party, and member for the Hungarian capital. It is unnecessary to pursue this narrative. The events of 1848 and 1849 have passed too recently and vividly before us to need relation. The part that Kossuth played in those years was but the logical consequence of his previous life. The struggle was for the rights of Hungary, in all circumstances and against all foes. For these he fought along with the Hungarian aristocracy, as long as they had the courage to resist Austria; and when they wavered, he went on without them, appealing to the *comitats* and to the smaller landed proprietors in the absence of the greater, and to the squires instead of the nobles.



THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF KOSSUTH—FROM A RECENT DAGUERREOTYPE.

The result thus far we all know. The final result perhaps we in America are to decide.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF GREECE.



THE ACROPOLIS.

Every one can understand the regret with which we behold the remains of ancient grandeur, and the capitals of buried empires. This feeling, so profound in Jerusalem and Rome, is even more so in Athens,—

> "the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence, native to famous wits,
> Or hospitable—"

a city never so large as New-York, but whose inhabitants produced within the short space of two centuries, reckoning from the battle of Marathon, as Landor says, a larger number of exquisite models, in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory and poetry—in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting—and in the first of the mechanical, *architecture*, than the remainder of Europe in six thousand years.

The monuments of antiquity which still exist in Athens have been described by Chandler, Clarke, Gell, Stuart, Dodwell, Leake, and other travellers, the most recent and competent of whom perhaps is Mr. Henry Cook, of London, author of *Illustrations of a Tour in the Ionian Islands, Greece, and Constantinople*, who has just made, or rather is now making for the *Art-Journal* a series of drawings of those which are most important, representing them in their present condition. These drawings by Mr. Cook, so far as they have appeared, we reproduce in the *International*, making liberal use at the same time of his descriptions.

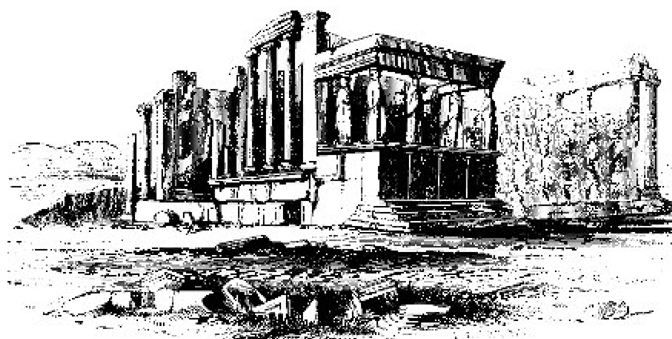
Until the sacrilegious hand of the late Lord Elgin despoiled Athens of "what Goth, and Turk, and Time had spared," the world could still see enough to render possible a just impression of her old and chaste magnificence. It is painful to reflect within how comparatively short a period the chief injuries have been inflicted on such buildings as the Parthenon, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and to remember how recent is the greater part of the rubbish by which these edifices have been choked up, mutilated, and concealed. Probably until within a very few centuries, time had been, simply and alone, the "beautifier of the dead," "adorner of the ruin," and, but for the vandalism of a few barbarians, we might have gazed on the remains of former greatness without an emotion except of admiration for the genius by which they were created. The salient feature (probably the only one) in the present rule at Athens is one which affords the highest satisfaction to those interested in this subject. Slowly, indeed, and with an absence of all energy, is going on the restoration of some, the disinterment of others, and the conservation of all the existing monuments; and time will probably ere long give us back, so far as is possible, all that the vandalism or recklessness of modern ages has obscured or destroyed. On the Acropolis the results of these efforts at restoration are chiefly visible; day by day the debris of ruined fortifications, of Turkish batteries, mosques, and magazines, are disappearing; every thing which is not Pentelic marble finds its way over the steep sides of the fortress, and in due time nothing will be left but the scattered fragments which really belonged to the ancient temples. "The above sketch," says Mr. Cook, "represents faithfully the present condition of this most sublime creation. The details of the partial destruction of this old fortress—founded 1556 years before the advent of the Saviour—under the fire of the Venetians, commanded by Morosini, are so well known, that I have thought it unnecessary to repeat them; but it is impossible to recall them without a shudder, as the reflection is forced on one, of what must have been their fate whose wickedness caused an explosion which could scatter, as a horse's hoof may the sands of the sea-shore, the giant masses which for ever bear witness to the power of that mighty agent we have evoked from the earth for our mutual destruction." At the west end of the Acropolis, by which alone it was accessible, stood the Propylæa, its gate as well as its defence. Through this gate the periodical processions of the Panathenaic jubilee were wont to move, and the marks of chariot wheels are still visible on the stone floor of its entrance. It was of the Doric order, and its right wing was supported by six fluted columns, each five feet in diameter, twenty-nine in height, and seven in their intercolumniation. Of the Propylæa itself Mr. Cook gives no individual drawing, the only sketch he had opportunity of making, being in its relation to the Acropolis generally; "it will, however," he says, "serve in some degree to show what has been done. Here perhaps the chief work has been accomplished; all the now detached columns were built up with solid brickwork, batteries were erected on the spot occupied by the Temple of 'Victory without wings,' and on the square which answered to it on the opposite side of the flight of marble steps; the whole of which were deeply buried (not until they had severely suffered), beneath the ruins of the fortification

which crumbled away under the Venetian guns. These walls have been removed, the batteries destroyed, and the material of which they were composed taken away; the steps exhumed, and the five grand entrances, by which the fortress was originally entered, opened, although not yet rendered passable. It would be, I imagine, impossible to conceive an approach more magnificent than this must have been. The whole is on such a superb scale, the design, in its union of simplicity and grandeur is so perfect, the material so exquisite, and the view which one has from it of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum so beautiful, that no interest less intense than that which belongs to these temples would be sufficient to entice the stranger from its contemplation."

THE PARTHENON.

On the right wing of the Propylæa stood the temple of Victory, and on the left was a building decorated with paintings by the pencil of Polygnotus, of which Pausanias has left us an account. In a part of the wall still remaining there are fragments of excellent designs in basso-relievo, representing the combat of the Athenians with the Amazons; besides six columns, white as snow, and of the finest architecture. Near the Propylæa stood the celebrated colossal statue of Minerva, executed by Phidias after the battle of Marathon, the height of which, including the pedestal, was sixty feet.

The chief glory of the Acropolis was the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva. It was a peripteral octostyle, of the Doric order, with seventeen columns on the sides, each six feet two inches in diameter at the base, and thirty-four feet in height, elevated on three steps. Its height, from the base of the pediments, was sixty-five feet, and the dimensions of the area two hundred and thirty-three feet, by one hundred and two. The eastern pediment was adorned with two groups of statues, one of which represented the birth of Minerva, the other the contest of Minerva with Neptune for the government of Athens. On the metopes was sculptured the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; and the frieze contained a representation of the Panathenaic festivals. Ictinus, Callicrates, and Carpion, were the architects of this temple; Phidias was the artist; and its entire cost has been estimated at seven million and a half of dollars. Of this building, eight columns of the eastern front and several of the lateral colonnades are still standing. Of the frontispiece, which represented the contest of Neptune and Minerva, nothing remains but the head of a sea-horse and the figures of two women without heads. The combat of the Centaurs and Lapithæ is in better preservation; but of the numerous statues with which this temple was enriched, that of Adrian alone remains. The Parthenon, however, dilapidated as it is, still retains an air of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity; and it forms at once the highest point in Athens, and the centre of the Acropolis.



THE ERECHTHEUM.

To stand at the eastern wall of the Acropolis, and gaze on the Parthenon, robed in the rich colors by which time has added an almost voluptuous beauty to its perfect proportions—to behold between its columns the blue mountains of the Morea, and the bluer seas of Egina and Salamis, with acanthus-covered or icy-wedded fragments of majestic friezes, and mighty capitals at your feet—the sky of Greece, flooded by the gorgeous hues of sunset, above your head—Mr. Cook describes as one of the highest enjoyments the world can offer to a man of taste. He is opposed to the projects of its restoration, and says that, "to real lovers of the picturesque, the Parthenon as it now stands—a ruin in every sense of the term, its walls destroyed, its columns shivered, its friezes scattered, its capitals half-buried by their own weight, but clear of all else—is, if not a grander, assuredly a more impressive object than when, in the palmiest days of Athenian glory, its marble, pure as the unfallen snow, first met the rays of the morning sun, and excited the reverential admiration of the assembled multitudes."

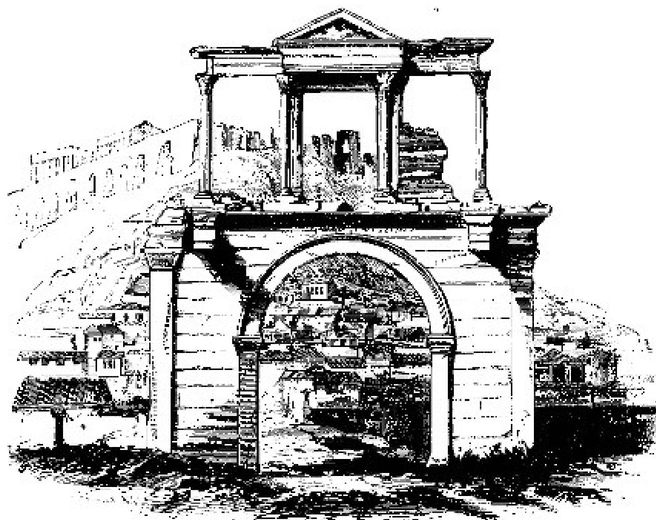
On the northeast side of the Parthenon stood the Erechtheum, a temple dedicated to the joint worship of Neptune and Minerva. There are considerable remains of this building, particularly those beautiful female figures called Caryatides, which support, instead of columns, three of the porticoes; besides three of the columns in the north hexastyle with the roof over these last columns, the rest of the roof of this graceful portico fell during the siege of Athens, in 1827. Lately, much has been done in the way of excavation; the buried base of this tripartite temple has been cleared; the walls, which had been built to make it habitable, have been removed; the abducted Caryatid replaced by a modern copy, the gift of Lord Guildford, and the whole prepared for a projected restoration.

The Temple of Victory without wings, already mentioned is, with the exception of the pavement, entirely a restoration; for nearly two centuries all trace of it was lost, all mention omitted. In removing one of the Turkish batteries, in order to clear the entrance to the Propylæa, some fragments were found which led to a more minute investigation; and, after a short time, the foundation, the pavement, and even the bases of some of the columns were disinterred, making its reconstruction not only very easy, but extremely satisfactory. It is small, but of exquisite proportions, and now perfect, with the exception of a portion of the frieze, which is in the British Museum. A peculiarity of this temple is, that it stands at an angle slightly differing from that of the Propylæa itself,—a fact for which, as it clearly formed one of the chief ornaments to, and was certainly built after, this noble portico, it is difficult to assign any very good reason.

Such is an outline of the chief buildings of the Acropolis, which, in its best days, had four distinct characters: being at once the fortress, the sacred inclosure, the treasury, and the museum of art, of the Athenian nation. It was an entire offering to the deity, unrivalled in richness and splendor; it was the peerless gem of Greece, the glory and the pride of genius, the wonder and envy of the world.

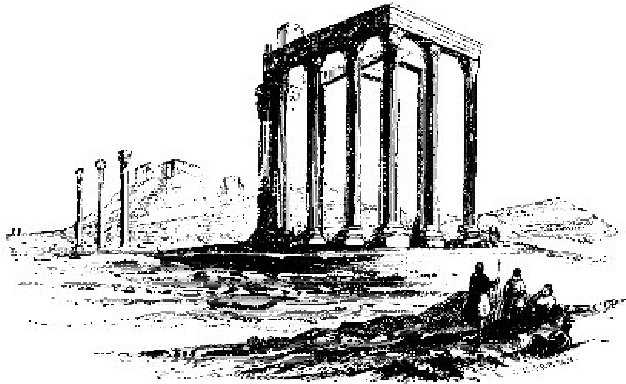
Beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis, near its extremity, was situated the Athenian or Dionysiac theatre. Its seats, rising one above another, were cut of the sloping rock. Of these, only the two highest rows are now visible, the rest being concealed by an accumulation of soil, the removal of which would probably bring to light the whole shell of the theatre. Plato affirms it was capable of containing thirty thousand persons. It contained statues of all the great tragic and comic poets, the most conspicuous of which were naturally those of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, among the former, and those of Aristophanes and Menander among the latter. On the southwest side of the Acropolis is the site of the Odeum, or musical theatre of Herodes Atticus, named by him the theatre of Regilla, in honor of his wife. On the northeast side of the Acropolis stood the Prytaneum, where citizens who had rendered services to the state were maintained at the public expense. Extending southwards from the site of the Prytaneum, ran the street to which Pausanias gave the name of Tripods, from its containing a number of small temples or edifices crowned with tripods, to commemorate the triumphs gained by the Choragi in the theatre of Bacchus. Opposite to the west end of the Acropolis is the Areopagus, or hill of Mars, on the eastern extremity of which was situated the celebrated court of the Areopagus. This point is reached by means of sixteen stone steps cut in the rock, immediately above which is a bench of stone, forming three sides of a quadrangle, like a triclinium, generally supposed to have been the tribunal. The ruins of a small chapel consecrated to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and commemorating his conversion by St. Paul, are here visible. About a quarter of a mile southwest from the centre of the Areopagus stands Pnyx, the place provided for the public assemblies at Athens in its palmy days. The steps by which the speaker mounted the rostrum, and a tier of three seats hewn in the solid rock for the audience, are still visible. This is perhaps the most interesting spot in Athens to the lovers of Grecian genius, being associated with the renown of Demosthenes, and the other famed Athenian orators,

"whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne."



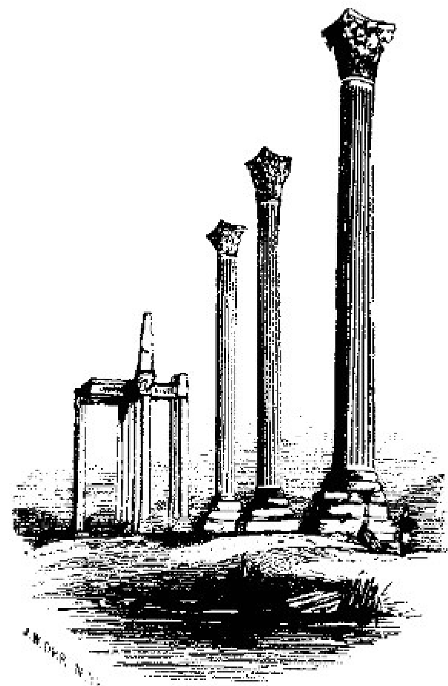
THE ARCH OF HADRIAN.

Descending the Acropolis, the eye is at once arrested by the magnificent remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and by the Arch of Hadrian. Whether from its proximity to the gorgeous monument first named, or that it is intrinsically deficient in that species of merit which appeals directly to the senses, the Arch of Hadrian attracts comparatively little notice. It is, however, a highly interesting monument, bearing unmistakable marks of the decline of art; yet distinguished for much of that quality of beauty which gives so peculiar a character to the architecture of the Greeks. The inscriptions on the sides of the entablature have given rise to much learned discussion, and have led to a far more lucid arrangement of the city and its chief ornaments, than would in all probability have been accomplished, had not inquiry and investigation been spurred on by the difficulty of comprehending their exact meaning.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

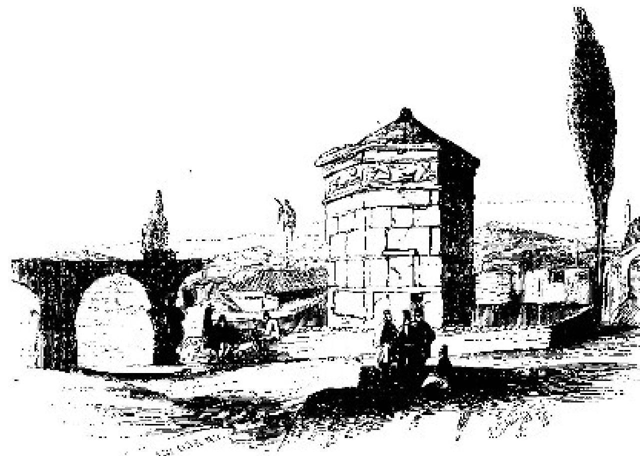
Of two views of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, Mr. Cook chose that in which the Acropolis is seen in the distance. The three lofty Corinthian columns in the other engraving are diminished to the scale of the arch, while the Acropolis, from its greater complexity of parts, adds, perhaps, something of a quality in which the subject is rather wanting. "I am not sure," says Mr. Cook, "that the remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus are not the most impressive which Athens offers to the eye and heart of the traveller, partly from their abstract grandeur—a grandeur derived from every element which could contribute to such an end—and partly from a position than which it would be impossible to conceive any thing more magnificent. The gigantic columns struck me with a sense of awe and bewilderment, almost oppressive; they consist, as may be seen by the engraving, of sixteen, the sole representatives of the one hundred and twenty which once formed this mightiest of Athenian temples. The least thoughtful person could scarcely avoid the question of where and how the remaining one hundred and four of these enormous masses can have vanished; and assisted by the fullest information which is to be acquired on the subject, it remains a matter of wonder to all. That time itself has had but little to answer for, the almost perfect preservation of portions is sufficient to prove; in some cases the flutings are as sharp and clean as when the hand of the sculptor left them, while, more generally, they bear disgraceful evidence of ill-usage of every kind, from that of the cannon ball to the petty mischief of wanton idleness. The proportion of these columns is quite perfect, and the mind is lost in charmed wonder, as wandering from part to part of the vast platform, it is presented at every step with combinations perpetually changing, yet always beautiful. So difficult do I find it to determine from what point of view these ruins are seen to the greatest advantage, that I have appended two engravings, from which the reader may select that which best conveys to him the magnificence of the structure which has been thus slightly described." The temple of Jupiter Olympus was one of the first conceived, and the last executed of the sacred monuments of Athens. It was begun by Pisistratus, but not finished till the time of the Roman emperor Adrian, seven hundred years afterwards.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

A proof of the varied character of the Athenian architectural genius may be found in the exquisite model, the lantern of Demosthenes, or, as it is more properly called, the Choragic monument of Lysierates. It is, in common with the greater number of the remains of which we speak, of Pentelic marble. By whomever conceived, designed, or executed, this must have been a labor of love, and the result is such as might be anticipated from the consequent development of the highest powers of one to whom a people like the Athenians would entrust the task of doing honor to those who had paid to their native land a similar tribute. It is small, and formed of a few immense masses: the roof is one entire block; the temple or monument itself is circular, and is formed of six slabs of pure white marble, the joints of which are concealed by an equal number of beautiful Corinthian columns, partly imbedded into, and partly projecting from them. These have been fitted with such exactness, that before the "fretting hand of time and change" had done its work, the whole must have appeared as if cut from one solid mass. We have this single example of a class of buildings once so numerous that they formed an entire street; but however grateful one may feel to the hospice, which, being built over, protected it from the ruin of its companions, we can scarcely regret its disappearance, through which alone this exquisite result of intellect and refined taste may be seen as represented in the engraving.



TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

The Temple or Tower of the Winds, has been very justly termed "the most curious existing monument of the practical gnomonics of antiquity." In architecture no very elevated rank can be assigned to this edifice, nor is there, even in its ornamental portions, any very remarkable evidence of the higher order of Grecian art; the execution, indeed, can in nowise be considered equal to the conception, which, if somewhat fancifully elaborated, is at least highly to be esteemed, as uniting in a more than ordinary degree the practically useful with the poetical ideal. Near the new Agora, and consequently in the heart of the more densely populated division of the city, this indicator of the wind and hour must have been a valuable contribution to the Athenians, and must have given to its founder, Andronicus Cyrrestes, a proud position among the *bene merenti* of the moment. Its form is octagonal, the roof being of marble, so cut as to represent tiles; upon the upper portion of each face is sculptured the figure of one of the eight Winds; these floating in an almost horizontal position convey, either by their dress, the emblems which they bear, or the expression of their features, the character of the wind they are respectively intended to personify. Within a very recent period this building, which was more than half buried, has been exhumed, and many important facts have been discovered during the process of excavation. The interior has been cleared, and in the pavement may be seen the channels by which the water was conveyed to the machinery by whose agency the hour was indicated, when the absence of the sun rendered the dials described upon the marble faces of the tower of no avail. These dials have been tested and pronounced perfectly correct, by a no less celebrated authority than Delambre. The two arches on the left of the illustration are the only remaining portions of the aqueduct by

which the necessary supply was conveyed, according to Stuart, from the spring in the grotto of Pan; it is a matter of gratulation alike to the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque, that these have been spared. From the amount of excavation necessary to arrive at its basement, it is clear that this portion of the town must have been raised, by ruins and atmospheric deposits, at least eight or nine feet above its original level.

The temple of Theseus, apart from the present town, and in a comparatively elevated and isolated position, built by Cimon, shortly after the battle of Salarnis, is one of the most noble remains of the ancient magnificence of Athens, and the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, existing specimen of Grecian architecture. It is built of Pentelic marble; the roof, friezes, and cornices still remain; and so gently has the hand of time pressed upon this venerable edifice, that the first impression of the mind in beholding it, is doubt of its antiquity. It was raised thirty years before the Parthenon, unlike which it appears to have been but sparingly supplied with sculptural decoration; but that which was so dedicated was of the highest merit, and remaining in an almost perfect condition, is most deeply interesting to the artist and the historian: supplying to the one models of beauty, and to the other the most undeniable data, upon which to establish the identity of this with the temple raised by the Athenians to the Hero-God.

TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

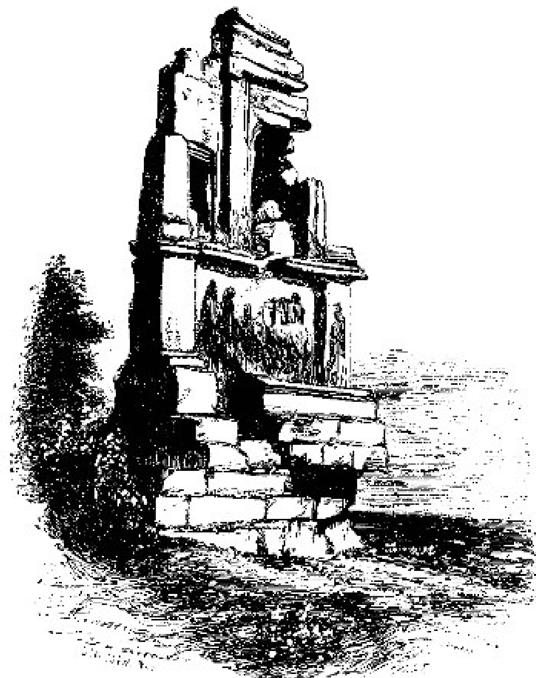
After having been successively denominated the remains of the Palace of Pericles, of the temple of Jupiter Olympus (an unaccountable blunder), the Painted Portico, the Forum of the inner Ceremeicus, the magnificent wreck of which the following engraving may convey a general idea, has been finally decided to have formed a portion of the Pantheon of Hadrian. For some time after this opinion had been started by Mr. Wilkins, and sanctioned by Sir William Gell, great doubts, despite the remarkable verification afforded by the language of Pausanias, remained as to its truth; but the Earl of Guildford has at length placed the matter beyond question. Some extensive excavations made under his personal direction resulted in the discovery of the Phrygian stone so minutely described by the enthusiastic traveller.

PANTHEON OF HADRIAN.

The portico forming the next illustration was a long time considered the only remaining portion of a temple dedicated to the Emperor Augustus, but it is now clearly established as having been one of the entrances to a market-place. This idea, suggested to the mind of Stuart, by certain minute yet well marked variations in the proportion of the columns from those devoted to sacred purposes, has been sustained by research, and finally demonstrated to be correct by the discovery of an inscription which has put the question at rest for ever. In one of these the names of two prefects of the market are preserved; and another, still perfect, is an edict of Hadrian respecting the duties to be levied on certain articles of consumption, and regulating the sale of oils, &c. Nothing can be more picturesque than the present condition of this portico, the latest specimen of the pure Greek Art. Its coloring is rich and varied, while its state of ruin is precisely that in which the eye of the painter delights, sufficient to destroy all hardness or angularity, yet not so great as to rob it of one element of grandeur.

ENTRANCE TO THE MARKET-PLACE: FORMERLY SUPPOSED TO BE PART OF A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO AUGUSTUS.

The building called the Monument of Philopappus, despite its somewhat fantastic elaboration of detail, is very remarkable and interesting; it was created either during the lifetime, or as a memorial immediately after his death, to Caius Julius Antiochus Philopappus, a descendant of the royalty of Syria, and an adopted citizen of Athens. It consists of a basement supporting a pilastrade of semi-circular form, and presenting upon its concave surface three niches, containing sitting statues, and three recesses richly ornamented with the representation in strong relief of a Roman triumph. Upon the basement also were various sculptures in honor of the Emperor Trajan. These, and, indeed, all the decorative sculpture, &c., profusely lavished upon this building have suffered greatly. The two remaining statues are much dilapidated. From this point a magnificent view of the Acropolis is obtained, and few are the sights presented to the traveller, which surpass in historic interest or actual beauty that meeting his eye, to whichever point of the compass he may turn when standing at the foot of this remarkably picturesque monument.

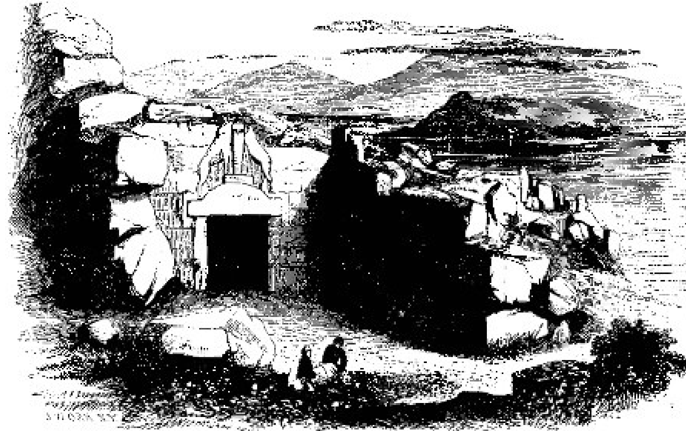


MONUMENT OF PHILOPAPPUS.

The ages which produced these marvellous works in architecture had other and different glories. Painting and sculpture reached the highest perfection; and poetry exhibited all the grace and vigor of the Athenian imagination. And though time has effaced all traces of the pencil of Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Apelles, posterity has assigned them a place in the temple of fame beside Phidias and Praxiteles, whose works are, even at the present day, unrivalled for classical purity of design and perfection of execution. And after the city had passed her noon in art, and in political greatness, she became the mother of that philosophy at once subtile and sublime, which, even at the present hour, exerts a powerful influence over the human mind. This era in her history has been alluded to by Milton:

> "See there the olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
> There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites

To studious musing; there Ilyssus rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there and painted Stoa next; ...
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear.
From Heaven descended to the low roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe."



Such is an outline of the remains of the chief Athenian edifices, which link ancient times with the present, and which, as long as there is taste to appreciate or genius to imitate, must arrest the attention and command the admiration of all the generations of mankind.

TAYLOR AND STODDARD[A]

We have placed these names together, not on account of any fancied resemblance between the two poets, but for the very opposite reason. We wish to trace the contrasts which may be exhibited by writers living in the same age, the same country, and under the same system of social relations. Mr. Stoddard's volume is dedicated with evident warmth of feeling to Bayard Taylor, and the natural conclusion is that the poets are personal friends; yet so far from the intellectual nature of the one having influenced that of the other, they are as strikingly opposed in thought, feeling, and manner of expression, as two men well can be.

The time has gone by when a volume from the pen of Mr. Taylor can be dismissed with a careless line or two. Few writers of our day have made more rapid advances into popular favor, and no one is more justly entitled to the place which he holds. If we are to trust contemporary criticism, a goodly army of what are called "promising young poets" might be raised from any state in the Union. But what becomes of them? It is one thing to promise, and another to perform, and we fear that this suggestion contains a hint at the whole mystery. It seems to be comparatively easy for educated men, blinded to their incapacity by an unwholesome passion for notoriety which is never the inspiring motive of a real poet, to reach a certain degree of excellence which may be denominated "promising." Many a feather has been shed, and many a wing broken, in attempting to soar beyond it. We shall not describe Mr. Taylor with the epithet. We see nothing to justify it in his volume, on every page of which there is actual performance. Maturity may indeed add to his powers, and further increase his poetical insight; but there is no necessity for waiting, lest we commit ourselves by a favorable opinion, and no fear that such an opinion will be falsified by succeeding efforts.

Richard Henry Stoddard doubtless has been styled a promising young poet by half the newspaper press; therefore if we venture to say that Mr. Stoddard has performed, and that the promising season is over with him, it is not because we do not think that his future poems will exhibit new and greater excellencies, but because we recognize merits in his present collection which eminently entitle him to respectful consideration.

The evident source of Mr. Stoddard's inspiration is a love for ideal beauty, in whatever form it may be manifested. Like all admirers of ideal beauty, he has a strong sensual element in his composition. He is not satisfied with the mere dreams of his imagination, but he must also attempt to realize them through the medium of imitative art. Among the various modes for expressing the same feelings and ideas, painting, poetry, sculpture and music, he has chosen poetry as the one best adapted to his purpose. We would not be understood to assert that an

artist may, at will, express his emotions in any of the arts; for a man may be insensible to an idea expressed in sculpture or music, which is perfectly clear to him in poetry or painting; but we assert that all the arts are but different languages to convey the same ideas. True art addresses itself to the moral, the intellectual, or the sensual man; and by the predominance of one of these qualities in the artist, or by various combinations of the three, all the radical differences between men of genius can be accounted for, and all the seeming mysteries explained. This truth is the groundwork of genuine criticism; and the critic who busies himself about the accidental circumstances, which have influenced an artist, is only prying into his history, without sounding the depth of his nature. At least let criticism start here: it may afterward indulge in microscopic comparisons of style, and in worn-out accusations of imitation: but it is a sorry thing to see persons assuming the dignified office of the critic magnifying molehills into mountains, and similarities into thefts. All men are gifted with various faculties, but it is not in the superiority of any or all of them that we can account for the existence of the poet, who has something of the divine nature in him, having a creative energy that is not a result of the degree in which he possesses one or more of the ordinary faculties, but is a special distinction with which he is clothed by the deity.

We will proceed to examine our two poets by the principles before stated, not forgetting to compare or contrast them, as there may be opportunity. In Mr. Taylor there is a just equipoise of the moral and intellectual natures, while the sensual nature, if not so strong as the former two, is at least calmed and subdued by their united power. With fine animal spirits, he has but little taste for gross animal enjoyments; and the mischief which his unlicensed spirits might commit, is foreseen by a sensitive conscience, and checked by a mind that sees the end in the act, and provides to-day against the future. Mr. Taylor's inclinations are for scenes of grandeur. Sublime human actions, nature in her awful revolutionary states, the wild desolation of a mountain peak or a limitless desert, the storm, the earthquake, the cataract, the moaning forest—these are the chief inspirations of his powers. Whatever is suggestive of high emotions, that act upon his moral nature, and in turn are acted upon by it, forms an unconquerable incentive to his poetical exertions. Mere word-painting he has no affection for. A scene of nature, however beautiful, would be poetically valueless to him, unless it moved his feelings past the point of silent contemplation. The first poem in his volume affords a striking illustration of his apprehension of intellectual bravery. Through fasting that approaches starvation, unanswered prayers, and repeated discomfitures, the soul of the hero burns undimmed, and his eyes remain steadily fixed on his purpose. Physical suffering only strengthens his resolution, and defeat only nerves him to renewed efforts. Round these ideas the poet lingers with a triumphant emotion, that proves his sympathies to be centred less in the outward action of the poem, than in the power of human will—a power which he conceives to be capable of overcoming all things, even the gods themselves. We have before stated that nature, unless suggestive of some intellectual emotion, is nothing to Mr. Taylor. To arouse himself to song, he must vitalize the world, must make it live, breathe and feel, must find books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, or brooks and stones are to him as if they had not been. In the "Metempsychosis of the Pine," this characteristic is finely displayed. The poet imagines himself to have been a pine, and retraces his experiences while in that state of being. The pine becomes a conscious creature, revelling in the joys of its own existence, feeling the sap stir in its veins, and pour through a heart as susceptible as man's. Many poets have recalled the memories which linger around a particular tree, or, apostrophising it, have bid it relate certain histories; but in Mr. Taylor's poem the tree speaks from within its own nature—not with the feelings of a man, not with what we might suppose would be the feelings of a common tree, but as a pine of many centuries—and no one can mistake its voice. A nobler use of the dramatic faculty, in lyrical poetry, is not within our recollection.

As may be supposed, Mr. Taylor's poetry is written under the excitement of passion, and does not proceed from that laborious process of constructing effects, to which a large number of poets owe their success. The consequence is that his language is vividly metaphorical, only dealing in similes when in a comparative repose, and never going out of the way to hunt up one of those eternal *likes*, which have emasculated our poetic style, and are fast becoming a leading characteristic in American verse, to the utter destruction of every thing like real passion. Mr. Taylor is an instructive study in this respect. He uses ten metaphors to one simile. His ideas come forth clothed in their figurative language, and do not bring it along neatly tied up in a separate bundle. From this cause there is a sturdy strength and genuine feeling about his poems, that more than compensate for the ingenious trinkets which he despises, and leaves for the adornment of those who need them. In him imagination predominates over fancy, and the latter is always sacrificed to the former. We do not intend to say that Mr. Taylor is without fancy. Far from it—he has fancy, but it never leads him to be fanciful. His versification is polished, correct and various, but more harmonious than melodious; that is to say, the whole rhythmical flow of his verse is more striking than the sweetness of particular lines. We have not mentioned all the phases of Mr. Taylor's genius. Some of the smaller poems in his volume border on the sensuous; and in "Hylas" he has paid a tribute to ancient fable worthy of its refined inventors; but scenes of moral and natural sublimity are those in which he succeeds best, and by them he should be characterized.

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

Mr. Stoddard is the precise opposite to his friend. In him the sensual vastly outranks the moral or the intellectual quality. Let it not be supposed that we wish to hold the two latter elements as superior to the former for poetical purposes; nor do we by asserting the greater preponderance of any one, deny the possession of the other two. To the sensuous in man we are indebted for the great body of Grecian poetry, and Keats wholly, and Tennyson in part, are modern instances of what may be achieved by imbibing the spirit of the ancient classics. Shallow critics have professed to discover a resemblance between these English poets and Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Taylor has also fallen under the same accusation, for no better reason, that we can conceive, than that all four have drunk at the same fountain, and enjoyed its inspirations.

Mr. Stoddard's sympathies are almost entirely given up to ancient Grecian art. He can scarcely realize that the dream has passed forever. He sees something vital in its very ruins. For him the Phidian friezes yet crown the unplundered Parthenon; the gigantic Athena yet gleams through sacerdotal incense, in all her ivory whiteness, smiling upon reeking altars and sacrificing priests; Delphos has yet an oracular voice; Bacchus and Pan and his Satyrs yet lead their riotous train through a forest whose every tree is alive with its dryad, and whose every fountain is haunted by its potamid; there are yet patriot veins to glow at the Iliad; Æschylus can yet fill a theatre; Pericles yet thunders at Cimon from the Cema, or woos Aspasia, or tempers the headlong Alcibiades, or prepares his darling Athens for the Peloponnesian war. These things Mr. Stoddard feels while the locomotive shrieks in his ears, while the omnibus, speeding to the steamship, rattles the glass of his window, while the newsboy cries his monotonous advertisement, or his servant hands to him a telegraphic dispatch; and he is right. The body in which Grecian art existed, is indeed dead, but the spirit which animated it is indestructible. There will be poets to worship and reproduce it, there will be scholars to admire and preserve it, when every man's field is bounded by a railway, when every housetop is surmounted by a telegraph wire, and when the golden calf is again set up amid the people, to be worshipped as the living God.

From the force of his sympathies, Mr. Stoddard can lean but in that direction. Throughout his volume there is scarcely a poem which is not the offshoot of these feelings. Some of them are confessedly upon Grecian subjects, and all of them are animated by a corresponding spirit. Even his few domestic poems are not treated after that modern manner, which moralizes in the last stanza, simply to let the reader understand how well the poet knows his own meaning. Whatever is beautiful in Mr. Stoddard's themes is distinctly brought forward, while the darker side of his subject is scarcely touched upon. Take, for example, a poem of great simplicity and tenderness, filled with a sorrow so beautiful as almost to make one in love with grief, and contrast it with a poem, on a similar subject, by Bayard Taylor:

"Along the grassy slope I sit,
    And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
    My eyes of tender tears!

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
    The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me
    Beneath the evening star!

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
    Around, the same soft hours,
But Alice moulders in the dust
    With all the last year's flowers!

I sit alone, and only hear
    The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
    From out the folds of sleep!"

Stoddard, page 116.

This is very fine and delicate feeling, softened down to the mildest point of passion; but it does not at all resemble the frenzy of grief which follows:

"Moan, ye wild winds! around the pane,
And fall, thou drear December rain!
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
Tear the last clinging leaves away!
Reckless as yonder naked tree,
No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,
And pour your baptism on my face;
Sound in mine ears the airy moan
That sweeps in desperate monotone,
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat
The marches of your homeless feet!

Moan on, ye winds! and pour, thou rain!
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,
If shed for her whose fading eyes
Will open soon on Paradise;
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me."

Taylor, page 92.

What a desolation of wo! how the whole man is carried away in one overwhelming passion! A contrast of the opening poems of these two volumes, would be a pleasant employment, but their length forbids it. Mr. Taylor's "Romance of the Maize" we have mentioned already; Mr. Stoddard's "Castle in the Air" is its complete antithesis. The latter poem is a magnificent day-dream, abounding in luscious imagery, and unrivalled for its minute descriptions of ideal scenery and its voluptuous music of versification, by any similar creation since Spenser's "Bower of Bliss."

To sum up Mr. Stoddard's poetical character, he has more fancy than imagination, he is rather exquisitely sensitive than profoundly passionate, and oftener works up his feelings to the act of composition, than seeks it as an outlet for uncontrollable emotion. He thoroughly, and at every point, an artist. His genius is never allowed to run riot, but is always subjected to the laws of a delicate, but most severe taste. His poems are probably planned with views to their artistic effects, and are then constructed from his exhaustless wealth of poetical material, by a nice adaptation of each part to the perfect whole of his design. If he has less imagination than Mr. Taylor, he has a richer and more glowing fancy; if his figures are less apt and striking, they are more elegant and symmetrical; if the harmonious dignity of his versification is less, its melodious sweetness is more; if he has less passion, he has more sensibility; if moral and physical grandeur are not so attractive to him, ideal and natural beauty are the only elements in which his life is endurable. We might pursue these contrasts to the end of our magazine; but if we have called the reader's attention to them, we have done enough.

From "Love and Solitude," by Mr. Taylor, we extract the following picture, in order to contrast it with the handling of the same subject by Mr. Stoddard in "The South:"

"Some island, on the purple plain
Of Polynesian main,
Where never yet adventurer's prore
Lay rocking near its coral shore:
A tropic mystery, which the enamored deep
Folds, as a beauty in a charméd sleep.
There lofty palms, of some imperial line,
That never bled their nimble wine,
Crowd all the hills, and out the headlands go
To watch on distant reefs the lazy brine
Turning its fringe of snow.
There, when the sun stands high
Upon the burning summit of the sky,
All shadows wither: Light alone
Is in the world: and pregnant grown
With teeming life, the trembling island earth
And panting sea forebode sweet pains of birth
Which never come;—their love brings never forth
The human Soul they lack alone."

Taylor, page 16.

Half-way between the frozen zones,
    Where Winter reigns in sullen mirth,
The Summer binds a golden belt

About the middle of the Earth,
The sky is soft, and blue, and bright,
With purple dyes at morn and night:
And bright and blue the seas which lie
In perfect rest, and glass the sky;
And sunny bays with inland curves
Round all along the quiet shore;
And stately palms, in pillared ranks
Grow down the borders of the banks,
And juts of land where billows roar;
The spicy woods are full of birds,
And golden fruits, and crimson flowers;
With wreathéd vines on every bough,
That shed their grapes in purple showers;
The emerald meadows roll their waves,
And bask in soft and mellow light;
The vales are full of silver mist,
And all the folded hills are bright;
But far along the welkin's rim
The purple crags and peaks are dim;
And dim the gulfs, and gorges blue,
With all the wooded passes deep;
All steeped in haze, and washed in dew,
And bathed in atmospheres of Sleep!

Stoddard, page 14.

Passages like these say more for their authors than could any commendation from the critic. Observe how soon mere description is abandoned by Mr. Taylor, and he begins to put life and feeling into his scene. The deep is "enamored," the island is "in a charméd sleep," the palms are "imperial," and "crowd the hills," and "out the headlands go to watch the lazy brine," &c. All nature is alive. On the other hand, Mr. Stoddard loves nature for its beauty alone, without desiring in it any imaginable animation. The man who can read Mr. Taylor's "Kubla," without feeling the blood dance in his veins, should never confess it, for he is hardening into something beyond the reach of sympathy. In "The Soldier and the Pard," a poem of curious originality, Mr. Taylor pushes his belief in the all-pervading existence of moral nature to its last extreme. It closes with the following emphatic lines:

"And if a man
Deny this truth she [*the Pard*] taught me, to his face
I say he lies: a beast may have a soul!"

Without drawing too much on the tables of contents, we could not enumerate the many note-worthy pieces in these volumes; and it would much exceed our limits to give them even a passing word of comment. Among Mr. Stoddard's unmentioned poems, the "Hymn to Flora," an "Ode" of delicious melancholy, full of exquisite taste and finely-wrought fancies, "Spring," "Autumn," a "Hymn to the Beautiful," "The Broken Goblet," and "Triumphant Music," give the reader a clear insight into his peculiar characteristics, and open a vision of ideal beauty that no poet has exhibited in such Grecian perfection since the death of Keats. A poem, on page 115, is one that awakens peculiar emotions; it describes a state of half consciousness, when the senses are morbidly alive, and the perceptive faculties are fettered with dreams, or inspired by a strange memory that bears within it things not of this world, and hints at a previous and different existence.

"The yellow moon looks slantly down,
Through seaward mists, upon the town;
And like a mist the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I see a crowd in every street,
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade and light,
And seem a portion of the night.

The ships have lain, for ages fled,
Along the waters, dark and dead;
The dying waters wash no more
The long black line of spectral shore.

There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems,
Within some dead old world of dreams!"

Stoddard, page 115.

With this shadowy poem we close, begging our readers not to be terrified at the boldness with which we claim so high a place for the subjects of our review. They have that within them which will prove our commendations just, and establish them in the rank assigned by us, with a firmness that will need no critic's aid, and can be shaken by no critic's assault. We but add, let them remember that the fear of the world is the beginning of mischief. George H. Boker.

FOOTNOTES:

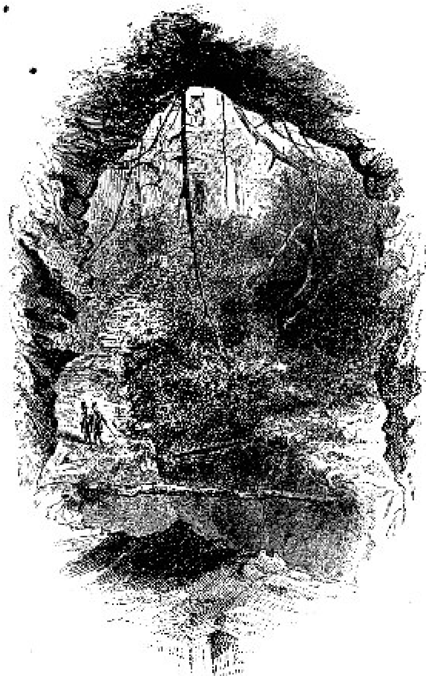
[A] *A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 16mo. *Poems.* By Richard Henry Stoddard. Same publishers. 16mo.

THE UNDERGROUND TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

ENTRANCE TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

The extraordinary caverns which underlie various parts of this country are of a description suitable in extent and magnificence to the general scale of nature here, in lakes, rivers, cataracts, valleys in which empires are cradled, prairies of scarcely conceivable vastness, and mountains whose bases are amid perpetual flowers and where frozen seas have never intermission of their crashing thunders. In Virginia, New-York, and other states, the caves of Weyer, Schoharie, and many that are less famous but not inferior in beauty or grandeur, are well known to travellers; but the Mammoth Cave, under Kentucky, is world renowned, and such felon states as Naples might hide in it from the scorn of mankind. Considering the common curiosity respecting that strange subterranean country, and the fact of its being resorted to in winter by valetudinarians, on account of its admirable climate—so that our article is altogether seasonable—we give, chiefly from a letter by Mrs. Child, a very full description of this eighth wonder of the world—illustrated by engravings from recent drawings made under the direction of the Rev. Horace Martin, who proposes soon to furnish for tourists an ample volume on the subject.

The Mammoth Cave is in the southwest part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from Harrodsburg Springs. The word *cave* is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is in fact a subterranean world; containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto. It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country, like highland prairies, called the Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely. Fine woods of oak, hickory, and chestnut, clear of underbrush, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.—VIEW TAKEN FROM THE INSIDE.

The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan, for ten thousand dollars. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is in fact his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy, like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel[B] near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime; with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near by, is a funnel-shaped hollow of three hundred acres; probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run into it, they cannot escape. There are troops of wild deer in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; bear-hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abounds.

Walking along the verge of this hollow, you come to a ravine, leading to Green River, whence you command a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there, to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here, nor is it easy to imagine that it could be done by the strength of man. In rear of the hotel is a deep ravine densely wooded, and covered with a luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads, by a winding path, to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top, is a perennial fountain of sweet and cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendent foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufacture, during the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man; but, unfortunately, they buried them again, without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

As you come opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously, from about 85° to below 60°, and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an iceberg. In winter, the effect is reversed. The scientific have indulged in various speculations concerning the air of this cave. It is supposed to get completely filled with cold winds during the long blasts of winter, and as there is no outlet, they remain pent up till the atmosphere without becomes warmer than that within; when there is, of course, a continual effort toward equilibrium. Why the air within the cave should be so fresh, pure, and equable, all the year round, even in its deepest recesses, is not so easily explained. Some have suggested that it is continually modified by the presence of chemical agents. Whatever may be the cause, its agreeable salubrity is observed by every visitor, and it is said to have great healing power in diseases of the lungs. The amount of exertion which can be performed here without fatigue, is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity, by continual new discoveries and startling revelations.

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air from dark depths beyond blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there, to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of eight acres, arched with a dome a hundred feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark gray rock, in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller,

one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave; because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda, you pass into Audubon's Avenue, from eighty to a hundred feet high, with galleries of rock on each side, jutting out farther and father, till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This contains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery, and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leads up from the adjoining galleries, and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, which seem made for the purpose. There has been preaching from this pulpit; but unless it was superior to most theological teaching, it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far, all is irregular, jagged rocks, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations, which grow more and more perfect, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the Church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation, as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here in 1813, was the body of a woman five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet, lay a pair of moccasons, and a handsome knapsack, made of bark: containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bears' teeth, eagles' claws, and fawns' red hoofs; whistles made of cane; two rattlesnakes' skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head, made of erect feathers of rooks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked like sail-needles; deers' sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine. I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum. From Mummy Hall you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars, on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks and sleepy eyes are quite perfect; the trunk, at first very distinct, gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock. On another pillar is a lion's head; on another, a human head with a wig, called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

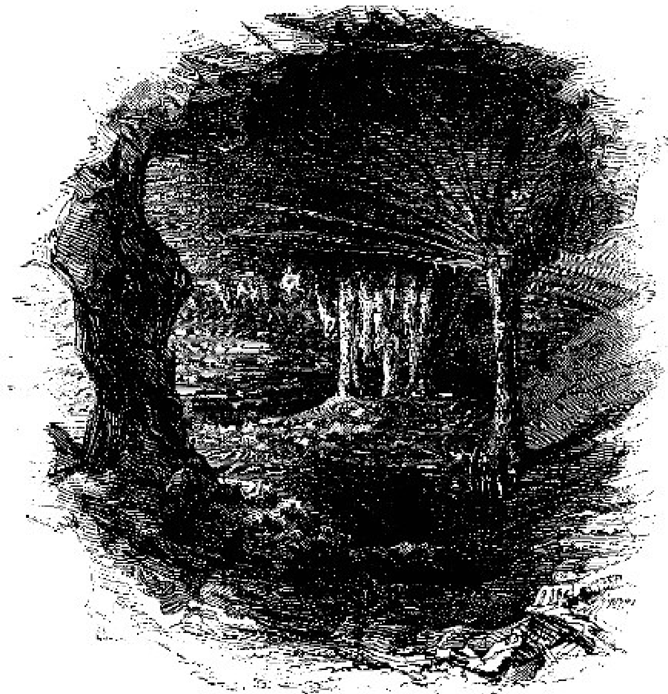
From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point, projects half way over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk almost to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm. As you pass along, the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate columns in the cave. The stalactite and stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish yellow, which, when the light shines through them, look like transparent amber. They are sonorous as a clear-toned bell. A pendent mass, called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken, by being struck too powerfully.

ENTRANCE TO THE GOTHIC GATE.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly

ornamented chapel of Henry VII. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees twisted into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' arm-chair, a stalactite formation, well adapted to the human figure. The Chapel is the most beautiful specimen of the Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

If you turn back to the main avenue, and strike off in another direction, you enter a vast room, with several projecting galleries, called the Ball Room. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre, called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, big as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom, partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin in his illustrations of Milton. It requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all around the throne, into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave, Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind, by the unearthly effect of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber, the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture, to that of the Egyptian. The dark, massive walls resemble a series of Egyptian tombs, in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle, which forms the meeting point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal Lights, which travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and the light streaming into the thick darkness, through chinks in the rocks. When the lights begin to burn, their intense radiance casts a strong glare on Satan's Throne; the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view, and you can peer into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments, gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then—all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering genii striding down the deep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep among the dense black shadows.



THE GOTHIC CHAPEL.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of gray rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward, through this narrow aperture, you see, high, high above you, a vaulted roof of *black* rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from the deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly waiting for Gessler, among the shadows of the Alps, and of Wordsworth's picture of

"Yorkshire dales
Among the rocks and winding scars,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars."

THE STAR CHAMBER.

In this neighborhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall, the first moment his eye rested on it; and the name is singularly expressive of its character. Its ragged roughness and sullen gloom are indescribable. The floor is a mountainous heap of loose stones, and not an inch of even surface could be found on roof or walls. Imagine two or three travellers, with their lamps, passing through this place of evil aspect. The deep, suspicions-looking recesses and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light. All at once, a Bengal Light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare. The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should, for the first time, be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun. But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave, is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast, that three of the most powerful Bengal Lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible, is three hundred feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground. Another route from the Devil's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensacola Avenue. Here are numerous formations of crystallized gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found farther on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's tooth spar. A person who visited the place, a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it, while the guide's back was turned towards whim. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was *his* fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant genii of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty dreary place is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive at another avenue, inclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, one hundred and twenty feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this, you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split, or chasm, in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend twenty-five or thirty feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guided ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal Lights, by the help of which you see, two hundred feet above you, a Gothic dome of one solid rock, perfectly overawing in its vastness and height. Below, is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the Eternal can fathom. If, instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight alongside the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ever ventured to proceed till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account given by Lieber, in the Encyclopædia Americana. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent, than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves." For a long period this pit was considered bottomless, because, when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated and reverberated along the sides, till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting place. It has since been sounded, and found to be one hundred and forty feet deep, with a soft muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm, and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but as it is impossible to sustain it by piers, travellers must pass over in the centre, one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance, and overturn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensico Avenue. Hitherto, the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks, and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zig-zag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places, the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then again you rise above, and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you, like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing, winding torrent. Toward the close, the water not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low and narrow, that the traveller is obliged to stoop and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and this leads into the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave, called the Smoke House, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain. The ceiling stretches away—away—before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one, who has never seen this cave, can imagine the excitement, and awe, with which the traveller keeps his eye fixed on the rocky ceiling, which, gradually revealed in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity or beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world, is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and craggy paths—slowly, slowly—that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling, and gigantic walls; disappearing behind the high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks; then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation, can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region. At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it vividly brought before him by Alfieri's description of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark, lurid, and terrific, as the throat of the infernal pool." As you pass along, you hear the roar of invisible waterfalls, and at the foot of the slope, the River Styx lies before you, deep and black, overarched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell.

> "Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
> And mingling screams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters, the guide can convey but two passengers at once; and these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fastened to the prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and cross the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the

canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it, before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed—

"Skim along the dusky glades,
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades."

THE RIVER STYX.

If you turn your eye from the canoe, to the parties of men and women, whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level hall, named the Great Walk, half a mile of which brings you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks, in one place, descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short duration, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year, this river often rises, almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low-water mark; a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth. On this account, autumn is an unfavorable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout. If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan, when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them, on the swollen waters, to the level of an upper cave, so low that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them. The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish, with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at least, they have been subjected to a careful scientific examination, and no organ similar to an eye can be discovered. It would indeed be a useless appendage to creatures that dwell for ever in Cimmerian darkness. But, as usual, the acuteness of one sense is increased by the absence of another. These fish are undisturbed by the most powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed at the slightest agitation of the water; and it is therefore exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come, and whither they go. But though the courageous Stephen has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced his way through the narrowest apertures under the dark waves, so as to leave merely his head a breathing space, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever—without beginning or end, like eternity. They disappear under arches, which, even at the lowest stage of the water, are under the surface of it. From an unknown cause, it sometimes happens in the neighborhood of these streams, that the figure of a distant companion will apparently loom up, to the height of ten or twelve feet, as he approaches you. This occasional phenomenon is somewhat frightful, even to the most rational observer, occurring as it does in a region so naturally associated with giants and genii.

From the Jordan, through Silliman's Avenue, you enter a high, narrow defile, or pass, in a portion of which, called the Hanging Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended over your head. At the side of this defile, is a recess, called the Devil's Blacksmith's Shop. It contains a rock shaped like

an anvil, with a small inky current running near it, and quantities of coarse stalagmite scattered about, precisely like blacksmith's cinders, called slag. In another place, you pass a square rock, covered with beautiful dog's tooth spar, called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's Gallery, which tapers off to a narrow point, apparently the end of the cave in this direction. But a ladder is placed on one side by which you ascend to a small cleft in the rock, through which you are at once ushered into a vast apartment, discovered about two years ago. This is the commencement of Cleveland's Avenue, the crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world. At the head of the ladder, you find yourself surrounded by overhanging stalactites, in the form of rich clusters of grapes, transparent to the light, hard as marble, and round and polished, as if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called Mary's Vineyard; and from it, an entrance to the right brings you into a perfectly naked cave, whence you suddenly pass into a large hall, with magnificent columns, and rich festoons of stalactite, in various forms of beautiful combination. In the centre of this chamber, between columns of stalactite, stands a mass of stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which is an opening like a grave. A Roman Catholic priest first discovered this, about a year ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed, "The Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard, is an inclosure like an arbor, the ceiling and sides of which are studded with snow-white crystallized gypsum, in the form of all sorts of flowers. It is impossible to convey an idea of the exquisite beauty and infinite variety of these delicate formations. In some places, roses and lilies seem cut on the rock, in bas-relief; in others, a graceful bell rises on a long stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath. One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn in tassel, the silky fibres as fine and flexile as can be imagined; another is a group of ostrich plumes, so downy that a zephyr waves it. In some nooks were little parks of trees, in others, gracefully curled leaves like the Acanthus, rose from the very bosom of the rock. Near this room is the Snow Chamber, the roof and sides of which are covered with particles of brilliant white gypsum, as if snowballs had been dashed all over the walls. In another apartment the crystals are all in the form of rosettes. In another, called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each seems to have a style of formations peculiar to itself, though of infinite variety. Days might be spent in these superb grottoes, without becoming familiar with half their hidden glories. One could imagine that some antediluvian giant had here imprisoned some fair daughter of earth, and then in pity for her loneliness, had employed fairies to deck her bowers with all the splendor of earth and ocean. Like poor Amy Robsart, in the solitary halls of Cumnor. Bengal Lights, kindled in these beautiful retreats, produce an effect more gorgeous than any theatrical representation of fairyland; but they smoke the pure white incrustations, and the guide is therefore very properly reluctant to have them used. The reflection from the shining walls is so strong, that lamplight is quite sufficient. Moreover, these wonderful formations need to be examined slowly and in detail. The universal glitter of the Lights is worthless in comparison. From Rebecca's Garland you come into a vast hall, of great height, covered with shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four feet high, and level at top, round which several hundred people can sit conveniently. This is called Cornelia's Table, and is frequently used for parties to dine upon. In this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow-white, dry, and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who sometimes take up their abode in the cave for weeks, and other travellers who choose to remain over night, find this a very pleasant and comfortable bed.

Cornelia's Table is a safe centre, from which individuals may diverge on little exploring expeditions; for the paths here are not labyrinthine, and the hall is conspicuous from various neighboring points of view. In most regions of the cave, it is hazardous to lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then turn short round and return to him, you will find it next to impossible to do so. So many paths come in at acute angles; they look so much alike; and the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly, that none but the practised eye of a guide can disentangle their windings. A gentleman who retraced a few steps, near the entrance of the cave, to find his hat, lost his way so completely, that he was not found for forty-eight hours, though twenty or thirty people were in search of him. Parties are occasionally mustered and counted, to see that none are missing. Should such an accident happen, there is no danger, if the wanderer will remain stationary; for he will soon be missed, and a guide sent after him. From the hall of congealed drops, you may branch off into a succession of small caves, called Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beautiful formations of the surrounding caves, such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral, &c., may be found so low, that you can conveniently examine their minutest features. One of these little recesses, covered with sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called Diamond Grotto. Alma's Bower closes this series of wonderful formations. As a whole, they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in honor of Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin College. Silliman calls this admirable series, the Alabaster Caves. He says: "I was at first at a loss to account for such beautiful formations, and especially for the elegance of the curves exhibited. It is however evident that the substances have grown from the rocks, by increments or additions to the base; the solid parts already formed being continually pushed forward. If the growth be a little more rapid on one side than on the other, a well-proportioned curve will be the result; should the increased action on one side diminish or increase, then all the beauties of the conic and mixed curves would be produced. The masses are often evenly and longitudinally striated by a kind of columnar structure, exhibiting a fascicle of small prisms; and some of these prisms ending sooner than others, give a broken termination of great beauty, similar to our form of the emblem of 'the order of the star.' The rosettes formed by a mammillary disk surrounded by a circle of leaves, rolled elegantly outward, are from four inches to a foot in diameter. Tortuous vines, throwing off curled leaves at every flexure, like the branches of a chandelier, running more

than a foot in length, and not thicker than the finger, are among the varied frost-work of these grottoes; common stalactites of carbonate of lime, although beautiful objects, lose by contrast with these ornaments, and dwindle into mere clumsy, awkward icicles. Besides these, there are tufts of 'hair salt,' native sulphate of magnesia, depending like adhering snowballs from the roof, and periodically detaching themselves by their own increasing weight. Indeed, the more solid alabaster ornaments become at last overgrown, and fall upon the floor of the grotto, which was found covered with numbers quite entire, besides fragments of others broken by the fall."

A distinguished geologist has said that he believed Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in length, contained a petrified form of every vegetable production on earth. If this be too large a statement, it is at least safe to say that its variety is almost infinite. Amongst its other productions, are large piles of Epsom salts, beautifully crystallized. Travellers have shown such wanton destructiveness in this great temple of Nature—mutilating beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and crushing delicate flowers—that the rules are now very strict. It is allowable to touch nothing, except the ornaments which have loosened and dropped by their own weight. These are often hard enough to bear transportation.

After you leave Alma's Bower, the cave again becomes very rugged. Beautiful combinations of gypsum and spar may still be seen occasionally overhead: but all round you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest manner. Through such scraggy scenery, you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregular pile of massive rocks, from 100 to 150 feet high. From these you can look down into Dismal Hollow—deep below deep—the most frightful looking place in the whole cave. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda, called Croghan Hall, in honor of the proprietor. Stalactites surround this in the richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a museum. On one side is a stalagmite formation like a pine-tree, about five feet high, with regular leaves and branches; another is in a pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains on the side opposite from that which you ascended, you will come to Serena's Arbor, which is thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave, and the end of this avenue. A most beautiful termination it is! In a semicircle of stalactite columns is a fountain of pure water spouting up from a rock. This fluid is as transparent as air; all the earthy particles it ever held in suspension, having been long since precipitated. The stalactite formations in this arbor are remarkably beautiful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk through which is estimated at about three hundred miles. In some places, you descend more than a mile into the bowels of the earth. The poetic-minded traveller, after he has traced all the labyrinths, departs with lingering reluctance. As he approaches the entrance, daylight greets him with new and startling beauty. If the sun shines on the verdant sloping hill, and the waving trees, seen through the arch, they seem like fluid gold; if mere daylight rests upon them, they resemble molten silver. This remarkable richness of appearance is doubtless owing to the contrast with the thick darkness, to which the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave, the temperature of the air rises thirty degrees instantly (if the season is summer), and you feel as if plunged in a hot vapor bath; but the effects of this are salutary and not unpleasant. Nature never seems so miraculous as it does when you emerge from this hidden realm of marvellous imitations. The "dear goddess" is so serene in her resplendent and more harmonious beauty! The gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky, and the air, all seem to wear a veil of transfigured glory. The traveller feels that he was never before conscious how beautiful a phenomenon is the sunlight, how magnificent the blue arch of heaven!

There are three guides at the service of travellers, all well versed in the intricate paths of this nether world. Stephen, the presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a mulatto, and a slave. He has lived in this strange region from boyhood, and a large proportion of the discoveries are the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His vocation has brought him into contact with many intellectual and scientific men, and a prodigious memory, he has profited much by intercourse with superior minds. He can recollect every body that ever visited the cave, and all the terms of geology and mineralogy are at his tongue's end. He is extremely attentive, and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent language, and his rapturous expressions, as he lights up some fine point of view, are at times fine specimens of glorification. His knowledge of the place is ample and accurate, and he is altogether an extremely useful and agreeable guide.

FOOTNOTES:

[B] See engraving of this hotel in the *International* for August, 1851.

THE POEM OF THE MONTH.

The finest new poem that has fallen under our notice is the following, from *Graham's Magazine* for the present month. We think few who have read Miss Carey's recent poems entitled *Lyra*, *Jessie Carol*, *October*, and *The Winds*, with her prose volume just published by Redfield, will be

disposed to question, that in the brief period in which she has been before the public she has entitled herself to the highest rank among the living literary women of the United States.

WINTER, BY ALICE CAREY.

Now sits the twilight palaced in the snow,
    Hugging away beneath a fleece of gold
Her statue beauties, dumb and icy cold,
    And fixing her blue steadfast eyes below,
Where in a bed of chilly waves afar,
    With dismal shadows o'er her sweet face blown,
Tended to death by eve's delicious star,
    Lies the lost day alone.

Where late, with red mists bound about his brows,
    Went the swart Autumn, wading to the knees
Through drifts of dead leaves shaken from the boughs
    Of the old forest trees,
The gusts upon their baleful errands run
    O'er the bright ruin, fading from our eyes,
And over all, like clouds about the sun,
    A shadow lies.

For, fallen asleep upon a dreary world,
    Slant to the light, one late October morn,
From some rough cavern blew a tempest cold,
    And tearing off his garland of ripe corn,
Twisted with blue grapes, sweet with delicious wine,
    And Ceres' drowsy flowers, so dully red,
Deep in his cavern leafy and divine,
    Buried him with his dead.

Then, with big black beard glistening in the frost,
    Under the icy arches of the north,
And o'er the still graves of the seasons lost,
    Blustered the Winter forth—
Spring, with your crown of roses budding new,
    Thought-nursing and most melancholy Fall,
Summer, with bloomy meadows wet with dew,
    Blighting your beauties all.

Oh heart, your spring-time dream will idle prove,
    Your summer but forerun the autumn's death,
The flowery arches in the home of love
    Fall crumbling, at a breath;
And, sick at last with that great sorrow's shock,
    As some poor prisoner, pressing to the bars
His forehead, calls on Mercy to unlock
    The chambers of the stars—
You, turning off from life's first mocking glow
    Leaning it may be, still on broken faith,
Will down the vale of Autumn gladly go
    To the chill winter, Death.

Hark! from the empty bosom of the grove
    I hear a sob, as one forlorn might pine—
    The white-limbed beauty of a god is thine,
King of the seasons! and the night that hoods
    Thy brow majestic, brightest stars enweave—
    Thou surely canst not grieve;

But only far away
    Makest stormy prophecies; well, lift them higher,
Till morning on the forehead of the day
    Presses a seal of fire
Dearer to me the scene
    Of nature shrinking from thy rough embrace,
Than Summer, with her rustling robe of green,
    Cool blowing in my face.

The moon is up—how still the yellow beams
    That slantwise lie upon the stirless air,
Sprinkled with frost, like pearl-entangled hair,
    O'er beauty's cheeks that streams,
How the red light of Mars their pallor mocks.

And the wild legend from the old time wins,
Of sweet waves kissing all the drowning locks
Of Ilia's lovely twins.

Come, Poesy, and with thy shadowy hands
Cover me softly, singing all the night—
In thy dear presence find I best delight;
Even the saint that stands
Tending the gate of heaven, involved in beams
Of rarest glory, to my mortal eyes
Pales from the blest insanity of dreams
That round thee lies.

Unto the dusky borders of the grove
Where gray-haired Saturn, silent as a stone,
Sat in his grief alone,
Or where young Venus, searching for her love,
Walked through the clouds, I pray,
Bear me to-night away.

Or wade with me through snows
Drifted in loose fantastic curves aside,
From humble doors where Love and Faith abide,
And no rough winter blows,
Chilling the beauty of affections fair,
Cabined securely there.

Where round their fingers winding the white slips
That crown his forehead, on the grandsire's knees,
Sit merry children, teasing about ships
Lost in the perilous seas;
Or listening with a troublous joy, yet deep,
To stories about battles, or of storms,
Till weary grown, and drowsing into sleep,
Slide they from out his arms.

Where, by the log-heap fire,
As the pane rattles and the cricket sings,
I with the gray-haired sire
May talk of vanished summer-times and springs,
And harmlessly and cheerfully beguile
The long, long hours—
The happier for the snows that drift the while
About the flowers.

Winter, wilt keep the love I offer thee?
No mesh of flowers is bound about my brow;
From life's fair summer I am hastening now,
And as I sink my knee,
Dimpling the beauty of thy bed of snow—
Dowerless, I can but say—
O, cast me not away!

CARLYLE ON THE OPERA.

The London *Keepsake*, for 1852, contains an article by Carlyle. He has not sent something that was at hand, or thrown off any thing on the spur of the moment, but set himself to write down to his company, and do his best in that way. The paper is written in the character of a travelling and philosophical American, who pours forth his thoughts on the opera; the topics being the deterioration of music as an art, the small beneficial result that follows so much outlay and such a combination of artistical skill, the amount of training bestowed on the singers and dancers, greater than that which produces great men, and the company before the curtain, together with reflections thereanent. It is a piece of forcible description, and of thoughtful though perhaps rather one-sided reflection. As we heard it remarked a few days ago by a shrewd critic, Carlyle is never so much himself as when he appears in the character of another—for examples, in that of the strolling lecturer, who left with his unpaid lodging-house keeper a denunciation of modern philanthropists, or in that of the correspondent whose letters he quotes in the Life of Sterling. In the disguise of a Yankee philosopher he thus breaks out, after some serious and highly-wrought prefatory phrases on the glories of true music, while yet true music partook of the divine:

> "Of the account of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies,

regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport! Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees;—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully. Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat, and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

"Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimse of Self-vision: 'High-dizened most expensive persons, Aristocracy so called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!' and then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: 'A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and every where in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!' This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

"Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciosity, and then tripping out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Colletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

"Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Colletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I

judged to 'the Melodies eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for *you* beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the Dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair."

THE GRAVE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Sir John Richardson has just published, in London, a very valuable work, embracing the results of his recent travels and adventures in the polar regions, in search of the brave navigator who is probably buried under their eternal snows. As a narrative it is not particularly interesting; it is rich rather in scientific facts and observations. It has northern landscapes, painted by an observer who combines scientific knowledge with the taste of a lover of nature; exhibitions of zeal and endurance under hardships; and incidents interesting from their rarity or their circumstances; but nothing different from other expeditions undertaken to explore the same region. A large part of the scientific matter is presented by itself. A curious account of the Indian races whose territories were travelled over forms a succession of separate chapters, and a series of elaborate papers on the physical geography of northern America occupies an appendix, which fills nearly two-thirds of the second volume. The nature of the country explored gives a freshness to every thing connected with it, and interest even to casual observation.

This is a curious fact connected with the feeling of heat:

> "The power of the sun this day in a cloudless sky was so great, that Mr. Rae and I were glad to take shelter in the water while the crews were engaged on the portages. The irritability of the human frame is either greater in these Northern latitudes, or the sun, notwithstanding its obliquity, acts more powerfully upon it than near the Equator; for I have never felt its direct rays so oppressive within the Tropics as I have experienced them to be on some occasions in the high latitudes. The luxury of bathing at such times is not without alloy; for, if you choose the mid-day, you are assailed in the water by the *tabani*, who draw blood in an instant with their formidable lancets; and if you select the morning or evening, then clouds of thirsty moschetoes, hovering around, fasten on the first part that emerges. Leeches also infest the still waters, and are prompt in their aggressions."

The following relate to cold and mid-winter:

> "The rapid evaporation of both snow and ice in the winter and spring, long before the action of the sun has produced the slightest thaw or appearance of moisture, is made evident to residents in the high latitudes by many facts of daily occurrence; and I may mention that the drying of linen furnishes a familiar one. When a shirt, after being washed, is exposed in the open air to a temperature of 40° or 50° below zero, it is instantly rigidly frozen, and may be broken if violently bent. If agitated when in this condition by a strong wind, it makes a rustling noise like theatrical thunder. In an hour or two, however, or nearly as quickly as it would do if exposed to the sun in the moist climate of England, it dries and becomes limber....

> "In consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere in winter, most articles of English manufacture made of wood, horn, or ivory, brought to Rupert's Land, are shrivelled, bent, and broken. The handles of razors and knives, combs, ivory scales, and various other things kept in the warm rooms, are damaged in this way. The human body also becomes visibly electric from the dryness of the skin. One cold night I rose from my bed, and having lighted a lantern, was going out to observe the thermometer, with no other clothing than my flannel night-dress, when, on approaching my hand to the iron latch of the door, a distinct spark was elicited. Friction of the skin at almost all times in winter produced the electric odor....

> "Even at mid-winter we had three hours and a half of daylight. On the 20th of December I required a candle to write at the window at ten in the morning. On the 29th, the sun, after ten days' absence, rose at the fishery, where the horizon was open; and on the 8th of January, both limbs of that luminary were seen from a

gentle eminence behind the fort, rising above the centre of Fishery Island. For several days previously, however, its place in the heavens at noon had been denoted by rays of light shooting into the sky above the woods. The lowest temperature in January was 50° F. On the 1st of February the sun rose to us at nine o'clock and set at three, and the days lengthened rapidly. On the 23d I could write in my room without artificial light from ten A.M. to half-past two P.M., making four hours and a half of bright daylight. The moon in the long nights was a most beautiful object; that satellite being constantly above the horizon for nearly a fortnight together in the middle of the lunar month. Venus also shone with a brilliancy which is never witnessed in a sky loaded with vapors; and, unless in snowy weather, our nights were always enlivened by the beams of the Aurora."

Few if any readers will ever be in a situation to use the knowledge of how to build a snow-house. The Arctic architecture, from a chapter on the Esquimaux, is worth reading, should it never turn out to be worth knowing:

"As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants, who move seaward on the ice to the seal-hunt. Then comes into use a marvellous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine pure snow has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable light building material, with which the Eskimo master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow; and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighboring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by running a flenching-knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crevices are plugged up, and seams accurately closed by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over. The walls being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping-places—is also formed of snow, and a covering of folded reindeer-skin or seal-skin renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of ante-chambers and porches, in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Storehouses, kitchens and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable, the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw until the sun acquires very considerable power."

The following account of the formation of dry land is from an earlier portion of the journey, and refers to a region between the 50th and 55th degrees of latitude:

"The eastern coast-line of Lake Winipeg is in general swampy, with granite knolls rising through the soil, but not to such a height as to render the scenery hilly. The pine forest skirts the shore at the distance of two or three miles, covering gently-rising lands; and the breadth of continuous lake-surface seems to be in process of diminution, in the following way. A bank of sand is first drifted up, in the line of a chain of rocks which may happen to lie across the mouth of an inlet or deep bay. Carices, balsam-poplars, and willows, speedily take root therein; and the basin which lies behind, cut off from the parent lake, is gradually converted into a marsh by the luxuriant growth of aquatic plants. The sweet gale next appears on its borders, and drift-wood, much of it rotten and comminuted, is thrown up on the exterior bank, together with some roots and stems of larger trees. The first spring storm covers these with sand, and in a few weeks the vigorous vegetation of a short but active summer binds the whole together by a network of the roots of bents and willows. Quantities of drift-sand pass before the high winds into the swamp behind, and, weighing down the flags and willow branches, prepare a fit soil for succeeding crops. During the winter of this climate, all remains fixed as the summer left it; and as the next season is far advanced before the bank thaws, little of it washes back into the water, but on the contrary, every gale blowing from the lake brings a fresh supply of sand from the shoals which are continually forming along the shore. The floods raised by melting snows cut narrow channels through the frozen beach, by which the ponds behind are drained of their superfluous waters. As the soil gradually acquires depth, the balsam-poplars and aspens overpower the willows; which, however, continue to form a line of demarcation between the lake and the encroaching forest. Considerable sheets of water, are also cut off on the northwest side of the lake, where the bird's-eye limestone forms

> the whole of the coast. Very recently this corner was deeply indented by narrow branching bays, whose outer points were limestone cliffs. Under the action of frost, the thin horizontal beds of this stone split up, crevices are formed perpendicularly, large blocks are detached, and the cliff is rapidly overthrown, soon becoming masked by its own ruins. In a season or two the slabs break into small fragments, which are tossed up by the waves across the neck of the bay into the form of narrow ridgelike beaches, from twenty to thirty feet high. Mud and vegetable matter gradually fill up the pieces of water thus secluded; a willow swamp is formed; and when the ground is somewhat consolidated, the willows are replaced by aspens."

The volumes have all the value of an official survey, and they are the most important contributions to our knowledge of the *Terra Incognita* of the Lower Mackenzie, that have been published. The occupants of this region are the Loucheux Indians. Fine grown men of considerable stature, and well-knit frames, they have evidently followed the course of the Mackenzie River, from south to north. These are the Indians of whom from the scantiness of our previous data, information is most valuable. They are reasonably considered to belong to the same family as the Dog-rib, Beaver, Hare, Copper, Carrier, and other Indians, a family which some call Chepewyan, others Athabascan, but which the present work designates as *Tinnè*. The Esquimo and Crees, though as fully described, are better known. The chapters, illustrative of the other branches of the natural history of North America, are equally valuable.

WITS ABOUT THE THRONE OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

We copy the following paragraphs from Sir James Stephens's Lectures on the History of France. The illustrious men referred to are of course well known by educated men, but to the masses their names are familiar chiefly from their appearance in the brilliant romances of Dumas.

> "The constellation of genius, wit, and learning, in the midst of which Louis shone thus pre-eminently, was too brilliant to be obscured by any clouds of royal disfavor; nor would any man have shrunken with greater abhorrence than himself, from any attempt to extinguish or to eclipse their splendor. He wisely felt, and frankly acknowledged, that, their glory was essential to his own; and he invited to a seat at his table, Moliere the roturier, to whom the lowest of his nobles would have appointed a place among his menial servants. As Francis, and Charles, and Leo, and Julius, and Lorenzo had assigned science, and poetry, and painting, and architecture, and sculpture, as their appropriate provinces, to those great master spirits of Italy, to whom they forbade the culture of political philosophy, so Louis, when he interdicted to the gigantic intellects of his times and country all intervention in the affairs of the commonwealth, summoned them to the conquest of all the other realms of thought in which they might acquire renown, either for him, for France, or themselves. The theatres, the academies, the pulpits, and the monasteries of his kingdom rivalled each other in their zealous obedience to that royal command, and obeyed it with a success from which no competent and equitable judge can withhold his highest admiration. At this day, when all the illusions of the name of Louis are exhausted, and in this country, where his Augustan age has seldom been regarded with much enthusiasm, who can seriously address himself to the perusal of his great tragedians, Corneille and Racine—or of his great comedians, Moliere and Regnard—or if his great poets, Boileau and La Fontaine—or of his great wits, La Rochfaucauld and La Bruyere—or of his great philosophers, Des Cartes and Pascal—or of his great divines, Bossuet and Arnauld—or of his great scholars, Mabillon and Montfaucon—or if his great preachers, Bourdaloue and Masillon—and not confess that no other monarch was ever surrounded by an assemblage of men of genius so admirable for the extent, the variety and the perfection of their powers.
>
> "And yet the fact that such an assemblage were clustered into a group, of which so great a king was the centre, implies that there must have been some characteristic quality uniting them all to each other and to him, and distinguishing them all from the nobles of every other literary commonwealth which has existed among men. What, then, was that quality, and what its influence upon them?
>
> "Louis lived with his courtiers, not as a despot among his slaves, but as the most accomplished of gentlemen among his associates. The social equality was, however, always guarded from abuse by the most punctilious observance, on their side, of the reverence due to his pre-eminent rank. In that enchanted circle men appeared at least to obey, not from a hard necessity, but from a willing heart. The bondage in which they really lived was ennobled by that conventional code of honor which dictated and enforced it. They prostrated themselves before their fellow-man with no sense of self-abasement, and the chivalrous homage with which they gratified him, was considered as imparting dignity to themselves.

"Louis acknowledged and repaid this tribute of courtesy, by a condescension still more refined, and by attentions yet more delicate than their own. The harshness of power was so ingeniously veiled, every shade of approbation was so nicely marked, and every gradation of favor so finely discriminated, that the tact of good society—that acquired sense, which reveals to us the impression we make on those with whom we associate—became the indispensable condition of existence at Versailles and Marly. The inmates of those palaces lived under a law peculiar to themselves; a law most effective for its purposes, though the recompense it awarded to those who pleased their common master was but his smile, and though the penalty it imposed on those who displeased him was but his frown."

AMERICAN WAR-ENGINES.

The probabilities of a general war in Europe invest the subject of the following paper with an unusual interest. It is worthy of notice that America has furnished so large a proportion of the improvements in war-engines of every description. Fulton's schemes are well known; we all remember something of the guns invented by Perkins; there is a gentleman now in daily conference with Mazzini and the revolutionary committees, in London, who proposes the noiseless discharge of twenty thousand missiles in a minute, by means of a machine invented in Ohio; and we find in the *Times* an abstract of a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the 25th of November, by our famous countryman Colonel Colt, "On the Application of Machinery to the Manufacture of Rotating Chambered-Breech Fire-Arms, and the Peculiarities of those Arms." The communication commenced with a historical account of such rotating chamber fire-arms as had been discovered by the author, in his researches after specimens of the early efforts of armorers for the construction of repeating weapons, the necessity for which appears to have been long ago admitted; and with the attention of such an intelligent class devoted to the subject, it is certainly remarkable that during so long a period so little was really effected towards the production of serviceable weapons of this sort. The collections in the Tower of London, the United Service Museum, the Rotunda at Woolwich, Warwick Castle, the Musée d'Artillerie, and the Hotel Cluny, at Paris, as well as some ancient Eastern arms brought from India by Lord William Bentinck, demonstrated the early efforts that had been made to produce arms capable of rapidly firing several times consecutively, without the delay of loading after each discharge. Drawings of these specimens were exhibited, comprising the match-lock, the pyrites wheel-lock, the flint-lock, down to the percussion-lock, as adapted by the author. Among the match-lock guns, some had as many as eight chambers, rotating by hand. Some of the pyrites wheel-lock guns had also as many as eight chambers, and rotated by hand; one of them, made in the seventeenth century, had the peculiarity of igniting the charge close behind the bullet, burning backwards towards the breech—an arrangement identical in principle with that of the modern Prussian "needle gun," for which great merit has been claimed. The flint-locks induced more determined efforts, but all were abortive, as the magazines for priming and the pan covers were continually blown off on the explosion of the charge. Indeed, from the earliest match-lock down to the present time, the premature explosion of several chambers, owing to the simultaneous ignition of the charges, from the spreading of the fire at their mouths, had been the great source of difficulty. In some of the most ancient specimens, orifices were provided in the butt of the barrel for the escape of the bullets in case of explosion, whilst others had evidently been destroyed by this action. In a brass model of a pistol of the time of Charles II., from the United Service Museum, there was an ingenious attempt to cause the chamber to rotate, by mechanical action, in some degree similar, but more complicated than the arms constructed by the author. The "Coolidge" and the "Collier" guns, both flint guns of comparatively modern manufacture, exhibited the same radical defects of liability to premature explosion.

The invention of Nock's patent breech, and the Rev. Mr. Forsyth's introduction of the detonating or percussion guns, which latter principle, with the necessary mechanical arrangements for the caps, was essential to the safe construction of repeating fire-arms, constituted a new era in these weapons.

Colonel Colt gave a detailed and interesting account of his experiments, which resulted in the invention of his celebrated revolvers. His communication, the first that had been brought before the institution, by an American, was received with acclamations; and in the discussion which ensued, in which our Minister, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Captain Sir Thomas Hastings, R.N., Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., Captain Riddell, R.N., Mr. Miles, and the members of the council took part, the most flattering testimony was given of the efficiency of the revolvers in active service, and the strongest opinions as to the necessity of their use in all frontier warfare; and that without this arm it was almost impossible, except with an overwhelming force of troops, to cope with savage tribes. The discussion was resumed at a meeting of the Institution, held on the second of December.

A new, and, we understand, a very important invention, in this line, is also described in the following interesting article by a contributor to the *International*:

SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF INVENTION IN OFFENSIVE ARMS: JENNING'S RIFLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE,

BY W. M. FERRIS.

It may be justly considered that mechanical invention has been the most prominent characteristic of history for the last four centuries. The application of science to the useful arts has been pushed to an extent of which preceding ages never dreamed. In poetry, in painting, in sculpture, the great masters of ancient times are still the teachers of mankind. But in all those arts which administer to the necessities, increase the comforts, or multiply the enjoyments of men, the present is marvellously in advance of every former age. Prominent among those arts which have shared in this advancement, is that of war. At first sight it may appear improper to distinguish as useful, improvements in the method of taking life. But, experience and philosophy unite in teaching that every improvement in military skill tends to render war less frequent, and the nearer its operations approach to those of an exact science, the more reluctant is each nation to engage in it, and the more careful not to commit those offences which render a resort to it on the part of other nations unavoidable.

We purpose to trace a brief sketch of the progress of invention in offensive weapons, and more particularly in that class of fire-arms used either in hunting or war, by a single individual, and generally denominated small-arms, in contradistinction to artillery. Such a sketch will be interesting, not only in its subject-matter, but also as a chapter in the general history of human progress.

The learned reader who is curious in such matters, will find in the Natural History of Pliny (vol. vii. cap. 56, 67), a statement of the source whence originated most of the mechanical implements, the manners and customs, and the political and religious institutions known in the author's time. It is to be presumed that Pliny did not intend to vouch for the truth of all he has there stated. He probably meant merely to give a synopsis of the traditions most generally received, and which assigned to a divine energy almost every thing that contributed to the happiness of men. He tells us here that "the first combats were made by the Africans against the Egyptians with a kind of stick, which they called *phalanges*." The evident Greek origin of this word renders the story absurd enough, and doubtless most of our readers will continue to acquiesce in the account given in Holy Writ, that the origin of war was but little subsequent to the origin of the race, and that fraternal blood first stained the breast of our mother earth. But this statement of Pliny contains a grain of truth. The stick, or club, was undoubtedly the first weapon made use of by men in their combats with each other, though the spear and the sword followed at a period long anterior to any known in historical records.

But from the earliest ages men have sought to avoid hand-to-hand conflicts, and to make skill supply the place of strength. In contests with wild beasts this was indispensable. Nature had provided man with no weapon with which he could contend against the boar's tusks, the lion's teeth, or the tiger's paw. Hence, the substitution of missiles for manual weapons, has been the end towards which ingenuity has been constantly directed.

The conversion of the spear into the javelin, as it was the most obvious, so probably it was the earliest step in advance. Close upon this followed the sling, and last the arrow and the bow. The invention of the latter weapon is ascribed by Pliny, in the chapter above cited, to a son of Jupiter. In the days of Homer it was the weapon of the gods; and thousands of years after, it was the pride and glory of the English yeoman. The classical scholar will remember the description in the fourth book of the Iliad, of the bow with which Pandaros shot at Menelaus an arrow which would have sent to Hades the hero dear to Mars, had not the daughter of Jove brushed it aside with her hand, as a mother doth a fly from her sleeping child. The bow does not appear to have been extensively used in later times in either the Greek or Roman armies. The ferocious Spartan preferred the close combat with manual weapons, the Athenian won his glory upon the sea, and it was with the pike that Alexander overcame the hosts of Persia. The Cretans, who were the most celebrated archers in Europe, sometimes formed a separate division in the Grecian and afterward in the Roman armies. The Romans, however, generally preferred heavy-armed troops. But it was a peculiarity of Roman policy always to adopt every improvement in the art of war with which they became acquainted, whether it originated with friend or foe. Rome never let slip any opportunity to add to the efficiency of her legions, and they repaid her care by carrying her eagles in triumph from the Thames to the Euphrates, and from the Danube to the Nile.

It was in the west of Europe, and from about the eleventh to the fifteenth century, that archery flourished in the greatest perfection. The early chronicles are filled with the exploits of the English archers, and old and young still read with delight those ballads which tell of the wondrous achievements of "Robin Hood and his merry men." Indeed, with the name of that famous outlaw are connected all our ideas of perfect skill in the use of the bow, and in the directions which in his dying hour, he gave to his faithful man, "Little John," we seem to hear the dirge of archery itself:

> "Give me my bent bow in my hand,
> And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
> And where that arrow is taken up,
> There shall my grave digg'd be.
>
> "And lay me a green sod under my head,

And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet."

We shall not stop to dwell on the defects of the bow. The great and insuperable one was its want of power. The strength of a man was the limit of its capacity, and something more was necessary to pierce the ironclad breast of the knight. But, until the invention of gunpowder, it stood at the head of missile engines.

When and where gunpowder was invented it is impossible now to ascertain. It seems to be described in the pages of Roger Bacon, while many are of opinion that the returning Crusaders brought it from the east. Certain it is that it had been known in China for many centuries, and applied to the blasting of rocks and other useful purposes, though never to the art of war. But the latter application of it was made by the Europeans almost contemporaneously with their knowledge of its properties, and for war it has been chiefly employed until the present time. The invention of cannon preceded by a century that of small-arms, and it was by a gradual reduction in the size of the former that the latter were produced. Barbour, in his metrical Life of Robert Bruce, says, that cannon were used by Edward III. in his first campaign against the Scots, in 1327. He calls them "Crakys of war." They are also supposed to have been employed by the French in the siege of Puy Guillaume, in 1338. But the first use of them which rests on unimpeachable evidence, and which seems to have been productive of much effect, was at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. It is from this epoch that it is most usual to date the employment of artillery. That day which witnessed the first efficient use of a weapon destined to revolutionize the art of war, also witnessed the most splendid achievements of the archers of England. The bowstrings of the French had become useless by the dampness of the weather, while those of the English, either on account of greater care or the different material of which they were made, were uninjured. The cloth-yard arrows of the English bowmen, directed with unerring skill, made terrible havoc in the ranks of their enemies, while four pieces of artillery stationed on a little hill contributed to their victory. The French troops had none of them ever seen, and most of them never heard of such a weapon, and the terror inspired by the noise and the smoke did more than the balls to hasten their defeat.

The first cannons were rude in the extreme. They were made of bars of iron hooped together like the staves of a barrel, and were larger at the muzzle than at the breech. The size was very soon decreased, so that two men could carry one, and fire it from a rest. The 400 cannon with which Froissart said that the English besieged St. Malo, in 1378, were probably of this kind. Nearly a century elapsed before small-arms were invented. Sir S. Meyrick, to whom subsequent writers have been indebted for most of their knowledge upon this subject, has given, upon the authority of an eye-witness, the time and place of their invention. "It was in 1430," says Bilius, "that they were contrived by the Lucquese, when they were besieged by the Florentines." A French translation of Quintus Curtius made by Vasqua de Lucene, a Portuguese, in 1468, preserved among the Burney MSS. of the British Museum, exhibits in one of its illuminations the earliest representation of hand fire-arms which has yet been discovered. The following engraving is from a copy of this illumination, contained in the Penny Cyclopædia.

B.d.E.K.

It will be observed that this gun much resembles one of those small lead cannons with which patriotic boys, upon each return of our national anniversary, manifest their appreciation of the blessings of liberty. It was fastened to a stick, and fired by a match held in the hand. We proceed to sketch the progress of improvement from this the first gun until we reach the repeating rifle.

If we analyze the manipulation of fire-arms, it will be found to consist of three principal operations—namely, to charge the piece, to direct it toward the object of attack, and to discharge it by in some manner igniting the powder; or more concisely, to load, take aim, and fire. That gun with which these operations can be performed most safely, accurately, and rapidly, is the best.

The process of loading has continued to be essentially the same from the invention of the gun to the present time. The charge is put in at the muzzle, and rammed down to the lower end of the barrel. At a very early period, efforts were made to construct guns which would load at the breech; but hitherto no such gun has been able to supplant those which load at the muzzle. The

great complication of their parts, their liability to get out of repair, their insecurity, and the long practice required to learn their use, have been among the reasons which have prevented any of these inventions from being adopted. Hence it is that the muskets with which our soldiers are armed at the present day, possess no advantage in this respect over the rude little cannon fastened to the end of a stick, used by the soldiers of Europe four centuries ago. But in other respects the progress of invention has been steady and secure.

With the gun represented in the above engraving it was impossible to take aim. Being perfectly straight, it could not be brought in the range of the eye. The most that could be expected was, that by pointing it in the direction of the enemy, it might chance to hit some one, in a crowd.

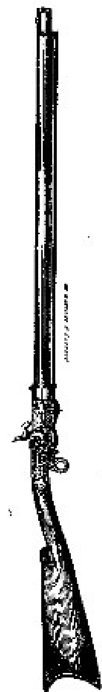
The inconveniences attending the discharge of the piece were almost as great. A puff of wind, or the slightest motion of the soldier himself, would throw the priming from the touch-hole, and it is almost unnecessary to add, that in rainy or even very damp weather, such a gun was utterly useless. The first step in improvement was to place the touch-hole on the right side of the barrel instead of upon the top, and to attach a small pan which held the priming. By this means the priming was kept from being blown away by the wind, though scarce any other advantage was attained.

About the year 1475 a great advance was made by the invention of the *arquebus* or *bow-gun*. A spring let loose by a trigger threw the match, which was fastened to it, forward, into the pan which contained the priming. It was from this spring that the gun took its name.

The arquebus is mentioned by Philip de Comines, in his account of the battle of Morat, in 1476. It appears to have been used in England in 1480.

But as yet no improvement had been made by which the soldier was enabled to take aim. The butt of the arquebus was perfectly straight, and placed against the breast when the gun was fired. The danger of being knocked over by the recoil of the piece was great, that of hurting the enemy very small. The Germans first conceived the idea of bending the butt downward, and thus elevating the barrel so as to bring it in the range of the eye. They also sloped it so as to fit the shoulder instead of being held against the breast. The arquebus constructed in this manner was used in England in the time of Henry VIII., and was variously called haquebut, hakebut, hagbut, and hagbus, names all derived from the hooked shape of the butt. A small sized arquebus, with a nearly semi-circular butt, and called a demihaque, was probably the origin of the modern pistol.

The musket, invented in Spain, was introduced into France in the reign of Charles IX., by De Strozzi, Colonel-General of the King's infantry, and thence into England. At first it was so heavy that each musketeer was accompanied by a boy to assist him in carrying it. It was, however, soon decreased in weight sufficiently to enable the musketeer to carry it himself, though it was still so heavy that he could only fire it from a rest. This rest, which each musketeer carried with him, consisted of a stick the height of his shoulder, pointed at the lower end, and having at the upper an iron fork in which the musket barrel was laid. In a flask the musketeer carried his coarse powder for loading. His fine powder for priming was in a touch-box. His bullets were in a leathern bag, shaped much like a lady's work-bag, the strings of which he was obliged to draw in order to get at them. In his hand were his burning match and musket rest, and after discharging his piece he was obliged to defend himself with his sword. The match was fixed to the cock by a kind of tongs. Over the priming-pan was a sliding cover, which had to be drawn back with the hand before pulling the trigger. It was necessary to blow the ashes from the match, and take the greatest care that the sparks did not fall upon the priming. After each discharge the match had to be taken out of the cock and held in the hand until the piece was reloaded; then, in order that it might come down exactly upon the priming, the greatest care and nicety were required in fitting it again to the cock. Other inconveniences attended the use of the match-lock musket. The light of the burning match betrayed the position of the soldier, and hence it could not be used by sentinels or on secret expeditions. Various contrivances were resorted to in order to obviate these difficulties. Walhuysen, a captain of the town of Danzig, in a treatise entitled *L'Art Militaire pour l'Infantrie*, printed in 1615, says: "It is necessary that every musketeer should know how to carry his match dry in moist or rainy weather, that is, in his pocket or in his hat, by putting the lighted match between his head and hat, or by some other means to guard it from the weather. The musketeer should also have a little tin tube, about a foot long, big enough to admit a match, and pierced full of little holes, that he may not be discovered by his match when he stands sentinel or is gone on any expedition."

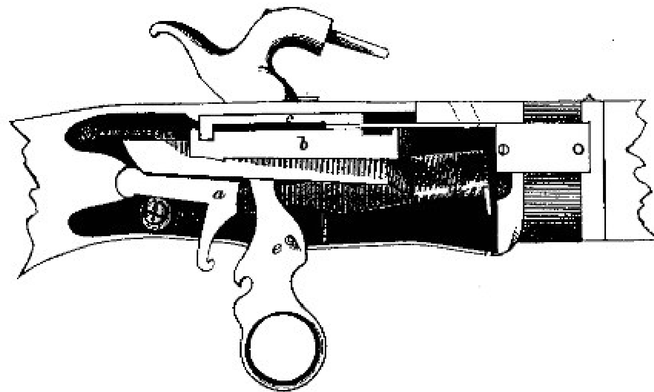


JENNINGS'S RIFLE.

The learned captain does not state whether the hair of those soldiers who carried their lighted matches between their heads and hats, was insured. These inconveniences were so great that many able military men regarded fire-arms as a failure, and recommended a return to the long-bow, which had been so terrible a weapon in the hands of the English archers. But the art of war, like every other, never goes backward, and men were not disposed to abandon the use of so mighty an agent as gunpowder, merely for the want of some weapon adapted to its use.

The fire-lock, named from its producing fire by friction, was the first improvement upon the match-lock. Its earliest form was that known as the wheel-lock, which is mentioned in a treatise on artillery by Luigi Collado, printed at Venice in 1586. He says that it had been lately invented in Germany. This lock consisted of a solid steel wheel, with an axle, to which was fastened a chain. The axle was turned by a small lever, and thus winding around it the chain, drew up a very strong

spring. By pulling the trigger the spring was let go, and the wheel whirled around with great velocity. The cock was so constructed as to bring a piece of sulphuret of iron down upon the edge of the wheel, which was notched, and touched the priming in the pan. The friction produced the sparks. It was from this use that the sulphuret of iron derived the name of pyrites, or fire-stone. Afterwards a flint or any common hard pebble was used. The complicated nature of this lock, and its uncertainty, prevented its general adoption. The next improvement was due to the Dutch. About the year 1600 there was in Holland a band of marauders known as *snaphausen*, or *poultry-stealers*. However free they were in using the property of others, they were yet unable to incur the expense of the wheel-lock, and the match-lock, by its burning light, exposed them on their nightly expeditions. The wit which had been sharpened by laying "plots" and "inductions dangerous" against unoffending hens and chickens, was turned to the invention of a gun-lock better adapted to their purposes. The result of their cogitations was the lock which, after its inventors, was called the snaphause. It consisted of a flat piece of steel, furrowed like the edge of the wheel in the wheel-lock, which was screwed on the barrel beyond the priming-pan in such a manner as to be movable. By bringing it over the pan, and pulling the trigger, the flint in the cock struck against the steel, and the spark was produced. The simplicity and cheapness of this lock soon rendered it common, and the transition from it to the ordinary flint-lock followed almost as a matter of course. The last improvement which we shall notice was the percussion-lock. This is due to the Rev. Mr. Forsyth, of Belhelvie, in Scotland, though the original form of the lock has been entirely changed by the introduction of the copper cap.

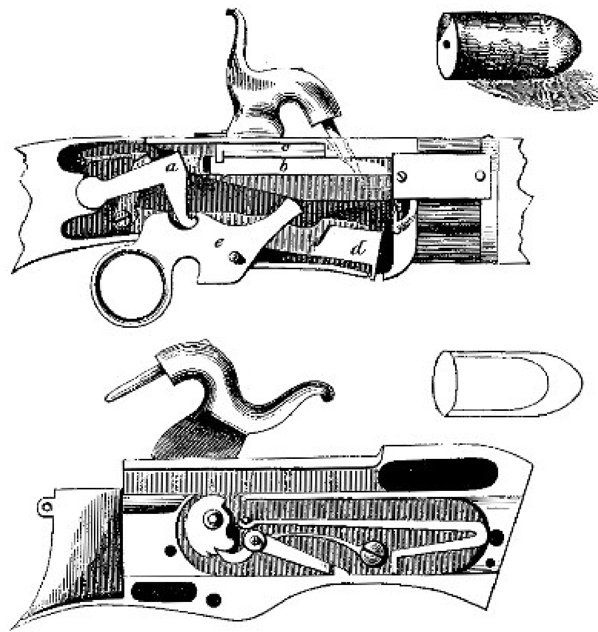


INTERIOR OF JENNINGS'S BREECH.

Whilst these improvements were being made in locks, the other parts of the gun were gradually approaching in lightness, strength, and accuracy of finish, to the modern standard. The most valuable improvement was the invention of the rifle barrel. It is mentioned by Pere Daniel, who wrote in 1693, as being then well known; but the time and place of its origin has never been ascertained. It was first employed as a military weapon by the Americans, in the Revolutionary war, and it is in their hands that it acquired its world-wide reputation.

It would be impossible, in an article like the present, to detail all the various attempts which have been made, during the last half century, to increase the efficiency of the rifle. The efforts of scientific men and mechanics have been constantly directed towards the invention of a gun which should fire, with the greatest possible rapidity, a number of times without reloading, and which should possess the indispensable requisites of safety, durability, and simplicity, both in construction and in use. Hitherto no invention has combined these advantages in a sufficient degree to supplant the common rifle.

In our opinion, these ends are all most simply and beautifully attained by the invention of Mr. Jennings. But of this our readers will be able to judge for themselves, by the above engravings and the directions for its use.



CARTRIDGES AND MACHINERY OF JENNINGS'S RIFLES.

Fill the magazine, on the top of the breech, with percussion pills or primings, and the tube, under the barrel, with the hollow cartridges containing gunpowder. Of these cartridges the tube will hold twenty-four. Place the forefinger in the ring which forms the end of the lever, *e*, and the thumb on the hammer, elevating the muzzle sufficiently to let the cartridge nearest the breech slip, by its gravity, into the carrier *d*; swing the lever forward, and raise the hammer which moves the breech-pin back, and the carrier up, placing the cartridge level with the barrel; pull the lever back, and thus force the breech-pin forward, and shove the cartridge into the barrel, by which motion a percussion priming is taken from the magazine by means of the priming-rack *c*, revolving the pinion which forms the bottom of the magazine, and it also throws up the toggle *a*, behind the breech-pin, thus placing the piece in the condition to be discharged by a simply upward pressure of the finger in the ring. After the discharge release the pressure and repeat the process.

In conclusion, the reader is invited to look at the engraving we have given of the first gun, and to compare it with the offspring of American ingenuity we have just described.

Fire-arms are the great pioneers which have opened a way for the progress of civilized man, and given him victory over the savage beasts and still more savage men who have opposed his course. Civilization has in its turn reacted upon fire-arms, and brought them to their present state of wonderful efficiency.

The heavy match-lock of three centuries ago was almost as dangerous to him who used it as to the enemy against whom it was directed. It would be almost impossible for a person to injure himself by the repeating rifle except by deliberate intention. Skilful military men advised the abandonment of the match-lock for the bow. A good marksman with the repeating rifle would kill a score of bowmen, before they could approach near enough to reach him with their arrows. The practised musketeer, in the reign of Elizabeth, could hardly fire his piece once in twenty minutes; the merest novice can fire the repeating rifle twenty times in one minute.

CLOVER'S COLONIAL CHURCHES IN VIRGINIA.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HAMPTON.

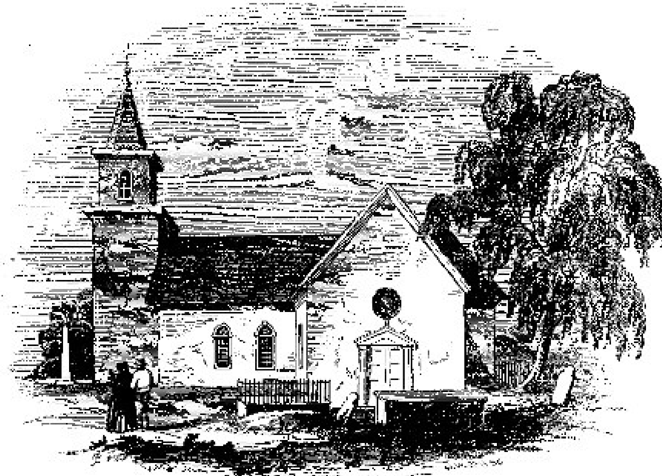
WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

BY REV. JOHN C. M'CABE,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY REV. LEWIS P. CLOVER

"Regarded as a building what is there to engage our attention! What is it which in this building inspires the veneration and affection it commands? We have mused upon it when its gray walls dully reflected the glory of the noontide sun. We have looked upon it from a neighboring hill when bathed in the pure light of a summer's moon, its lowly walls and tiny towers seemed to stand only as the shell of a larger and wider monument, amidst the memorials of the dead. Look upon it when and where we will, we find our affections yearn towards it; and we contemplate the little parish church with a delight and reverence, that palaces cannot command.

Whence then arises this? It arises not from the beauties and ornaments of the building, but *from the thoughts and recollections associated with it*."—Molesworth.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The region of country in lower Virginia, bordering, or near the James River, from the head of tide water to the sea-board, is rich in the possession of memorials of gone-by days, now turned up from the bosom of the earth, in the shape of arrow-heads, and broken war-hatchets—monuments, fragmentary monuments, of a race of forest-born monarchs: now appealing to the antiquary in the mouldering records of the County Court offices, and now, silently but eloquently, looking out imploringly in the ruins of churches and tombs, which meet the eye of the traveller, as he muses upon the faith and fortunes of generations long departed.

Rapid as is the progress of steam upon those waters, which, in giving up their Indian patronymies, gave up the bold hunter and his lithe canoe to the progress of "manifest destiny," few are those who pass the venerable site of the first colony in Virginia, Jamestown, without paying a tribute of a sigh, and perchance a tear, to that solitary tower which is still standing a mute watcher amid the few almost illegible tombs,—all that are left of a busy population long departed;—the germ, however, of a great nation, whose name is even now "a watchword to the earth."

The rank grass waves above those mouldering stones—the green corn of summer rustles in the breeze, which seems, it its "hollow, solemn memnonian, but saintly swell," to have "swept the field of mortality for a hundred centuries,"[C] and that lone, ruined, vine-crested tower, stands, the only memorial of the house, and the Temple of God. Gone are the altars where knelt the adventurer and the exile—high-born chivalry and manly beauty—gentle blood and noble pedigree,—and where rose "humble voices," and beat "pure hearts," approaching the throne of the heavenly grace! Jamestown is a city of the dead, and precious is the dust of its pathless cemetery!

When we turn "from the wreck of the past that has perished," and stand beside those monuments which have withstood the "corroding tooth of time," and still stand invested with the sacred and solemn beauty of antiquity, we approach in the venerating spirit of worshippers, and render our thank-offerings at their base. Such is likely to be the feeling with the pilgrim antiquary, as he stands for the first time beneath the shadows of that venerable cruciform pile, St. John's Church, Hampton, which has braved "the battle and the breeze" of nearly two centuries; and then, when he crosses its worn threshold, and treads its echoing aisles, the wish must arise, involuntarily, to know something of the history of a spot "so sad, so fair."

With the exception of Jamestown, there is no portion of Virginia possessing as much historic interest as Hampton, and its vicinity. Hampton is the county seat of Elizabeth City County, which is one of the eight original shires in which Virginia was divided. The town is doubtless the oldest Indian settlement in Virginia, and it is a matter of historical verity that it was the *first place* visited by Captain John Smith after he had cast anchor in these waters. We learn from Burke, the historian, that while Smith and his company were "engaged in seeking a fit place for the first settlement, they met five of the natives, who invited them to their town, *Kecoughtan*, or *Kichotan*, where Hampton now stands. Here they were feasted with cakes made of Indian corn, and regaled with tobacco and a dance. In return, they presented the natives beads and other trinkets."

We have no occasion to go specially into the history of this expedition, as it is well known to the student, that it was the result of a successful application on the part of a company, succeeding that of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, and for which a charter was obtained from James the First, in the year 1606, for the settling of Virginia. "The design," says Stith, the historian of Virginia, "included the establishment of a northern and southern colony, and among the articles, instructions, and orders," of the charter, provision was made for the due carrying out of that which is the highest end of every Christian colony, for it is expressly ordered, that "the said president, council, and ministers, should provide that the true word and service of God be preached, planted, and used, according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England; not only in the said colonies, but also as much as might be amongst the savages bordering upon

them, and that all persons should kindly treat the savages, and heathen people, in those parts, and use all proper means to draw them to the true service and knowledge of God."[D] This expedition left the shores of England, December 19, 1606, and, after a protracted voyage, occasioned by unpropitious winds, which kept them in sight of home for more than "six weeks," reached the capes of Virginia. The southern cape was christened "Henry," and the northern, "Charles," after the King's sons. This was on the 26th day of April, 1607. Accompanying this expedition was Rev. Robert Hunt, of the English Church, as the first chaplain of that colony, which, though few as the grains of mustard seed scattered by the morning wind, was the first planting of that tree which was destined, in coming time, to strike its roots deep down into the centre of empire, and to shelter beneath its strong branches, and wide-spread shadows, the exile and the oppressed, and to furnish home and altar for the pilgrim of civil and religious freedom.

When we look around now and behold our country, "the observed of all observers," exalting her "towering head," and "lifting her eyes," the mind instinctively turns to the colony of Jamestown; and we cannot but exclaim, in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root; and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river." But a sad memory for the days of toil, and struggle, and blood in that little colony, will remind us that this tree was not "transplanted from Paradise with all its branches in full fruitage." Neither was it "sowed in sunshine," nor was it "in vernal breezes and gentle rains that it fixed its roots, and grew and strengthened." Oh, no! oh, no! In the mournfully beautiful words of Coleridge, "With blood was it planted; it was rocked in tempests; the goat, the ass, and the stag gnawed it, the wild boar whetted its tusk upon its bark; the deep scars are still extant on its trunk, and the path of the lightning may be traced among its higher branches!" The first communion of the body and blood of our Lord was administered by the pious Hunt, May 4, 1607, the day after the debarkation of the colonists: and, "here," says the Bishop of Oxford, "on a peninsula, upon the northern shore of James River, was sown the first seed of Englishmen, who, in after years, were to grow and to multiply into the great and numerous American people." It was an offering, this first sacrament, of the "appointed sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving;" and we have an evidence of the pervading spirit of Hunt in that little band, when we remember that among their very first acts after rearing their straw-thatched houses for protection from the weather, was to erect the church of the colony. Hunt was succeeded, after his death, in 1610, by Master Bucke (the chaplain of Lord de la Ware), whose services were called forth the very day of his arrival at Jamestown. According to Purchas, "He (that is Lord Delaware) cast anchor before Jamestown, where we landed, and our much grieved Governor, first visiting the church, caused the bell to be rung; at which all such as were able to come forth of their house, repayered to church, which was neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country, where our minister, Master Bucke, made a zealous and sorrowful prayer, finding all things so contrary to our expectations, and full of misery and misgovernment." This state of things had been brought about by the treacherous conduct of their neighbors, the savages, domestic feuds, fluctuations in the quantity and quality of their food, bad water, and severe climatic diseases. While "Master Bucke" was toiling with the little band at Jamestown, Whitaker (son of Master Whitaker of St. John's College, Cambridge) was in Henrico, whose deeds of love and patience in his noble work we would gladly record, but for the desire of approaching, as speedily as possible, the beginning and planting of the church in Elizabeth City County. The first legislature of Virginia was convened under the administration of Governor Sir George Yeardley, in the year 1626; but before this we find, during the *first* administration of Governor Wyatt, nay, before that, during that of Sir Thomas Yeardley, in 1619, *a starting point* for our inquiries and investigations in regard to the Hampton Church. By reference to the histories of the period, we find that the pay of their clergy was fixed at £200 worth of corn and tobacco. One hundred acres were marked off for glebes in every borough, for each of which the company at home provided six tenants at the public cost. They applied to the Bishop of London to find them a body of "pious, learned, and painful ministers,"—"a charitable work," says Wilberforce, "in which he readily engaged." Two years subsequent to this occurred the massacre at Jamestown, and two years after that, we find, amongst thirty-five provisions, the following, for the promotion of religious knowledge and worship: That there shall be *erected* a *house of worship*, and there shall be a *burial ground on every plantation*; that the colonists, under penalty, shall attend public worship, and that there shall be uniformity in faith and worship, with the English Church—prescribing also the observance of the feasts of the Church, and a fast upon the anniversary of the Jamestown massacre; not forgetting, by the way, to enjoin "respectful treatment, and the payment of a settled stipend to the colonial clergy." In the instructions given to Sir William Berkeley, Governor-General of Virginia, after the return of the royal exile, Charles the Second, to the throne of his murdered sire,—passing over, as we do, for the sake of brevity, much that might interest the reader during the closing period of the reign of James, that of Charles the First, and also that of the psalm-singing blood-hunter Cromwell,—we find the recommendation of the duties of religion, the use of "the booke of Common Prayer, the decent repairs of Churches, and a competent provision for conforming ministers."[E] These suggestions, we learn, were at once acted upon by the colonial legislature, and provision was made for the building and due furniture of churches, &c., &c. This was in 1660. The oldest records in the County Court office date as far back as 1635. In 1644, I find the *churchwardens* presenting two females for offences, to the Court; and in 1646, I find that Nicholas Brown, and William Armistead, *churchwardens*, present one of their body to the Court, requesting that Thomas Eaton be compelled to collect the *parish levy*, and make his returns. This fixes the fact, then, that this was a *parish*, and that there was *a church* somewhere in this region in 1644, for, from the English laws respecting the clergy, the

object of the creation of *churchwardens* is "to protect *the edifice of the Church*, to superintend the ceremonies of public worship, to promote the observance of religious duties, &c., &c.[F]" I find, in 1644, the following on record—"To paid Mr. Mallory for preaching 2 funeral sermons, 800 pounds of tobacco." The next year I find the Rev. Mr. Justinian Aylmere, who continued to officiate until the early part of 1667. We now find, in those same records, the *first mention of the church* immediately under consideration, and it is as follows, being an extract from a will, and bearing date December 21, 1667:

> "I, Nicholas Baker, being very sicke in body, but of perfect memory, doe make, constitute, and ordaine this my last will and testament, revoking and disclayming all other wills by me made. Imprimis, I give my soule unto God my redeemer, and my body to bee decently buried in *ye new church of Kighotan*. Item, I give and bequeathe unto Mr. Jeremy Taylor, minister,[G] my cloath cloak, to bee delivered to him after my corpse carrying out of ye house."

From these extracts I learn these two facts, that there was a *new church*, already built, and that Mr. Jeremy Taylor was the minister, and the inference is a legitimate one, taking into consideration the instructions given to Governor Berkeley, and acted upon by him, to which reference is made above, that the *old church now standing in Hampton*, built in the form of a cross, and of brick, a drawing of which, accompanies this communication, was erected at some period about 1660, or between that and 1667. That it was not built *before* 1660, we have strong reasons to presume; and that it was built between that and 1667, we hope to show hereafter. In the time intervening between the murder of Charles the First and the restoration, there would have been no churches built, we presume, in the *form of the cross*—this the minions of Cromwell would not have allowed; nor for the worship and ritual of the Church of England, for the same reasons; and, moreover, the will above referred to, speaks of the church as being "ye *new* church of Kighotan."

The tower was an after thought, as we find from the vestry-book, now in the possession of the writer. The following bears date 2d day of March, 1761:

> "Charles Cooper came into vestry, and agreed to do the brick work of the steeple, with good and well burnt bricks and mortar of lime, at least fifteen bushels of lime to every thousand bricks so laid. The said Cooper to find all materials necessary for building the said steeple, and all expenses what kind soever at his own proper cost. The said Cooper to give bond for the performance, agreeable to a resolve of the said vestry on the 6 day of February last."

And, on the 16th day of June, 1761, the record below is made in the vestry-book:

> "Agreed that the steeple as before to be built, shall be joined to the west end of the church wall, and that an half brick be added to the thickness of the foundation of the said steeple up to the water table."

And, on the 14th day of July, 1762, the following record on the vestry-book will show its completion:

> "Agreed, that Mr. William Westwood, and Mr. Charles Cooper, compute the number of bricks laid in the steeple wall, and if they two disagree, that they chuse a third person; and that this vestry hath *this day received the said work*, so as not to affect the counting or computing the number of bricks laid in the said steeple."

The occasion of building the tower is found in the extract following, made from the same source, and bearing date February 6, 1761:

> "Whereas the late Mr. Andrew Kennedy, did by his last will and testament, devise to the parish of Elizabeth City, forty pounds sterling, to purchase a bell for the church of the said parish, provided the vestry, and churchwardens of the said parish, shall undertake to build a belfry for the same in twelve months after the said Alexander Kennedy's death; and this vestry, willing to embrace the said gift, have accordingly resolved," &c.

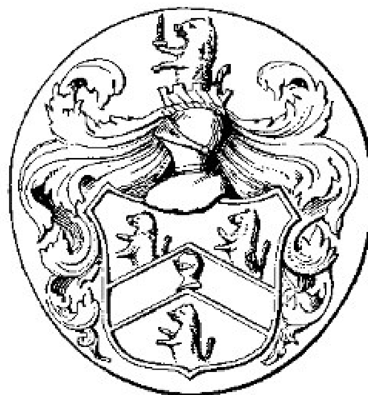
Now arises a question of some interest. The will of Nicholas Baker, made December 21, 1667, makes mention of "ye *new* church of Kighotan." Was there an *old* church of Kighotan? One older than this? We answer, yes! And now for the writer's reasons for arriving at this conclusion. From the old record of wills, deeds, &c., in the County Court office, and to which I have had access freely, through the politeness and kindness of Samuel Howard, Esq., the gentlemanly clerk of the court, I copy the following:

> "In the name of God, Amen. I, Robert Brough, clerke of Kigquotan, in the county of Elizabeth Citty, being sicke and weake in body, but in perfect sense and memory, praised bee God for itt, this seven and twentyeth day of Aprill, in the yeare of our Lord God 1667, for the quieting of my conscience, desire to settle that estate it has pleased God to lend mee, in manner and forme following;—And first of all, I commend my soul into the hands of ye Almighty God my Maker, and my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, being confident through his meritts and blood shedd for mee, to be an inheritor with Him, His saints and angells of everlasting life. And my body unto ye earthe from whence it came, there to receive decent burial in *the old parish church of Kigquotan* aforesaid," &c.

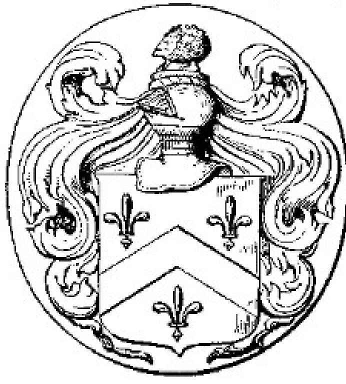
"The *old* parish church of Kigquotan," and "ye *new* church of Kighotan," cannot be one and the same. We are then led to inquire, *where* was the old parish church of Kigquotan, and *when* was it probably built? The last branch of this question, we prefer answering first. By reference to the administration of Sir Thomas Yeardley (not Sir George Yeardley), we find that, in 1621, among several other Colonial enactments, provision is made for the *erection* of a "*house of worship, and the separation of a burial ground on every plantation*." We presume, therefore, that it was about this time (1621-2) that the first church of Kigquotan was erected, and we have not forgotten the *churchwardens* of 1644. And now, in answer to the other question—*where* was this church built?—we have only to turn our footsteps to the "*Pembroke Farm*" (the property of John Jones, Esq.), about one mile from the town of Hampton, and, as we there take our stand among the few remaining tombs, shout "Eureka, Eureka!" Whether the old parish church of Kigquotan was of wood, or of brick, we cannot at this day determine. "Like the baseless fabric of a vision" it has disappeared; but we opine it was wooden, from the fact, that the first church (and probably the second also) in Jamestown (both of which were destroyed by fire) was a wooden one; and the presumption is, the first brick church erected would be at the *capital* of the colony. However this may be, the burial ground at Pembroke could not have been simply a piece of ground, "bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place" for a family; but that it was a *public* cemetery, even that of the old parish church of Kigquotan, is evident from the *character* of the tombs which are still to be seen *above the surface of the earth*. That there are many covered over with the deposits of years, I have not the slightest doubt. Those tombs, we now see, give the best evidence, in their inscriptions, that those whose remains moulder beneath the moss-grown marbles, were not private individuals—not members of the family owning the estate—but men in public service, and who would not have been laid in an obscure private burial ground, when the church-yard of the new church of Kigquotan was but a mile distant from the spot. Moreover, it will be perceived by the inscriptions which we shall presently give, that one of the sleepers at Pembroke was "*minister of this parish*." Now, is it probable, that the minister of the parish would have been buried *there*, if it had not been a *church*-yard, when there was the new church of Kigquotan to receive his remains, as it was fifty-two years before, to receive those of Mr. Nicholas Baker? I have no doubt that veneration for the old cemetery, the site of the first church of the parish, caused many to bury their dead there, long after the present church-yard was opened. The oldest tomb we can find in the church-yard at Hampton, and standing in the northeast angle of the Cross, is to the memory of Captain Willis Wilson, who departed this life the 19th day of November, 1701. The latest date upon the stones at Pembroke is 1719. "The lapse of years, and the ruthless hand of time," have levelled those graves in "ye old parish church of Kigquotan;" but enough is left to the "tomb searcher," even in the inscriptions following, as he reads them by the slanting rays of the setting sun, and hears the low winds dirging in the pines, and the moaning and sighing of the distant waves, to lead him to say with Blair:

> "The time draws on
> When not a single spot of burial earth,
> Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
> But must give back its long-committed dust
> Inviolate; and faithfully *shall these*
> Make up the full account."

The following coats-of-arms and inscriptions, are taken from four black marble tablets, six feet high and three wide, lying in a field about one mile from Hampton.



> "Here lies ye body of JOHN NEVILLE, Esq., Vice Admiral of His Majesty's fleet, and Commander in chiefe of the Squadron cruising in ye West Indies, who dyed on board ye Cambridge, ye 17 day of August, 1697, in ye ninth yeare of the Reign of King William ye third, aged 57 years."



> "In hope of a Blessed Resurrection, here lies the body of Thomas Curle, gent.: who was born November 24, 1640, in the parish of St. Michaels, in Lewis, in the county of Sussex, in England, and dyed May 30, 1700.—When a few years are come then I shall goe the way whence I shall not return.—Job 16. 22."

A third inscription is as follows:

> "This stone was given by his Excellency Francis Nicholson, Esq., Lieutenant and Govenour Generall of Virginia. In memory of Peter Hayman, Esqr., grandson to Sir Peter Hayman of Summerfield, in ye county of Kent, he was Collector of ye Customs in the Lower District of James River, and went voluntary on board ye King's shipp Shoreham, in pursuit of a pyrate, who greatly infested this coast. After he had behaved himselfe seven hours with undaunted courage, was killed with a small shott ye 29 day of Aprill, 1700, in ye engagement he stood next ye Gouvenour upon ye quarter deck, and was here honorably interred by his order."

And the last, which speaks for itself—

> "Here lyeth the body of the Reverend Mr. Andrew Thompson, who was born at Stonehive, in Scotland, and was Minister of this Parish seven years, and departed this life the 11 of September, 1719, in ye 46 yeare of his age, leaving ye character of a sober religious man."

The above is followed on the tomb by a long Latin inscription, which has been so mutilated by some modern Goth, or Goths, that it is impossible to decipher it intelligibly.

We could fill pages with interesting memoranda from the history of old parishes in Virginia, but a few more, in relation to the present subject, must close our article at this time. Should this be received with favor, perhaps the writer may make more diligent efforts to rescue, from the perishing records of County Courts, and crumbling stones, and family relics, *materiel* for the future historian of the Church, to weave into his song of her progress in our "own green forest land," "from gloom to glory." A closer inspection of the records will doubtless enable him to trace an "unbroken succession," of parish ministers from 1621 to the present time. The following, however, is as near as can now be ascertained:—In 1664, Rev. Mr. Mallory; who was succeeded, in 1665, by Rev. Mr. Justinian Aylmere; succeeded, in 1667, by Rev. Mr. Jeremiah Taylor; succeeded, in 1677, by Rev. Mr. John Page, who left the colony about 1687; succeeded, in 1687, by Rev. Mr. Cope Doyley; in 1712, Rev. Mr. Andrew Thompson, who died 1719; in 1731, Rev. Mr. William Fife, who died in 1756; succeeded, in 1756, by Rev. Thomas Warrington, who died 1770; succeeded, in 1771, by Rev. William Selden, who either died, or resigned, in 1783; succeeded, in 1783, by Rev. William Nixon. The vestry-book here is defaced for some years, owing, I presume, to the fact that in the change in the Church, from that of England, to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, begun in 1783, consummated in 1787, and the first convention in Philadelphia, July 28, 1789, with Bishops presiding, of our own, this parish did not procure a minister during that period; but the following inscription, on a stone near the east entrance to the church, will show that very soon after the change spoken of above, the parish was blessed with regular rectoral services:

> "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Jones Spooner, Rector of the Church in Elizabeth City County; who departed this life September 15, 1799, aged forty-two years."

And then to the right of the door entering from the east, another bearing the following:

> "Departed this life, January 17, 1806, the Rev. Benjamin Brown, Rector of Elizabeth City Parish, aged thirty-nine years."

On November 17, 1806, the vestry elected the Rev. Robert Seymour Sims, and August 11, 1810, they elected the Rev. George Holson. During the last war with Great Britain (1813), Hampton was sacked, its inhabitants pillaged—one of its aged citizens sick and infirm, wantonly murdered in the arms of his wife—and other crimes committed by hireling soldiers, and by brutalized officers, over which the chaste historian must draw a veil. The church of God itself was not spared during the saturnalia of lust and violence. His temple was profaned, and His altars desecrated. What British ruthlessness had left scathed and prostrate, was soon looked upon with neglect. The moles and the bats held their revels undisturbed within its once hallowed courts,

and the "obscene owl nestled and brought forth in the ark of the covenant." The church in which our fathers worshipped, stabled the horse and stalled the ox. The very tombs of the dead, sacred in all lands, became a slaughter ground of the butcher, and an arena for pugilistic contests. A few faithful ones wept when they remembered Zion, in her day of prosperity, and beheld her in her hour of homeless travail, and to their cry, "How long, oh Lord how long!" the following preamble, accompanying a subscription list, tells the story of her woes, and breathes the language of her returning hope:

> "Whereas, from a variety of circumstances, the Episcopal Church in the town of Hampton, is in a state of dilapidation, and will ere long moulder into ruins, unless some friendly hand be extended to its relief, and in the opinion of the vestry, the only method that can be pursued to accomplish the laudable design of restoring it to the order in which our forefathers bequeathed it to their children, is to resort to subscription; and they do earnestly solicit pecuniary aid from all its friends in the full belief, that an appeal will not be made in vain. And hoping that God will put it into the hearts of the people to be benevolently disposed toward our long neglected Zion."

This bears date April 28, 1826.

A committee of the citizens of Hampton was appointed to wait on the venerable Bishop Moore, "to solicit his advice upon the best manner of repairing the Protestant Episcopal Church in Hampton, and beg of him his particular aid and patronage in carrying into effect the same." The letter below will show how that "old man eloquent," felt on the subject. It is not among the Bishop's published letters, and is without date:

> "My Dear Brethren:—My long confinement at the north prevented my reception of your letter, until very lately; and the feebleness of my frame, since my return, must apologize to you for any apparent neglect which has attended my reply. It will afford me the greatest pleasure to assist you with my counsel in the reorganization of your church, and with that purpose in view, I will endeavor to visit Hampton in a short time, of which you shall be duly notified, when we can converse at large on the subject proposed for my consideration. To see that temple repaired in which the former inhabitants of Hampton worshipped God, and to see you placed under the care of a faithful and judicious clergyman, will inspire my mind with the greatest delight. May the Almighty smile on the proposed design, and carry it into full and complete effect. Believe me, gentlemen, very affectionately, your friend and pastor,
>
> Richard Channing Moore."

The citizens and friends of the church were blessed with the energetic aid of the Rev. Mark L. Chivers, chaplain at Fortress Monroe, who for several years officiated once on each Sabbath in Hampton. It is not saying too much when we assert that mainly through his efforts, the church was resuscitated. The present rector, the writer of this, with pleasure makes this acknowledgment.

With the zeal and energy which were brought to bear, the results were most favorable; and on Friday morning, the 8th of January, 1830, a crowd might have been seen wending its way to those venerable walls. A rude staging was erected for the prominent actors, and on that platform knelt a white-haired soldier of the cross, the venerable Bishop of Virginia, his face radiant with "faith, hope, and charity." The ritual of the church was heard once more in that old pile, and in answer to the invitation, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation," there might soon have been heard those beautiful words:

> "And wilt thou, O Eternal God,
> On earth establish thy abode?
> Then look propitious from thy throne,
> And take this temple for thine own."

In the archives of the church the event is thus recorded:

> "Know all men by these presents, that we, Richard Channing Moore, D.D., by Divine permission, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia, did consecrate to the service of Almighty God, on Friday, January 8th, in the year of our Lord 1880, St. John's Church, in the town of Hampton, Elizabeth City County. In which church the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church are to be performed agreeably to rubrics in such case made and provided. It is always to be remembered, that Saint John's Church thus consecrated and set apart to the worship of Almighty God, is by the act of consecration thus performed, separated from all worldly and unhallowed uses, and to be considered sacred to the service of the *Holy and undivided Trinity*.
>
> "In testimony whereof, I have on the day and year above written, subscribed my hand and affixed my seal.
>
> [Seal.] Richard Channing Moore."

The Rev. Mr. Chivers having resigned his afternoon appointment, after officiating for sixteen

years, and ministering to them in their day of destitution, the Rev. John P. Bausman was elected Rector in 1843, and resigned in 1845; the Rev. William H. Good was elected in 1845, and continued until the close of 1848; and the parish remained without regular rectoral services, until the 1st of January, 1851, when the writer took charge; since which time an organ (the first one) has been put up, new pews have been added, and money enough obtained to make permanent and comfortable repairs. If the design of the true friends of the church, to make it a temple in which generations to come may worship God in comfort, fail, the fault and the punishment will lie with those who "knew their duty and did it not."

FOOTNOTES:

[C] De Quincey.

[D] See Wilberforce's History of the American Church.

[E] Burke Hist. Va.

[F] Stanton's Church Dictionary.

[G] This Jeremy Taylor was very unlike his illustrious namesake, the Bishop of Down and Conner, for I find by the records, that he was any thing else but a man of "holy living," whatever else he might have been when "dying." J C. M.

BROODING-PLACES ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FROM THE GERMAN.

By the name of "brooding-places," the navigators of the south seas understand places selected by various sea-fowls, where they in common build their nests, lay their eggs, and bring up their young. Here they assemble in immense masses, and in the laying out and construction of these places, exhibit great caution, judgment, and industry.

When a sufficient number have assembled on the shore, they appear first to hold a consultation, and then to set about executing the great purpose for which they have come together. First, they choose out a level spot of sufficient extent, often of four or five acres, near the beach. In this they avoid ground that is too stony, which would be dangerous to their eggs. Next, they deliberate on the plan of their future camp, after which they lay out distinctly a regular parallelogram, offering room enough for the brother and sisterhood, somewhere from one to five acres. One side of the place is bounded by the sea, and is always left open for entrance and exit; the other three sides are inclosed with a wall of stones and roots.

These industrious feathered workers first of all remove from the place all obstacles to their design; they take up the stones with their bills and carry them to the boundaries to compose the wall. Within this wall they build a perfectly smooth and even foot-path some six or eight feet wide, which is used by day as a public promenade, and by night for the back and forward march of the sentinels.

After they have in this way completed their embankments on the three landward sides, they lay out the remaining part of the interior into equal little quadrangles, separated from each other by narrow foot-paths, crossing at right angles. In each crossing of these paths an albatross builds his nest, and in the middle of each quadrangle, a penguin, so that every albatross is surrounded by four penguins, and every penguin has albatross on four sides as neighbors. In this way the whole place is regularly occupied, and only at some distance are places left free for other sea-fowl, such as the green comorant and the so-called Nelly.

Though the penguin and albatross live so near and in such intimacy they not only build their nests in very different fashions, but the penguin plunders the nest of its friend whenever it has an opportunity. The nest of the penguin is a simple hollow in the ground, just deep enough to keep its eggs from rolling out, while the albatross raises a little hill of earth, grass, and muscles, eight or ten inches high, with the diameter of a water pail, and builds its nest on the top, whence it looks down on its next neighbors and friends.

None of the nests in the entire brooding-place is left vacant an instant until the eggs are hatched, and the young ones old enough to take care of themselves. The male bird goes to the sea for fish, and when he has satisfied his hunger hurries back and takes the place of the female, while she in turn goes in pursuit of food. Even when they are changing places, they know how to manage it so as not to leave their eggs for a moment uncovered. When, for instance, the male comes back from fishing, he nestles close beside the female and gradually crowds her off the nest with such care as to cover the eggs completely with his feathers without exposing them to the air at all. In this way they guard their eggs against being stolen by the other females, which are so greedy to raise large families that they seize every chance to rob the surrounding nests. The royal penguin is exceedingly cunning in this sort of trick, and never loses an occasion that is offered: In this way it often happens that the brood of this bird, on growing up turns out to be of two or three different species, a sure proof that the parents were no honester than their neighbors.

It is not only interesting but instructive and even touching to watch from a little distance the life and movements of these brooding-places. You can then see the birds walking up and down the exterior path or public promenade in pairs, or even four, six, or eight together, looking very like officers promenading on a parade day. Then all at once, the whole brooding-place is in continuous commotion, a flock of the penguins come back from the sea and waddle rapidly along through the narrow paths, to greet their mates after this brief separation; another company are on the way to get food for themselves or to bring in provisions. At the same time the cove is darkened by an immense cloud of albatrosses, that continually hover above the brooding-place, descending from their excursions or mounting into the air to go upon them. One can look at these birds for hours, and not grow weary of gazing, observing and wondering at their busy social life.

ARIADNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY E. W. ELLSWORTH.

I.

[Scene, part of the island of Naxos. Enter, sundry Dryads, habited as fair young maidens adorned with flowers, and bearing in their hands branches of trees.]

Dryad: We shadowy Oceanides,
Jove's warders of the island trees,
The tufted pillars tall and stout,
And all the bosky camp about,
Maintain our lives in sounding shades
Of old æolian colonnades;
But post about the neighbor land
In woof of insubstantial wear:
Our ways are on the water sand,
Our joy is in the desert air.
The very best of our delights
Are by the moon of summer nights.
Darkness to us is holiday:
When winds and waves are up at play,
When, on the thunder-beaten shore,
The swinging breakers split and roar,
Then is the moment of our glory,
In shadow of a promontory,
To trip and skip it to and fro,
Even as the flashing bubbles go.
Or on the bleaker banks that lie,
For the salt seething wash, too high,
Where rushes grow so sparse and green,

With baked and barren floors between.
We glance about in mazy quire,
With much of coming and retire;
Nor let the limber measure fail,
Till, down behind the ocean bed,
The night dividing star is sped,
And Cynthia stoops the marish vale,
Wound in clouds and vigil pale,
Trailing the curtains of the west
About her ample couch of rest.
Thus, nightly on, we lead the year
Through all the constellated sphere.
But more obscure, in brakes and bowers,
During the sun-appointed hours,
We lodge, and are at rest, and see,
Dimly, the day's festivity,
Nor hail the spangled jewel set
Upon Aurora's coronet;
Nor trail in any morning dew;
Nor roam the park, nor tramp the pool
Of lucid waters pebble cool,
Nor list the satyr's far halloo.
Noon, and the glowing hours, seem
Mutations of a laboring dream.
Yet subject, still, to Jove's decree,
That governs, from the Olympian doors,

The populous and lonely shores,
We do a work of destiny;
When any mortal, sorely spent,
Girt with the thorns of discontent,
Or care, or hapless love, invades,
This ancient neighborhood of shades,
Our gracious leave is to dispense,
Of woods, the slumbrous influence;
The waverings and the murmurings
Of umber shades and leafy wings;
Through all the courts of sense applying,
With sights, and sounds, and odorous sighing,
To the world-wearied soul of man,
The gentle universal Pan—
As now we must: the roots around,
Of forests clutch a certain sound
Of weary feet; go, sisters, out:
Some one is pining, hereabout.

II.

[Another part of the Island. Enter Ariadne.]

Ariadne: Here, in the heart of this sea-moated isle,
Where we, but last night, made a summer's lodge
Of transient rest from many pendulous days
Of swinging on the sick unquiet deep,
Why left he me, so lone, so unattended?
What converse had he with felonious Night,
That underneath her dark consenting cloak,
He stole unchallenged from his Ariadne?
If, out of hope, I cannot answer that,
Slant-eyed Conjecture at my elbow stands,
To whisper me of things I would not hear.
Ah me, my Theseus, wherefore art thou gone!
Ah me, my Theseus, whither art thou gone!
Oh how shall I, an unacquainted maid,
So uninformed of whereabout I am,
And in a wild completely solitary,
Hope to find out my strangely absent lord!
Sadness there is, and an unquiet fear,
Within my heart, to trace these hereabouts
Of idle woods, unthreaded labyrinths,
Rude mannered brooks, unpastured meadow sides,
All vagrant, voiceless, pathless, echoless,
Oh for the farthest breath of mortal sound!
From lacqueyed hall, or folded peasant hut,—
Some noontide echo sweetly voluble;
Some song of toil reclining from the heat,
Or low of kine, or neigh of tethered steeds,
Or honest clamor of some shepherd dog,
Laughter, or cries, or any living breath,
To make inroad upon this dreariness.
Methinks no shape of savage insolence,
No den unblest, nor hour inopportune,
Could daunt me now, nor warn my maiden feet
From friendly parle, that am distract of heart,
With doubt, desertion, utter loneliness.
Death would I seek to run from lonely fear,
And deem a hut a heaven, with company.
Yea, now to question of my true heart's lord,
And of the ports and alleys of this isle,
Which way they lead the clueless wanderer
To fields suburban, and the towers of men,
I would confront the strangest things that haunt
In horrid shades of brooding desolation:
Griffin, or satyr, sphinx, or sybil ape,
Or lop-eared demon from the dens of night,
Let loose to caper out of Acheron.
Ah me, my Theseus, wherefore art thou gone!
Who left that crock of water at my side?
Who stole my dog that loved no one but me?
Why was the tent unstruck, I unawaked,
I left, most loved, and last to be forgotten

By much obtaining, much indebted Theseus?
Left to sleep on, to dream and slumber on;
Nothing to know, save fancies of the air,
While he, so strangly covert in his thoughts,
Was softly stirring to be gone from me.
Ah me, my Theseus, whither art thou gone!
Hast thou, in pleasant sport, deserted me?
Is it a whim, a jest, a trick of task,
To mesh me in another labyrinth?
Could Theseus so make mirth of Ariadne?
Unless he did, I would not think he could.
And yet I will believe he is in jest.
More false than that, he could not be to me,
Since false to me, to his own self were false.
Now do I hold in hope what I have heard,
That love will sometimes cunning masks put on,
Speak with strange tongues, and wear odd liveries,
Transform himself to seemings most unlike,
And still be love in fearful opposites.
So may it be, but my immediate fear
Jostles that hope aside, and I remember
Of what my tutor Ætion did forewarn me.
Oh fond old man! if thou didst know me here,
Thou wouldst move heaven and earth to have me home.
Much was his care of my uncaring youth,
And, with a reverend and considerate wit,
He curbed the frolic of my pupilage,
Less by the bridle, than the feeding it
With stories ending in moralities,
With applications and similitudes
Tacked to the merest leaf I looked upon,
Till, so it was, we two did love each other,
The sage and child, with mutual amity.
Oft, hand in hand, we passed my father's gate,
At evening, when the horizontal day
Chequered his farewell on the western wall;
Shying the court, where, for the frolic lords,
Under the profaned silence of the rose,
The syrinx, and the stringed sonorous shell,
Governed the twinkling heeled Terpischore.
We softly went and turned towards the bay,
And found another world, contemplative
Of shells and pebbles by the ocean shore.
I do remember, once, on such an eve,
Pacing the polished margin of the deep,
We found two weeds that had embraced each other,
And talked of friendship, love and sympathy.
My pupil sweet, said he, *beware of Love:*
For thou wilt shortly be besieged by him,
From the four winds of heaven, because thou art
Daughter of Minos, and already married
To expectation of a royal dower.
But O beware! for, listen what I say,
By strong presentments I have moved thy father
Bating a fair and well intending nay,
To leave thy love to thine unmuffled eye.
This is rare scope, my girl, O use it rarely,
Be slow and nice in thy sweet liberty,
And let discretion honor thee in choice.
For love is like a cup with dregs at bottom!
Hand it with care, and pleasant it shall be—
Snatch it, and thou may'st find its bitterness.
And now, my soon, my all sufficient lord,
How shall I answer old Sir Oracle?
It is too true that I have snatched my love,
And taste already of its bitterness.
    But trifle not with love, my sportful Theseus.
Affection, when it bears an outward eye,
Be it of love, or social amity,
Or open-lidded general charity,
Becomes a holy universal thing—
The beauty of the soul, which, therein lodged,
Surpasses every outward comeliness—
Makes fanes of shaggy shapes, and, of the fair,
Such presences as fill the gates of heaven.

Why is the dog, that knows no stint of heart,
But roars a welcome like an untamed bear,
And leaps a dirty-footed fierce caress,
More valued than the sleek smooth mannered cat,
That will not out of doors, whoever comes,
But hugs the fire in graceful idleness?
Birds of a glittering gilt, that lack a tongue,
Are shamed to drooping with the euphony
Of fond expression, and the voice beneath
The russet jacket of the soul of song.
What is that girdle of the Queen of Love,
Wherewith, as with the shell of Orpheus,
Things high and humble, the enthroned gods,
And tenants of the far unvisited huts
Of wildernesses, she alike subdues
Unto the awe of perfect harmony?
What else but sweetness tempered all one way,
And looks of sociable benignity?
Which when she chooseth to be all herself,
She doth put on, and in the act thereof,
Such thousand graces lacquey her about,
And in her smile such plenitude of joy—
The extreme perfection of the divine gods—
Shines affable, as, to partake thereof,
Hath oftentimes set Heaven in uproar.
By these, and many special instances,
It doth appear, or may be plainly shown,
That, of all life, affection is the savor—
The soul of it—and beauty is but dross:
Being but the outer iris—film of love,
The fleeting shade of an eternal thing.
Beauty—the cloudy mock of Tantalus;
Daughter of Time, betrothèd unto Death,
Who, all so soon as the lank anarch old
Fingers her palm, and lips her for his bride,
Suffers collapse, and straightway doth become
A hideous comment of mortality.
Know this, my lord, while thou dost run from me,
The tide of true love hath its hours of ebb,
If the attendant orb withdraw his light;
And though there be a love as strong as death,
There is a pride stronger than death or love;
And whether 'tis that I am royal born,
Or kingly blooded, or that once I was
Sometimes a mistress in my father's court,
I have of patience much—not overmuch—
And thou hadst best beware the boundary.
Oh thou too cruel and injurious thorn!
What hast thou done to my poor innocent hand!
Thou art like Theseus, thou dost make me bleed;
Offenceless I, yet thou dost make me bleed.
This scratch I shall remember well, my lord!
Deceiver false! deserter! runaway!
My quick-heeled slave! my loose ungrateful bird!
Where'er thou art, or if thou hear or no,
Know that thou art from this time given o'er,
To tarry and return what time thou wilt.
It is most like that thou dost lurk not far,
In twilight of some envious cave or bower.
Well, if thou dost—why—lurk thy heart's content.
Poor rogue! thou art not worth this weariness.
I will not flutter more, nor cry to thee.
Since thou art fledged, and toppled from the nest,
Go—pick thy crumbs where thou canst find them best.

III.

Once more, once more, O yet again once more,
Spent is my breath with fear and weariness!
Vain toil it is to track this tangled wild—
This rank o'ergrown imprisoned solitude—
Whose very flowers are fetters in my way;
Where I am chained about with vines and briers,
Led blindfold on through mazes tenantless,

And not a friendly echo answers me.
Oh for a foot as airy as the wing
Of the young brooding dove, to overpass,
On swift commission of my true heart's love,
All metes and bournes of this lone wilderness:
So should I quickly find my truant lord.
But, as it is, I can no farther go.
What shall I do? despair? lie down and die?
If I give o'er my search I shall despair,
And if I do despair, I quickly die.
Avaunt Despair! I will not yet despair.
Begone, grim herald of oblivious Death!
Strong-pinioned Hope, embrace thy wings about me;
Shake not my fingers from thy golden chain.
Oh still bear up and pity Ariadne!
Alas! what hope have I but only Theseus,
And Theseus is not here to pity me.
Ah me, my Theseus, whither art thou gone!
Thou dost forget that thou hast called me wife,
And with sweet influence of holy vows
Grappled and grafted me unto thyself.
Oh how shall I, not knowing where thou art,
Be all myself—thou dost dissever me.
Yonder I'll rest awhile, for now I see,
Through meshes of the internetted leaves,
A little plot, girt with a living wall;
A sylvan chamber, that the frolic Pan
Has built and bosomed with a leafy dome,
And windowed with a narrow glimpse of heaven.
Its floor, sky-litten with the noontide sun,
Shows garniture of many colored flowers,
More dainty than the broidered webs of Tyre;
And all about, from beeches, oaks and pines,
Recesses deep of vernal solitude,
Come sounds of calm that woo my ruffled spirits
To a resigned and quiet contemplation.
Yond brook, that, like a child, runs wide astray,
Sings and skips on, nor knows its loneliness;
A squirrel chatters at a doorless nut:
A hammer bird drums on his hollow bark;
And bits of winged life, with aëry voices,
Tinkle like fountains in a corridor.
Fair haunt of peace, ye quiet cadences,
Ye leafy caves of sadness and sweet sounds,
That have no feeling nor a fellowship
With the rash moods of terror and of pain,
I did not think ye could, in such an hour,
So steal from me, as in a sleep, a dream—
What is't that comes between me and the light?
Protect me, Jove! Lo, what untended flowers,
That all night long, like little wakeful babes,
Darkly repine, and weep themselves asleep,
In the orient morning lift their pretty eyes,
Tear smiling, to behold the sun their sire
Enter the gilded chambers of the east—
Strange droopingness! What quality of air?

[Ariadne falls asleep.—Enter, the Dryads, as before.]

1st Dryad: Sprinkle out of flower bells
Mortal sense entrapping spells;
  Make no sound
  On the ground;
Strew and lap and lay around.
  Gnat nor snail
  Here assail,
Beetle, slug, nor spider here,
  Now descend,
  Nor depend,
Off from any thorny spear.

2d Dryad: So conclude. Whatever seems,
We have her in a chain of dreams.

3d Dryad: As fair as foreign! Who is here

In disarray of princely gear?
Here were a lass whose royal port
Might make an awe in Heaven's court;
But sorrowing beauty testifies
In tears that journey from her eyes,
To touches of interior pain;
And on her hand a sanguine stain.
Hair unlooped and sandals torn,
Zone unloosened from its bourne;
Surely some wandering bride of Sorrow.

4th Dryad: So let her sleep, and bid good morrow.

1st Dryad: But, sisters, me it doth astound,
What maid it is that we have bound,
And Bacchus not, nor Ceres found.

2d Dryad: Bacchus has gone to Arcady;
Where certain swains, that merry be,
Have found a happy thunder stone,
That Jove has cast the vale upon;
So take occasion to be blest,
And Bacchus was invited guest.
His shaggy crew have helped the plan.
Silenus made the pipes of Pan,
The Satyrs teased the vines about,
And Bacchus sent a lubber lout,
Who lurked, and stole, ere wink of moon,
The heedless Amalthea's horn.
Now all are gone to Arcady,
Head bent on rousing jollity.
Now riot rout will be, anon,
That shall the very sun aston,
By waters whilst, and on the leas,
Under the old fantastic trees.
The oldest swain with longest cane,
And sad experience in his brain,
On such mad mirth shall fail to wink,
And grimly go aside to think.

3d Dryad: But, cedar-cinctured sister, say,
What news has winged our Queen away?

2d Dryad: Ceres has gone to see the feast
Made by the King of all East;
Who breasts a beard so black and fair;
And breathes a wealth of gorgeous air,
Now all divided with Gulnare—
Whose odorous train came up from far,
Last night, at shut of evening star,
And filled, with pomp majestical,
The gardens and the palace hall.
So Ceres runs to give them aid,
In likeness of an Indian maid—
Presents them each a dove apiece,
And wishes blessing and increase.

3d Dryad: Hark! hark! I hear her rolling car.
Our Queen is not so very far.

4th Dryad: Now make your faces long, I ween
Here comes our sweet majestic Queen.

[Enter Ceres, in likeness of a stately woman, bearing poppies and ears of wheat in her hands, and crowned with a wreath of flowers and berries.]

Ceres: What! loose, and chatting here at play,
All in the broad and staring day!
Why children! this is something queer!

1st Dryad: But, mistress, see the sleeper here.

Ceres: A fair excuse, I own, the sight!
Theseus deserted her last night.

2d Dryad: How knew you that, my lady dear?

Ceres: Well sought—for I was far from here:
Whiles o'er the crisp Ionian main
I shook the winnowed dragon rein—

3d Dryad: Invented error! Sister! fie!
Our Queen has trapped you in a lie.

2d Dryad: A lie!

Ceres A lie?

3d Dryad: Deceit forgets
How Truth is always trailing nets.
While you, sweet Empress, berry crowned,
Were on the Ionian westward bound,
Our sister puffed you towards the east,
With words about a wedding feast.

Ceres How thin a bubble blame may be!
I sought for doves in Italy;
But orient was my main intent,
And on an Indian nuptial bent.

2d Dryad: Now honey-lips, the lie is where?

4th Dryad: She weeps—

2d Dryad: Fool fingered thing!—

Ceres Forbear.
Whiles o'er the crisp Ionian main
I shook the winnowed dragon rein,
A Triton clove the wake behind,
And, with a hailing will, did wind
Such parley through his crankled horn,
As all the air was echo torn.
I stayed—he told what did betide
Of truant Theseus and his bride;
Which having heard, I did repair
Unto that subterranean lair
Wherein the dreadful Sisters three
Vex out the threads of destiny,
But they were sorely overtasked;
So techy, too, that when I asked
If he could not be plagued for this
Unloving piece of business,
With knots and burs upon his thread,
They would not speak, nor lift the head:
Yet saw I how his flax did run
Smoothly, and much is yet unspun.

4th Dryad: Sweet Queen, adieu—come, let's away,
We keep no sunshine holiday.

Ceres Stay, children, stay.
Poor things! I do remember me,
How I did seek Proserpiné.
We must not leave her thus forlorn:
Auroral grace in her is born,
And, rarer else, the finest sense
Of feeling and intelligence.
Mortals of such ethereal grain
Are quickened both for joy and pain;
Theirs is the affluence of joy,
And pain that sorely doth annoy.
And, therefore, if we leave her thus,
To find the truth of Theseus,
She will, with such a madness burn,
And do herself so sad a turn,
As that the very thought erewhile,
Will drive us all to quit the isle.

1st Dryad: Alack! O no! What must be done?

Ceres Go, you, and you, and every one—
To stay such heart distracting harm,
Go, each bring flowers upon her arm:

Pink, pansy, poppy, pimpernell,
Acanthus, almond, asphodel.

[The Dryads disperse and gather flowers with which they return
to Ceres.]

Ceres Now all join hands; [They join hands.]
Fair fall the eyes
Of any weary destinies!
I bruise these flowers, and so set free
Their virtue for adversity.
Then, with my unguent finger tips,
Touch twice and once on cheeks and lips.
When this sweet influence comes to naught,
Vexed she shall be, but not distraught.
And now let music winnow thought:
Bucolic sound of horn and flute,
In distant echo nearly mute.
Then louder borne, and swelling near,
Make bolder murmur in her ear.

2d Dryad: See, see, what change is in her face:

Ceres Break hands, the lady wakes apace.

[Ceres and the Dryads loose hands and disappear.]

IV.

Ariadne: I dreamed a dream of sadness and the sea,
And I will turn again, if yet I may,
To where the rolling rondure of the deep
Broadly affront the sky's infinity.
Sleeping or waking, knew I naught but this;
Sorrow and Love, above a desolate main,
From the sheer battlements of opposite clouds,
Kissed, and embraced, and parted company....
This is the self-same bay where we put in,
Yonder the restless keel did gore the sand.
There was the sailor's fire, and up and down,
Are scattered mangled ropes, splinters, and spars,
Fragments and shreds—but ship and all are gone.
Here is my wreath. How brief, since yester eve,
Then, when the sun, like an o'erthirsty god,
Had stooped his brows behind the ocean brim,
And the west wind, bearing his martial word,
The limber-footed and the courier west,
Went smoothly whist over the furrowed floor,
To bid the night, then gazing up the sphere,
Advance his constellated banners there,
I leaned above the vessel's whispering prow,
With an unusual joy, and drink, from out
The heaven of those true repeated depths,
Infinite calm, as though I did commune
With the still spirit of the universe.
So leaning, from my hair did I unwind
This chain of flowers, and dropped it in the sea;
Blessing that twilight hour, the port, the bay,
The deep dim isle of interlunar woods,
My love, and all the world, and naming them
Waters of rest—now lies my garland here.
What words are these thus furrowed on the shore?
These are the very turns of Theseus' hand:

If from thy hook the fish to water fall,
Think not to catch that fish again at all.

Too well my thought unlocks these cruel lines.
Oh drench of grief! I thank ye, piteous powers,
Who sent not this without forewarning drops.
Oh miserable me! distressful me!
Despised, disdained, deserted, desolate:
Oh world of dew! Oh morning water drops!
Lack-lustre, irksome, dull mortality!
Oh now, oh now, that heaven all is black,

Wherein the rainbow of my joy did stand!
Oh love! oh life! oh life entire in love!
All lost, all gone, or just so little left
As is not worth the care to throw away!
All lost, all gone, wrecked, rifted, sunk, devoured:
Wrecked with false lights on Theseus' rocky heart!
Oh man, perverse, dry-eyed, untender man,
Enchanting man, so sleek so serpent-cold!
Was it for this that thou didst swear to me,
By all the gods in the three worlds at once,
That thou didst love distractedly, and I,
With certain tender and ingenuous tears,
Did presently confess to thee as much?
Was it for this, that I, who had a home,
Like an Elysium in the lap of Crete,
Did beckon buffets, and, for thee, did dare
The rough unknown and outside of the world?
Was it for this that thou didst hither bring me,
Unto this isle of thorny loneliness,
And, in the night, without foreargued cause,
Any aggrievance, any allegation,
Didst, like a coward traitor, run from me?
Thou man of snow! thou art assailed by this—
Be sure of it—thou art begrimed as black
As if thou hadst been hanged a thousand years
Under the murky cope of Pluto's den.
Oh agony! but thou shalt know my soul,
Which gropes for daggers at the thought of this.
Yea, from the day-beams of adoring love,
Goes headlong to as vast a reprobation.
Thou, Theseus, wast a cloud, and I a cloud,
Quickened from thee with such pervading flame,
As that thou canst not now so part from me
Without the fiery iterance of my heart.
Hear, hear me, love, who on the swathèd tops
Of ribbed Olympus, and thy steadfast throne,
Dost sit the sùpreme judge of gods and men,
And bear within thy palm the living bolt,
High o'er the soilèd air of this wan world;
Look on yon helot wretch, and, wheresoe'er,
Coursing what sea, or cabled in what port,
The greatness of thine eye may light on him,
Crush him with thunder!
Thou, too, great Neptune of the lower deeps,
Heave thy wet head up from the monstrous sea;
Advance thy trident high as to the clouds,
And with a not to be repeated blow,
Dash the sin-freighted ship of that rash man!
And thou, old iron-sceptred Eolus,
Shatter the bars of thine enclosed winds;
Unhinge the doors of thy great kennel house,
And 'twixt the azure and the roaring deep
Cry out thy whole inflated Strongyle—
Cry ruin on that man!
But wherefore, thus,
Do I invoke the speedy desolation
Of any mighty magisterial soul,
Whose will is weaponed with the elements!
For oh—
Let the great spies of Jove, the sun and moon,
The stars, and all the expeditious orbs
That in their motions are retributive,
Look blindly on, and seem to take no note
Of any deep and deadly stab of sin—
Let vengeance gorge a gross Cerberean sop,
Grovel and snore in swinish sluggardness,
Yea, quite forget his dagger and his cup—
It is enough, for any retribution,
That guilt retain remembrance of itself.
Guilt is a thing, however bolstered up,
That the great scale-adjusting Nemesis,
And Furies iron-eyed, will not let sleep.
Sail on unscarred—thou canst not sail so far,
But that the gorgon lash of vipers fanged
Shall scourge this howler home to thee again.

Yes, yes, rash man, Jove and myself do know
That from this wrong shall rouse an Anteros,
Fierce as an Atë, with a hot right hand,
That shall afflict thee with the touch of fire,
Till, scorpion-like, thou turn and sting thyself.
What dost thou think—that I shall perish here,
Gnawed by the tooth of hungry savageness?
Think what thou list, and go what way thou wilt.
I, that have truth and heaven on my side,
Though but a weak and solitary woman,
Forecast no fear of any violence—
But thou, false hound! thou would'st not dare come back,
Thou would'st not like to feel my eyes again.
Go get thee on, to Argos get thee on;
And let thy ransomed Athens run to thee,
With portal arms, wide open to her heart—
To stifling hug thee with triumphant joy.
Thou canst not wear such bays, thou canst not so
O'erpeer the ancient and bald heads of honor,
That I would have the back or follow thee.
Let nothing but thy shadow follow thee;
Thy shadow is to thee a curse enough;
For thou hast done a murder on thyself.
Thou hast put on the Nessus' fiery hide.
Thou hast stepped in the labyrinths of woe,
And in thy fingers caught the clue to Death.
What solace have the gods for such as thou,
That is not stabbed by this one thrust through me?
From this black hour, this curse anointing hour,
The currents of thy heart are all corrupt;
The motions of thy thoughts are serpentine;
And thy death-doing and bedabbled soul
Is maculate with spots of Erebus.
Aye me!—and yet—Oh that I should say so!
Thou wast a noble scroll of Beauty's pen,
Where every turn was grandly charactered.
Hadst thou a heart—but thou hadst no such thing—
And having none, it was not thee I loved;
Only my maiden thoughts were perfect, Theseus.
O no, no, no, I never did love thee,
Thou outside shell and carcase of a man.
And I—what was it thou didst take me for?
A paroquet of painted shallowness?
A silly thing to whistle to and fro,
And peck at plums, and then be whistled off?
Oh, Theseus, Theseus, thou didst never know me—
In this unworthy clasp of woman's mould,
This poor outside of pliant prettiness,
There was a heart and in that heart a love,
And in that love there was an affluence
Full as the ocean, infinite as time,
Deep as the spring that never knew an ebb.
Too truly feeling what I left for thee,
And with what joy I left it all for thee,
And how I would have only followed thee,
With soul, mind, purpose, to the far world's end,
I cannot think on thee as thou deservest,
But scorn is drownéd in a well of tears;
I will go sit and weep.—

Note.—Theseus, a Grecian hero, according to ancient fable, made an expedition into Crete for the purpose of destroying the Minotaur, a monster which infested that island. While there he made love to Ariadne, (daughter of Minos the king of Crete) who returned his affection, assisted him in accomplishing the object of his expedition, and sailed with him on his return to Athens. She was, however, abandoned by Theseus at Naxos, an island in the Ægean sea held sacred to Bacchus. Bacchus received Ariadne hospitably, but afterwards he too ran away from her. We suspect (as perhaps our poem sufficiently indicates) that the root of Ariadne's misfortunes lay in certain infirmities of temper, which rendered her at times an uncomfortable companion.

THE FALLS OF THE BOUNDING DEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

"Good news! great discovery! new falls!" broke out in full chorus, boys and girls, at a party given by Jobson, in Monticello.

"How did you happen to find them, Mayfield?" asked Allthings.

"I was fishing, and came upon them all at once. I heard a roar of some waterfall or other, and the first I knew, I saw the chasm immediately below me!"

"What was their appearance?"

"There were two falls quite precipitous, and two basins. From the second basin the stream ran very smooth and placid again through a piece of woodland."

"Good!—great!—new falls!" came anew the chorus.

"What is the name of the falls, Mayfield?" inquired Allthings once more.

"The people thereabouts call them Gumaer's Falls."

"Horrid!—too common!—awful! Sha'n't have such a name!" was again the chorus.

"Let's give them a new one at once."

"Well, begin."

"Let us call them the Falls of the Melting Snow," suggested the sentimental May Blossom.

"That would do in the spring, when the snow is really melting," said Joe Jobson, a plain, practical young fellow, who never had a gleam of fancy in his life; "but there's no snow there now, I reckon."

"What a heathen you are, Jobson!" broke in honest Allthings (who always spoke out); "the name applies to the water, not the snow!"

"Why not the name of the Falls of the Silver Lace?" asked the tall, superb Lydia Lydell, who was also given to poetry.

"Was there ever any lace made there?" again remarked Jobson.

"I move we call them by an Indian name," said Job Paddock, the schoolmaster, who was deep in Indian lore. "Let us call them The Kah-youk-weh-reh Ogh-ne-ka-nos, or, The Arrow Water, or The Water of the Arrow; just as you fancy."

"Kaw—what?" again interrupted Jobson; "a real queer name that—Kah-you-qweer-reh Oh-cane-my-nose!"

"Do hold your tongue, Jobson!" said Claypole, "you are enough to drive one crazy!"

"Mr. Jobson is not much inclined to poetry, I believe," lisped May Blossom, with a smile dimpling her beautiful mouth.

"Poetry is well enough in its place," grumbled Jobson; "in speaking exercises, and so on; but what's poetry to do with naming falls of water, I should like to know?"

"Let us call them Meadow Brook Falls," said beautiful Annie Mapes.

"There's no meadow in sight, and your brook is a torrent," said Mayfield.

"Well, what *shall* we call them?" burst out once more the full chorus.

"I think the best way is to go and see them first;" again grumbled Jobson, not much relishing the idea of all the company turning against him.

This was really the most practical remark yet made, as none of the assemblage had seen them but Mayfield, who absolutely declined suggesting any name, and accordingly Jobson's idea was instantly adopted.

The next day was settled upon for the jaunt, and consequently the company assembled at an early hour to start.

It was as bewitching an autumn day as ever beamed on the earth, such an one as Doughty loves to fasten upon his glorious canvas. It would have glittered with golden splendor, had it not been toned down by a delicate haze, which could scarcely be seen near by, but which gradually thickened on the distant landscape until it brushed away the outlines of the mountain summits, so that they seemed steeped in a delicious swoon.

We left the village, trotted up hill and down, and skimmed over flats, until we arrived at the long descent of a mile, beginning at the log-hut of old Saunsalis, and ending in Mamakating Hollow at the outskirts of Wurtsboro'. Here we turned short at the left, and pursued our way over a narrow country road through the enchanting scenery of the Hollow toward our destination. After passing

farm-houses peering from clumps of trees, meadows, grainfields, and woodlands, we came to a by-road leading through a field. Here the little brook (Fawn of the "Bounding Deer") sparkled by our track, crossing in its capricious way the road, thereby forcing us to ford it, and then recross its ripples. We now came to the end of our road; and alighting, we tied our steeds to the willows and alders scattered along the streamlet's bank. Each one (laden with the pic-nic baskets) then hastened onward, for the low deep bleat of the "Deer" was sounding in our ears. We directly came to a sawmill, with a high broken bank in front. Over this impediment our path lay, and over it must we go. Accordingly we did go; and, descending the other side, the "Deer" was before us. An amphitheatre of towering summits saluted our eyes, clothed with wood and steeped in grateful shade. The gleam of the waterfall cut like a scimetar on our sight, flashing through its narrow cleft, whilst the bleating of the "Bounding Deer" was louder and sweeter. A beautiful place for our pic-nic—a mossy log or two by the streamlet, and a delicious greensward. The ladies busied themselves in unpacking the baskets, whilst the "boys" distributed themselves about the rocks. Forms were soon seen dangling from cedar bushes, and treading carefully among clefts and gullies. Some sat where the silver spray sprinkled their faces—some clambered the rocks jutting over the higher Fall—some scaled the still loftier summits. All this time the organ of the cascade was sounding like the deep strain of the wind in a pine forest.

In about a half hour our pic-nic table was spread with various viands, the table composed of boards spread upon two of the mossy logs, the boards being the product of a sawmill hard by.

The company seated themselves, and immediately a desperate charge was made by the whole force upon the eatables and drinkables, and immense havoc ensued. An entire route having been at length effected, again the vexed question of the name to be given to the "Fall" was brought on the *tapis*.

"Let us call them the Falls of Aladdin," said enchanting Rose Rosebud, lifting her azure eyes to the jewelled autumn foliage that glittered around.

"The Falls of the Ladder!" caught up Jobson: "the very name!—why, it describes the Falls exactly! I wonder we haven't thought of that name before. The water looks like a ladder exactly, coming down them big rocks."

"I'll tell you what," said Paddock, "I've now been all about the cataract, and seen it at all points. I've hit upon the very name, I think. What say you to the Falls of the Bounding Deer?"

"But where's the Deer?" grumbled Jobson, now thoroughly out of humor from the contempt with which his last observation had been treated.

"Do be quiet, Mr. Jobson," chimed in the girls, "and let us hear what Mr. Paddock urges in favor of his beautiful name."

"See," said Paddock, pointing upward, "see where the upper Fall bounds from yon dark cleft of rock, and, gathering itself in that basin for another effort, gives another leap down its path, and then, gathering itself once more in the lower basin, shoots away to the protecting woods!"

"Capital name! Just the thing, Mr. Paddock!" again broke out the chorus of girls, like a dangling of silver bells.

"The Falls of the Bounding Deer be it then!"

The name being thus satisfactorily settled, we all commenced scrutinizing more closely the lovely lair of the "Bounding Deer."

A dazzling display of tints was on the thickly mantling trees, changing the whole scene into a gorgeous spectacle. The most striking contrasts—the richest colors glowing side by side, flashed upon the delighted vision every where.

The elm dripping with golden foliage from head to foot, in a way which only that most beautiful tree can show (the drooping naiad of the brook), shone beside the maple in a splendid flush of scarlet—the birch, garbed in the richest orange, bent near the pine gleaming with emerald—the beech displayed its tanny mantle by the dogwood robed in deepest purple, whilst every nook, crevice, shelf, and hollow of the umber banks and gray rocks blazed with yellow golden rods and sky-blue asters.

How beautiful, how radiant, how glorious, the American foliage in autumn! No pen, unless dipped in rainbows, can do it justice. And, amidst this brilliant beauty, down her pointed rocks, down flashed the "Bounding Deer," white with the foam of her eager and headlong speed.

The boys now prepare for another excursion amongst the rocks of the "Falls."

Some climb the dangling grape vines; some clutch the roots of the slanting pine trees; and some find footing in the narrow fissures. Soon the gray rocks and yellow banks are scattered over with them. Ascending the very loftiest pinnacle by the roots of trees and the profuse bushes, the scene was wild, picturesque, and romantic in the extreme. A little below, bristled the points of the rocks with cedars, dwarf pines, and towering hemlocks shooting from the interstices. At one side, through its deep gully, flashed the "Bounding Deer"—the waters pouring in its first deep dark basin, cut in the granite like a goblet, thence twisting down in another bold leap into the second basin. Not a foam flake was on the surface of either sable cup, nothing but the wrinkles produced by the ever circling eddies. Below—past broken edge, grassy shelf, yawning cleft, and jutting

ledge, was the broad deep hollow through which the "Deer" (mottled with sunshine and shadow) leaped away to the woods beyond, whilst in the meadow was seen the little "Fawn" tripping along its green banks until lost in the verdure of the valley. Add to these, the glittering tints that had been showered from autumn's treasury, and the effect was complete. But, where are the girls?

"Oui, oui!" exclaimed the Count de ——(a French nobleman of illustrious descent, and a most amiable, intelligent, and accomplished gentleman), "where de *demoiselles*—I no see 'em!"

"The what?" asked Jobson.

"De demoiselles; de—de—what *you* call 'em, Monsieur Job?"

"Girls," answered Jobson.

"Non, non, non,—fie, Monsieur Job,—no girl; dey are—a—a—a—"

"Ladies, Count, you mean," answered Allthings.

"Oui, oui, oui—de ladees—*pas la-bas, pas la-bas!* They must be—a—a—*noyées*—what you call when you fall *dans l'eau* and *mourez*—eh?"

"Drown," returned Allthings.

"Oui, Monsieur Allting—drown."

"Sure enough," ejaculated Jobson, looking down through the branches, "the girls are not there! Where can they be?"

"O ciel!—noyées!—noyées!" shouted the Count, plunging down the bank. *"Mon Dieu!—ces demoiselles dans les eaux!—au secours!—au secours!"*

The last we saw of the excellent Count he was going down the steep bank on the sliding principle, shouting with all his might, and presenting a rare sight of "ground and lofty tumbling" quite edifying to behold.

We now all looked. True, the deep hollow beneath was quite forsaken. No ladies were there to be seen. Marvelling somewhat at the sudden disappearance, we all descended from our respective perches by the ladders formed of the branches, roots and tough grape vines, and set foot upon the hollow where our dinner had transpired. Looking around at the banks by which we were surrounded, we at length saw the girls emerge from a twisted ravine at the lower part of the hollow scarcely discernible from the foliage with which it was roofed, and found from the wreaths of moss, ground pine and wild flowers in their hair and around their persons, that they had been also making explorations, although in a lower region than ours.

The Count now rejoined the party, after having peered most anxiously and at various points into the lower basin to find the drowned ones, all clustered together upon the short velvet sward near the streamlet, and Paddock was called upon for one of his Indian legends.

He said he knew one relating to this very spot, and accordingly commenced:

"In the old times, before the foot of the white man had startled the beaver from the stream, or his axe sent the eagle screaming with rage from his aërie on the lofty pine tree, there dwelt a tribe by these waters, an offshoot of the powerful Mohawks. They were called the tribe of the Deer, and had for their chieftain "Os-ko-ne-an-tah," meaning also the Deer. He had one daughter, beautiful as the day, who was named "Jo-que-yoh," or the Bluebird, for the melody of her voice. Jo-que-yoh was affianced to a young brave of her father's tribe named "To-ke-ah," or the Oak. They were tenderly attached to each other. Often when the moon of the summer night transformed these rugged rocks to pearl and this headlong torrent to plunging silver, did the two seat themselves by the margin of this very basin, and while Jo-que-yoh touched with simple skill the strings of her Indian lute, To-ke-ah sang of love and the sweet charms of his mistress. In the war-path the young brave thought only of her, and the scalps he took were displayed to her sight in token of his prowess. In the chase, he still thought of her solely, and the gray coat of the deer and the brindled skin of the fierce panther were laid at her feet. The vest of glossy beaver fur which encompassed her lovely form was the spoil of his arrow. And the eagle plume which rose gracefully from her brow was plucked by his hand from the wing of the haughty soarer of the clouds, that his unerring bow had brought to the dust. Time passed on—the crescent of Jo-que-yoh's beauty was enlarging into the full height of maiden grace, and the tall sapling of To-ke-ah's strength maturing into the size and vigor of his manhood's oak. Another moon, and he was to lead Jo-que-yoh as his bride to his lodge. The happy day at length arrived, and as soon as the first star trembled in the heavens, the joyous ceremonial was to take place. Sunset came, steeping the scene around in lustrous gold, and Jo-que-yoh, arrayed by the maidens of her tribe, sat in the lodge of her father awaiting the star that was to bring her love to her presence. Blushing and trembling she saw "Kah-quah" (the Indian name for the sun) wheeling down into the crimson west, and now his light was hidden. Blushing and trembling, she saw the sweet twilight stealing over the endless forests, and now the star—the bright star of her hope, came creeping, like a timid fawn, into the purple heavens. She heard a footstep, she turned—"To-ke-ah," trembled on her lips. But it was not To-ke-ah. It was Os-ko-ne-an-tah, her father, decked in all his finest splendor, to give away the bride. To-ke-ah she knew had departed in the afternoon upon a neighboring trail for a brighter eagle plume to adorn the brow of his lovely bride on this the evening of their bridal. Something has detained him, but he will soon come. She fixed her large

dark elk-like eye upon the star. Momentarily it brightened and again another footstep. It was the maiden she had dispatched upon the rocks to watch for her the approaching form of To-ke-ah. Large and brighter grew the star, but still the absent came not. A shuddering fear began to creep into her bosom. Nothing could detain the absent from her but one reason—death! Larger and brighter grew the star until now it flashed like the eye of To-ke-ah from its home in the heavens. Still the absent came not. Tears began to flow, and she at length started in wild fear from her couch of sassafras to the towering rock to see if she could not behold the approaching shape of To-ke-ah. By this time the sky was sparkling with stars, and a feeble light was shed upon the forests. She saw the pointed rocks around her—she saw the two leaps of the torrent through their rugged pathway—she saw the still black basins on which the stars were glittering, but no To-ke-ah. "To-ke-ah! To-ke-ah! Jo-que-yoh awaits thee!" she cried, but she heard only the plunging of the torrents, and the song of the whippowill wailing as if in echo to her woe. Tremblings seized her limbs, her heart grew sick, and she was nigh swooning upon the rock, when she saw a form hurrying from the woods where the trail began. "To-ke-ah!" she shrieked joyfully, "I have been sad without thee!" and she was about casting herself into the arms of the form, when she found it was the youth who had accompanied To-ke-ah in the chase.

"Is not the brave here?" asked the youth, with astonishment; "I left him at the first leap of the torrent, searching for the eagle-nest that is in the cleft of the rock!"

With a wild scream Jo-que-yoh rushed away again to her wigwam; with a wild scream she asked for To-ke-ah, and no answer being returned, she darted to her canoe fastened in the cave above the upper leap.

"I go for To-ke-ah!" she screamed, as she seized the paddle and unfastened the willow withe, and the canoe darted into the stream directly towards the bend of the torrent. The star-light displayed her slender form to the agonized sight of her father, plunging down the foaming cataract, and she was seen no more! The canoe overturned, emerged into the basin, and dashed down the curve of the second plunge. The father, followed by those present, rushed down the precipice to the basin below, and there were the fragments of the canoe floating around in the eddying waters. A light shape was also seen in the dark pool, and leaping in, Os-ko-ne-an-tah dragged to the margin the drooping form of his daughter. She was dead! A stream of blood poured from her fractured temple, and the father held in his arms only the remains of the loved and still lovely Jo-que-yoh. But a warrior now came rushing down the rocks with "Jo-que-yoh! Jo-que-yoh!" loud upon his tongue. It was To-ke-ah. He had wandered farther than he thought, and hurrying home had found the wigwam of Jo-que-yoh empty. Dashing down the precipice in his mad search, he now came upon the sorrowing group. "Jo-que-yoh! Jo-que-yoh!" he screamed, tearing the dead from the arms of the father, but Jo-que-yoh did not answer. "Jo-que-yoh!" said the proud forest man, bending his head aside in his uncontrollable grief; "I am lost without thee!" But no Jo-que-yoh spoke. She had gone to the far land of the happy in search of To-ke-ah.

Then took To-ke-ah the lifeless maiden in his arms and cast himself prostrate on the earth.

"To-ke-ah!" said the father, "a great warrior should not weep like the deer in his last agony. Rouse thee! it is Os-ko-ne-an-tah that speaks!"

But To-ke-ah answered not. He only lay and shuddered.

"Shall the tall tree of my tribe turn to a willow?" again asked Os-ko-ne-an-tah, and this time sternly. "Rise, bravest of my people, behold! even the maidens see thee!"

But To-ke-ah answered not. He only lay and shuddered.

Then bent Os-ko-ne-an-tah over both and essayed to take from To-ke-ah the form of Jo-que-yoh. But the moment the father touched his daughter, To-ke-ah leaped to his feet with Jo-que-yoh in his arms, and pealing his war-hoop, flourished his keen hatchet over the head of the father.

"Go!" shouted he, whilst his eye flamed madly in the light of the pine torches that now kindled up the scene. "Go! Jo-que-yoh is mine. In death as in life, mine and mine only!" and again he threw himself, still holding her to his heart, headlong on the earth.

Then went Os-ko-ne-an-tah sadly from the spot, followed by all his people. Still lay To-ke-ah there, grasping the form of his dead bride. The bright star glittered above the two, and then grew pale in the advancing dawn, but still he stirred not. Brightly rose the sun, striking the scene into sudden joy, but still he stirred not. Noon glowed, and then the sunset fell, but To-ke-ah still lay there with the dead one in his arms. Night darkened. Again the star stole out in the red twilight, again grew bright and gleamed above the spot where To-ke-ah rested, but still no motion there. Once more rose the sun, and his first beam rested on To-ke-ah, but still there he lay with the dead one lying on his bosom.

At last he rose, and delving a grave in the sod with his knife and tomahawk, deposited therein the form of the maiden, and refilling it with his hands, stretched himself upon the mound. Os-ko-ne-an-tah had in the mean while often approached him, but the moment he appeared, up sprang To-ke-ah with his threatening tomahawk, and only when the father left, did that tomahawk sink, and the Brave again resume his posture. Eight days and nights passed, the most tempting food and the coolest water were placed near him upon the rocks, but still he stirred not. Food and water were untouched. At last, at the close of the ninth day, a thunder-cloud heaved up its black form in the west. Forth rushed the blast, out flashed the lightning, and the thunder was terrible to hear. But in the pauses of the storm there came a strain of guttural music from the grave of Jo-que-yoh

—it was the death song of To-ke-ah. Short and faint and broken to the listening ear of Os-ko-ne-an-tah came the song, and at length it ceased. Cautiously approached the father with a torch, for even then he expected to see the flash of To-ke-ah's hatchet over his head. Cautiously he approached, but the form stretched above the grave of his daughter, was motionless. Cautiously he bent over him, and then he turned him with a sudden movement, so that he could look upon his face. To-ke-ah was dead! The faithful warrior had departed in the shadowy trail where Jo-que-yoh had gone, and both were now engaged in the feast of the strawberry in the bright hunting grounds of Hah-wen-ne-yo.

When morning came the grave of Jo-que-yoh was opened by Os-ko-ne-an-tah, and the form of To-ke-ah, still arrayed in the weapons of a chief, was deposited in a sitting posture by her side. Again was the grave closed, and often did the young men and the maidens of the tribe repair thither, the first to celebrate the praises of To-ke-ah, and the latter to sing the virtues of Jo-que-yoh.

Paddock ceased amidst the plaudits of the company.

"He must have been a great fool to starve himself to death," said Jobson, "when he could have killed himself in a shorter time with his hatchet, or even by drowning himself in the pool!"

"What a barbarian you are, Jobson!" said Allthings, "every thing is matter of fact with you. Do be still!"

"Well, but I don't see the common sense," persisted Jobson, "if he was determined to kill himself, of leaving all the pies and things that they brought him, and starving himself and getting wet in the bargain, when he had a shorter way of doing the job!"

"Suppose you go and ask him, Jobson!" said Paddock, smiling; "I don't know his reasons, if he had any. At all events, I tell the tale as I heard it, and can't alter it!"

The Count had listened to the story with all his ears, but evidently, from his imperfect knowledge of the English language, without half understanding it.

"Pauvre demoiselle! so she did a—a—a—what ye call dat, (making as if pitching headlong,) a—a—a—"

"Tumble!" ejaculated Jobson.

"*Oui, oui, oui*, toomball, toomball down de—down de *roches—roches*, pauvre demoiselle! did she se blesser?"

"She went down the torrent, Count, in her canoe and was dashed to death!" exclaimed little Annie Mapes.

"Oh, oh, pauvre demoiselle!" answered the Count, sorrowfully. "The lovaire did *courir* from her—ah—ah—pauvre demoiselle!"

"No, no, Count!" returned Annie impatiently, "her lover did not forsake her. She thought he was dead, and went in her canoe after his body!"

"Pauvre demoiselle! and did she *trouver* him?"

"No. She was killed, and her lover had been detained in the chase, and he came afterwards and found her dead, as Mr. Paddock has just said!"

"*Oui, oui, oui*, me understand, he try to run away and fall down—me understand—*oui, oui, oui*—me understand."

"*No, no*, Count, you are all wrong; he starved himself to death from grief for her loss!"

"*Oui, oui*, me understand; he try to run away—fall down—get no food in de *roches*—but he sing to keep courage up—*oui, oui*, me understand—bootiful story, bootiful story, Monsieur Paydook! vrai bootiful indeed! He lay there *long temps*—six, eight, ten day, you say! and den he sing, sing, sing, to keep courage up, for want of food! Bootiful story, bootiful story!"

Finding it was in vain to enlighten the Count, Annie gave over her task, and the Count kept repeating, as if to himself: "*Oui, oui*, bootiful story, Monsieur Pay-dook, bootiful story! *bien* bootiful story indeed! pauvre demoiselle! pauvre demoiselle! Joe—what you call it. She too good for Monsieur Took Ear. He run away—he fall down—he sing. She die to get rid of him. (Shrugging his shoulders and grimacing most laughably.) He run away—he fall down—he sing! pauvre demoiselle!"

"I think he must have been crazy!" said Jobson, "not to eat when he could get a chance, and he hungry too, lying there a week or more; and only think, on the damp ground all this time. I wonder he didn't catch the rheumatism!"

"No crazy, Monsieur Jobsoon! no crazy! he sing to keep courage up. I sing sometime to keep courage up ven I think of *la belle France*—of Paris! Bootiful story, Monsieur Paydook! *vrai* bootiful story! Mooch oblege, mooch oblege!"

By this time the sun was setting, and the hollow was filled with sweet rosy light. Every leaf flashed, and the "Bounding Deer" was tinged with the beautiful radiance. Soon the light crept up, leaving the bottom of this huge rocky chalice in shadow, whilst the rim was encompassed with rich brilliance. The sun poured down one stream of glory through a cleft in the bank or side of

this Titan Goblet, like the visioned future which glows before the sight of happy youth, and then vanished. The gold rim vanished also; still there appeared to be no disposition among the party to leave the scene. Twilight began to shimmer, and now the stars trembled forth from the dusky sky. At last night settled on the landscape, and the girls expressed a wish to see the hollow lighted up with torchlight. Scattering ourselves amongst the trees of the bank, some splinters of the pitch pine were procured, and matches kindled each splinter into thick crimson flame. I clambered up as far as the basin of the first "bound" of the "Deer," and looked down to enjoy the scene. Scores of dark red torches were flashing in every direction, disclosing faces, forms, water, trees and grass, in broken fitful glances and in the most picturesque manner. Sometimes a deep light caught upon the edges of a hemlock, then upon the form of some graceful girl, then upon a huge rock, like the gleaming of stormy lightning, whilst the "Deer" bounded down, tawny as the shell of the chestnut. I looked at the basin at my foot. There were a score too of stars glittering there, but amidst them all was one large clear orb burning with pure and steadfast lustre. It was doubtless the star of Jo-que-yoh, and forthwith I named the basin the "Bath of the Star!" and the lower pool—oh, that shall be called "The Ladies' Mirror."

Soon after I descended and once more mingled with the party. Merry song and talk again winged away the hour, until a pale radiance on the highest cliffs gave token of the moon. Soon up she came—that hunter's moon! moon of October! and, like a golden shield, impended from the heavens. And how she kindled up the scene, that lovely moon of the hunter! And by her delicious light we left the hollow, put our steeds in motion, passed through the meadow, skimmed over the valley road, and then turned to the right, up the turnpike leading over the "Barrens," homeward.

How fragrant were the odors of the pine in the pure dry air, as we slowly toiled up the ascent of a mile towards the hut of old Gaunsalis, and then up and down over the hills, as the yellow bird flies, we travelled homeward. Past "Lord's Pond," through the turnpike gate, down the Neversink Hill, up the opposite one we went until we saw, gleaming in the heavenly moonlight, the welcome roofs of Monticello.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LEOPARDS.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

"Where sacred Ganges pours along the plain,
And Indus rolls to swell the Eastern Main,
What awful scenes the curious mind delight!
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight!
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,
The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads;
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,
The chattering parrot claps her painted wings;
'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake,
The tiger crouches in the tangled brake;
The spotted axis bounds in fear away;
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey,
'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,
Cool peaceful haunts of awful solitude!"

There is no class of animals which combine in such a marked degree, beauty of form, with a wily and savage nature, as that to which the Leopard tribe belongs. The unusual pliability of the spine and joints with which they are endowed, imparts agility, elasticity, and elegance to their movements, whilst the happy proportions of their limbs give grace to every attitude. Their skins, beautifully sleek, yellow above, and white beneath, are marked with spots of brilliant black, disposed in patterns according to the species; nor are these spots for ornament alone; as was remarked by one of the ablest of the writers in the "Quarterly," the different and characteristic markings of the larger feline animals, bear a direct relation to the circumstances under which they carry on their predatory pursuits. The tawny color of the lion harmonizes with the parched grass or yellow sand, along which he steals towards, or on which he lies in wait to spring upon, a passing prey; and a like relation to the place in which other large feline animals carry on their predatory pursuits, may be traced in their different and characteristic markings. The royal tiger, for instance, which stalks or lurks in the jungle of richly-wooded India, is less likely to be discerned as he glides along the straight stems of the underwood, by having the tawny ground-color of his coat variegated by dark vertical stripes, than if it were uniform like the lion's. The leopard and panther again, which await the approach of their prey, crouching on the outstretched branch of some tree, derive a similar advantage, by having the tawny ground-color broken by dark spots like the leaves around them; but amidst all this variety, in which may be traced the principle of adaptation to special ends, there is a certain unity of plan, the differences not being established from the beginning. Thus the young lion is spotted, during his first year, with dark spots on its lighter ground, and transitorily shows the livery that is most common in the genus. It is singular that man has, in a semi-barbarous state, recognized the same principle as

that which constitutes these differences, and applied it to the same purpose. It is well-known that the *setts*, or patterns of several of the highland tartans were originally composed with special reference to concealment among the heather. And with the Highlanders, perhaps, the hint was taken from the ptarmigans and hares of their own native mountains, which change their colors with the season, donning a snow white vest when the ground on which they tread bears the garb of winter, and resuming their garments of grayish brown when the summer's sun has restored to the rocks their natural tints.

There are three species sufficiently resembling each other in size and general appearance, to be confounded by persons unacquainted with their characteristics, namely, the leopard, the panther, and the jaguar. The precise distinction between the first two, is still an open question, although the best authorities agree in considering, that they are distinct animals; still confusion exists. An eminent dealer in furs informed us, that in the trade, panther skins were looked upon as being larger than leopards', and the spots more irregular, but the specimens produced were clearly jaguar skins, which made the matter more complicated.

The panther, *Felis pardus*, is believed to be an inhabitant of a great portion of Africa, the warmer parts of Asia, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago; while the leopard, *Felis leopardus*, is thought to be confined to Africa. The jaguar, *Felis onca* is the scourge of South America, from Paraguay almost to the isthmus of Darien, and is altogether a larger and more powerful animal than either of the others. Though presenting much resemblance, there are points of distinction by which the individual may be at once recognized. The jaguar is larger, sturdier, and altogether more thickset than the leopard, whose limbs are the beau ideal of symmetry and grace. The leopard is marked with numerous spots, arranged in small irregular circles on the sides; the ridge of the back, the head, neck, and limbs, being simply spotted, without order. The jaguar is also marked with black spots, but the circles formed by them are much larger, and in almost all, a central spot exists, the whole bearing a rude resemblance to a rose; along the back, the spots are so narrow and elongated, as to resemble stripes. The tail of the jaguar is also considerably shorter than that of the leopard, which is nearly as long as the whole body.

Leopards and panthers, if taken quite young, and treated with kindness, are capable of being thoroughly tamed; the poet Cowper, describes the great difference in the dispositions of his three celebrated hares; so it is with other wild animals, and leopards among the rest, some returning kindness with the utmost affection, others being rugged and untameable from the first. Of those brought to this country, the characters are much influenced by the treatment they have experienced on board ship; in some cases they have been made pets by the sailors, and are as tractable as domestic cats; but when they have been teased and subjected to ill-treatment during the voyage, it is found very difficult to render them sociable; there are now (September, 1851) six young leopards in one den at the Zoological Gardens: of these, five are about the same age, and grew up as one family; the sixth was added some time after, and being looked upon as an intruder, was quite sent to Coventry, and even ill-treated by the others; this he has never forgotten. When the keeper comes to the den, he courts his caresses, and shows the greatest pleasure, but if any of his companions advance to share them with him, he growls and spits, and shows the utmost jealousy and displeasure.

In the same collection, there is a remarkably fine, full-grown leopard, presented by her Majesty, who is as tame as any creature can be; mutton is his favorite food, but the keeper will sometimes place a piece of beef in the den; the leopard smells it, turns it over with an air of contempt, and coming forward, peers round behind the keeper's back to see if he has not (as is generally the case) his favorite food concealed. If given to him, he lays it down, and will readily leave it at the keeper's call, to come and be patted, and whilst caressed he purrs, and shows the greatest pleasure.

There were a pair of leopards in the Tower, before the collection was broken up, which illustrated well the difference in disposition; the male, a noble animal, continued to the last, as sullen and savage as on the day of his arrival. Every kindness was lavished upon him by the keepers, but he received all their overtures with such a sulky and morose return, that nothing could be made of his unreclaimable and unmanageable disposition. The female, which was the older of the two, on the contrary, was as gentle and affectionate as the other was savage, enjoying to be patted and caressed by the keeper, and fondly licking his hands; one failing, however, she had, which brought affliction to the soul of many a beau and lady fair; it was an extraordinary predilection for the destruction of hats, muffs, bonnets, umbrellas, and parasols, and indeed, articles of dress generally, seizing them with the greatest quickness, and tearing them into pieces, almost before the astonished victim was aware of the loss; to so great an extent did she carry this peculiar taste, that Mr. Cops, the superintendent, used to say that she had made prey of as many of these articles as there were days in the year. Animals in menageries are sometimes great enemies to the milliner's art; giraffes have been known to filch the flowers adorning a bonnet, and we once saw a lady miserably oppressed by monkeys. She was very decidedly of "a certain age," but dressed in the extreme of juvenility, with flowers and ribbons of all the colors of the rainbow. Her complexion was delicately heightened with rouge, and the loveliest tresses played about her cheeks. As she languidly sauntered through the former monkey house at the gardens, playfully poking the animals with her parasol, one seized it so vigorously that she was drawn close to the den; in the twinkling of an eye, a dozen little paws were protruded, off went bonnet, curls and all, leaving a deplorable gray head, whilst others seized her reticule and her dress, pulling it in a very unpleasant manner. The handiwork of M. Vouillon was of course a wreck, and the contents of the reticule, her purse, gloves, and delicately scented handkerchief, were with difficulty

recovered from out of the cheek pouch of a baboon.

On other occasion we saw the elephant, that fine old fellow who died some years ago, administer summary punishment to a weak minded fop, who kept offering him cakes, and on his putting out his trunk, withdrawing them and giving him a rap with his cane instead. One of the keepers warned him, but he laughed, and after he had teased the animal to his heart's content, walked away. After a time he was strolling by the spot again, intensely satisfied with himself, his glass stuck in his eye, and smiling blandly in the face of a young lady, who was evidently offended at his impudence, when the elephant, who was rocking backwards and forwards, suddenly threw out his trunk and seized our friend by the coat tails; the cloth gave way, and the whole back of the coat was torn out, leaving nothing but the collar, sleeves, and front. As may be supposed, this was a damper upon his amatory proceedings; indeed we never saw a man look so small, as he shuffled away amidst the titters of the company, who enjoyed his just reward.

That very agreeable writer, Mrs. Lee, formerly Mrs. Bowdich, has related in the first volume of the "Magazine of Natural History," a most interesting account of a tame panther which was in her possession several months. He and another were found very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother; they were taken to the King of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when our hero, being much larger than his brother, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchinson, the resident, left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie, by whom he was tamed. When eating was going on he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up on being allowed a portion of something else; but on one occasion, when a silly servant tried to pull his food from him, he tore a piece of flesh from the offender's leg, but never owed him any ill-will afterwards. One morning he broke the cord by which he was confined, and the castle gates being shut, a chase commenced, but after leading his pursuers several times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress. By degrees all fear of him subsided, and he was set at liberty, a boy being appointed to prevent his intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, like a true Negro, generally passed his watch in sleeping, and Saï, as the panther was called, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, but fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a pat on the side of the head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail as if enjoying the joke. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every where like a dog. His favorite station was at a window in the sitting-room, which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he amused himself with watching all that was going on. The children were also fond of this scene; and one day, finding Saï's presence an incumbrance, they united their efforts and pulled him down by the tail. He one day missed the governor, and wandered with a dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; while absent on this errand the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write; presently he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs, and raising his eyes to the open door beheld Saï. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Saï immediately sprang from the door on to his neck: instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulder, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused a little alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and on one occasion the woman, whose duty it was to sweep the floors, was made ill by her fright; she was sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude approaching all-fours, when Saï, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood waving his tail in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther in the act of devouring her, as they thought, gallantly scampered off as fast as their heels could carry them; nor was the woman released from her load till the governor, hearing the noise, came to her assistance.

Mrs. Bowdich determined to take this interesting animal to England, and he was conveyed on board ship, in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men, who were so alarmed that in their confusion they managed to drop cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes the poor fellow was given up for lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. He seemed completely subdued by his ducking; and as no one dared to open the cage to dry it, he rolled himself up in one corner, where he remained for some days, till roused by the voice of his mistress. When she first spoke he raised his head, listened attentively, and when she came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs and appeared frantic, rolling over and over, howling and seeming as if he would have torn his cage to pieces; however, his violence gradually subsided, and he contented himself with thrusting his nose and paws through the bars to receive her caresses. The greatest treat that could be bestowed upon Saï was lavender water. Mr. Hutchinson had told Mrs. Bowdich, that on the way from Ashantee, happening to draw out a scented pocket-handkerchief, it was immediately seized by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. Twice a week his mistress indulged him by making a cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of the cage; he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated.

Quiet and gentle as Saï was, pigs never failed to excite indignation when they hovered about his cage, and the sight of a monkey put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the Gaboon, an orang-outang was brought on board and remained three days. When the two animals met, the

uncontrollable rage of the one and the agony of the other was very remarkable. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful; so that when he fled, with extraordinary rapidity, from the panther to the other side of the deck, neither men nor things remained upright if they opposed his progress. As for the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and as he howled he showed his huge teeth; then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he made a spring at the orang to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he was on the listen, and the approach of a monkey or a Negro brought back his agitation. During the voyage to England the vessel was boarded by pirates, and the crew and passengers nearly reduced to starvation in consequence; Saï must have died had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots; of these his allowance was one per diem, but he became so ravenous that he had not patience to pick off the feathers, but bolted the birds whole: this made him very ill, but Mrs. Bowdich administered some pills, and he recovered. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Saï was presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change temporarily. On the morning of the duchess's departure for Oatlands, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his gentleness and great beauty. In the evening, when her royal highness's coachman went to take him away to his new quarters at Oatlands, Saï was dead from inflammation on the lungs.

To this interesting animal, the following lines by Dryden, might with propriety have been applied:

> "The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind
> And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
> Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
> She were too good to be a beast of prey!
> How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
> Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
> Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she,
> Nor wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free."

Mr. Gordon Cumming describes two encounters with leopards, one of which was nearly attended with fatal consequences: "On the 17th," says he, "I was attacked with acute rheumatic fever, which kept me to my bed, and gave me excruciating pain. Whilst I lay in this helpless state, Mr. Orpen and Present, who had gone up the river to shoot sea cows, fell in with an immense male leopard, which the latter wounded very baldly. They then sent natives to camp, to ask me for dogs, of which I sent them a pair. In about an hour the natives came running to camp, and said that Orpen was killed by the leopard. On further inquiry, however, I found that he was not really killed, but frightfully torn and bitten about the arms and head. They had rashly taken up the spoor on foot, the dogs following behind them, instead of going in advance. The consequence of this was, that they came right upon the leopard before they were aware of him, when Orpen fired and missed him. The leopard then sprang on his shoulders, and dashing him to the ground lay upon him, howling and lacerating his hands, arms, and head most fearfully. Presently the leopard permitted Orpen to rise and come away. Where were the gallant Present and all the natives, that not a man of them moved to assist the unfortunate Orpen? According to an established custom among all colonial servants, the instant the leopard sprang, Present discharged his piece in the air, and then dashing it to the ground he rushed down the bank and jumped into the river, along which he swam some hundred yards before he would venture on *terra firma*. The natives, though numerous and armed, had likewise fled in another direction."

The tenacity of life of these animals was well shown in the other encounter: "Having partaken of some refreshment," says Mr. Cumming, "I saddled two steeds, and rode down the banks of Ngotwani, with the Bushman, to seek for any game I might find. After riding about a mile along the river's bank, I came suddenly upon an old male leopard lying under the shade of a thorn grove, and panting from the great heat. Although I was within sixty yards of him, he had not heard the horse's tread. I thought he was a lioness and dismounting, took a rest in my saddle on the old gray, and sent a bullet into him. He sprang to his feet, and ran half way down the river's bank, and stood to look about him, when I sent a second bullet into his person, and he disappeared over the bank. The ground being very dangerous, I did not disturb him by following then, but I at once sent Ruyter back to camp for the dogs. Presently he returned with Wolf and Boxer, very much done up with the sun. I rode forward, and on looking over the bank, the leopard started up and sneaked off alongside of the tall reeds, and was instantly out of sight. I fired a random shot from the saddle, to encourage the dogs, and shouted to them; they, however, stood looking stupidly round, and would not take up his scent at all. I led them over his spoor again and again, but to no purpose; the dogs seemed quite stupid, and yet they were Wolf and Boxer, my two best. At length I gave it up as a lost affair, and was riding down the river's bank, when I heard Wolf give tongue behind me, and galloping back I found him at bay, with the leopard immediately beneath where I had first fired at him; he was very severely wounded, and had slipped down into the river's bed, and doubled back, whereby he had thrown out both the dogs and myself. As I approached, he flew out upon Wolf and knocked him over, and then running up the bed of the river he took shelter in a thick bush. Wolf, however, followed him, and at this moment my other dogs came up, having heard the shot, and bayed him fiercely. He sprang out upon them, and then crossed the river's bed, taking shelter beneath some large tangled roots on the opposite bank. As he crossed the river, I put a third bullet into him, firing from the saddle, and as soon as he came to bay I gave him a fourth, which finished him. This leopard was a very fine old male. In the conflict, the unfortunate Alert was wounded as usual, getting his face torn open. He was still going on three legs, with all his breast laid bare by the first water-buck."

Major Denham in his interesting travels, gives the following account of an adventure with a huge panther, which occurred during the expedition to Mandara: "We had started several animals of the leopard species, who ran from us so swiftly, twisting their long tails in the air, as to prevent our getting near them. We, however, now started one of a larger kind, which Maramy assured me was so satiated with the blood of a negro, whose carcase we found lying in the wood, that he would be easily killed. I rode up to the spot just as a Shonaa had planted the first spear in him, which passed through the neck a little above the shoulder, and came down between the animal's legs; he rolled over, broke the spear, and bounded off with the lower half in his body. Another Shonaa galloped up within two arms' length and thrust a second through his loins; and the savage animal, with a woeful howl, was in the act of springing on his pursuer, when an Arab shot him through the head with a ball which killed him on the spot. It was a male panther of a very large size, and measured, from the point of the tail to the nose, eight feet two inches."

These animals are found in great abundance in the woods bordering on Mandara; there are also leopards, the skins of which were seen, but not in great numbers. The panthers are as insidious as they are cruel; they will not attack any thing that is likely to make resistance, but have been known to watch a child for hours while near the protection of huts or people. It will often spring on a grown person, male or female, while carrying a burthen, but always from behind. The flesh of a child or young kid it will sometimes devour, but when any full grown animal falls a prey to its ferocity, it sucks the blood alone.

In India and Ceylon leopards and panthers are called Tree Tigers, and the following narrative of an exciting encounter with one is given in The Menageries:—"I was at Jaffna," says the writer, "at the northern extremity of the island of Ceylon in the beginning of the year 1819, when one morning my servant called me an hour or two before the usual time with, 'Master! master! people sent for master's dogs; tiger in the town!' Now my dogs chanced to be very degenerate specimens of a fine species called the Poligar dogs. I kept them to hunt jackals, but tigers are very different things. This turned out to be a panther; my gun chanced not to be put together, and while my servant was doing it the collector and two medical men, who had recently arrived, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hogspears. They insisted on setting off without waiting for my gun, a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut, the roof of which, as those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture was a small door about four feet high. The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged to wait for my gun, but, no! the fowling-piece, loaded with ball of course, and the two hogspears were quite enough; I got a hedge stake and awaited my fate for very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay captain, and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place within an inclosure, about twenty feet square, formed on three sides by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this, the two artillery-men planted themselves, and the Malay captain got at the top to frighten the tiger out by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves. One of the artillery-men wanted to go in to the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang; this man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust, apparently, down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket, the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us: the shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment the animal appeared to me to be about to reach the centre of the man's face; but I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger, stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round, staggering, threw him over on his back and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that if we fired upon the tiger we might kill the man. For a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him, he fired, and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire; he still kicked and writhed, when the gentlemen with the hogspears advanced and fixed him, while some natives finished him by beating him on the head with hedge stakes. The brave artillery-man was after all but slightly hurt; he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him; there was, however, a cry among the natives, that the head should be cut off; it was, and in doing so, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured scarcely less than four feet from the root of the tail to the muzzle."

The following practical joke is related in the late Rev. T. Acland's amusing volume on India:—A party of officers went out from Cuttack to shoot; their men were beating the jungle, when suddenly all the wild cry ceased, and a man came gliding to where all the Sahibs were standing to tell them that there was a tiger lying asleep in his den close at hand. A consultation was instantly held; most of the party were anxious to return to Cuttack, but Captain B—— insisted on having a shot at the animal; accordingly he advanced very quickly, until he came to the place, when he saw, not a tiger, but a large leopard, lying quite still, with his head resting on his fore-paws. He went up close and fired, but the animal did not move. This astonished him, and on examination he found that the brute was already dead. One of his companions had bribed some Indians to place a dead leopard there, and to say that there was a tiger asleep. It may be imagined what a laugh there was!

Nature, ever provident, has scattered with a bounteous hand her gifts in the country of the Orinoco, where the jaguar especially abounds. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses

and slender plants, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation; piles of granite blocks rise here and there, and, at the margins of the plains, occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, and llianas. The shelves of primitive rocks, scarcely elevated above the plain, are partially coated with lichens and mosses, together with succulent plants and tufts of evergreen shrubs with shining leaves. The horizon is bounded with mountains overgrown with forests of laurels, among which clusters of palms rise to the height of more than a hundred feet, their slender stems supporting tufts of feathery foliage. To the east of Atures other mountains appear, the ridge of which is composed of pointed cliffs, rising like huge pillars above the trees. When those columnar masses are situated near the Orinoco, flamingoes, herons, and other wading birds perch on their summits, and look like sentinels. In the vicinity of the cataracts, the moisture which is diffused in the air produces a perpetual verdure, and wherever soil has accumulated on the plains, it is adorned by the beautiful shrubs of the mountains.

Such is one view of the picture, but it has its dark side also; those flowing waters, which fertilize the soil, abound with crocodiles; those charming shrubs and flourishing plants are the hiding-places of deadly serpents; those laurel forests, the favorite lurking spots of the fierce jaguar; whilst the atmosphere, so clear and lovely, abounds with musquitoes and zancudoes to such a degree that, in the missions of Orinoco, the first questions in the morning when two people meet, are "How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to-day for the musquitoes?"

It is in the solitude of this wilderness that the jaguar, stretched out motionless and silent, upon one of the lower branches of the ancient trees, watches for its passing prey; a deer, urged by thirst, is making its way to the river, and approaches the tree where his enemy lies in wait. The jaguar's eyes dilate, the ears are thrown down, and the whole frame becomes flattened against the branch. The deer, all unconscious of danger, draws near, every limb of the jaguar quivers with excitement; every fibre is stiffened for the spring; then, with the force of a bow unbent, he darts with a terrific yell upon his prey, seizes it by the back of the neck, a blow is given with his powerful paw, and with broken spine the deer falls lifeless to the earth. The blood is then sucked, and the prey dragged to some favorite haunt, where it is devoured at leisure.

Humboldt surprised a jaguar in his retreat. It was near the Joval, below the mouth of the Cano de la Tigrera, that in the midst of wild and awful scenery, he saw an enormous jaguar stretched beneath the shade of a large mimosa. He had just killed a chiguire, an animal about the size of a pig, which he held with one of his paws, while the vultures were assembled in flocks around. It was curious to observe the mixture of boldness and timidity which these birds exhibited; for although they advanced within two feet of the jaguar, they instantly shrank back at the least motion he made. In order to observe more nearly their proceedings, the travellers went into their little boat, when the tyrant of the forest withdrew behind the bushes, leaving his victim, upon which the vultures attempted to devour it, but were soon put to flight by the jaguar rushing into the midst of them. The following night, Humboldt and his party were entertained by a jaguar hunter, half-naked, and as brown as a Zambo, who prided himself on being of the European race, and called his wife and daughter, who were as slightly clothed as himself, Donna Isabella and Donna Manvela. As this aspiring personage had neither house nor hut, he invited the strangers to swing their hammocks near his own between two trees, but as ill-luck would have it, a thunder-storm came on, which wetted them to the skin; but their troubles did not end here, for Donna Isabella's cat had perched on one of the trees, and frightened by the thunder-storm, jumped down upon one of the travellers in his cot; he naturally supposed that he was attacked by a wild beast, and as smart a battle took place between the two, as that celebrated feline engagement of Don Quixote; the cat, who perhaps had most reason to consider himself an ill-used personage, at length bolted, but the fears of the gentleman had been excited to such a degree, that he could hardly be quieted. The following night was not more propitious to slumber. The party finding no tree convenient, had stuck their oars in the sand, and suspended their hammocks upon them. About eleven, there arose in the immediately adjoining wood, so terrific a noise, that it was impossible to sleep. The Indians distinguished the cries of sapagous, alouates, jaguars, cougars, peccaris, sloths, curassows, paraquas, and other birds, so that there must have been as full a forest chorus as Mr. Hullah himself could desire.

When the jaguars approached the edge of the forest, which they frequently did, a dog belonging to the party began to howl, and seek refuge under their cots. Sometimes, after a long silence, the cry of the jaguars came from the tops of the trees, when it was followed by an outcry among the monkeys. Humboldt supposes the noise thus made by the inhabitants of the forest during the night, to be the effect of some contests that had arisen among them.

On the pampas of Paraquay, great havoc is committed among the herds of horses by the jaguars, whose strength is quite sufficient to enable them to drag off one of these animals. Azara caused the body of a horse, which had been recently killed by a jaguar, to be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the jaguar would return in the course of it, to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, behold the animal swam across a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with his teeth, dragged it full sixty paces to the river, swam across again with his prey, and then dragged the carcase into a neighboring wood; and all this in sight of a person, whom Azara had placed to keep watch. But the jaguars have also an aldermanic goût for turtles, which they gratify in a very systematic manner, as related by Humboldt, who was shown large shells of turtles emptied by them. They follow the turtles towards the beaches, where the laying of eggs is to take place, surprise them on the sand, and in order to devour them at their ease, adroitly turn them on their backs; and as

they turn many more than they can devour in one night, the Indians often profit by their cunning. The jaguar pursues the turtle quite into the water, and when not very deep, digs up the eggs; they, with the crocodile, the heron, and the gallinago vulture, are the most formidable enemies the little turtles have. Humboldt justly remarks, "When we reflect on the difficulty that the naturalist finds in getting out the body of the turtle, without separating the upper and under shells, we cannot enough admire the suppleness of the jaguar's paw, which empties the double armor of the *arraus*, as if the adhering parts of the muscles had been cut by means of a surgical instrument."

The rivers of South America swarm with crocodiles, and these wage perpetual war with the jaguars. It is said, that when the jaguar surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sandbank, he attacks him in a vulnerable part under the tail, and often kills him, but let the crocodile only get his antagonist into the water, and the tables are turned, for the jaguar is held under water until he is drowned.

The onset of the jaguar is always made from behind, partaking of the stealthy, treacherous character of his tribe; if a herd of animals, or a party of men be passing, it is the last that is always the object of his attack. When he has made choice of his victim, he springs upon the neck, and placing one paw on the back of the head, while he seizes the muzzle with the other, twists the head round with a sudden jerk which dislocates the spine, and deprives it instantaneously of life; sometimes, especially when satiated with food, he is indolent and cowardly, skulking in the gloomiest depths of the forest, and scared by the most trifling causes, but when urged by the cravings of hunger, the largest quadrupeds, and man himself, are attacked with fury and success.

Mr. Darwin has given an interesting account of the habits of the jaguar: the wooded banks of the great South American rivers appear to be their favorite haunt, but south of the Plata they frequent the reeds bordering lakes; wherever they are they seem to require water. They are particularly abundant on the isles of the Parana, their common prey being the carpincho, so that it is generally said, where carpinchos are plentiful, there is little fear of the jaguar; possibly, however, a jaguar which has tasted human flesh, may afterwards become dainty, and, like the lions of South Africa, and the tigers of India, acquire the dreadful character of man-eaters, from preferring that food to all others. It is not many years ago since a very large jaguar found his way into a church in Santa Fé; soon afterwards a very corpulent padre entering, was at once killed by him: his equally stout coadjutor, wondering what had detained the padre, went to look after him, and also fell a victim to the jaguar; a third priest, marvelling greatly at the unaccountable absence of the others, sought them, and the jaguar having by this time acquired a strong clerical taste, made at him also, but he, being fortunately of the slender order, dodged the animal from pillar to post, and happily made his escape; the beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building, which was unroofed, and thus paid the penalty of his sacrilegious propensities.

On the Parana they have killed many woodcutters, and have even entered vessels by night. One dark evening the mate of a vessel, hearing a heavy but peculiar footstep on deck, went up to see what it was, and was immediately met by a jaguar, who had come on board, seeking what he could devour: a severe struggle ensued, assistance arrived, and the brute was killed, but the man lost the use of the arm which had been ground between his teeth.

The Guachos say that the jaguar, when wandering about at night, is much tormented by the foxes yelping as they follow him; this may perhaps serve to alarm his prey, but must be as teasing to him as the attentions of swallows are to an owl who happens to be taking a daylight promenade; and if owls ever swear, it is under those circumstances. Mr. Darwin, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, was shown three well-known trees to which the jaguars constantly resort, for the purpose, it is said, of sharpening their claws. Every one must be familiar with the manner in which cats, with outstretched legs and extended claws, will card the legs of chairs and of men; so with the jaguar; and of these trees, the bark was worn quite smooth in front; on each side there were deep grooves, extending in an oblique line nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages, and the inhabitants could always tell when a jaguar was in the neighborhood, by his recent autograph on one of these trees.

We have seen tigers stretching their enormous limbs in this manner, and were recently interested in watching the proceedings of two beautiful young jaguars now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; they are scarcely half-grown and as playful as kittens. After chasing and tumbling each other over several times, they went as by mutual consent to the post of their cage, and there carefully and with intensely placid countenances scraped away with their claws as they would have done against the trees had they been in their native woods. This proceeding satisfactorily concluded, they swarmed up and down the post, appearing to vie with each other as to which should be first. The six young leopards are equally graceful and active with the above, and the elegance and quickness of their movements cannot fail to command admiration. They seem to be particularly fond of bounding up and down the trees, and sometimes rest in the strangest attitudes, stuck in the fork of a bough, or sitting, as it were; astride of one, with their hind legs hanging down. M. Sonnini bears testimony to the extraordinary climbing powers of the jaguar; "For," says he, "I have seen, in the forests of Guiana, the prints left by the claws of the jaguar on the smooth bark of a tree from forty to fifty feet in height, measuring about a foot and a half in circumference, and clothed with branches near its summit alone. It was easy to follow with the eye the efforts which the animal had made to reach the branches; although his talons had been thrust deeply into the body of the tree, he had met with several slips, but had always recovered his ground; and attracted, no doubt, by some favorite prey, had at length succeeded in gaining the very top!"

The following is the common mode of killing the jaguar in Tucuman: The Guacho, armed with a long strong spear, traces him to his den, and having found it, he places himself in a convenient position to receive the animal on the point of the spear at the first spring; dogs are then sent in, and driving him out he springs with fury upon the Guacho, who, fixing his eyes on those of the jaguar, receives his onset kneeling, and with such consummate coolness that he hardly ever fails. At the moment that the spear is plunged into the animal's body the Guacho nimbly springs on one side, and the jaguar, already impaled on the spear, is speedily dispatched.

In one instance the animal lay stretched on the ground, like a gorged cat, and was in such high good humor after his satisfactory meal, that on the dogs attacking him he was disposed to play with them; a bullet was therefore lodged in his shoulder, on which rough salute he sprang out so quickly on his watching assailant, that he not only received the spear in his body, but tumbled the man over, and they rolled on the ground together. "I thought," said the brave fellow, "that I was no longer a capitaz, as I held up my arm to protect my throat, which the jaguar seemed in the act of seizing; but at the very moment that I expected to feel his fangs in my flesh, the green fire which had blazed upon me from his eyes flashed out—he fell upon me, and with a quiver died."

Colonel Hamilton relates that when travelling on the banks of the Magdalena, he remarked a young man with his arm in a sling, and on inquiring the cause, was told that about a month before, when walking in a forest, a dog he had with him began to bark at something in a dark cavern overhung with bushes; and on his approaching the entrance, a jaguar rushed on him with great force, seizing his right arm, and in the struggle they both fell over a small precipice. He then lost his senses, and on recovering found the jaguar had left him, but his arm was bleeding and shockingly lacerated. On surprise being expressed that the animal had not killed him, he shrugged up his shoulders, and remarked, "La bienaventurada virgen Maria le habia salvo." The blessed Virgin had saved him.

In the province of Buenaventura it is said that the Indians kill the jaguar by means of poisoned arrows, about eight inches in length, which are thrown from a blow-pipe: the arrows are poisoned with a moisture which exudes from the back of a small green frog, found in the provinces of Buenaventura and Choco. When the Indians want to get this poison from the frog, they put him near a small fire, and the moisture soon appears on his back; in this the points of the small arrows are dipped, and so subtle is the poison that a jaguar struck by one of these little insignificant weapons, soon becomes convulsed and dies.

The jaguar has the general character of being untameable, and of maintaining his savage ferocity when in captivity, showing no symptoms of attachment to those who have the care of him. This, like many other points in natural history, is a popular error; there is at the present time a magnificent jaguar in the Zoological Gardens, who is as tame and gentle as a domestic cat. We have seen this fine creature walking up and down the front of his den as his keeper walked, rubbing himself against the bars, purring with manifest pleasure as his back or head was stroked, and caressing the man's hand with his huge velvet paws. There is in the collection another jaguar, just as savage as this one is tame. There was also a jaguar formerly in the Tower, which was obtained by Lord Exmouth while on the South American Station, and was afterwards present at the memorable bombardment of Algiers. This animal was equally gentle with that we have described, and was presented to the Marchioness of Londonderry by Lord Exmouth on his return to England after that engagement: it was placed by her Ladyship in the Tower, where it died.

In a state of nature these animals have been known to show not only forbearance, but even playfulness, of which Humboldt relates the following instance which occurred at the mission of Atures, on the banks of the Orinoco: "Two Indian children, a boy and girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Atures, in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon when a jaguar issued from the forest and approached the children, gambolling around them, sometimes concealing itself among the long grass and again springing forward with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the side of the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and blood flowed with violence; the little girl then took up the branch of a tree, and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians, hearing the cries of the children, ran up, and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself." In all probability, this fit of good humor was to be traced to the animal having been plentifully fed; for most assuredly the children would have stood but little chance, had their visitor been subjected to a meagre diet for some days previously.

Mr. Edwards, in his voyage up the Amazon, tells of an exchange of courtesies between a traveller and a jaguar. The jaguar was standing in the road as the Indian came out of the bushes, not ten paces distant, and was looking, doubtless, somewhat fiercely as he waited the unknown comer. The Indian was puzzled for an instant, but summoning his presence of mind, he took off his broad brimmed hat, and made a low bow, with "Muito bene dias, men Señhor," or "A very good morning, Sir." Such profound respect was not wanting on the jaguar, who turned slowly and marched down the road with proper dignity.

It is difficult to say how many leopards and jaguar skins are annually imported, as the majority are brought by private hands. We have been told by an eminent furrier that about five hundred are sold each year to the London trade. They are chiefly used as shabraques, or coverings to officers' saddles in certain hussar regiments, but skins used for this purpose must be marked in a

particular manner, and the ground must be of a dark rich color. Such skins are worth about three pounds; ordinary leopard and jaguar skins are valued at about two pounds, and are chiefly used for rugs or mats. The jaguar skins are sometimes of great size, and we have measured one which was nine feet seven inches from tip to tip. The leopard skins are exclusively used for military purposes, and the jaguar's are preferred for rugs.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A LEGEND OF THE EAST NEUK OF FIFE.

It was a cold night in the March of the year 1708. The hour of ten had tolled from the old Gothic tower of the Collegiate Church; beating on his drum, the drummer in the livery of the burgh had proceeded from the Market-cross to the ruins of St. David's Castle, and from thence to the chapel of St. Rufus, and having made one long roll or flourish at the point from whence his peregrination began, he adjourned to the *Thane of Fife* to procure a dram, while the good folks of Crail composed themselves for the night, and the barring of doors and windows announced that those who were within had resolved to make themselves comfortable and secure, while those unfortunate wights that were without were likely to remain so.

Hollowly the German Sea was booming on the rocks of the harbor; and from its hazy surface a cold east wind swept over the flat, bleak coast of Crail; a star peeped at times between the flying clouds, and even the moon looked forth once, but immediately veiled her face again, as if one glance at the iron shore and barren scenery, unenlivened by hedge or tree, were quite enough to prevent her from looking again.

The town drummer had received his dram and withdrawn, and Master Spiggot, the gudeman or landlord of the *Thane of Fife*, the principal tavern, and only inn or hostel in the burgh, was taking a last view of the main street, and considering the propriety of closing for the night. It was broad, spacious, and is still overlooked by many a tall and gable-ended mansion, whose antique and massive aspect announces that, like other Fifeshire burghs before the Union in the preceding year, it had seen better days. Indeed, the house then occupied by Master Spiggot himself, and from which his sign bearing the panoplied *Thane* at full gallop on a caparisoned steed swung creaking in the night wind, was one of those ancient edifices, and in former days had belonged to the provost of the adjoining kirk; but this was (as Spiggot said) "in the auld warld times o' the Papistrie."

The gudeman shook his white head solemnly and sadly, as he looked down the empty thoroughfare.

"There *was* a time," he muttered, and paused.

Silent and desolate as any in the ruins of Thebes, the street was half covered with weeds and rank grass that grew between the stones, and Spiggot could see them waving in the dim starlight.

Crail is an out-of-the-way place. It is without thoroughfare and without trade; few leave it and still fewer think of going there, for there one feels as if on the very verge of society; for there, even by day, reigns a monastic gloom, a desertion, a melancholy, a uniform and voiceless silence, broken only by the croak of the gleds and the cawing of the clamorous gulls nestling on the old church tower, while the sea booms incessantly as it rolls on the rocky beach.

But there was a time when it was otherwise; when the hum of commerce rose around its sculptured cross, and there was a daily bustle in the chambers of its Town-hall, for there a portly provost and bailies with a battalion of seventeen corpulent councillors sat solemnly deliberating on the affairs of the burgh; and swelling with a municipal importance that was felt throughout the whole East Neuk of Fife; for, in those days, the bearded Russ and red-haired Dane, the Norwayer, and the Hollander, laden with merchandise, furled their sails in that deserted harbor, where now scarcely a fisherboat is seen; for on Crail, as on all its sister towns along the coast, fell surely and heavily the terrible blight of 1707, and now it is hastening rapidly to insignificance and decay.

On the sad changes a year had brought about, Spiggot pondered sadly, and was only roused from his dreamy mood by the sudden apparition of a traveller on horseback standing before him; for so long and so soft was the grass of the street that his approach had been unheard by the dreamer, whose mind was wandering after the departed glories of the East Neuk.

"A cold night, landlord, for such I take you to be," said the stranger, in a bold and cheerful voice, as he dismounted.

"A cauld night and a dreary too," sighed poor Boniface, as he bowed, and hastening to seize the stranger's bridle, buckled it to a ring at the doorcheek; "but the sicht of a visitor does gude to my heart; step in, sir. A warm posset that was simmering in the parlor for myself is at your service, and I'll set the stall-boy to corn your beast and stable it."

"I thank you, gudeman; but for unharnessing it matters not, as I must ride onward; but I will take

the posset with thanks, for I am chilled to death by my long ride along this misty coast."

Spiggot looked intently at the traveller as he stooped, and entering the low-arched door which was surmounted by an old monastic legend, trod into the bar with a heavy clanking stride, for he was accoutred with jack-boots and gilded spurs. His rocquelaure was of scarlet cloth, warmly furred, and the long curls of his Ramillies wig flowed over it. His beaver was looped upon three sides with something of a military air, and one long white feather that adorned it, floated down his back, for the dew was heavy on it. He was a handsome man, about forty years of age, well sunburned, with a keen dark eye, and close-clipped moustache, which indicated that he had served in foreign wars. He threw his hat and long jewelled rapier aside, and on removing his rocquelaure, discovered a white velvet coat more richly covered with lace than any that Spiggot had ever seen even in the palmiest days of Crail.

According to the fashion of Queen Anne's courtiers, it was without a collar, to display the long white cravat of point d'Espagne, without cuffs, and edged from top to bottom with broad bars of lace, clasps and buttons of silver the whole length; being compressed at the waist by a very ornamental belt fastened by a large gold buckle.

"Your honor canna think of riding on to-night," urged Boniface; "and if a Crail-capon done just to perfection, and a stoup of the best wine, at least siccan wine as we get by the east seas, since that vile incorporating Union—"

"Vile and damnable! say I," interrupted the stranger.

"True for ye, sir," said Spiggot with a kindling eye; "but if these puir viands can induce ye to partake of the hospitality of my puir hostel, that like our gude burrowtoun is no just what it has been—"

"Gudeman, 'tis impossible, for I must ride so soon as I have imbibed thy posset."

"As ye please, sir—your honor's will be done. Our guests are now, even as the visits of angels, unco few and far between; and thus, when one comes, we are loath to part with him. There is a deep pitfall, and an ugly gullyhole where the burn crosses the road at the town-head, and if ye miss the path, the rocks by the beach are steep, and in a night like this—"

"Host of mine," laughed the traveller, "I know right well every rood of the way, and by keeping to the left near the Auldlees may avoid both the blackpit and the sea-beach."

"Your honor kens the country hereawa then," said Spiggot with surprise.

"Of old, perhaps, I knew it as well as thee."

The gudeman of the *Thane* scrutinized the traveller's face keenly, but failed to recognize him, and until this moment he thought that no man in the East Neuk was unknown to him; but here his inspection was at fault.

"And hast thou no visitors with thee now, friend host?" he asked of Spiggot.

"One only, gude sir, who came here on a brown horse about nightfall. He is an unco foreign-looking man, but has been asking the way to the castle o' Balcomie."

"Ha! and thou didst tell of this plaguy pitfall, I warrant."

"Assuredly, your honor, in kindness I did but hint of it."

"And thereupon he stayed. Balcomie—indeed! and what manner of man is he?"

"By the corslet which he wears under his coat, and the jaunty cock of his beaver, I would say he had been a soldier."

"Good again—give him my most humble commendations, and ask him to share thy boasted posset of wine with me."

"What name did you say, sir?"

"Thou inquisitive varlet, I said no name," replied the gentleman, with a smile, "In these times men do not lightly give their names to each other, when the land is swarming with Jacobite plotters and government spies, disguised Jesuits, and Presbyterian tyrants. I may be the Devil or the Pope for all thou knowest."

"Might ye no be the Pretender?" said Spiggot, with a sour smile.

"Nay, I have a better travelling name than that; but say to this gentleman that the Major of Marshal Orkney's Dragoons requests the pleasure of sharing a stoup of wine with him."

"Sir, it mattereth little whether ye give your name or no," replied the host bitterly; "for we are a' nameless now. Twelve months ago we were true Scottish men, but *now*—"

"Our king is an exile—our crown is buried for ever, and our brave soldiers are banished to far and foreign wars, while the grass is growing green in the streets of our capital—ay, green as it is at this hour in your burgh of Crail; but hence to the stranger; yet say not," added the traveller, bitterly and proudly, "that in his warmth the Scottish cavalier has betrayed himself."

While the speaker amused himself with examining a printed proclamation concerning the "Tiend

Commissioners and Transplantation off Paroch Kirkis," which was pasted over the stone mantelpiece of the bar, the landlord returned with the foreign gentleman's thanks, and an invitation to his chamber, whither the Major immediately repaired; following the host up a narrow stone spiral stair to a snugly wainscotted room, against the well-grated windows of which a sudden shower was now beginning to patter.

The foreigner, who was supping on a Crail-capon (in other words a broiled haddock) and stoup of Bourdeaux wine, arose at their entrance, and bowed with, an air that was undisguisedly continental. He was a man above six feet, with a long straight nose, over which his dark eyebrows met and formed one unbroken line. He wore a suit of green Genoese velvet, so richly laced that little of the cloth was visible; a full-bottomed wig, and a small corslet of the brightest steel (over which hung the ends of his cravat), as well as a pair of silver-mounted cavalry pistols that lay on the table, together with his unmistakable bearing, decided the Major of Orkney's that the stranger was a brother of the sword.

"Fair sir, little introduction is necessary between us, as, I believe, we have both followed the drum in our time," said the Major, shaking the curls of his Ramillie wig with the air of a man who has decided on what he says.

"I *have* served, Monsieur," replied the foreigner, "under Marlborough and Eugene."

"Ah! in French Flanders? Landlord—gudeman, harkee; a double stoup of this wine; I have found a comrade to-night—be quick and put my horse to stall, I will not ride hence for an hour or so. What regiment, sir?"

"I was first under Grouvestien in the Horse of Driesberg."

"Then you were on the left of the second column at Ramillies—on that glorious 12th of May," said the Major, drawing the high-backed chair which the host handed him, and spreading out his legs before the fire, which burned merrily in the basket-grate on the hearth, "and latterly—"

"Under Wandenberg."

"Ah! an old tyrannical dog."

A dark cloud gathered on the stranger's lofty brow.

"I belonged to the Earl of Orkney's Grey Dragoons," said the Major; "and remember old Wandenberg making a bold charge in that brilliant onfall when we passed the lines of Monsieur le Mareschal Villars at Pont-a-Vendin, and pushed on to the plains of Lens."

"That was before we invested Doway and Fort-Escharpe, where old Albergotti so ably commanded ten thousand well-beaten soldiers."

"And then Villars drew off from his position at sunset and encamped on the plain before Arras."

"Thou forgettest, comrade, that previously he took up a position in rear of Escharpe."

"True; but now I am right into the very melée of those old affairs, and the mind carries one on like a rocket. Your health, sir—by the way, I am still ignorant of your name."

"I have such very particular reasons for concealing it in this neighborhood, that—"

"Do not think me inquisitive; in these times men should not pry too closely."

"Monsieur will pardon me I hope."

"No apology is necessary, save from myself, for now my curiosity is thoroughly and most impertinently whetted, to find a Frenchman in this part of the world, here in this out-o'-the-way place, where no one comes to, and no one goes from, on a bleak promontory of the German Sea, the East Neuk of Fife."

"Monsieur will again excuse me; but I have most particular business with a gentleman in this neighborhood; and having travelled all the way from Paris, expressly to have it settled, I beg that I may be excused the pain of prevarication. The circumstance of my having served under the great Duke of Malborough against my own King and countrymen is sufficiently explained when I acquaint you, that I was then a French Protestant refugee; but now, without changing my religion, I have King Louis's gracious pardon and kind protection extended to me."

"And so you were with Wandenberg when his troopers made that daring onfall at Pont-a-Vendin, and drove back the horse picquets of Villars," said the Major, to lead the conversation from a point which evidently seemed unpleasant to the stranger. "'Twas sharp, short, and decisive, as all cavalry affairs should be. You will of course remember that unpleasant affair of Wandenberg's troopers, who were accused of permitting a French prisoner to escape. It caused a great excitement in the British camp, where some condemned the dragoons, others Van Wandenberg, and not a few our great Marlborough himself."

"I did hear something of it," said the stranger in a low voice.

"The prisoner whose escape was permitted was, I believe, the father of the youths who captured him, a circumstance which might at least have won them mercy—"

"From the Baron!"

"I forgot me—he was indeed merciless."

"But as I left his dragoons, and indeed the army about that time, I will be glad to hear *your* account of the affair."

"It is a very unpleasant story—the more so as I was somewhat concerned in it myself," said the Major, slowly filling his long stemmed glass, and watching the white worm in its stalk, so intently as he recalled all the circumstances he was about to relate, that he did not observe the face of the French gentleman, which was pale as death; and after a short pause, he began as follows:

"In the onfall at Pont-a-Vendin, it happened that two young Frenchmen who served as gentlemen volunteers with you in the dragoon regiment of Van Wandenberg, had permitted—how, or why, I pretend not to say—the escape of a certain prisoner of distinction. Some said he was no other than M. le Mareschal Villars himself. They claimed a court martial, but the old Baron, who was a savage-hearted Dutchman, insisted that they should be given up unconditionally to his own mercy, and in an evil moment of heedlessness or haste, Marlborough consented, and sent me (I was his Aid-de-Camp) with a written order to that effect, addressed to Colonel the Baron Van Wandenberg, whose regiment of horse I met *en route* for St. Venant, about nightfall on a cold and snowy evening in the month of November.

"Snow covered the whole country, which was all a dead level, and a cold, leaden-colored sky met the white horizon in one unbroken line, save where the leafless poplars of some far-off village stood up, the landmarks of the plain. In broad flakes the snow fell fast, and directing their march by a distant spire, the Dutch troopers rode slowly over the deepening fields. They were all muffled in dark blue cloaks, on the capes of which the snow was freezing, while the breath of the men and horses curled like steam in the thickening and darkening air.

"Muffled to the nose in a well furred rocquelaure, with my wig tied to keep the snow from its curls, and my hat flapped over my face, I rode as fast as the deep snow would permit, and passing the rear of the column where, moody and disarmed, the two poor French volunteers were riding under care of an escort, I spurred to the Baron who rode in front near the kettle drums, and delivered my order; as I did so, recalling with sadness the anxious and wistful glance given me by the prisoners as I passed them.

"Wandenberg, who had no more shape than a huge hogshead, received the dispatch with a growl of satisfaction. He would have bowed, but his neck was too short. I cannot but laugh when I remember his strange aspect. In form he looked nearly as broad as he was long, being nearly eight feet in girth, and completely enveloped in a rough blue rocquelaure, which imparted to his figure the roundness of a ball. His face, reddened by skiedam and the frost, was glowing like crimson, while the broad beaver hat that overshadowed it, and the feathers with which the beaver was edged, were incrusted with the snow that was rapidly forming a pyramid on its crown, imparting to his whole aspect a drollery at which I could have laughed heartily, had not his well-known acuteness and ferocity awed me into a becoming gravity of demeanor; and delivering my dispatch with a tolerably good grace, I reined back my horse to await any reply he might be pleased to send the Duke.

"His dull Dutch eyes glared with sudden anger and triumph, as he folded the document, and surveyed the manacled prisoners. Thereafter he seized his speaking trumpet, and thundered out —

"'Ruyters—halt! form open column of troops, trot!'

"It was done as rapidly as heavily armed Dutchmen on fat slow horses knee deep among snow could perform it, and then wheeling them into line, he gave the orders—

"'Forward the flanks—form circle—sling musquetoons!—trumpeters ride to the centre and dismount.'

"By these unexpected man[oe]uvres, I suddenly found myself inclosed in a hollow circle of the Dutch horsemen, and thus, as it were, compelled to become a spectator of the scene that ensued, though I had his Grace of Marlborough's urgent orders to rejoin him without delay on the road to Aire."

"'And—and you saw—'

"Such a specimen of discipline as neither the devil nor De Martinet ever dreamed of; but thoroughly Dutch I warrant you.

"I have said it was intensely cold, and that the night was closing; but the whiteness of the snow that covered the vast plain, with the broad red circle of the half-obscured moon that glimmered through the fast falling flakes as it rose behind a distant spire, cast a dim light upon the place where the Dutchmen halted. But deeming that insufficient, Van Wandenberg ordered half a dozen torches to be lighted, for his troopers always had such things with them, being useful by night for various purposes; and hissing and sputtering in the falling snow flakes, their lurid and fitful glare was thrown on the close array of the Dutch dragoons, on their great cumbrous hats, on the steeple crowns of which, I have said, the snow was gathering in cones, and the pale features of the two prisoners, altogether imparting a wild, unearthly, and terrible effect to the scene about to be enacted on that wide and desolate moor.

"By order of Van Wandenberg, three halberts were fixed into the frozen earth, with their points

bound together by a thong, after which the dismounted trumpeters layed hands on one of the young Frenchmen, whom they proceeded to strip of his coat and vest.

"Disarmed and surrounded, aware of the utter futility of resistance, the unfortunate volunteer offered none, but gazed wistfully and imploringly at me, and sure I am, that in my lowering brow and kindling eyes, he must have seen the storm that was gathering in my heart.

"'Dieu vous benisse, Monsieur Officer," cried the Frenchman in a mournful voice, while shuddering with cold and horror as he was stripped to his shirt; 'save me from this foul disgrace, and my prayers—yea, my life shall be for ever at your disposal.'

"'Good comrade,' said I, 'entreat me not, for here, I am powerless.'

"'Baron,' he exclaimed; 'I am a gentleman—a gentleman of old France, and I dare thee to lay thy damnable scourge upon me.'

"'Ach Gott! dare—do you say dare? ve vill ze!' laughed Van Wandenberg, as the prisoner was dragged forward and about to be forcibly trussed to the halberts by the trumpeters, when animated to the very verge of insanity, he suddenly freed himself, and rushing like a madman upon the Baron, struck him from his horse by one blow of his clenched hand. The horse snorted, the Dutch troopers opened their saucer eyes wider still, as the great and corpulent mass fell heavily among the deepening snow, and in an instant the foot of the Frenchmen was pressed upon his throat, while he exclaimed:

"'If I slay thee, thou hireling dog, as I have often slain thy clodpated countrymen in other days,' and the Frenchman laughed fiercely, 'by St. Denis! I will have one foe-man less on this side of Hell!'

"'Gott in Himmel! ach! mein tuyvel! mein—mein Gott!' gasped the Dutchman as he floundered beneath the heel of the vengeful and infuriated Frenchman, who was determined on destroying him, till a blow from the baton of an officer, stretched him almost senseless among the snow, where he was immediately grasped by the trumpeters, disrobed of his last remaining garment, and bound strongly to the halberts.

"Meanwhile the other prisoner had been pinioned and resolutely held by his escort, otherwise he would undoubtedly have fallen also upon Van Wandenberg, who choking with a tempest of passion that was too great to find utterance in words, had gathered up his rotund figure, and with an agility wonderful in a man of his years and vast obesity, so heavily armed, in a buff coat and jack-boots ribbed with iron, a heavy sword and cloak, clambered on the back of his horse, as a clown would climb up a wall; and with a visage alternating between purple and blue, by the effects of rage and strangulation, he surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence, and there gleamed in his piggish gray eyes an expression of fury and pain, bitterness and triumph combined, and he was only able to articulate one word—

"'Flog.'

"On the handsome young Frenchman's dark curly hair, glistening with the whitening snow that fell upon it, and on his tender skin reddening in the frosty atmosphere, on the swelling muscles of his athletic form, on a half-healed sabre wound, and on the lineaments of a face that then expressed the extremity of mental agony, fell full the wavering light of the uplifted torches. The Dutch, accustomed to every species of extra-judicial cruelty by sea and land, looked on with the most grave stolidity and apathetic indifference; while I felt an astonishment and indignation that rapidly gave place to undisguised horror.

"'*Flog!*'

"The other prisoner uttered a groan that seemed to come from his very heart, and then covered his ears and eyes with his hands. Wielded by a muscular trumpeter, an immense scourge of many-knotted cords was brought down with one full sweep on the white back of the victim, and nine livid bars, each red, as if seared by a hot iron, rose under the infliction, and again the terrible instrument was reared by the trumpeter at the full stretch of his sinewy arm.

"Monsieur will be aware, that *until* the late Revolution of 1688, this kind of punishment was unknown here and elsewhere, save in Holland; and though I have seen soldiers run the gauntlet, ride the mare, and beaten by the martinets, I shall never, oh, no! never forget the sensation of horror with which this (to me) new punishment of the poor Frenchman inspired me; and, sure I am, that our great Duke of Marlborough could in no way have anticipated it.

"Accustomed, as I have said, to every kind of cruel severity, unmoved and stoically the Dutch looked on with their gray, lacklustre eyes, dull, unmeaning, and passionless in their stolidity, contrasting strongly with the expression of startled horror depicted in the strained eyeballs and bent brows of the victim's brother, when after a time he dared to look on this revolting punishment. Save an ill-repressed sob, or half-muttered interjection from the suffering man, no other sound broke the stillness of the place, where a thousand horsemen stood in close order, but the sputtering of the torches, in the red light of which our breaths were ascending like steam. Yes! there was one other sound, and it was a horrible one—the monotonous whiz of the scourge, as it cut the keen frosty air and descended on the lacerated back of the fainting prisoner. Sir, I see that my story disturbs you.

"A corpulent Provost Mareschal, with a pair of enormous moustachios, amid which the mouth of

his meerschaum was inserted, stood by smoking with admirable coolness, and marking the time with his cane, while a drummer tapped on his kettledrum, and four trumpeters had, each in succession, given their twenty-five lashes and withdrawn; twice had the knotted scourge been coagulated with blood, and twice had it been washed in the snow that now rose high around the feet of our champing and impatient horses; and now the fifth torturer approached, but still the compressed lips and clammy tongue of the proud Frenchman refused to implore mercy. His head was bowed down on his breast, his body hung pendant from the cords that encircled his swollen and livid wrists; his back from neck to waist was one mass of lacerated flesh, on which the feathery snowflakes were melting; for the agony he endured must have been like unto a stream of molton lead pouring over him; but no groan, no entreaty escaped him, and still the barbarous punishment proceeded.

"I have remarked that there is no event too horrible or too sad to be without a little of the ridiculous in it, and this was discernible here.

"One trumpeter, who appeared to have more humanity, or perhaps less skill than his predecessors, and did not exert himself sufficiently, was soundly beaten by the rattan of the trumpet-major, while the latter was castigated by the Provost Mareschal, who, in turn for remissness of duty, received sundry blows from the speaking-trumpet of the Baron; so they were all laying soundly on each other for a time.

"'Morbleu!' said the Frenchmen, with a grim smile, ''twas quite in the Dutch taste, that.'

"The Provost Mareschal continued to mark the time with the listless apathy of an automaton; the smoke curled from his meerschaum, the drum continued to tap-tap-tap, until it seemed to sound like thunder to my strained ears, for every sense was painfully excited. All count had long been lost, but when several hundred lashes had been given, Van Wandenberg and half his Dutchman were asleep in their saddles.

"It was now snowing thick and fast, but still this hideous dream continued, and still the scourging went on.

"At last the altered *sound* of the lash and the terrible aspect of the victim, who, after giving one or two convulsive shudders, threw back his head with glazed eyes and jaw relaxed, caused the trumpeter to recede a pace or two, and throw down his gory scourge, for some lingering sentiment of humanity, which even the Dutch discipline of King William had not extinguished, made him respect when dead the man whom he had dishonored when alive.

"The young Frenchman was dead!

"An exclamation of disgust and indignation that escaped me woke up the Baron, who after drinking deeply from a great pewter flask of skiedam that hung at his saddlebow, muttered *schelms* several times, rubbed his eyes, and then bellowed through his trumpet to bind up the *other* prisoner. Human endurance could stand this no more, and though I deemed the offer vain, I proposed to give a hundred English guineas as a ransom.

"'Ach Gott!' said the greedy Hollander immediately becoming interested; 'bot vere you get zo mosh guilder.'

"'Oh, readily, Mynheer Baron,' I replied, drawing forth my pocket-book, 'I have here bills on his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's paymaster and on the Bank of Amsterdam for much more than that.'

"'Bot I cannot led off de brisoner for zo little—hunder pounds dat ver small—zay two.'

"'If one is not enough, Mynheer Baron, I will refer to the decision of his grace the captain-general.'

"Ach, der tuyvel! vill you?' said the Dutchman, with a savage gleam in his little eyes, which showed that he quite understood my hint; 'vell, me vont quarrel vid you, gib me de bills and de schelm is yours.'

"Resolving, nevertheless, to lay the whole affair before Marlborough, the moment I reached our trenches at Aire, I gave a bill for the required sum, and approaching the other Frenchman, requested him to keep beside me; but he seemed too much confused by grief, and cold, and horror to comprehend what I said. Poor fellow! his whole soul and sympathies seemed absorbed in the mangled corpse of his brother, which was now unbound from the halbert, and lay half sunk among the new fallen snow. While he stooped over it, and hastily, but tenderly, proceeded to draw the half-frozen clothing upon the stiffened form, the orders of Van Wandenberg were heard hoarsely through his speaking-trumpet, as they rang over the desolate plain, and his troopers wheeled back from a circle into line—from line into open column of troops, and thereafter the torches were extinguished and the march begun. Slowly and solemnly the dragoons glided away into the darkness, each with a pyramid of snow rising from the steeple crown, and ample brims of his broad beaver hat.

"It was now almost midnight; the red moon had waned, the snow storm was increasing, and there were I and the young Frenchman, with his brother's corpse, left together on the wide plain, without a place to shelter us."

"'Proceed, Monsieur,' said the Frenchman, as the narrator paused; 'for I am well aware that your

story ends not there.'

"It does not—you seem interested; but I have little more to relate, save that I dismounted and assisted the poor Frenchman to raise the body from the snow, and to tie it across the saddle of my horse; taking the bridle in one hand, I supported him with the other, and thus we proceeded to the nearest town."

"'To Armentieres on the Lys," exclaimed the Frenchman, seizing the hands of the Major as the latter paused again; "to Armentieres, ten miles west of Lisle, and there you left them, after adding to your generosity by bestowing sufficient to inter his brother in the Protestant church of that town, and to convey himself to his native France. Oh! Monsieur, I am that Frenchman, and here, from my heart, from my soul, I thank you," and half kneeling, the stranger kissed the hand of the Major.

"*You!*" exclaimed the latter; "by Jove I am right glad to see you. Here at Crail, too, in the East Neuk o' Fife—'tis a strange chance; and what in heaven's name seek ye here? 'Tis a perilous time for a foreigner—still more a Frenchman, to tread on Scottish ground. The war, the intrigues with St. Germains, the Popish plots, and the devil only knows what more, make travelling here more than a little dangerous."

"Monsieur, I know all that; the days are changed since the Scot was at home in France, and the Frenchman at home in Scotland, for so the old laws of Stuart and Bourbon made them. A few words will tell who I am and what I seek here. Excuse my reluctance to reveal myself before, for now you have a claim upon me. Oh! believe me, I knew not that I addressed the generous chevalier who, in that hour of despair, redeemed my life (and more than life), my honor, from the scourge, and enabled me to lay the head of my poor brother with reverence in the grave. You have heard of M. Henri Lemercier?"

"What! the great swordsman and fencer—that noble master of the science of self-defence, with the fame of whose skill and valor all Europe is ringing?"

"I am he of whom Monsieur is pleased to speak so highly."

"Your hand again, sir; sounds, but I dearly love this gallant science myself, and have even won me a little name as a handler of the rapier. There is but one man whom Europe calls your equal, Monsieur Lemercier."

"My superior, you mean, for I have many equals," replied the Frenchman, very modestly. "You doubtless mean—"

"Sir William Hope, of Hopetoun."

"Ah! Mon Dieu, yes, he has, indeed, a great name in Europe as a fencer and master of arms, either with double or single falchion, case of falchions, backsword and dagger, pistol or quarter staff; and it is the fame of his skill and prowess in these weapons, and the reputation he has earned by his books on fencing, that hath brought me to-day to this remote part of Scotland."

"Zounds!" said the Major, shaking back the long powdered curls of his Ramillie wig, and looking remarkably grave; "you cannot mean to have a bout with Sir William? He hath a sure hand and a steady eye. I would rather stand a platoon than be once covered with his pistol."

"Monsieur, I have no enmity to this Sir William Hope, nor am I envious of his great name as a fencer. Ma foi! the world is quite wide enough for us both; but here lies my secret. I love Mademoiselle Athalie, the niece of Madame de Livry—"

"How, the old flame of the great Louis?"

"Oui," said Lemercier, smiling; "and many say that Athalie bears a somewhat suspicious resemblance to her aunt's royal lover; but that is no business of mine; she loves me very dearly, and is very good and amiable. Diable! I am well content to take her and her thirty thousand louis-d'or without making any troublesome inquiries. It would seem that my dear little Athalie is immensely vain of my reputation as a master of fence, and having heard that this Scottish Chevalier is esteemed the first man of the sword in Britain, and further, that report asserts he slew her brother in the line of battle at Blenheim, fighting bravely for a standard, she declared that ere her hand was mine, I must measure swords with this Sir William, and dip this, her handkerchief, in his blood, in token of his defeat, and of my conquest."

"A very pretty idea of Mademoiselle Athalie, and I doubt not Hopetoun will be overwhelmed by the obligation when he hears of it," said the Major of Orkney's, whose face brightened with a broad laugh; "and so much would I love to see two such brisk fellows as thou and he yoked together, at cut-and-thrust, that if permitted, I will rejoice in bearing the message of M. Lemercier to Sir William, whose Castle of Balcomie is close by here."

"Having no friend with me, I accept your offer with a thousand thanks," said Lemercier.

"Sir William did, indeed, slay an officer, as you have said, in that charge at Blenheim, where the regiment of the Marquis de Livry was cut to pieces by Orkney's Scots' Greys; but to be so good and amiable, and to love you so much withal, Mademoiselle Athalie must be a brisk dame to urge her favored Chevalier on a venture so desperate; for, mark me, Monsieur Lemercier," said the Major, impressively, "none can know better than I, the skill—the long and carefully studied skill—of Sir William Hopetoun, and permit me to warn you—"

"It matters not—I *must* fight him; love, honor, and rivalry, too, if you will have it so, all spur me on, and no time must be lost."

"Enough; I should have been in my stirrups an hour ago; and dark though the night be, I will ride to Balcomie with your message."

"A million of thanks—you will choose time and place for me."

"Say, to-morrow, at sunrise; be thou at the Standing-stone of Sauchope; 'tis a tall, rough block, in the fields near the Castle of Balcomie, and doubt not but Sir William will meet you there."

"Thanks, thanks," again said the Frenchman, pressing the hand of the Major, who, apparently delighted at the prospect of witnessing such an encounter between the two most renowned swordsmen in Europe, drank off his stoup of wine, muffled himself in his rocquelaure, and with his little cocked hat stuck jauntily on one side of the Ramillie wig, left the apartment, and demanded his horse and the reckoning.

"Then your honor *will* be fule hardy, and tempt Providence," said the landlord.

"Nay, gudeman, but you cannot tempt me to stay just now. I ride only through the town to Balcomie, and will return anon. The Hopetoun family are there, I believe?"

"Yes; but saving my Lady at the preachings, we see little o' them; for Sir William has bidden at Edinburgh, or elsewhere, since his English gold coft the auld tower from the Balcomies of that ilk, the year before the weary union, devil mend it!"

"Amen, say I: and what callest thou English gold?"

"The doolfu' compensation, o' whilk men say he had his share."

"Man, thou liest, and they who say so lie! for to the last moment his voice was raised against that traitorous measure of Queensbury and Stair, and now every energy of his soul is bent to its undoing!" replied the Major, fiercely, as he put spurs to his horse and rode rapidly down the dark, and then grassy, street, at the end of which the clank of his horse's hoofs died away, as he diverged upon the open ground that lay northward of the town, and by which he had to approach the tower of Balcomie.

The Frenchman remained long buried in thought, and as he sipped his wine, gazed dreamily on the changing embers that glowed on the hearth, and cast a warm light on the blue delft lining of the fireplace. The reminiscences of the war in Flanders had called up many a sad and many a bitter recollection.

"I would rather," thought he, "that the man I am about to encounter to-morrow was not a Scot, for the kindness of to-night, and of that terrible night in the snow-clad plain of Arras, inspire me with a warm love for all the people of this land. But my promise must be redeemed, my adventure achieved, or thou, my dear, my rash Athalie, art lost to me!" and he paused to gaze with earnestness upon a jewel that glittered on his hand. It was a hair ring, bound with gold, and a little shield bearing initials, clasped the small brown tress that was so ingeniously woven round it.

As he gazed on the trinket, his full dark eyes brightened for a moment, as the mild memories of love and fondness rose in his heart, and a bright smile played upon his haughty lip and lofty brow. Other thoughts arose, and the eyebrows that almost met over the straight Grecian nose of Lemercier, were knit as he recalled the ominous words of his recent acquaintance—

"Mademoiselle Athalie must be a brisk dame to urge her favored Chevalier on a venture so desperate."

One bitter pang shot through his heart, but he thrust the thought aside, and pressed the ring to his lips.

"Oh, Athalie," he said in a low voice, "I were worse than a villain to suspect thee."

At that moment midnight tolled from the dull old bell of Crail, and the strangeness of the sound brought keenly home to the lonely heart of Lemercier that he was in a foreign land.

The hour passed, but the Major did not return.

Morning came.

With gray dawn Lemercier was awake, and a few minutes found him dressed and ready. He attired himself with particular care, putting on a coat and vest, the embroidery of which presented as few conspicuous marks as possible to an antagonist's eye. He clasped his coat from the cravat to the waist, and compressed his embroidered belt. He adjusted his white silk roll-up stockings with great exactness; tied up the flowing curls of his wig with a white ribbon, placed a scarlet feather in his hat, and then took his sword. The edge and point of the blade, the shell and pommel, grasp and guard of the hilt were all examined with scrupulous care for the last time; he drew on his gloves with care, and giving to the landlord the reckoning, which he might never return to pay, Lemercier called for his horse and rode through the main street of Crail.

Following the directions he had received from his host, he hastily quitted the deserted and grass-grown street of the burgh (the very aspect of which he feared would chill him), and proceeded

towards the ancient obelisk still known as the *Standing-stone of Sauchope*, which had been named as the place of rendezvous by that messenger who had not returned, and against whom M. Lemercier felt his anger a little excited.

It was a cool March morning; the sky was clear and blue, and the few silver clouds that floated through it, became edged with gold as the sun rose from his bed in the eastern sea—that burnished sea from which the cool fresh breeze swept over the level coast. The fields were assuming a vernal greenness, the buds were swelling on hedge and tree, and the vegetation of the summer that was to come—the summer that Lemercier might never see—was springing from amid the brown remains of the autumn that had gone, an autumn that he had passed with Athalie amid the gayeties and gardens of Paris and Versailles.

At the distance of a mile he saw the strong square tower of Balcomie, the residence of his antagonist. One side was involved in shadow, the other shone redly in the rising sun, and the morning smoke from its broad chimneys curled in dusky columns into the blue sky. The caw of the rooks that followed the plough, whose shining share turned up the aromatic soil, the merry whistle of the bonneted ploughboys, the voices of the blackbird and the mavis, made him sad, and pleased was Lemercier to leave behind him all such sounds of life, and reach the wild and solitary place where the obelisk stood—a grim and time-worn relic of the Druid ages or the Danish wars. A rough misshapen remnant of antiquity it still remains to mark the scene of this hostile meeting, which yet forms one of the most famous traditions of the East Neuk.

As Lemercier rode up he perceived a gentleman standing near the stone. His back was towards him, and he was apparently intent on caressing his charger, whose reins he had thrown negligently over his arm.

Lemercier thought he recognized the hat, edged with white feathers, the full-bottomed wig, and the peculiar lacing of the white velvet coat, and on the stranger turning he immediately knew his friend of the preceding night.

"Bon jour, my dear sir," said Lemercier.

"A good morning," replied the other, and they politely raised their little cocked hats.

"I had some misgivings when Monsieur did not return to me," said the Frenchman. "Sir William has accepted my challenge?"

"Yes, Monsieur, and is now before you," replied the other, springing on horseback. "*I am Sir William Hope, of Hopetoun*, and am here at your service."

"You!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in tones of blended astonishment and grief; "ah! unsay what you have said, I cannot point my sword against the breast of my best benefactor—against him to whom I owe both honor and life. Can I forget that night on the plains of Arras? Ah! my God! what a mistake; what a misfortune. Ah! Athalie, to what have you so unthinkingly urged me?"

"Think of her only, and forget all of me save that I am your antagonist, your enemy, as I stand between thee and her. Come on, M. Lemercier, do not forget your promise to Mademoiselle; we will sheath our swords on the first blood drawn."

"So be it then, if the first is thine," and unsheathing their long and keen-edged rapiers they put spurs to their horses, and closing up hand to hand, engaged with admirable skill and address.

The skill of one swordsman seemed equalled only by that of the other.

Lemercier was the first fencer at the Court of France, where fencing was an accomplishment known to all, and there was no man in Britain equal to Sir William Hope, whose *Complete Fencing Master* was long famous among the lovers of the noble science of defence.

They rode round each other in circles. Warily and sternly they began to watch each other's eyes, till they flashed in unison with their blades; their hearts beat quicker as their passions became excited and their rivalry roused; and their nerves became strung as the hope of conquest was whetted. The wish of merely being wounded ended in a desire to wound; and the desire to wound in a clamorous anxiety to vanquish and destroy. Save the incessant clash of the notched rapiers, as each deadly thrust was adroitly parried and furiously repeated, the straining of stirrup-leathers, as each fencer swayed to and fro in his saddle, their suppressed breathing, and the champing of iron bits, Lemercier and his foe saw nothing but the gleam and heard nothing but the clash of each other's glittering swords.

The sun came up in his glory from the shining ocean; the mavis soared above them in the blue sky; the early flowers of spring were unfolding their dewy cups to the growing warmth, but still man fought with man, and the hatred in their hearts waxed fierce and strong.

In many places their richly laced coats were cut and torn. One lost his hat and had received a severe scar on the forehead, and the other had one on his bridle hand. They often paused breathlessly, and in weariness lowered the points of their weapons to glare upon each other with a ferocity that could have no end but death—until at the sixth encounter, when Lemercier became exhausted, and failing to parry with sufficient force a fierce and furious thrust, was run through the breast so near the heart, that he fell from his horse, gasping and weltering in blood.

Sir William Hope flung away his rapier and sprang to his assistance, but the unfortunate Frenchman could only draw from his finger the ring of Athalie, and with her name on his lips

expired—being actually choked in his own blood.

Such was the account of this combat given by the horrified Master Spiggot, who suspecting "that there was something wrong," had followed his guest to the scene of the encounter, the memory of which is still preserved in the noble house of Hopetoun, and the legends of the burghers of Crail.

So died Lemercier.

Of what Sir William said or thought on the occasion, we have no record. In the good old times he would have eased his conscience by the endowment of an altar, or foundation of a yearly mass; but in the year 1708 such things had long been a dead letter in the East Neuk; and so in lieu thereof he interred him honorably in the aisle of the ancient kirk, where a marble tablet long marked the place of his repose.

Sir William did more; he carefully transmitted the ring of Lemercier to the bereaved Athalie, but before its arrival in Paris, she had dried her tears for the poor Chevalier, and wedded one of his numerous rivals. Thus, she forgot him sooner than his conqueror, who reached a good old age, and died at his Castle of Balcomie, with his last breath regretting the combat at the Standing-stone of Sauchope.

From the London Times.

HENRY FIELDING.[H]

We are glad to see this great humorist's works put forward in a popular form, and at a price exceedingly low. A man may be very much injured by perusing maudlin sentimental tales, but cannot be hurt, though he may be shocked every now and then, by reading works of sound sterling humor, like the greater part of these, full of benevolence, practical wisdom, and generous sympathy with mankind.

The work is prefaced by an able biography of Fielding, in which the writer does justice to the great satirist's memory, and rescues it from the attacks which rivals, poetasters, and fine gentlemen have made upon it.

Those who have a mind to forgive a little coarseness, for the sake of one of the honestest, manliest, kindest companions in the world, cannot, as we fancy, find a better than Fielding, or get so much true wit and shrewdness from any other writer of our language.

"With regard to personal appearance," says his biographer, "Fielding was strongly built, robust, and in height rather exceeding six feet." He was possessed of rare conversational powers and wit; a nobleman who had known Pope, Swift, and the wits of that famous clique, declared that Harry Fielding surpassed them all.

He and Hogarth between them have given us a strange notion of the society of those days. Walpole's letters, for all their cold elegance, are not a whit more moral than those rude coarse pictures of the former artists. Lord Chesterfield's model of a man is more polite, but not so honest as Tom Jones, or as poor Will Booth, with his "chairman's shoulders, and calves like a porter."

Let us, then, not accuse Fielding of immorality, but simply admit that his age was more free-spoken than ours, and accuse it of the fault (such as it is) rather than him. But there is a great deal of good, on the other hand, which is to be found in the writings of this great man, of virtue so wise and practical, that the man of the world cannot read it and imitate it too much. He gives a strong real picture of human life, and the virtues which he exhibits shine out by their contrasts with the vices which he paints so faithfully, as they never could have done if the latter had not been depicted as well as the former. He tries to give you, as far as he knows it, the whole truth about human nature; the good and the evil of his characters are both practical. Tom Jones's sins and his faults are described with a curious accuracy, but then follows the repentance which comes out of his very sins, and that surely is moral and touching. Booth goes astray (we do verily believe that many persons even in these days are not altogether pure), but how good his remorse is! Are persons who profess to take the likeness of human nature to make an accurate portrait? This is such a hard question, that, think what we will, we shall not venture to say what we think. Perhaps it is better to do as Hannibal's painter did, and draw only that side of the face which has not the blind eye. Fielding attacked it in full. Let the reader, according to his taste, select the artist who shall give a likeness of him or only half a likeness.

We have looked through many of the pieces of Mr. Roscoe's handsome volume. The dramatic works could not have been spared possibly, but the reader will have no great pleasure, as we fancy, in looking at them more than once. They are not remarkable for wit even, though they have plenty of *spirits*—a great deal too much perhaps.

But he was an honest-hearted fellow, with affections as tender and simple as ever dwelt in the bosom of any man; and if, in the heyday of his spirits and the prodigal outpouring of his jovial good humor, he could give a hand to many "a lad and lass" whom the squeamish world would turn its back on (indeed, there was a virtue in his benevolence, but we dare not express our

sympathies now for poor Doll Tearsheet and honest Mistress Quickly)—if he led a sad riotous life, and mixed with many a bad woman in his time, his heart was pure, and he knew a good one when he found her. He married, and (though Sir Walter Scott speaks rather slightingly of the novel in which Fielding has painted his first wife) the picture of Amelia, in the story of that name, is (in the writer's humble opinion) the most beautiful and delicious description of a character that is to be found in any writer, not excepting Shakspeare. It is a wonder how old Richardson, girded at as he had been by the reckless satirist—how Richardson, the author of "Pamela," could have been so blinded by anger and pique as not to have seen the merits of his rival's exquisite performance.

Amelia was in her grave when poor Fielding drew this delightful portrait of her; but, with all his faults, and extravagancies, and vagaries, it is not hard to see how such a gentle, generous, loving creature as Fielding was, must have been loved and prized by her. She had a little fortune of her own, and he at this time inherited a small one from his mother. He carried her to the country, and like a wise, prudent Henry Fielding as he was, who, having lived upon nothing very jovially for some years, thought £5,000 or £6,000 an endless wealth; he kept horses and hounds, flung his doors open, and lived with the best of his country. When he had spent his little fortune, and saw that there was nothing for it but to work, he came to London, applied himself fiercely to the law, seized upon his pen again, never lost heart for a moment, and, be sure, loved his poor Amelia as tenderly as ever he had done. It is a pity that he did not live on his income, that is certain: it is a pity that he had not been born a lord, or a thrifty stock broker at the very least; but we should not have had "Joseph Andrews" if this had been the case, and indeed it is probable that Amelia liked him quite as well after his ruin as she would have done had he been as rich as Rothschild.

The biographers agree that he would have been very successful at the bar, but for certain circumstances. These ugly circumstances always fall in the way of men of Fielding's genius: for though he amassed a considerable quantity of law, was reputed to be a good speaker, and had a great wit, and a knowledge of human nature which might serve him in excellent stead, it is to be remarked that those without a certain degree of patience and conduct will not insure a man's triumph at the bar, and so Fielding never rose to be a Lord Chancellor or even a judge.

His days of trouble had now begun in earnest, and indeed he met them like a man. He wrote incessantly for the periodical works of the day, issued pamphlets, made translations, published journals and criticisms, turned his hand, in a word, to any work that offered, and lived as best he might. This indiscriminate literary labor, which obliges a man to scatter his intellects upon so many trifles, and to provide weekly varieties as sets-off against the inevitable weekly butcher's bills, has been the ruin of many a man of talent since Fielding's time, and it was lucky for the world and for him that at a time of life when his powers were at the highest he procured a place which kept him beyond the reach of weekly want, and enabled him to gather his great intellects together and produce the greatest satire and two of the most complete romances in our language.

Let us remark, as a strong proof of the natural honesty of the man, the exquisite art of these performances, the care with which the situations are elaborated, and the noble, manly language corrected. When Harry Fielding was writing for the week's bread, we find style and sentiment both careless, and plots hastily worked off. How could he do otherwise? Mr. Snap, the bailiff, was waiting with a writ without—his wife and little ones asking wistfully for bread within. Away, with all its imperfections on its head, the play or the pamphlet must go. Indeed, he would have been no honest man had he kept them longer on his hands, with such urgent demands upon him as he had.

But as soon as he is put out of the reach of this base kind of want, his whole style changes, and instead of the reckless and slovenly hack-writer, we have one of the most minute and careful artists that ever lived. Dr. Beattie gave his testimony to the merit of "Tom Jones." Moral or immoral, let any man examine this romance as a work of art merely, and it must strike him as the most astonishing production of human ingenuity. There is not an incident ever so trifling but advances the story, grows out of former incidents and is connected with the whole. Such a literary providence, if we may use such a word, is not to be seen in any other work of fiction. You might cut out the half of Don Quixote, or add, transpose, or alter any given romance of Walter Scott, and neither would suffer. Roderick Random, and heroes of that sort, run through a series of adventures, at the end of which the fiddles are brought and there is a marriage. But the history of Tom Jones connects the very first page with the very last, and it is marvellous to think how the author could have built and carried all this structure in his brain, as he must have done, before he began to put it to paper.

And now a word or two about our darling "Amelia," of which we have read through every single word in Mr. Roscoe's handsome edition. "As for Captain Booth, Madam," writes old Richardson to one of his toadies, "Captain Booth has done his business. The piece is short, is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago;" indeed, human nature is not altered since Richardson's time; and if there are rakes, male and female, as there were a hundred years since, there are in like manner envious critics now as then. How eager they are to predict a man's fall, how unwilling to acknowledge his rise! If a man write a popular work, he is sure to be snarled at; if a literary man rise to eminence out of his profession, all his old comrades are against him.

Well, in spite of Richardson's prophecies, the piece which was dead at its birth is alive a hundred years after, and will live, as we fancy, as long as the English language shall endure. Fielding, in his own noble words, has given a key to the philosophy of the work. "The nature of man," cries

honest Dr. Harrison, "is far from being in itself evil; it abounds with benevolence, and charity, and pity, coveting praise and honor, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs debauch our nature, and drive it headlong into vice." And the author's tale is an exemplification of this text. Poor Booth's habits and customs are bad indeed, but who can deny the benevolence, and charity, and pity, of this simple and kindly being? His vices even, if we may say so, are those of a man; there is nothing morbid or mawkish in any of Fielding's heroes; no passionate pleasing extenuation, such as one finds in the pseudo-moral romances of the sentimental character; no flashy excuses like those which Sheridan puts forward (unconsciously, most likely), for those brilliant blackguards who are the chief characters of his comedies. Vice is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment.

Besides the matchless character of Amelia, whose beauty and charming innocent consciousness of it (so delicately described by the novelist), whose tenderness and purity are such that they endear her to a reader as much as if she were actually alive, his own wife or mother, and make him consider her as some dear relative and companion of his own, about whose charms and virtues is scarcely modest to talk in public; besides Amelia, there are other characters, not so beautiful, but not less admirably true to nature. Miss Matthews is a wonderful portrait, and the vanity which inspires every one of the actions of that passionate, unscrupulous lady, the color as it were which runs through the whole of the picture is touched with a master's hand. Mrs. James, the indifferent woman, is not less skilful.

"Can this be my Jenny?" cries poor Amelia, who runs forward to meet her old friend, and finds a pompous, frigid-looking personage in an enormous hoop, the very pink of the fashion; to which Mrs. James answers, "Madam, I believe I have done what was genteel," and wonders how any mortal can live up three pair of stairs. "Is there," says the enthusiastic for the first time in her life, "so delightful a sight in the world as the four honors in one's own hand, unless it be the three natural aces at brag?" Can comedy be finer than this? Has not every person some Matthews and James in their acquaintance—one all passion, and the other all indifference and vapid self-complacency? James, the good-natured fellow, with passions and without principles: Bath, with his magnificent notions of throat-cutting and the Christian religion, what admirable knowledge of the world do all these characters display: what good moral may be drawn from them by those who will take the trouble to think! This, however, is not a task that the generality of novel-readers are disposed to take upon them, and prefer that their favorite works should contain as little reflection as possible; indeed, it is very probable that Mrs. James, or Miss Matthews might read their own characters as here described, and pronounce such writing vastly low and unnatural.

But what is especially worthy of remark is the masterly manner in which the author paints the good part of those equivocal characters that he brings upon his stage: James has his generosity, and his silly wife her good nature; Matthews her starts of kindness; and Old Bath, in his sister's dressing-gown, cooking possets for her, is really an amiable object, whom we like while we laugh at him. A great deal of tenderness and love goes along with this kind of laughter, and it was this mixed feeling that our author liked so to indulge himself in, and knew so well how to excite in others. Whenever he has to relate an action of benevolence, honest Fielding kindles as he writes it: some writers of fiction have been accused of falling in a passion with their bad characters: these our author treats with a philosophic calmness: it is when he comes to the good that he grows enthusiastic: you fancy that you see the tears in his manly eyes; nor does he care to disguise any of the affectionate sympathies of his great, simple heart. This is a defect in art perhaps, but a very charming one.

For further particulars of Fielding's life, we recommend the reader to consult Mr. Roscoe's biography. Indeed, as much as any of his romances, his own history illustrates the maxim we have just quoted from Amelia.

Want, sorrow, and pain subdued his body at last, but his great and noble humor rode buoyant over them all, and his frank and manly philosophy overcame them. His generous attachment to his family comforted him to the last; and though all the labors of the poor fellow were only sufficient to keep him and them in a bare competence, yet it must be remembered, to his credit, that he left behind him a friend who valued him so much as to provide for the family he had left destitute, and to place them beyond the reach of want. It is some credit to a man to have been the friend of Ralph Allen; and Fielding before his death raised a monument to his friend a great deal more lasting than bronze or marble, placing his figure in the romance of Tom Jones under the name of Allworthy. "There is a day, sir," says Fielding in one of his dedications to Mr. Allen, "which no man in the kingdom can think of without fear, but yourself—the day of your death." Can there he a finer compliment? Nor was Fielding the man to pay it to one whom he thought was undeserving of it.

Never do Fielding's courage, cheerfulness, and affection forsake him; up to the last days of his life he is laboring still for his children. He dies, and is beholden to the admiration of a foreigner, Monsieur de Meryionnet, French consul at Lisbon, for a decent grave and tombstone. There he lies, sleeping after life's fitful fever. No more care, no more duns, no more racking pain, no more wild midnight orgies and jovial laughter. Of the women who are weeping for him a pious friend takes care. Here, indeed, it seems as if his sorrow ended; and one hopes and fancies that the poor but noble fellow's spirit is at last pure and serene.

FOOTNOTES:

[H] The Works of Henry Fielding, in two volumes, octavo. With a Life, Portrait, and Autograph. London: Henry G. Bohn, Covent Garden. [New-York: Stringer and Townsend. 1851.]

From "Recollections of a Police Officer" in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

FLINT JACKSON.

Farnham hops are world-famous, or at least famous in that huge portion of the world where English ale is drunk, and whereon, I have a thousand times heard and read, the sun never sets. The name, therefore, of the pleasant Surrey village, in and about which the events I am about to relate occurred, is, I may fairly presume, known to many of my readers. I was ordered to Farnham, to investigate a case of burglary, committed in the house of a gentleman of the name of Hursley, during the temporary absence of the family, which had completely nonplussed the unpractised Dogberrys of the place, albeit it was not a riddle at all difficult to read. The premises, it was quickly plain to me, had been broken, not into, but out of; and a watch being set upon the motions of the very specious and clever person left in charge of the house and property, it was speedily discovered that the robbery had been effected by herself and a confederate of the name of Dawkins, her brother-in-law. Some of the stolen goods were found secreted at his lodgings; but the most valuable portion, consisting of plate, and a small quantity of jewelry, had disappeared: it had questionless been converted into money, as considerable sums, in sovereigns, were found upon both Dawkins and the woman, Sarah Purday. Now, as it had been clearly ascertained that neither of the prisoners had left Farnham since the burglary, it was manifest there was a receiver near at hand who had purchased the missing articles. Dawkins and Purday were, however, dumb as stones upon the subject; and nothing occurred to point suspicion till early in the evening previous to the second examination of the prisoners before the magistrates, when Sarah Purday asked for pen, ink, and paper for the purpose of writing to one Mr. Jackson, in whose service she had formerly lived. I happened to be at the prison, and of course took the liberty of carefully unsealing her note and reading it. It revealed nothing; and save by its extremely cautious wording, and abrupt, peremptory tone, coming from a servant to her former master, suggested nothing. I had carefully reckoned the number of sheets of paper sent into the cell, and now on recounting them found that three were missing. The turnkey returned immediately, and asked for the two other letters she had written. The woman denied having written any other, and for proof pointed to the torn fragments of the missing sheets lying on the floor. These were gathered up and brought to me, but I could make nothing out of them, every word having been carefully run through with the pen, and converted into an unintelligible blot. The request contained in the actually-written letter was one simple enough in itself, merely, "that Mr. Jackson would not on any account fail to provide her, in consideration of past services, with legal assistance on the morrow." The first nine words were strongly underlined; and I made out after a good deal of trouble that the word "pretence" had been partially effaced, and "account" substituted for it.

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"She need not have wasted three sheets of paper upon such a nonsensical request as that," observed the turnkey. "Old Jackson wouldn't shell out sixpence to save her or anybody else from the gallows."

"I am of a different opinion; but tell me, what sort of a person is this former master of hers?"

"All I know about him is that he's a cross-grained, old curmudgeon, living about a mile out of Farnham, who scrapes money together by lending small sums upon notes-of-hand at short dates, and at a thundering interest. Flint Jackson folk about here call him."

"At all events, forward the letter at once, and to-morrow we shall see—what we shall see. Good-evening."

It turned out as I anticipated. A few minutes after the prisoners were brought into the justice-room, a Guilford solicitor of much local celebrity arrived, and announced that he appeared for both the inculpated parties. He was allowed a private conference with them, at the close of which he stated that his clients would reserve their defence. They were at once committed for trial, and I overheard the solicitor assure the woman that the ablest counsel on the circuit would be retained in their behalf.

I had no longer a doubt that it was my duty to know something further of this suddenly-generous Flint Jackson, though how to set about it was a matter of considerable difficulty. There was no legal pretence for a search-warrant, and I doubted the prudence of proceeding upon my own responsibility with so astute an old fox as Jackson was represented to be; for, supposing him to be a confederate with the burglars, he had by this time in all probability sent the stolen property away—to London in all likelihood; and should I find nothing, the consequences of ransacking his house merely because he had provided a former servant with legal assistance would be serious. Under these circumstances I wrote to headquarters for instructions, and by return of post received orders to prosecute the inquiry thoroughly, but cautiously, and to consider time as

nothing so long as there appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder. Another suspicious circumstance that I have omitted to notice in its place was that the Guilford solicitor tendered bail for the prisoners to any reasonable amount, and named Enoch Jackson as one of the securities. Bail was, however, refused.

There was no need for over-hurrying the business, as the prisoners were committed to the Surrey Spring Assizes, and it was now the season of the hop-harvest—a delightful and hilarious period about Farnham when the weather is fine and the yield abundant. I, however, lost no time in making diligent and minute inquiry as to the character and habits of Jackson, and the result was a full conviction that nothing but the fear of being denounced as an accomplice could have induced such a miserly, iron-hearted rogue to put himself to charges in defence of the imprisoned burglars.

One afternoon, whilst pondering the matter, and at the same time enjoying the prettiest and cheerfulest of rural sights, that of hop-picking, the apothecary at whose house I was lodging—we will call him Mr. Morgan; he *was* a Welshmann—tapped me suddenly on the shoulder, and looking sharply round, I perceived he had something he deemed of importance to communicate.

"What is it?" I said quickly.

"The oddest thing in the world. There's Flint Jackson, his deaf old woman, and the young people lodging with him, all drinking and boozing away at yon alehouse."

"Show them to me, if you please."

A few minutes brought us to the place of boisterous entertainment, the lower room of which was suffocatingly full of tipplers and tobacco-smoke. We nevertheless contrived to edge ourselves in; and my companion stealthily pointed out the group, who were seated together near the farther window, and then left me to myself.

The appearance of Jackson entirely answered to the popular prefix of Flint attached to his name. He was a wiry, gnarled, heavy-browed, iron-jawed fellow of about sixty, with deep-set eyes aglow with sinister and greedy instincts. His wife, older than he, and as deaf apparently as the door of a dungeon, wore a simpering, imbecile look of wonderment, it seemed to me, at the presence of such unusual and abundant cheer. The young people who lodged with Jackson were really a very frank, honest, good-looking couple, though not then appearing to advantage—the countenance of Henry Rogers being flushed and inflamed with drink, and that of his wife's clouded with frowns, at the situation in which she found herself, and the riotous conduct of her husband. Their brief history was this: They had both been servants in a family living not far distant from Farnham—Sir Thomas Lethbridge's, I understood—when about three or four months previous to the present time Flint Jackson, who had once been in an attorney's office, discovered that Henry Rogers, in consequence of the death of a distant relative in London, was entitled to property worth something like £1500. There were, however, some law difficulties in the way, which Jackson offered, if the business were placed in his hands, to overcome for a consideration, and in the mean time to supply board and lodging and such necessary sums of money as Henry Rogers might require. With this brilliant prospect in view service became at once utterly distasteful. The fortunate legatee had for some time courted Mary Elkins, one of the ladies' maids, a pretty, bright-eyed brunette; and they were both united in the bonds of holy matrimony on the very day the "warnings" they had given expired. Since then they had lived at Jackson's house in daily expectation of their "fortune," with which they proposed to start in the public line.

Finding myself unrecognized, I called boldly for a pot and a pipe, and after some man[oe]uvring contrived to seat myself within earshot of Jackson and his party. They presented a strange study. Henry Rogers was boisterously excited, and not only drinking freely himself, but treating a dozen fellows round him, the cost of which he from time to time called upon "Old Flint," as he courteously styled his ancient friend, to discharge.

"Come, fork out, Old Flint!" he cried again and again. "It'll be all right, you know, in a day or two, and a few halfpence over. Shell out, old fellow! What signifies, so you're happy?"

Jackson complied with an affectation of acquiescent gayety ludicrous to behold. It was evident that each successive pull at his purse was like wrenching a tooth out of his head, and yet while the dismallest of smiles wrinkled his wolfish mouth, he kept exclaiming: "A fine lad—a fine lad! generous as a prince—generous as a prince! Good Lord, another round! He minds money no more than as if gold was as plentiful as gravel! But a fine generous lad for all that!"

Jackson, I perceived, drank considerably, as if incited thereto by compressed savageness. The pretty young wife would not taste a drop, but tears frequently filled her eyes, and bitterness pointed her words as she vainly implored her husband to leave the place and go home with her. To all her remonstrances the maudlin drunkard replied only by foolery, varied occasionally by an attempt at a line or two of the song of "The Thorn."

"But you *will* plant thorns, Henry," rejoined the provoked wife in a louder and angrier tone than she ought perhaps to have used—"not only in my bosom, but your own, if you go on in this sottish, disgraceful way."

"Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!" remarked Jackson, pointedly, towards the bystanders—"*always* quarrelling!"

"Who is always quarrelling?" demanded the young wife sharply. "Do you mean me and Henry?"

"I was only saying, my dear, that you don't like your husband to be so generous and free-hearted—that's all," replied Jackson, with a confidential wink at the persons near him.

"Free-hearted and generous! Fool-hearted and crazy, you mean!" rejoined the wife, who was much excited. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to give him money for such brutish purposes."

"Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!" iterated Jackson, but this time unheard by Mrs. Rogers—"*always*, perpetually quarrelling!"

I could not quite comprehend all this. If so large a sum as £1500 was really coming to the young man, why should Jackson wince as he did at disbursing small amounts which he could repay himself with abundant interest? If otherwise—and it was probable he should not be repaid—what meant his eternal, "fine generous lad!" "spirited young man!" and so on? What, above all, meant that look of diabolical hate which shot out from his cavernous eyes towards Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to me that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not yet decided upon in his own mind; that he was still perplexed and irresolute; and hence the apparent contradiction in his words and acts.

Henry Rogers at length dropped asleep with his head upon one of the settle-tables; Jackson sank into sullen silence; the noisy room grew quiet; and I came away.

I was impressed with a belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his youthful and inexperienced lodgers, and I determined to acquaint them with my suspicions. For this purpose Mr. Morgan, who had a patient living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on some early evening, on the pretence that he had heard of a tavern that might suit them when they should receive their fortune. Let me confess, too, that I had another design besides putting the young people on their guard against Jackson. I thought it very probable that it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings, of their worthy landlord's household.

Four more days passed unprofitably away, and I was becoming weary of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the apothecary galloped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off with surprising celerity, and with a face as white as his own magnesia, burst out as he hurried into the room where I was sitting: "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Henry Rogers has been poisoned, and by his wife!"

"Poisoned!"

"Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover. But I must instantly to Dr. Edwards: I will tell you all when I return."

The promised "all" was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Rogers, when the servant-woman, Jane Riddet, ran out and begged him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. Ill indeed! The surface of his body was cold as death, and the apothecary quickly discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid [Pg 77] (oil of vitriol), a quantity of which he, Morgan, had sold a few days previously to Mrs. Rogers, who, when purchasing it, said Mr. Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and desired Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap instantly, a solution of which he proposed to give immediately to the seemingly dying man. The woman-servant was gone to find Mrs. Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house. A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the woman-servant's tidings, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr. Morgan said; for there could, in his opinion, be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr. Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever desired Mrs. Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so confounded the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs. Rogers was taken into custody and lodged in prison.

This terrible news flew through Farnham like wildfire. In a few minutes it was upon every body's tongue: the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt appeared to be entertained of the truth of the dreadful charge. I had no doubt either, but my conviction was not that of the Farnham folk. This, then, was the solution of the struggle I had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realization of the dark thought which I had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and wife—the one by poison, and the other by the law! Doubtless, then, the £1500 had been obtained, and this was the wretched man's infernal device for retaining it! I went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr. Edwards's subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still-suffering young man, I was glad to find, would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. I watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he, now aware of my vocation, by no means appeared to relish.

"Pray," said I, suddenly addressing Riddet, the woman-servant—"pray, how did it happen that you

had no soap in such a house as this yesterday evening?"

"No soap!" echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. "Why"—

"No—no soap," hastily broke in her master with loud and menacing emphasis. "There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham."

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. I was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath my look to the color of the lime-washed wall against which he stood, he surmised that I was.

My conviction, however, was not evidence, and I felt that I should need even more than my wonted good fortune to bring the black crime home to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, I must keep silence—a resolve I found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the county magistrates. Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had *not* desired Mrs. Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had *not* received any from her. In addition also to his testimony that she and her husband were always quarrelling, it was proved by a respectable person that high words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offence was committed, and *that* foolish, passionate expressions had escaped her about wishing to be rid of such a drunken wretch. This evidence, combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates that spite of the unfortunate woman's wild protestations of innocence, and the rending agony which convulsed her frame, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day week, when, the magistrates informed her, she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

I was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighborhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion. One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best I could hit upon, and I directed my steps towards the Farnham orison. Sarah Purday had not yet, I remembered, been removed to the county jail at Guilford.

"Is Sarah Purday," I asked the turnkey, "more reconciled to her position than she was?"

"She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper."

This woman, I should state, was a person of fierce will and strong passions, and in early life had been respectably situated.

"Just step into her cell," I continued, "upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by *habeas* before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed."

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. "She's all in a twitteration at the thoughts of it," he said; "and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay, bless her consequence!"

These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more peremptorily than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience; and no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell like a chained tigress.

"You appear vexed," I said, "no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed. He ought not to refuse you such a trifling service, considering all things."

"All what things?" replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely.

"That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess."

"What do you guess? and what are you driving at?"

"I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your *friend* Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation."

"Well," she impatiently snarled, "suppose so; what then?"

"This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me."

"As how?"

"In the first place, give me the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property."

"Ha! How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one," and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. "Now," I resumed, "tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter."

"That it was Jackson administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman," she replied, with vengeful promptness.

"My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light."

The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her I could bear her gaze without shrinking.

"Supposing I could assist you," she at last said, "how would that help me?"

"It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the mean time you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one."

"If I were sure of that!" she murmured, with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon my countenance; "if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me."

"Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and pray, do not forget that it is your sole and last chance."

I left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude.

"I thought you had forgotten me. Now," she continued with rapid vehemence, "tell me, on your word and honor as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me with Her Majesty?"

"I am as positive it will as I am of my own life."

"Well, then, I *will* assist you. First, then, Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewelry, for which he paid us less than one-third of the value."

"Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?"

"Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman-servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind," she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and rapidity; "and oh, believe me, Mr. Waters, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—Ah God!"

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat more calmly: "You have heard, I dare say, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?"

"I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested—"

"It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his," she interrupted; "or at any rate the habit is not so frequent, nor what he says so intelligible, as he thoroughly believes and fears it, from some former circumstances, to be. His deaf wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to doze except in her presence only."

"This is not, then, so promising as I hoped."

"Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a low gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards—by craft, no doubt, as he never drinks there. When he returns home at about ten o'clock, his constant habit is to go into the front parlor, where his wife is sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door, helps himself to brandy and water—plentifully of late—and falls asleep in his arm-chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one o'clock—always till past twelve."

"Well; but I do not see how—"

"Hear me out, if you please. Jackson never wastes a candle to drink or sleep by, and at this time of the year there will be no fire. If he speaks to his wife he does not expect her, from her wooden deafness, to answer him. Do you begin to perceive my drift?"

"Upon my word, I do not."

"What; if upon awaking, Jackson finds that his wife is Mr. Waters, and that Mr. Waters relates to him all that he has disclosed in his sleep: that Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden near the lilac-tree; that he, Jackson, received a thousand pounds six weeks ago of Henry Rogers's fortune, and that the money is now in the recess on the top-landing, the key of which is in his breast-pocket; that he was the receiver of the plate stolen from a house in the close at Salisbury a twelvemonth ago, and sold in London for four hundred and fifty pounds. All this hurled at him," continued the woman with wild energy and flashing eyes, "what else might not a bold, quick-witted man make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?"

I had been sitting on a bench; but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and I saw the use to which they might be turned, I rose slowly and in some sort involuntarily to my feet, lifted

up, as it were, by the energy of her fiery words.

"God reward you," I exclaimed, shaking both her hands in mine. "You have, unless I blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the scaffold. I see it all. Farewell!"

"Mr. Waters," she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as I was passing forth; "when all is done, you will not forget me?"

"That I will not, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter. Adieu!"

At a quarter past nine that evening I, accompanied by two Farnham constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers, I should state, had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman servant, and we went in. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet," I said, "as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day. There, don't scream, but listen to me." I then intimated the terms upon which alone she could expect favor. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constables outside, in concealment, but within hearing, I proceeded to the parlor, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant out-house.

"Now, Riddet," I said, "quick with one of the old lady's gowns, a shawl, cap, *et cetera*." These were brought, and I returned to the parlor. It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond-paned windows, and just then but very faintly illuminated by the star-light. There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and I prepared to take possession of the one recently vacated by Jackson's wife. "You must perfectly understand," were my parting words to the trembling servant, "that we intend standing no nonsense with either you or your master. You cannot escape; but if you let Mr. Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you: if otherwise, you will be unquestionably transported. Now, go."

My toilet was not so easily accomplished as I thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide my too great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how the deuce I was to crook my booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy starlight, I could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small; still, with an ample kerchief in my hand, my whiskers might, I thought, be concealed. I was still fidgeting with these arrangements when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and jolted down, so to speak, in the fellow easy-chair to mine.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out: "She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, dame? But no, of course she don't—deafer and deafer, deafer and deafer every day. It'll be a precious good job when the parson says his last prayers over her, as well as others."

He then got up, and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look up—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous sleeping-draughts. He reseated himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping brain labored with affrighting and oppressive images; but the mutterings, as before he slept, were confused and indistinct. At length—half an hour had perhaps thus passed—the troubled meanings became for a few moments clearly audible. "Ha—ha—ha!" he burst out, "how are you off for soap? Ho—ho! done there, my boy; ha—ha! But no—no. Wall plaster! Who could have thought it? But for that I—I—What do you stare at me so for, you infernal blue-bottle? You—you—" Again the dream-utterance sank into indistinctness, and I comprehended nothing more.

About half-past twelve o'clock he awoke, rose, stretched himself, and said: "Come, dame, let's to bed; it's getting chilly here."

"Dame" did not answer, and he again went towards the cupboard. "Here's a candle-end will do for us," he muttered. A lucifer-match was drawn across the wall, he lit the candle, and stumbled towards me, for he was scarcely yet awake. "Come, dame, come! Why, thee beest sleeping like a dead un! Wake up, will thee—Ah! murder! thieves! mur"—

My grasp was on the wretch's throat; but there was no occasion to use force: he recognized me, and nerveless, paralyzed, sank on the floor incapable of motion much less of resistance, and could only gaze in my face in dumb affright and horror.

"Give me the key of the recess up stairs, which you carry in your breast pocket. In your sleep, unhappy man, you have revealed every thing."

An inarticulate shriek of terror replied to me. I was silent; and presently he gasped: "Wha—at, what have I said?"

"That Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden by the lilac-tree; that you have received a thousand pounds belonging to the man you tried to poison; that you netted four hundred and fifty pounds by the plate stolen at Salisbury; that you dexterously contrived, to slip the sulphuric acid into the tea unseen by Henry Rogers's wife."

The shriek or scream was repeated, and he was for several moments speechless with consternation. A ray of hope gleamed suddenly in his flaming eyes. "It is true—it is true!" he hurriedly ejaculated; "useless—useless—useless to deny it. But you are alone, and poor, poor, no doubt. A thousand pounds!—more, more than that: *two* thousand pounds in gold—gold, all in gold—I will give you to spare me, to let me escape!"

"Where did you hide the soap on the day when you confess you tried to poison Henry Rogers?"

"In the recess you spoke of. But think! Two thousand pounds in gold—all in gold—"

As he spoke, I suddenly grasped the villain's hands, pressed them together, and in another instant the snapping of a handcuff pronounced my answer. A yell of anguish burst from the miserable man, so loud and piercing, that the constables outside hurried to the outer-door, and knocked hastily for admittance. They were let in by the servant-woman; and in half an hour afterwards the three prisoners—Jackson, his wife, and Jane Riddet—were safe in Farnham prison.

A few sentences will conclude this narrative. Mary Rogers was brought up on the following day, and, on my evidence, discharged. Her husband, I have heard, has since proved a better and a wiser man. Jackson was convicted at the Guilford assize of guiltily receiving the Hursley plate, and sentenced to transportation for life. This being so, the graver charge of attempting to poison was not pressed. There was no moral doubt of his guilt; but the legal proof of it rested solely on his own hurried confession, which counsel would no doubt have contended ought not to be received. His wife and the servant were leniently dealt with.

Sarah Purday was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. I did not forget my promise; and a statement of the previously-narrated circumstances having been drawn up and forwarded to the Queen and the Home Secretary, a pardon, after some delay, was issued. There were painful circumstances in her history which, after strict inquiry, told favorably for her. Several benevolent persons interested themselves in her behalf, and she was sent out to Canada, where she had some relatives, and has, I believe, prospered there.

This affair caused considerable hubbub at the time, and much admiration was expressed by the country people at the boldness and dexterity of the London "runner;" whereas, in fact, the successful result was entirely attributable to the opportune revelations of Sarah Purday.

From the North British Review.

JOHN OWEN AT OXFORD.[I]

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighboring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannonballs and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall, reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragoons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognize the progress of the man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadles and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for "no Latiner," and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham he meets the upbreaking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness

some experiments which the tall, sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to show them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honorable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbor, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

> "That place that doth contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels."

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories, and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbor introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins's lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vainglorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that the evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris, the Critici Sacri and Poli Synopsis. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Ballarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behavior. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish,—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spencer, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the last brochures of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.[J]

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edward Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigor of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in

Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vainglorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbors. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognize the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience farther tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognize among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his band, and on the 23d of August, 1683, he dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood: "I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord, remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls,

with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.[K]

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminister Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish ... and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious contemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of reorganizing the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, showed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendency, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (Life of Owen, p. cvi.,) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "shew himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope, who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behavior in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervor of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with Gospel blessedness. And like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of ironsides, in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvas; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read: —"It carrieth in it a great condecency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward *for* the doing it, *in* the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The

Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognize in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy," would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.[L] In the same way, that the effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant incumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exists no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of Theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists, in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtile distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendency. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded, but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred inclosure; if he is an historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards,

in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenses; and "the convenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the Life of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned: to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr. Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the skeptical and pragmatical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The Essays of Foster, and the Sermons of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognize is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the electric eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "Horæ Homileticæ:" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott diluted or Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "Skeletons," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labor of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Goold. Dr. Thompson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellencies, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

FOOTNOTES:

[I] *The Works of John Owen, D.D.* Edited by the Rev. William H. Goold, Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, (to be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London and Edinburgh. 1850-51. New-York, Carter & Brother, 1852.

[J] In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345.) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May, 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "considering the doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a foot note, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early No-conformist libraries, viz., Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacomb's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "It is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "Bibliotheca Oweniana; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperrime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2889. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

[K] A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tombstone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (Memoirs, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split with lightning, has never been repaired.

[L] In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant; the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk ability on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

JESSE LEE AND THE LAWYERS.

Jesse Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in New England, combined unresting energy, and sensibility, with an extraordinary propensity to wit. Mr. Stephens, in his new work on the *Memorials of Methodism*, gives the following specimen of Lee's *bonhommie*:

As he was riding on horseback one day, between Boston and Lynn, he was overtaken by two young lawyers, who knew that he was a Methodist preacher, and were disposed to amuse themselves somewhat at his expense. Saluting him, and ranging their horses one on each side of him, they entered in a conversation something like the following:—*First Lawyer.* I believe you are a preacher, sir? *Lee.* Yes; I generally pass for one. *First lawyer.* You preach very often, I suppose? *Lee.* Generally every day, frequently twice, or more. *Second Lawyer.* How do you find time to study, when you preach so often? *Lee.* I study when riding, and read when resting. *First Lawyer.* But you do not write your sermons? *Lee.* No; not very often. *Second Lawyer.* Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporaneously? *Lee.* I do, sometimes. *Second Lawyer.* How do you do then? Do you correct them? *Lee.* That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I went to quote the text: "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;" and, by mistake, I said, "All *lawyers* shall have their part"—*Second Lawyer* (interrupting him). "What did you do with that? Did you correct it?" *Lee.* "Oh, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I didn't think it worth while to correct it." "Humph!" said one of them, with a hasty and impatient glance at the other; "I don't know whether you are the more knave or fool!" "Neither," he quietly replied, turning at the same time his mischievous eyes from one to the other; "I believe I am just *between* the two!"

Finding they were measuring wit with a master, and mortified at their discomfiture, the knights of the green bag drove on, leaving the victor to solitude and his own reflections.

ANNUARIES,

BY ALICE CAREY.

I.

A year has gone down silently
To the dark bosom of the Past,
Since I beneath this very tree
Sat hoping, fearing, dreaming, last.
Its waning glories, like a flame,
Are trembling to the wind's light touch—
All just a year ago the same,
And I—oh! I am changed so much!

The beauty of a wildering dream
Hung softly round declining day;
A star of all too sweet a beam
In Eve's flushed bosom trembling lay.
Changed in its aspect, yet the same,
Still climbs that star from sunset's glow,
But its embraces of pale flame
Clasp not the weary world from wo!

Another year shall I return,
And cross this solemn chapel floor,
While round me memory's shrine-lamps burn—
Or shall this pilgrimage be o'er?
One that I loved, grown faint with strife,
When drooped and died the tenderer bloom,
Folded the white tent of young life
For the pale army of the tomb.

The dry seeds dropping from their pods,
The hawthorn apples bright as dawn,
And the pale mullen's starless rods,
Were just as now a year agone.
But changed is every thing to me,
From the small flower to sunset's glow,
Since last I sat beneath this tree,
A year—a little year—ago.

I leaned against this broken bough,
This faded turf my footstep pressed;
But glad hopes that are not there now,
Lay softly trembling in my breast:
Trembling, for though the golden haze,
Rose, as the dead leaves drifted by,
As from the Vala of old days,
The mournful voice of prophecy.

Give woman's heart one triumph hour,
Even on the borders of the grave,
And thou hast given her strength and power
The saddest ills of life to brave.
Crush that far hope down, thou dost bring
To the poor bird the tempest's wrath,
Without the petrel's stormy wing
To beat the darkness from its path.

Once knowing mortal hope and fear,
Whate'er in heaven's sweet clime thou art,
Bend, pitying mother, softly near,
And save, O save me from my heart!
Be still pale-handed memory,
My knee is trembling on the sod,
The heir of immortality,
A child of the eternal God.

II.

When last year took her mournful flight,
With all her train of wo and ill,
As pale processions sweep at night
Across some lonesome burial hill—
My soul with sorrow for its mate,
And bowed with unrequited wrong,
Stood knocking at the starry gate
Of the wild wondrous realm of song.

For hope from my poor hert was gone,
With all the sheltering peace it gave,
And a dim twilight, stealing on,
Foretold the night-time of the grave.
Past is that time of dim unrest,
Hope reillumes its faded track,
And the soft hand of love has prest
Death's deep and awful shadows back.

A year agone, when wildly shrill
The wind sat singing on this bough,
The churchyard on the neighboring hill
Had not so many graves as now.
When the May-morn, with hand of light,
The clouds above her bosom drew,
And o'er the blue, cold steeps of night
Went treading out the stars like dew—

One, whose dear joy it had been ours
Two little summer times to keep,
Folded his white hands from the flowers,
And, softly smiling, fell asleep.
And when the northern light streamed cold
Across October's moaning blast,
One whose brief tarriance was foretold
All the sweet summer that was past,

Meekly unlocked from her young arms
The scarcely faded bridal crown,
And in death's fearful night of storms
The dim day of her life went down.
While still beneath the golden hours,
That like a roof the woods o'erspread,
Among the few and faded flowers,
Musing this idle rhyme I tread.

Above yon reach of level mist
Bright shines the cross-crowned spire afar,
As in the sky's clear amethyst
The splendor of some steadfast star.
And still beneath its steady light
The waves of time heave to and fro,
From night to day, from day to night,
As the dim seasons come and go.

Some eager for ambition's strife,
Some to love's banquet hurrying on,
Like pilgrims on the hills of life
We cross each other, and are gone.
But though our lives are little drops,
Welled from the infinite fount above,
Our deaths are but the mystic stops
In the great melody of love.

III.

Burying the basement of the skies
October's mists hang dull and red,
And with each wild gust's fall and rise,
The yellow leaves are round me spread.
'Tis the third autumn, ay, so long,
Since memory 'neath this very bough,
Thrilled my sad lyre strings into song—
What shall unlock their music now?

Then sang I of a sweet hope changed,
Of pale hands beckoning, glad health fled,

Of hearts grown careless or estranged,
Of friends, or living, lost, or dead.
O living lost, forever lost,
Your light still lingers, faint and far,
As if an awful shadow crossed
The bright disk of the morning star.

Blow, autumn, in thy wildest wrath,
Down from the northern woodlands, blow!
Drift the last wild-flowers from my path—
What care I for the summer now?
Yet shrink I, trembling and afraid,
From searching glances inward thrown;
What deep foundation have I laid,
For any joyance, not my own?

While with my poor, unskilful hands,
Half hopeful, half in vague alarm,
Building up walls of shining sands
That fell and faded with the storm,
E'en now my bosom shakes with fear,
Like the last leaflets of this bough,
For through the silence I can hear,
"Unprofitable servant, thou!"

Yet have there been, there are to-day
In spite of health, or hope's decline,
Fountains of beauty sealed away
From every mortal eye but mine.
Even dreams have filled my soul with light,
and on my way their beauty left,
As if the darkness of the night
Were by some planet's rising cleft.

And peace hath in my heart been born,
That shut from memory all life's ills,
In walking with the blue-eyed morn
Among the white mists of the hills.
And joyous, I have heard the wails
That heave the wild woods to and fro,
When autumn's crown of crimson pales
Beneath the winter's hand of snow.

Once, leaving all its lovely mates,
On yonder lightning-withered tree,
That vainly for the springtime waits,
A wild bird perched and sang for me.
And listening to the clear sweet strain
That came like sunshine o'er the day
My forehead's hot and burning pain,
Fell like a crown of thorns away.

But shadows from the western height
Are stretching to the valley low,
For through the cloudy gates of night
The day is passing, solemn, slow.
While o'er yon blue and rocky steep
The moon, half hidden in the mist,
Waits for the loving wind to keep
The promise of the twilight tryst—

Come thou, whose meek blue eyes divine,
What thou, and only thou canst see,
I wait to put my hand in thine—
What answer sendest thou to me?
Ah! thoughts of one whom helpless blight
Had pushed from all fair hope apart,
Making it thenceforth hers to fight
The stormy battles of the heart.

Well, I have no complaint of wrath,
And no reproaches for my doom;
Spring cannot blossom in thy path
So bright as I would have it bloom.

IV.

O sorrowful and faded years,
Gathered away a time ago,
How could your deaths the fount of tears
Have troubled to an overflow?
I muse upon the songs I made
Beneath the maple's yellow limbs,
When down the aisles of thin cold shade
Sounded the wild birds' farewell hymns.

But no sad spell my spirit binds
As when, in days on which it broods,
October hunted with the winds
Along the reddening sunset woods.
Alas, the seasons come and go,
Brightly or dimly rise and set
The days, but stir no fount of woe,
Nor kindle hope, nor wake regret.

I sit with the complaining night,
And underneath the waning moon,
As when the lilies large and white
Lay round the forehead of the June.
What time within a snowy grave
Closed the blue eyes so heavenly dear,
Darkness swept o'er me like a wave,
And time has nothing that I fear.

The golden wings of summer hours
Make to my heart a dirge-like sound,
The spring's sweet boughs of bridal flowers
Lie bright across a smooth-heaped mound.
What care I that I sing to-day
Where sound not the old plaintive hymns,
And where the mountains hide away
The sunset maple's yellow limbs?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.[M]

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER IV.

With his hands behind him, and his head drooping on his breast—slow, stealthy, noiseless, Randal Leslie glided along the streets on leaving the Italian's house. Across the scheme he had before revolved, there glanced another yet more glittering, for its gain might be more sure and immediate. If the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, might he himself hope—He stopped short even in his own soliloquy, and his breath came quick. Now in his last visit to Hazeldean, he had come in contact with Riccabocca, and been struck by the beauty of Violante. A vague suspicion had crossed him that these might be the persons of whom the Marchesa was in search, and the suspicion had been confirmed by Beatrice's description of the refugee she desired to discover. But as he had not then learned the reason for her inquiries, nor conceived the possibility that he could have any personal interest in ascertaining the truth, he had only classed the secret in question among those the farther research into which might be left to time and occasion. Certainly the reader will not do the unscrupulous intellect of Randal Leslie the injustice to suppose that he was deterred from confiding to his fair friend all that he knew of Riccabocca, by the refinement of honor to which he had so chivalrously alluded. He had correctly stated Audley Egerton's warning against any indiscreet confidence, though he had forborne to mention a more recent and direct renewal of the same caution. His first visit to Hazeldean had been paid without consulting Egerton. He had been passing some days at his father's house, and had gone over thence to the Squire's. On his return to London, he had, however, mentioned this visit to Audley, who had seemed annoyed and even displeased at it, though Randal well knew sufficient of Egerton's character to know that such feeling could scarce be occasioned merely by his estrangement from his half brother. This dissatisfaction had, therefore, puzzled the young man. But as it was necessary to his views to establish intimacy with the Squire, he did not yield the point with his customary deference to his patron's whims. He therefore observed, that he should be very sorry to do any thing displeasing to his benefactor, but that his father had been naturally anxious that he should not appear positively to slight the friendly overtures of Mr.

Hazeldean.

"Why naturally?" asked Egerton.

"Because you know that Mr. Hazeldean is a relation of mine—that my grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton, who as it has been before said, knew little, and cared less, about the Hazeldean pedigree, "I was either not aware of that circumstance, or had forgotten it. And your father thinks that the Squire may leave you a legacy?"

"Oh, sir, my father is not so mercenary—such an idea never entered his head. But the Squire himself has indeed said—'Why, if any thing happened to Frank, you would be next heir to my lands, and therefore we ought to know each other.' But—"

"Enough," interrupted Egerton, "I am the last man to pretend to the right of standing between you and a single chance of fortune, or of aid to it. And whom did you meet at Hazeldean?"

"There was no one there, sir; not even Frank."

"Hum. Is the Squire not on good terms with his parson? Any quarrel about tithes?"

"Oh, no quarrel. I forgot Mr. Dale; I saw him pretty often. He admires and praises you very much, sir."

"Me—and why? What did he say of me?"

"That your heart was as sound as your head; that he had once seen you about some old parishioners of his; and that he had been much impressed with a depth of feeling he could not have anticipated in a man of the world, and a statesman."

"Oh, that was all; some affair when I was member from Lansmere?"

"I suppose so."

Here the conversation had broken off; but the next time Randal was led to visit the Squire he had formally asked Egerton's consent, who, after a moment's hesitation, had as formally replied, "I have no objection."

On returning from this visit, Randal mentioned that he had seen Riccabocca; and Egerton, a little startled at first, said composedly, "Doubtless one of the political refugees; take care not to set Madame di Negra on his track. Remember, she is suspected of being a spy of the Austrian government."

"Rely on me, sir," said Randal; "but I should think this poor Doctor can scarcely be the person she seeks to discover?"

"That is no affair of ours," answered Egerton; "we are English gentlemen, and make not a step towards the secrets of another."

Now, when Randal revolved this rather ambiguous answer, and recalled the uneasiness with which Egerton had first heard of his visit to Hazeldean, he thought that he was indeed near the secret which Edward desired to conceal from him and from all—viz., the incognito of the Italian whom Lord l'Estrange had taken under his protection.

"My cards," said Randal to himself, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, he resumed his soliloquy, "are become difficult to play. On the one hand, to entangle Frank into marriage with this foreigner, the Squire could never forgive him. On the other hand, if she will not marry him without the dowry—and that depends on her brother's wedding this countrywoman—and that countrywoman be as I surmise, Violante—and Violante be this heiress, and to be won by me! Tush, tush. Such delicate scruples in a woman so placed and so constituted as Beatrice di Negra, must be easily talked away. Nay, the loss itself of this alliance to her brother, the loss of her own dowry—the very pressure of poverty and debt—would compel her into the sole escape left to her option. I will then follow up the old plan; I will go down to Hazeldean, and see if there be any substance in the new one;—and then to reconcile both—aha—the House of Leslie shall rise yet from its ruin—and —"

Here he was startled from his reverie by a friendly slap on the shoulder, and an exclamation, —"Why, Randal, you are more absent than when you used to steal away from the cricket ground, muttering Greek verses at Eton."

"My dear Frank," said Randal, "you—you are so *brusque*, and I was just thinking of you."

"Were you? And kindly, then, I am sure," said Frank Hazeldean, his honest handsome face lighted up with the unsuspecting genial trust of friendship; "and Heaven knows," he added, with a sadder voice, and a graver expression on his eye and lip—"Heaven knows I want all the kindness you can give me!"

"I thought," said Randal, "that your father's last supply, of which I was fortunate enough to be the bearer, would clear off your more pressing debts. I don't pretend to preach, but really I must say once more, you should not be so extravagant."

Frank (seriously).—"I have done my best to reform. I have sold off my horses, and I have not

touched dice nor card these six months: I would not even put into the raffle for the last Derby." This last was said with the air of a man who doubted the possibility of obtaining belief to some assertion of preternatural abstinence and virtue.

Randal.—"Is it possible? But, with such self-conquest, how is it that you cannot contrive to live within the bounds of a very liberal allowance?"

Frank (despondingly).—"Why, when a man once gets his head under water, it is so hard to float back again on the surface. You see, I attribute all my embarrassments to that first concealment of my debts from my father, when they could have been so easily met, and when he came up to town so kindly."

"I am sorry, then, that I gave you that advice."

"Oh, you meant it so kindly, I don't reproach you; it was all my own fault."

"Why, indeed, I did urge you to pay off that moiety of your debts left unpaid, with your allowance. Had you done so, all had been well."

"Yes, but poor Borrowwell got into such a scrape at Goodwood; I could not resist him—a debt of honor, *that* must be paid; so when I signed another bill for him, he could not pay it, poor fellow: really he would have shot himself, if I had not renewed it; and now it is swelled to such an amount with that cursed interest, that *he* never can pay it; and one bill, of course, begets another, and to be renewed every three months; 'tis the devil and all! So little as I ever got for all I have borrowed," added Frank with a rueful amaze. "Not £1500 ready money; and it would cost me almost as much yearly,—if I had it."

"Only £1500."

"Well, besides seven large chests of the worst cigars you ever smoked; three pipes of wine that no one would drink, and a great bear, that had been imported from Greenland for the sake of its grease."

"That should at least have saved you a bill with your hairdresser."

"I paid his bill with it," said Frank, "and very good-natured he was to take the monster off my hands; it had already hugged two soldiers and one groom into the shape of a flounder. I tell you what," resumed Frank, after a short pause, "I have a great mind even now to tell my father honestly all my embarrassments."

Randal (solemnly).—"Hum!"

Frank.—"What? don't you think it would be the best way? I never can save enough—never can pay off what I owe; and it rolls like a snowball."

Randal.—"Judging by the Squire's talk, I think that with the first sight of your affairs you would forfeit his favor for ever; and your mother would be so shocked, especially after supposing that the sum I brought you so lately sufficed to pay off every claim on you. If you had not assured her of that, it might be different; but she who so hates an untruth, and who said to the Squire, 'Frank says this will clear him; and with all his faults, Frank never yet told a lie.'"

"Oh my dear mother!—I fancy I hear her!" cried Frank with deep emotion. "But I did not tell a lie, Randal; I did not say that that sum would clear me."

"You empowered and begged me to say so," replied Randal with grave coldness; "and don't blame me if I believed you."

"No, no! I only said it would clear me for the moment."

"I misunderstood you, then, sadly; and such mistakes involve my own honor. Pardon me, Frank; don't ask my aid in future. You see with the best intentions I only compromise myself."

"If you forsake me, I may as well go and throw myself into the river," said Frank in a tone of despair; "and sooner or later my father must know my necessities. The Jews threaten to go to him already; and the longer the delay, the more terrible the explanation."

"I don't see why your father should ever learn the state of your affairs; and it seems to me that you could pay off these usurers, and get rid of these bills, by raising money on comparatively easy terms." [Pg 91]

"How?" cried Frank eagerly.

"Why, the Casino property is entailed on you, and you might obtain a sum upon that, not to be paid until the property becomes yours."

"At my poor father's death? Oh, no—no! I cannot bear the idea of this cold-blooded calculation on a father's death. I know it is not uncommon; I know other fellows who have done it, but they never had parents so kind as mine; and even in them it shocked and revolted me. The contemplating a father's death and profiting by the contemplation,—it seems a kind of parricide—it is not natural, Randal. Besides, don't you remember what the governor said—he actually wept while he said it, 'Never calculate on my death; I could not bear that.' Oh, Randal, don't speak of it!"

"I respect your sentiments; but still all the post-obits you could raise could not shorten Mr. Hazeldean's life by a day. However, dismiss that idea; we must think of some other device. Ha, Frank! you are a handsome fellow, and your expectations are great—why don't you marry some woman with money?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Frank, coloring. "You know, Randal, that there is but one woman in the world I can ever think of, and I love her so devotedly, that, though I was as gay as most men before, I really feel as if the rest of her sex had lost every charm. I was passing through the street now,—merely to look up at her windows—"

"You speak of Madame di Negra? I have just left her. Certainly she is two or three years older than you; but if you can get over that misfortune, why not marry her?"

"Marry her!" cried Frank in amaze, and all his color fled from his cheeks. "Marry her!—are you serious?"

"Why not?"

"But even if she, who is so accomplished, so admired—even if she would accept me, she is, you know, poorer than myself. She has told me so frankly. That woman has such a noble heart! and—and—my father would never consent, nor my mother either. I know they would not."

"Because she is a foreigner?"

"Yes—partly."

"Yet the Squire suffered his cousin to marry a foreigner."

"That was different. He had no control over Jemima; and a daughter-in-law is so different; and my father is so English in his notions; and Madame di Negra, you see, is altogether so foreign. Her very graces would be against her in his eyes."

"I think you do both your parents injustice. A foreigner of low birth—an actress or singer, for instance—of course would be highly objectionable; but a woman, like Madame di Negra, of such high birth and connections—"

Frank shook his head. "I don't think the governor would care a straw about her connections, if she were a king's daughter. He considers all foreigners pretty much alike. And then, you know"—Frank's voice sank into a whisper—"you know that one of the very reasons why she is so dear to me would be an insuperable objection to the old-fashioned folks at home."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"I love her the more," said young Hazeldean, raising his front with a noble pride, that seemed to speak of his descent from a race of cavaliers and gentlemen. "I love her the more because the world has slandered her name—because I believe her to be pure and wronged. But would they at the hall—they who do not see with a lover's eyes—they who have all the stubborn English notions about the indecorum and license of Continental manners, and will so readily credit the worst?—O, no—I love—I cannot help it—but I have no hope."

"It is very possible that you may be right," exclaimed Randal, as if struck and half-convinced by his companion's argument—"very possible; and certainly I think that the homely folks at the Hall would fret and fume at first, if they heard you were married to Madame di Negra. Yet still, when your father learned that you had done so, not from passion alone, but to save him from all pecuniary sacrifice—to clear yourself of debt—to—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Frank impatiently.

"I have reason to know that Madame di Negra will have as large a portion as your father could reasonably expect you to receive with any English wife. And when this is properly stated to the Squire, and the high position and rank of your wife fully established and brought home to him—for I must think that these would tell, despite your exaggerated notions of his prejudices—and then, when he really sees Madame di Negra, and can judge of her beauty and rare gifts, upon my word, I think, Frank, that there would be no cause for fear. After all, too, you are his only son. He will have no option but to forgive you; and I know how anxiously both your parents wish to see you settled in life."

Frank's whole countenance became illuminated. "There is no one who understands the Squire like you, certainly," said he, with lively joy. "He has the highest opinion of your judgment. And you really believe you could smooth matters!"

"I believe so, but I should be sorry to induce you to run any risk; and if, on cool consideration, you think that risk is incurred, I strongly advise you to avoid all occasion of seeing the poor Marchesa. Ah, you wince; but I say it for her sake as well as your own. First, you must be aware, that, unless you have serious thoughts of marriage, your attentions can but add to the very rumors that, equally groundless, you so feelingly resent; and, secondly, because I don't think any man has a right to win the affections of a woman—especially a woman who seems likely to love with her whole heart and soul—merely to gratify his own vanity."

"Vanity! Good heavens, can you think so poorly of me? But as to the Marchesa's affections," continued Frank, with a faltering voice, "do you really and honestly believe that they are to be won by me?"

"I fear lest they may be half won already," said Randal, with a smile and a shake of the head; "but she is too proud to let you see any effect you may produce on her, especially when, as I take it for granted, you have never hinted at the hope of obtaining her hand."

"I never till now conceived such a hope. My dear Randal, all my cares have vanished—I tread upon air—I have a great mind to call on her at once."

"Stay, stay," said Randal. "Let me give you a caution. I have just informed you that Madame di Negra will have, what you suspected not before, a fortune suitable to her birth; any abrupt change in your manner at present might induce her to believe that you were influenced by that intelligence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank, stopping short, as if wounded to the quick. "And I feel guilty—feel as if I *was* influenced by that intelligence. So I am, too, when I reflect," he continued, with a *naïveté* that was half pathetic; "but I hope she will not be so *very* rich—if so, I'll not call."

"Make your mind easy, it is but a portion of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that would just suffice to discharge all your debts, clear away all obstacle to your union, and in return for which you could secure a more than adequate jointure and settlement on the Casino property. Now I am on that head, I will be yet more communicative. Madame di Negra has a noble heart, as you say, and told me herself, that until her brother on his arrival had assured her of this dowry, she would never have consented to marry you—never crippled with her own embarrassments the man she loves. Ah! with what delight she will hail the thought of assisting you to win back your father's heart! But be guarded, meanwhile. And now, Frank, what say you—would it not be well if I run down to Hazeldean to sound your parents? It is rather inconvenient to me to be sure, to leave town just at present; but I would do more than that to render you a smaller service. Yes, I'll go to Rood Hall to-morrow, and thence to Hazeldean. I am sure your father will press me to stay, and I shall have ample opportunities to judge of the manner in which he would be likely to regard your marriage with Madame di Negra—supposing always it were properly put to him. We can then act accordingly."

"My dear, dear Randal. How can I thank you? If ever a poor fellow like me can serve you in return—but that's impossible."

"Why, certainly, I will never ask you to be security to a bill of mine," said Randal, laughing. "I practise the economy I preach."

"Ah!" said Frank with a groan, "that is because your mind is cultivated—you have so many resources; and all my faults have come from idleness. If I had any thing to do on a rainy day, I should never have got into these scrapes."

"Oh! you will have enough to do some day managing your property. We who have no property must find one in knowledge. Adieu, my dear Frank; I must go home now. By the way, you have never, by chance, spoken of the Riccaboccas to Madame di Negra?"

"The Riccaboccas? No. That's well thought of. It may interest her to know that a relation of mine has married her countryman. Very odd that I never did mention it; but, to say truth, I really do talk so little to her; she is so superior, and I feel positively shy with her."

"Do me the favor, Frank," said Randal, waiting patiently till this reply ended—for he was devising all the time what reason to give for his request—"never to allude to the Riccaboccas either to her or to her brother, to whom you are sure to be presented."

"Why not allude to them?"

Randal hesitated a moment. His invention was still at fault, and, for a wonder, he thought it the best policy to go pretty near the truth.

"Why, I will tell you. The Marchesa conceals nothing from her brother, and he is one of the few Italians who are in high favor with the Austrian court."

"Well!"

"And I suspect that poor Dr. Riccabocca fled his country from some mad experiment at revolution, and is still hiding from the Austrian police."

"But they can't hurt him here," said Frank, with an Englishman's dogged inborn conviction of the sanctity of his native island. "I should like to see an Austrian pretend to dictate to us whom to receive and whom to reject."

"Hum—that's true and constitutional, no doubt; but Riccabocca may have excellent reasons—and, to speak plainly, I know he has (perhaps as affecting the safety of friends in Italy),—for preserving his incognito, and we are bound to respect those reasons without inquiring further."

"Still, I cannot think so meanly of Madame di Negra," persisted Frank (shrewd here, though credulous elsewhere, and both from his sense of honor), "as to suppose that she would descend to be a spy, and injure a poor countryman of her own, who trusts to the same hospitality she receives herself at our English hands. Oh, if I thought that, I could not love her!" added Frank, with energy.

"Certainly you are right. But see in what a false position you would place both her brother and herself. If they knew Riccabocca's secret, and proclaimed it to the Austrian government, as you

say, it would be cruel and mean; but if they knew and concealed it, it might involve them both in the most serious consequences. You know the Austrian policy is proverbially so jealous and tyrannical!"

"Well, the newspapers say so, certainly."

"And, in short, your discretion can do no harm, and your indiscretion may. Therefore, give me your word, Frank. I can't stay to argue now."

"I'll not allude to the Riccaboccas, upon my honor," answered Frank; "still I am sure that they would be as safe with the Marchesa as with—"

"I rely on your honor," interrupted Randal, hastily, and hurried off.

CHAPTER V.

Towards the evening of the following day, Randal Leslie walked slowly from a village in the main road (about two miles from Rood Hall), at which he had got out of the coach. He passed through meads and corn-fields, and by the skirts of woods which had formerly belonged to his ancestors, but had long since been alienated. He was alone amidst the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes in which he had first invoked the grand Spirit of Knowledge, to bid the Celestial Still One minister to the commands of an earthly and turbulent ambition. He paused often in his path, especially when the undulations of the ground gave a glimpse of the gray church tower, or the gloomy firs that rose above the desolate wastes of Rood.

"Here," thought Randal, with a softening eye—"here, how often, comparing the fertility of the lands passed away from the inheritance of my fathers, with the forlorn wilds that are left to their mouldering hall—here, how often have I said to myself—'I will rebuild the fortunes of my house.' And straightway Toil lost its aspect of drudge, and grew kingly, and books became as living armies to serve my thought. Again—again—O thou haughty Past, brace and strengthen me in the battle with the Future." His pale lips writhed as he soliloquized, for his conscience spoke to him while he thus addressed his will, and its voice was heard more audibly in the quiet of the rural landscape, than amidst the turmoil and din of that armed and sleepless camp which we call a city.

Doubtless, though ambition have objects more vast and beneficent than the restoration of a name—*that* in itself is high and chivalrous, and appeals to a strong interest in the human heart. But all emotions, and all ends, of a nobler character, had seemed to filter themselves free from every golden grain in passing through the mechanism of Randal's intellect, and came forth at last into egotism clear and unalloyed. Nevertheless, it is a strange truth that, to a man of cultivated mind, however perverted and vicious, there are vouchsafed gleams of brighter sentiments, irregular perceptions of moral beauty, denied to the brutal unreasoning wickedness of uneducated villany—which, perhaps ultimately serve as his punishment—according to the old thought of the satirist, that there is no greater curse than to perceive virtue, yet adopt vice. And as the solitary schemer walked slowly on, and his childhood—innocent at least of deed—came distinct before him through the halo of bygone dreams—dreams far purer than those from which he now rose each morning to the active world of man—a profound melancholy crept over him, and suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "*Then* I aspired to be renowned and great—*now*, how is it that, so advanced in my career, all that seemed lofty in the means has vanished from me, and the only means that I contemplate are those which my childhood would have called poor and vile? Ah! is it that I then read but books, and now my knowledge has passed onward, and men contaminate more than books? But," he continued in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself, "if power is only so to be won—and of what use is knowledge if it be not power—does not success in life justify all things? And who prizes the wise man if he fails?" He continued his way, but still the soft tranquillity around rebuked him, and still his reason was dissatisfied, as well as his conscience. There are times when Nature, like a bath of youth, seems to restore to the jaded soul its freshness—times from which some men have emerged, as if reborn. The crises of life are very silent. Suddenly the scene opened on Randal Leslie's eyes. The bare desert common—the dilapidated church—the old house, partially seen in the dank dreary hollow, into which it seemed to Randal to have sunken deeper and lowlier than when he saw it last. And on the common were some young men playing at hockey. That old-fashioned game, now very uncommon in England, except at schools, was still preserved in the primitive simplicity of Rood by the young yeomen and farmers. Randal stood by the stile and looked on, for among the players he recognized his brother Oliver. Presently the ball was struck towards Oliver, and the group instantly gathered round that young gentleman, and snatched him from Randal's eye; but the elder brother heard a displeasing din, a derisive laughter. Oliver had shrunk from the danger of the thick clubbed sticks that plied around him, and received some strokes across the legs, for his voice rose whining, and was drowned by shouts of, "Go to your mammy. That's Noll Leslie—all over. Butter shins."

Randal's sallow face became scarlet. "The jest of boors—a Leslie!" he muttered, and ground his teeth. He sprang over the stile, and walked erect and haughtily across the ground. The players cried out indignantly. Randal raised his hat, and they recognized him, and stopped the game. For him at least a certain respect was felt. Oliver turned round quickly, and ran up to him. Randal caught his arm firmly, and without saying a word to the rest, drew him away towards the house. Oliver cast a regretful, lingering look behind him, rubbed his shins, and then stole a timid glance towards Randal's severe and moody countenance.

"You are not angry that I was playing at hockey with our neighbors," said he deprecatingly,

observing that Randal would not break the silence.

"No," replied the elder brother; "but, in associating with his inferiors, a gentleman still knows how to maintain his dignity. There is no harm in playing with inferiors, but it is necessary to a gentleman to play so that he is not the laughing-stock of clowns."

Oliver hung his head and made no answer. They came into the slovenly precincts of the court, and the pigs stared at them from the palings, as they had stared, years before, at Frank Hazeldean.

Mr. Leslie, senior, in a shabby straw hat, was engaged in feeding the chickens before the threshold, and he performed even that occupation with a maundering lack-a-daisical slothfulness, dropping down the grains almost one by one from his inert dreamy fingers.

Randal's sister, her hair still and for ever hanging about her ears, was seated on a rush-bottom chair, reading a tattered novel; and from the parlor window was heard the querulous voice of Mrs. Leslie, in high fidget and complaint.

Somehow or other, as the young heir to all this helpless poverty stood in the courtyard, with his sharp, refined, intelligent features, and his strange elegance of dress and aspect, one better comprehended how, left solely to the egotism of his knowledge and his ambition, in such a family, and without any of the sweet nameless lessons of Home, he had grown up into such close and secret solitude of soul—how the mind had taken so little nutriment from the heart, and how that affection and respect which the warm circle of the hearth usually calls forth had passed with him to the graves of dead fathers, growing, as it were, bloodless and ghoul-like amidst the charnels on which they fed.

"Ha, Randal, boy," said Mr. Leslie, looking up lazily, "how d'ye do? Who could have expected you? My dear—my dear," he cried, in a broken voice, and as if in helpless dismay, "here's Randal, and he'll be wanting dinner, or supper, or something." But in the mean while, Randal's sister Juliet had sprung up and thrown her arms round her brother's neck, and he had drawn her aside caressingly, for Randal's strongest human affection was for this sister.

"You are growing very pretty, Juliet," said he, smoothing back her hair; "why do yourself such injustice—why not pay more attention to your appearance, as I have so often begged you to do?"

"I did not expect you, dear Randal; you ways come so suddenly, and catch us *en dish-a-bill.*"

"Dish-a-bill!" echoed Randal, with a groan. "*Dishabille!*—you ought never to be so caught!"

"No one else does so catch us—nobody else ever comes! Heigho," and the young lady sighed very heartily.

"Patience, patience; my day is coming, and then yours, my sister," replied Randal, with genuine pity, as he gazed upon what a little care could have trained into so fair a flower, and what now looked so like a weed.

Here Mrs. Leslie, in a state of intense excitement—having rushed through the parlor—leaving a fragment of her gown between the yawning brass of the never mended Brummagem work table—tore across the hall—whirled out of the door, scattering the chickens to the right and left, and clutched hold of Randal in her motherly embrace. "La, how you do shake my nerves," she cried, after giving him a most hearty and uncomfortable kiss. "And you are hungry, too, and nothing in the house but cold mutton! Jenny, Jenny, I say Jenny! Juliet, have you seen Jenny! Where's Jenny? Out with the old man, I'll be bound."

"I am not hungry, mother," said Randal; "I wish for nothing but tea." Juliet, scrambling up her hair, darted into the house to prepare the tea, and also to "tidy herself." She dearly loved her fine brother, but she was greatly in awe of him.

Randal seated himself on the broken pales. "Take care they don't come down," said Mr. Leslie with some anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I am very light; nothing comes down with me."

The pigs stared up, and grunted in amaze at the stranger.

"Mother," said the young man, detaining Mrs. Leslie, who wanted to set off in chase of Jenny—"mother, you should not let Oliver associate with those village boors. It is time to think of a profession for him."

"Oh, he eats us out of house and home—such an appetite! But as to a profession—what is he fit for? He will never be a scholar."

Randal nodded a moody assent; for, indeed, Oliver had been sent to Cambridge, and supported out of Randal's income from his official pay;—and Oliver had been plucked for his Little Go.

"There is the army," said the elder brother—"a gentleman's calling. How handsome Juliet ought to be—but—I left money for masters—and she pronounces French like a chambermaid."

"Yet she is fond of her book too. She's always reading, and good for nothing else."

"Reading!—those trashy novels!"

"So like you—you always come to scold, and make things unpleasant," said Mrs. Leslie, peevishly. "You are grown too fine for us, and I am sure we suffer affronts enough from others, not to want a little respect from our own children."

"I did not mean to affront you," said Randal, sadly. "Pardon me. But who else has done so?"

Then Mrs. Leslie went into a minute and most irritating catalogue of all the mortifications and insults she had received; the grievances of a petty provincial family, with much pretension and small power; of all people, indeed, without the disposition to please—without the ability to serve—who exaggerate every offence, and are thankful for no kindness. Farmer Jones had insolently refused to send his wagon twenty miles for coals. Mr. Giles, the butcher, requesting the payment of his bill, had stated that the custom at Rood was too small for him to allow credit. Squire Thornhill, who was the present owner of the fairest slice of the old Leslie domains, had taken the liberty to ask permission to shoot over Mr. Leslie's land, since Mr. Leslie did not preserve. Lady Spratt (new people from the city, who hired a neighboring country seat) had taken a discharged servant of Mrs. Leslie's without applying for the character. The Lord-Lieutenant had given a ball, and had not invited the Leslies. Mr. Leslie's tenants had voted against their landlord's wish at the recent election. More than all, Squire Hazeldean and his Harry had called at Rood, and though Mrs. Leslie had screamed out to Jenny, "Not at home," she had been seen at the window, and the Squire had actually forced his way in, and caught the whole family "in a state not fit to be seen." That was a trifle, but the Squire had presumed to instruct Mr. Leslie how to manage his property, and Mrs. Hazeldean had actually told Juliet to hold up her head and tie up her hair, "as if we were her cottagers!" said Mrs. Leslie, with the pride of a Montfydget.

All these and various other annoyances, though Randal was too sensible not to perceive their insignificance, still galled and mortified the listening heir of Rood. They showed, at least, even to the well-meant officiousness of the Hazeldeans, the small account in which the fallen family was held. As he sat still on the moss-grown pale, gloomy and taciturn, his mother standing beside him, with her cap awry, Mr. Leslie shamblingly sauntered up, and said in a pensive dolorous whine—

"I wish we had a good sum of money, Randal, boy!"

To do Mr. Leslie justice, he seldom gave vent to any wish that savored of avarice. His mind must be singularly aroused, to wander out of its normal limits of sluggish, dull content.

So Randal looked at him in surprise, and said, "Do you, sir?—why?"

"The manors of Rood and Dulmansberry, and all the lands therein, which my great-grandfather sold away, are to be sold again when Squire Thornhill's eldest son comes of age, to cut off the entail. Sir John Spratt talks of buying them. I should like to have them back again. 'Tis a shame to see the Leslie estates hawked about, and bought by Spratts and people. I wish I had a great—great sum of ready money."

The poor gentleman extended his helpless fingers as he spoke, and fell into a dejected reverie.

Randal sprang from the paling, a movement which frightened the contemplative pigs, and set them off squalling and scampering. "When does young Thornhill come of age?"

"He was nineteen last August. I know it, because the day he was born I picked up my fossil of the sea-horse, just by Dulmansberry church, when the joy-bells were ringing! My fossil sea-horse! It will be an heir-loom, Randal—"

"Two years—nearly two years—yet—ah, ah!" said Randal; and his sister now appearing to announce that tea was ready, he threw his arm around her neck and kissed, her. Juliet had arranged her hair and trimmed up her dress. She looked very pretty, and she had now the air of a gentlewoman—something of Randal's own refinement in her slender proportions and well-shaped head.

"Be patient, patient still, my dear sister," whispered Randal, "and keep your heart whole for two years longer."

The young man was gay and good-humored over his simple meal, while his family grouped round him. When it was over, Mr. Leslie lighted his pipe, and called for his brandy and water. Mrs. Leslie began to question about London and Court, and the new King and the new Queen, and Mr. Audley Egerton, and hoped Mr. Egerton would leave Randal all his money, and that Randal would marry a rich woman, and that the King would make him a prime-minister one of these days; and then she would like to see if Farmer Jones would refuse to send his wagon for coals! And every now and then, as the word "riches" or "money" caught Mr. Leslie's ear, he shook his head, drew his pipe from his mouth, and muttered, "A Spratt should not have what belonged to my great-great-grandfather. If I had a good sum of ready-money!—the old family estates!" Oliver and Juliet sat silent, and on their good behavior; and Randal, indulging his own reveries, dreamily heard the words "money," "Spratt," "great-great-grandfather," "rich, wife," "family estates;" and they sounded to him vague and afar off, like whispers from the world of romance and legend—weird prophecies of things to be.

Such was the hearth which warmed the viper that nestled and gnawed at the heart of Randal, poisoning all the aspirations that youth should have rendered pure, ambition lofty, and knowledge beneficent and divine.

CHAPTER VI.

When the rest of the household were in deep sleep, Randal stood long at his open window, looking over the dreary, comfortless scene—the moon gleaming from skies half-autumnal, hall-wintry, upon squalid decay, through the ragged fissures of the firs; and when he lay down to rest, his sleep was feverish, and troubled by turbulent dreams.

However, he was up early, and with an unwonted color in his cheeks, which his sister ascribed to the country air. After breakfast, he took his way towards Hazeldean, mounted upon a tolerable horse, which he hired of a neighboring farmer who occasionally hunted. Before noon, the garden and terrace of the Casino came in sight. He reined in his horse, and by the little fountain at which Leonard had been wont to eat his radishes and con his book, he saw Riccabocca seated under the shade of the red umbrella. And by the Italian's side stood a form that a Greek of old might have deemed the Naïad of the Fount; for in its youthful beauty there was something so full of poetry—something at once so sweet and so stately—that it spoke to the imagination while it charmed the sense.

Randal dismounted, tied his horse to the gate, and, walking down a trelised alley, came suddenly to the spot. His dark shadow fell over the clear mirror of the fountain just as Riccabocca had said, "All here is so secure from evil!—the waves of the fountain are never troubled like those of the river!" and Violante had answered in her soft native tongue, and lifting her dark, spiritual eyes—"But the fountain would be but a lifeless pool, oh my father, if the spray did not mount towards the skies!"

CHAPTER VII.

Randal advanced—"I fear, Signior Riccabocca, that I am guilty of some want of ceremony."

"To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment," replied the urbane Italian, as he recovered from his first surprise at Randal's sudden address, and extended his hand.

Violante bowed her graceful head to the young man's respectful salutation. "I am on my way to Hazeldean," resumed Randal, "and, seeing you in the garden, could not resist this intrusion."

Riccabocca.—"You come from London? Stirring times for you English, but I do not ask you the news. No news can affect us."

Randal, (softly.)—"Perhaps—yes."

Riccabocca, (startled.)—"How?"

Violante.—"Surely he speaks of Italy, and news from that country affects you still, my father."

Riccabocca.—"Nay, nay, nothing affects me like this country: its east winds might affect a pyramid! Draw your mantle round you, child, and go in; the air has suddenly grown chill."

Violante smiled on her father, glanced uneasily towards Randal's grave brow, and went slowly towards the house.

Riccabocca, after waiting some moments in silence, as if expecting Randal to speak, said with affected carelessness, "So you think that you have news that might affect me? *Corpo di Bacco!* I am curious to learn what!"

"I may be mistaken—that depends on your answer to one question. Do you know the Count of Peschiera?"

Riccabocca winced, and turned pale. He could not baffle the watchful eye of the questioner.

"Enough," said Randal; "I see that I am right. Believe in my sincerity. I speak but to warn and to serve you. The Count seeks to discover the retreat of a countryman and kinsman of his own."

"And for what end?" cried Riccabocca, thrown off his guard, and his breast dilated, his crest rose, and his eye flashed; valor and defiance broke from habitual caution and self-control. "But pooh," he added, striving to regain his ordinary and half-ironical calm, "it matters not to me. I grant, sir, that I know the Count di Peschiera; but what has Dr. Riccabocca to do with the kinsmen of so grand a personage?"

"Dr. Riccabocca—nothing. But—" here Randal put his lip close to the Italian's ear, and whispered a brief sentence. Then retreating a step, but laying his hand on the exile's shoulder, he added—"Need I say that your secret is safe with me?"

Riccabocca made no answer. His eyes rested on the ground musingly.

Randal continued—"And I shall esteem it the highest honor you can bestow on me, to be permitted to assist you in forestalling danger."

Riccabocca, (slowly.)—"Sir, I thank you; you have my secret, and I feel assured it is safe, for I speak to an English gentleman. There may be family reasons why I should avoid the Count di Peschiera; and, indeed, he is safest from shoals who steers clearest of his—relations."

The poor Italian regained his caustic smile as he uttered that wise, villanous Italian maxim.

Randal.—"I know little of the Count of Peschiera save from the current talk of the world. He is said to hold the estates of a kinsman who took part in a conspiracy against the Austrian power."

Riccabocca.—"It is true. Let that content him; what more does he desire? You spoke of forestalling danger? What danger? I am on the soil of England, and protected by its laws."

Randal.—"Allow me to inquire if, had the kinsman no child, the Count di Peschiera would be legitimate and natural heir to the estates he holds?"

Riccabocca.—"He would. What then?"

Randal.—"Does that thought suggest no danger to the child of the kinsman?"

Riccabocca recoiled, and gasped forth, "The child! You do not mean to imply that this man, infamous though he be, can contemplate the crime of an assassin?"

Randal paused perplexed. His ground was delicate. He knew not what causes of resentment the exile entertained against the Count. He knew not whether Riccabocca would not assent to an alliance that might restore him to his country—and he resolved to feel his way with precaution.

"I did not," said he, smiling gravely, "mean to insinuate so horrible a charge against a man whom I have never seen. He seeks you—that is all I know. I imagine from his general character, that in this search he consults his interest. Perhaps all matters might be conciliated by an interview!"

"An interview!" exclaimed Riccabocca; "there is but one way we should meet—foot to foot, and hand to hand."

"Is it so? Then you would not listen to the Count if he proposed some amicable compromise; if, for instance, he was a candidate for the hand of your daughter?"

The poor Italian, so wise and so subtle in his talk, was as rash and blind when it came to action, as if he had been born in Ireland, and nourished on potatoes and Repeal. He bared his whole soul to the merciless eye of Randal.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed. "Sir, your question is an insult."

Randal's way became clear at once. "Forgive me," he said mildly; "I will tell you frankly all that I know. I am acquainted with the Count's sister. I have some little influence over her. It was she who informed me that the Count had come here, bent upon discovering your refuge, and resolved to wed your daughter. This is the danger of which I spoke. And when I asked your permission to aid in forestalling it, I only intended to suggest that it might be wise to find some securer home, and that I, if permitted to know that home, and to visit you, could apprise you from time to time of the Count's plans and movements."

"Sir, I thank you sincerely," said Riccabocca with emotion; "but am I not safe here?"

"I doubt it. Many people have visited the Squire in the shooting season, who will have heard of you—perhaps seen you, and who are likely to meet the Count in London. And Frank Hazeldean, too, who knows the Count's sister—"

"True, true," interrupted Riccabocca. "I see, I see. I will consider. I will reflect. Meanwhile you are going to Hazeldean. Do not say a word to the Squire. He knows not the secret you have discovered."

With those words Riccabocca turned slightly away, and Randal took the hint to depart.

"At all times command and rely on me," said the young traitor, and he regained the pale to which he had fastened his horse.

As he remounted, he cast his eyes towards the place where he had left Riccabocca. The Italian was still standing there. Presently the form of Jackeymo was seen emerging from the shrubs. Riccabocca turned hastily round, recognized his servant, uttered an exclamation loud enough to reach Randal's ear, and then catching Jackeymo by the arm, disappeared with him amidst the deeper recesses of the garden.

"It will be indeed in my favor," thought Randal as he rode on, "if I can get them into the neighborhood of London—all occasion there to woo, and if expedient, to win—the heiress."

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the Squire, as he stood with his wife in the park, on a visit of inspection to some first-rate South-Downs just added to his stock—"By the Lord, if that is not Randal Leslie trying to get into the park at the back gate! Hollo, Randal! you must come round by the lodge, my boy," said he. "You see this gate is locked to keep out trespassers."

"A pity," said Randal. "I like short cuts, and you have shut up a very short one."

"So the trespassers said," quoth the Squire: "but Stirn would not hear of it;—valuable man, Stirn. But ride round to the lodge. Put up your horse, and you'll join us before we can get to the house."

Randal nodded and smiled, and rode briskly on.

The Squire rejoined his Harry.

"Ah, William," said she anxiously, "though certainly Randal Leslie means well, I always dread his visits."

"So do I, in one sense," quoth the Squire, "for he always carries away a bank-note for Frank."

"I hope he is really Frank's friend," said Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Whose else can he be? Not his own, poor fellow, for he will never accept a shilling from me, though his grandmother was as good a Hazeldean as I am. But, zounds! I like his pride, and his economy too. As for Frank—"

"Hush, William!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean, and put her fair hand before the Squire's mouth. The Squire was softened, and kissed the fair hand gallantly—perhaps he kissed the lips too; at all events, the worthy pair were walking lovingly arm-in-arm when Randal joined them.

He did not affect to perceive a certain coldness in the manner of Mrs. Hazeldean, but began immediately to talk to her about Frank; praise that young gentleman's appearance; expatiate on his health, his popularity, and his good gifts personal and mental; and this with so much warmth, that any dim and undeveloped suspicions Mrs. Hazeldean might have formed soon melted away.

Randal continued to make himself thus agreeable, until the Squire, persuaded that his young kinsman was a first-rate agriculturist, insisted upon carrying him off to the home-farm, and Harry turned towards the house to order Randal's room to be got ready: "For," said Randal, "knowing that you will excuse my morning dress, I ventured to invite myself to dine and sleep at the Hall."

On approaching the farm buildings, Randal was seized with the terror of an impostor; for, despite all the theoretical learning on Bucolics and Georgics with which he had dazzled the Squire, poor Frank, so despised, would have beat him hollow when it came to judging of the points of an ox or the show of a crop.

"Ha, ha!" cried the Squire, chuckling, "I long to see how you'll astonish Stirn. Why, you'll guess in a moment where we put the top-dressing; and when you come to handle my short-horns, I dare swear you'll know to a pound how much oilcake has gone into their sides."

"Oh, you do me too much honor—indeed you do. I only know the general principles of agriculture—the details are eminently interesting; but I have not had the opportunity to acquire them."

"Stuff!" cried the Squire. "How can a man know general principles unless he has first studied the details? You are too modest, my boy. Ho! there's Stirn looking out for us!"

Randal saw the grim visage of Stirn peering out of a cattle-shed, and felt undone. He made a desperate rush towards changing the Squire's humor.

"Well, sir, perhaps Frank may soon gratify your wish and turn farmer himself."

"Eh!" quoth the Squire, stopping short. "What now?"

"Suppose he was to marry?"

"I'd give him the two best farms on the property rent free. Ha, ha! Has he seen the girl yet? I'd leave him free to choose, sir. I chose for myself—every man should. Not but what Miss Sticktorights is an heiress, and, I hear, a very decent girl, and that would join in the two properties, and put an end to that lawsuit about the right of way, which began in the reign of King Charles the Second, and is likely otherwise to last till the day of judgment. But never mind her; let Frank choose to please himself."

"I'll not fail to tell him so, sir. I did fear you might have some prejudices. But here we are at the farm-yard."

"Burn the farm-yard! How can I think of farm-yards when you talk of Frank's marriage? Come on—this way. What were you saying about prejudices?"

"Why, you might wish him to marry an Englishwoman, for instance."

"English! Good heavens, sir, does he mean to marry a Hindoo?"

"Nay, I don't know that he means to marry at all: I am only surmising; but if he did fall in love with a foreigner—"

"A foreigner! Ah, then Harry was—" The Squire stopped short.

"Who might, perhaps," observed Randal—not truly if he referred to Madame di Negra—"who might, perhaps, speak very little English?"

"Lord ha' mercy!"

"And a Roman Catholic—"

"Worshipping idols, and roasting people who don't worship them."

"Signior Riccabocca is not so bad as that."

"Rickeybockey! Well, if it was his daughter! But not speak English! and not go to the parish

church! By George! if Frank thought of such a thing, I'd cut him off with a shilling. Don't talk to me, sir; I would. I'm a mild man, and an easy man; but when I say a thing, I say it, Mr. Leslie. Oh, but it is a jest—you are laughing at me. There's no such painted good-for-nothing creature in Frank's eye, eh?"

"Indeed, sir, if ever I find there is, I will give you notice in time. At present I was only trying to ascertain what you wished for a daughter-in-law. You said you had no prejudice."

"No more I have—not a bit of it."

"You don't like a foreigner and a Catholic?"

"Who the devil would?"

"But if she had rank and title?"

"Rank and title! Bubble and squeak! No, not half so good as bubble and squeak. English beef and good cabbage. But foreign rank and title!—foreign cabbage and beef!—foreign bubble and foreign squeak!" And the Squire made a wry face, and spat forth his disgust and indignation.

"You must have an Englishwoman?"

"Of course."

"Money?"

"Don't care, provided she is a tidy, sensible, active lass, with a good character for her dower."

"Character—ah, that is indispensable?"

"I should think so, indeed. A Mrs. Hazeldean of Hazeldean; you frighten me. He's not going to run off with a divorced woman, or a—"

The Squire stopped, and looked so red in the face, that Randal feared he might be seized with apoplexy before Frank's crimes had made him alter his will.

Therefore he hastened to relieve Mr. Hazeldean's mind, and assured him that he had been only talking at random; that Frank was in the habit, indeed, of seeing foreign ladies occasionally, as all persons in the London world were; but that he was sure Frank would never marry without the full consent and approval of his parents. He ended by repeating his assurance, that he would warn the Squire if ever it became necessary. Still, however, he left Mr. Hazeldean so disturbed and uneasy, that that gentleman forgot all about the farm, and went moodily on in the opposite direction, re-entering the park at its farther extremity. As soon as they approached the house, the Squire hastened to shut himself with his wife in full parental consultation; and Randal, seated upon a bench on the terrace, revolved the mischief he had done, and its chances of success.

While thus seated, and thus thinking, a footstep approached cautiously, and a low voice said, in broken English, "Sare, sare, let me speak vid you."

Randal turned in surprise, and beheld a swarthy saturnine face, with grizzled hair and marked features. He recognized the figure that had joined Riccabocca in the Italian's garden.

"Speak-a you Italian?" resumed Jackeymo. Randal, who had made himself an excellent linguist, nodded assent; and Jackeymo, rejoiced, begged him to withdraw into a more private part of the grounds.

Randal obeyed, and the two gained the shade of a stately chestnut avenue.

"Sir," then said Jackeymo, speaking in his native tongue, and expressing himself with a certain simple pathos, "I am but a poor man; my name is Giacomo. You have heard of me;—servant to the Signior whom you saw to-day—only a servant; but he honors me with his confidence. We have known danger together; and of all his friends and followers, I alone came with him to the stranger's land."

"Good, faithful fellow," said Randal, examining the man's face, "say on. Your master confides in you? He confided that which I told him this day?"

"He did. Ah, sir! the Padrone was too proud to ask you to explain more—too proud to show fear of another. But he does fear—he ought to fear—he shall fear," (continued Jackeymo, working himself up to passion)—"for the Padrone has a daughter, and his enemy is a villain. Oh, sir, tell me all that you did not tell to the Padrone. You hinted that this man might wish to marry the Signora. Marry her!—I could cut his throat at the altar!"

"Indeed," said Randal; "I believe that such is his object."

"But why? He is rich—she is penniless; no, not quite that, for we have saved—but penniless, compared to him."

"My good friend, I know not yet his motives; but I can easily learn them. If, however, this Count be your master's enemy, it is surely well to guard against him, whatever his designs; and, to do so, you should move into London or its neighborhood. I fear that while we speak, the Count may get upon his track."

"He had better not come here!" cried the servant menacingly, and putting his hand where the

knife was *not*.

"Beware of your own anger, Giacomo. One act of violence, and you would be transported from England, and your master would lose a friend."

Jackeymo seemed struck by this caution.

"And if the Padrone were to meet him, do you think the Padrone would say 'Come stà sa Signora?' The Padrone would strike him dead!"

"Hush—hush! You speak of what, in England, is called murder, and is punished by the gallows. If you really love your master, for heaven's sake get him from this place—get him from all chance of such passion and peril. I go to town to-morrow; I will find him a house that shall be safe from all spies—all discovery. And there, too, my friend, I can do—what I cannot at this distance—watch over him, and keep watch also on his enemy."

Jackeymo seized Randal's hand and lifted it towards his lip; then, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, dropped the hand, and said bluntly—"Signior, I think you have seen the Padrone twice. Why do you take this interest in him?"

"Is it so uncommon to take interest even in a stranger who is menaced by some peril?"

Jackeymo, who believed little in general philanthropy, shook his head skeptically.

"Besides," continued Randal, suddenly bethinking himself of a more plausible reason—"besides, I am a friend and connection of Mr. Egerton; and Mr. Egerton's most intimate friend is Lord L'Estrange; and I have heard that Lord L'Estrange—"

"The good lord! Oh, now I understand," interrupted Jackeymo, and his brow cleared. "Ah, if *he* were in England! But you will let us know when he comes?"

"Certainly. Now, tell me, Giacomo, is this Count really unprincipled and dangerous? Remember, I know him not personally."

"He has neither heart, head, nor conscience."

"That makes him dangerous to men; but to women, danger comes from other qualities. Could it be possible, if he obtained any interview with the Signora, that he could win her affections?"

Jackeymo crossed himself rapidly, and made no answer.

"I have heard that he is still very handsome."

Jackeymo groaned.

Randal resumed—"Enough; persuade the Padrone to come to town."

"But if the Count is in town?"

"That makes no difference; the safest place is always the largest city. Every where else a foreigner is in himself an object of attention and curiosity."

"True."

"Let your master, then, come to London. He can reside in one of the suburbs most remote from the Count's haunts. In two days I will have found him a lodging and write to him. You trust to me now?" [Pg 100]

"I do indeed—I do, Excellency. Ah, if the Signorina were married, we would not care!"

"Married! But she looks so high!"

"Alas! not now—not here!"

Randal sighed heavily. Jackeymo's eyes sparkled. He thought he had detected a new motive for Randal's interest—a motive to an Italian the most natural, the most laudable of all.

"Find the house, Signor—write to the Padrone. He shall come. I'll talk to him. I can manage him. Holy San Giacomo bestir thyself now—'tis long since I troubled thee!"

Jackeymo strode off through the fading trees, smiling and muttering as he went.

The first dinner-bell rang, and, on entering the drawing-room, Randal found Parson Dale and his wife, who had been invited in haste to meet the unexpected visitor.

The preliminary greetings over, Mr. Dale took the opportunity afforded by the Squire's absence to inquire after the health of Mr. Egerton.

"He is always well," said Randal, "I believe he is made of iron."

"His heart is of gold," said the Parson.

"Ah!" said Randal, inquisitively, "you told me you had come in contact with him once, respecting, I think, some of your old parishioners at Lansmere?"

The Parson nodded, and there was a moment's silence.

"Do you remember your battle by the Stocks, Mr. Leslie?" said Mr. Dale with a good-humored laugh.

"Indeed, yes. By the way, now you speak of it, I met my old opponent in London the first year I went up to it."

"You did! where?"

"At a literary scamp's—a cleverish man called Burley."

"Burley! I have seen some burlesque verses in Greek by a Mr. Burley."

"No doubt, the same person. He has disappeared—gone to the dogs, I dare say. Burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present."

"Well, but Leonard Fairfield?—you have seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No!—have you?"

"Strange to say, not for a long time. But I have reason to believe that he must be doing well."

"You surprise me! Why?"

"Because, two years ago, he sent for his mother. She went to him."

"Is that all?"

"It is enough; for he would not have sent for her if he could not maintain her."

Here the Hazeldeans entered, arm-in-arm, and the fat butler announced dinner.

The Squire was unusually taciturn—Mrs. Hazeldean thoughtful—Mrs. Dale languid, and headachy. The Parson, who seldom enjoyed the luxury of converse with a scholar, save when he quarrelled with Dr. Riccabocca, was animated, by Randal's repute for ability, into a great desire for argument.

"A glass of wine, Mr. Leslie. You were saying, before dinner, that burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present. Pray, sir, what knowledge is in power?"

Randal, (laconically.)—"Practical knowledge."

Parson.—"What of?"

Randal,—"Men."

Parson, (candidly.)—"Well, I suppose that is the most available sort of knowledge, in a worldly point of view. How does one learn it? Do books help?"

Randal.—"According as they are read, they help or injure."

Parson.—"How should they be read in order to help?"

Randal.—"Read specially to apply to purposes that lead to power."

Parson, (very much struck with Randal's pithy and Spartan logic.)—"Upon my word sir, you express yourself very well. I must own that I began these questions in the hope of differing from you; for I like an argument."

"That he does," growled the Squire; "the most contradictory creature!"

Parson.—"Argument is the salt of talk. But now I am afraid I must agree with you, which I was not at all prepared for."

Randal bowed, and answered—"No two men of our education can dispute upon the application of knowledge."

Parson, (pricking up his ears.)—"Eh! what to?"

Randal.—"Power, of course."

Parson, (overjoyed.)—"Power!—the vulgarest application of it, or the loftiest? But you mean the loftiest?"

Randal, (in his turn interested and interrogative.)—"What do you call the loftiest, and what the vulgarest?"

Parson.—"The vulgarest, self-interest; the loftiest, beneficence."

Randal suppressed the half-disdainful smile that rose to his lip.

"You speak, sir, as a clergyman should do. I admire your sentiment, and adopt it; but I fear that the knowledge which aims only at beneficence very rarely in this world gets any power at all."

Squire, (seriously.)—"That's true; I never get my own way when I want to do a kindness, and

Stirn always gets his when he insists on something diabolically brutal and harsh."

Parson.—"Pray. Mr. Leslie, what does intellectual power refined to the utmost, but entirely stripped of beneficence, most resemble?"

Randal.—"Resemble?—I can hardly say. Some very great man—almost any very great man—who has baffled all his foes, and attained all his ends." [Pg 101]

Parson.—"I doubt if any man has ever become very great who has not meant to be beneficent, though he might err in the means. Cæsar was naturally beneficent, and so was Alexander. But intellectual power refined to the utmost, and wholly void of beneficence, resembles only one being, and that, sir, is the Principle of Evil."

Randal, (startled.)—"Do you mean the Devil?"

Parson.—"Yes, sir—the Devil; and even he, sir, did not succeed! Even he, sir, is what your great men would call a most decided failure."

Mrs. Dale.—"My dear—my dear."

Parson.—"Our religion proves it, my love; he was an angel, and he fell."

There was a solemn pause. Randal was more impressed than he liked to own to himself. By this time the dinner was over, and the servants had retired. Harry glanced at Carry. Carry smoothed her gown and rose.

The gentlemen remained over their wine; and the Parson, satisfied with what he deemed a clencher upon his favorite subject of discussion, changed the subject to lighter topics, till happening to fall upon tithes, the Squire struck in, and by dint of loudness of voice, and truculence of brow, fairly overwhelmed both his guests, and proved to his own satisfaction that tithes were an unjust and unchristianlike usurpation on the part of the Church generally, and a most especial and iniquitous infliction upon the Hazeldean estates in particular.

CHAPTER IX.

On entering the drawing-room, Randal found the two ladies seated close together, in a position much more appropriate to the familiarity of their school-days than to the politeness of the friendship now existing between them. Mrs. Hazeldean's hand hung affectionately over Carry's shoulder, and both those fair English faces were bent over the same book. It was pretty to see these sober matrons, so different from each other in character and aspect, thus unconsciously restored to the intimacy of happy maiden youth by the golden link of some Magician from the still land of Truth or Fancy—brought together in heart, as each eye rested on the same thought;—closer and closer, as sympathy, lost in the actual world, grew out of that world which unites in one bond of feeling the readers of some gentle book.

"And what work interests you so much?" said Randal, pausing by the table.

"One you have read, of course," replied Mrs. Dale, putting a book-mark embroidered by herself into the page, and handing the volume to Randal. "It has made a great sensation, I believe."

Randal glanced at the title of the work. "True," said he, "I have heard much of it in London, but I have not yet had time to read it."

Mrs. Dale.—"I can lend it to you, if you like to look over it to-night, and you can leave it for me with Mrs. Hazeldean."

Parson, (approaching.)—"Oh! that book!—yes, you must read it. I do not know a work more instructive."

Randal.—"Instructive! Certainly I will read it then. But I thought it was a mere work of amusement—of fancy. It seems so, as I look over it."

Parson.—"So is the *Vicar of Wakefield*; yet what book more instructive?"

Randal.—"I should not have said *that* of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A pretty book enough, though the story is most improbable. But how is it instructive?"

Parson.—"By its results: it leaves us happier and better. What can any instruction do more? Some works instruct through the head, some through the heart; the last reach the widest circle, and often produce the most genial influence on the character. This book belongs to the last. You will grant my proposition when you have read it."

Randal smiled and took the volume.

Mrs. Dale.—"Is the author known yet?"

Randal.—"I have heard it ascribed to many writers, but I believe no one has claimed it."

Parson.—"I think it must have been written by my old college friend, Professor Moss, the naturalist; its descriptions of scenery are so accurate."

Mrs. Dale.—"La, Charles, dear! that snuffy, tiresome, prosy professor? How can you talk such nonsense? I am sure the author must be young; there is so much freshness of feeling."

Mrs. Hazeldean, (positively,)—"Yes, certainly young."

Parson, (no less positively.)—"I should say just the contrary. Its tone is too serene, and its style too simple for a young man. Besides, I don't know any young man who would send me his book, and this book has been sent me—very handsomely bound too, you see. Depend upon it, Moss is the man—quite his turn of mind."

Mrs. Dale.—"You are too provoking, Charles dear! Mr. Moss is so remarkably plain, too."

Randal.—"Must an author be handsome?"

Parson.—"Ha, ha! Answer that, if you can, Carry."

Carry remained mute and disdainful.

Squire, (with great *naïveté*.)—"Well, I don't think there's much in the book, whoever wrote it; for I've read it myself, and understand every word of it."

Mrs. Dale.—"I don't see why you should suppose it was written by a man at all. For my part, I think it must be a woman."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"Yes, there's a passage about maternal affection, which only a woman could have written."

Parson.—"Pooh, pooh! I should like to see a woman who could have written that description of an August evening before a thunderstorm; every wildflower in the hedgerow exactly the flowers of August—every sign in the air exactly those of the month. Bless you! a woman would have filled the hedge with violets and cowslips. Nobody else but my friend Moss could have written that description."

Squire.—"I don't know; there's a simile about the waste of corn-seed in hand-sowing, which makes me think he must be a farmer!"

Mrs. Dale, (scornfully,)—"A farmer! In hob-nailed shoes, I suppose! I say it is a woman."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"A WOMAN, and A MOTHER!"

Parson.—"A middle-aged man, and a naturalist."

Squire.—"No, no, Parson; certainly a young man; for that love scene puts me in mind of my own young days, when I would have given my ears to tell Harry how handsome I thought her; and all I could say was—'Fine weather for the crops, Miss.' Yes, a young man, and a farmer. I should not wonder if he had held the plough himself."

Randal, (who had been turning over the pages.)—"This sketch of Night in London comes from a man who has lived the life of cities, and looked at wealth with the eyes of poverty. Not bad! I will read the book."

"Strange," said the Parson, smiling, "that this little work should so have entered into our minds, suggested to all of us different ideas, yet equally charmed all—given a new and fresh current to our dull country life—animated us as with the sight of a world in our breasts we had never seen before, save in dreams;—a little work like this, by a man we don't know, and never may! Well, *that* knowledge *is* power, and a noble one!"

"A sort of power, certainly, sir," said Randal, candidly; and that night, when Randal retired to his own room, he suspended his schemes and projects, and read, as he rarely did, without an object to gain by the reading.

The work surprised him by the pleasure it gave. Its charm lay in the writer's calm enjoyment of the Beautiful. It seemed like some happy soul sunning itself in the light of its own thoughts. Its power was so tranquil and even, that it was only a critic who could perceive how much force and vigor were necessary to sustain the wing that floated aloft with so imperceptible an effort. There was no one faculty predominating tyrannically over the others; all seemed proportioned in the felicitous symmetry of a nature rounded, integral, and complete. And when the work was closed, it left behind it a tender warmth that played around the heart of the reader, and vivified feelings that seemed unknown before. Randal laid the book down softly; and for five minutes the ignoble and base purposes to which his own knowledge was applied, stood before him, naked and unmasked.

"Tut," said he, wrenching himself violently away from the benign influence, "it was not to sympathize with Hector, but to conquer with Achilles, that Alexander of Macedon kept Homer under his pillow. Such should be the use of books to him who has the practical world to subdue; let parsons and women construe it otherwise as they may!"

And the Principle of Evil descended again upon the intellect, from which the guide of beneficence was gone.

CHAPTER X.

Randal rose at the sound of the first breakfast bell, and on the staircase met Mrs. Hazeldean. He gave her back the book; and as he was about to speak, she beckoned to him to follow her into a little morning-room appropriated to herself. No boudoir of white and gold, with pictures by

Watteau, but lined with walnut-tree presses, that held the old heir-loom linen strewed with lavender—stores for the housekeeper, and medicines for the poor.

Seating herself on a large chair in this sanctum, Mrs. Hazeldean looked formidably at home.

"Pray," said the lady, coming at once to the point with her usual straightforward candor, "what is all this you have been saying to my husband as to the possibility of Frank's marrying a foreigner?"

Randal.—"Would you be as averse to such a notion as Mr. Hazeldean is?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"You ask me a question, instead of answering mine."

Randal was greatly put out in his fence by these rude thrusts. For indeed he had a double purpose to serve—first thoroughly to know if Frank's marriage with a woman like Madame di Negra would irritate the Squire sufficiently to endanger the son's inheritance, and, secondly, to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean believing seriously that such a marriage was to be apprehended, lest they should prematurely address Frank on the subject, and frustrate the marriage itself. Yet, withal, he must so express himself, that he could not be afterwards accused by the parents of disguising matters. In his talk to the Squire the preceding day, he had gone a little too far—farther than he would have done but for his desire of escaping the cattle-shed and short-horns. While he mused, Mrs. Hazeldean observed him with her honest sensible eyes, and finally exclaimed—

"Out with it, Mr. Leslie!"

"Out with what, my dear madam? The Squire has sadly exaggerated the importance of what was said mainly in jest. But I will own to you plainly, that Frank has appeared to me a little smitten with a certain fair Italian."

"Italian!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean. "Well, I said so from the first. Italian!—that's all, is it?" and she smiled.

Randal was more and more perplexed. The pupil of his eye contracted, as it does when we retreat into ourselves, and think, watch, and keep guard.

"And perhaps," resumed Mrs. Hazeldean, with a very sunny expression of countenance, "you have noticed this in Frank since he was here?"

"It is true," murmured Randal; "but I think his heart or his fancy was touched even before."

"Very natural," said Mrs. Hazeldean; "how could he help it?—such a beautiful creature! Well, I must not ask you to tell Frank's secrets; but I guess the object of attraction; and though she will have no fortune to speak of—and it is not such a match as he might form—still she is so amiable, and has been so well brought up, and is so little like one's general notions of a Roman Catholic, that I think I could persuade Hazeldean into giving his consent."

"Ah!" said Randal, drawing a long breath, and beginning with his practised acuteness to detect Mrs. Hazeldean's error, "I am very much relieved and rejoiced to hear this; and I may venture to give Frank some hope, if I find him disheartened and disponding, poor fellow!"

"I think you may," replied Mrs. Hazeldean, laughing pleasantly. "But you should not have frightened poor William so, hinting that the lady knew very little English. She has an accent, to be sure; but she speaks our tongue very prettily. I always forget that she's not English born! Ha, ha, poor William!"

Randal.—"Ha, ha!"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"We had once thought of another match for Frank—a girl of good English family."

Randal.—"Miss Sticktorights?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"No; that's an old whim of Hazeldean's. But he knows very well that the Sticktorights would never merge their property in ours. Bless you, it would be all off the moment they came to settlements, and had to give up the right of way. We thought of a very different match; but there's no dictating to young hearts, Mr. Leslie."

Randal.—"Indeed no, Mrs. Hazeldean. But since we now understand each other so well, excuse me if I suggest that you had better leave things to themselves, and not write to Frank on the subject. Young hearts, you know, are often stimulated by apparent difficulties, and grow cool when the obstacle vanishes."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"Very possibly; it was not so with Hazeldean and me. But I shall not write to Frank on the subject, for a different reason—though I would consent to the match, and so would William, yet we both would rather, after all, that Frank married an Englishwoman, and a Protestant. We will not, therefore, do any thing to encourage the idea. But if Frank's happiness becomes really at stake, *then* we will step in. In short, we would neither encourage nor oppose. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And, in the mean while, it is quite right that Frank should see the world, and try to distract his

mind, or at least to know it. And I dare say it has been some thought of that kind which has prevented his coming here."

Randal, dreading a further and plainer *éclaircissement*, now rose, and saying, "Pardon me, but I must hurry over breakfast, and be back in time to catch the coach"—offered his arm to his hostess, and led her into the breakfast parlor. Devouring his meal, as if in great haste, he then mounted his horse, and, taking cordial leave of his entertainers, trotted briskly away.

All things favored his project—even chance had befriended him in Mrs. Hazeldean's mistake. She had not unnaturally supposed Violante to have captivated Frank on his last visit to the Hall. Thus, while Randal had certified his own mind that nothing could more exasperate the Squire than an alliance with Madame di Negra, he could yet assure Frank that Mrs. Hazeldean was all on his side. And when the error was discovered, Mrs. Hazeldean would only have to blame herself for it. Still more successful had his diplomacy proved with the Riccaboccas; he had ascertained the secret he had come to discover; he should induce the Italian to remove to the neighborhood of London; and if Violante were the great heiress he suspected her to prove, whom else of her own age would she see but him? And the old Leslie domains—to be sold in two years—a portion of the dowry might purchase them! Flushed by the triumph of his craft, all former vacillations of conscience ceased. In high and fervent spirits he passed the Casino, the garden of which was solitary and deserted, reached his home, and, telling Oliver to be studious, and Juliet to be patient, walked thence to meet the coach and regain the capital.

CHAPTER XI.

Violante was seated in her own little room, and looking from the window on the terrace that stretched below. The day was warm for the time of year. The orange-trees had been removed under shelter for the approach of winter; but where they had stood sat Mrs. Riccabocca at work. In the Belvidere, Riccabocca himself was conversing with his favorite servant. But the casements and the door of the Belvidere were open; and where they sat, both wife and daughter could see the Padrone leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor; while Jackeymo, with one finger on his master's arm, was talking to him with visible earnestness. And the daughter from the window, and the wife from her work, directed tender anxious eyes towards the still thoughtful form so dear to both. For the last day or two Riccabocca had been peculiarly abstracted, even to gloom. Each felt there was something stirring at his heart—neither as yet knew what.

Violante's room silently revealed the nature of the education by which her character had been formed. Save a sketch book which lay open on a desk at hand, and which showed talent exquisitely taught (for in this Riccabocca had been her teacher), there was nothing that spoke of the ordinary female accomplishments. No piano stood open, no harp occupied yon nook, which seemed made for one; no broidery frame, nor implements of work, betrayed the usual and graceful resources of a girl; but ranged on shelves against the wall were the best writers in English, Italian, and French; and these betokened an extent of reading, that he who wishes for a companion to his mind in the sweet company of woman, which softens and refines all it gives and takes in interchange, will never condemn as masculine. You had but to look into Violante's face to see how noble was the intelligence that brought soul to those lovely features. Nothing hard, nothing dry and stern was there. Even as you detected knowledge, it was lost in the gentleness of grace. In fact, whatever she gained in the graver kinds of information, became transmuted, through her heart and her fancy, into spiritual golden stores. Give her some tedious and arid history, her imagination seized upon beauties other readers had passed by, and, like the eye of the artist, detected every where the Picturesque. Something in her mind seemed to reject all that was mean and commonplace, and to bring out all that was rare and elevated in whatever it received. Living so apart from all companions of her age, she scarcely belonged to the Present time. She dwelt in the Past, as Sabrina in her crystal well. Images of chivalry—of the Beautiful and the Heroic—such as, in reading the silvery line of Tasso, rise before us, softening force and valor into love and song—haunted the reveries of the fair Italian maid.

Tell us not that the Past, examined by cold Philosophy, was no better and no loftier than the Present; it is not thus seen by pure and generous eyes. Let the Past perish, when it ceases to reflect on its magic mirror the beautiful Romance which is its noblest reality, though perchance but the shadow of Delusion.

Yet Violante was not merely the dreamer. In her, life was so puissant and rich, that action seemed necessary to its glorious development—action, but still in the woman's sphere—action to bless and to refine and to exalt all around her, and to pour whatever else of ambition was left unsatisfied into sympathy with the aspirations of man. Despite her father's fears of the bleak air of England, in that air she had strengthened the delicate health of her childhood. Her elastic step—her eyes full of sweetness and light—her bloom, at once soft and luxuriant—all spoke of the vital powers fit to sustain a mind of such exquisite mould, and the emotions of a heart that, once aroused, could ennoble the passions of the South with the purity and devotion of the North.

Solitude makes some natures more timid, some more bold. Violante was fearless. When she spoke, her eyes frankly met your own; and she was so ignorant of evil, that as yet she seemed nearly unacquainted with shame. From this courage, combined with affluence of idea, came a delightful flow of happy converse. Though possessing so imperfectly the accomplishments ordinarily taught to young women, and which may be cultured to the utmost, and yet leave the

thoughts so barren, and the talk so vapid—she had that accomplishment which most pleases the taste, and commands the love of the man of talent; especially if his talent be not so actively employed as to make him desire only relaxation where he seeks companionship—the accomplishment of facility in intellectual interchange—the charm that clothes in musical words beautiful womanly ideas.

"I hear him sigh at this distance," said Violante softly, as she still watched her father; "and methinks this is a new grief, and not for his country. He spoke twice yesterday of that dear English friend, and wished that he were here."

As she said this, unconsciously the virgin blushed, her hands drooped on her knee, and she fell herself into thought as profound as her father's, but less gloomy. From her arrival in England, Violante had been taught a grateful interest in the name of Harley L'Estrange. Her father, preserving a silence that seemed disdain, of all his old Italian intimates, had been pleased to converse with open heart of the Englishman who had saved where countrymen had betrayed. He spoke of the soldier, then in the full bloom of youth, who, unconsoled by fame, had nursed the memory of some hidden sorrow amidst the pine-trees that cast their shadow over the sunny Italian lake; how Riccabocca, then honored and happy, had courted from his seclusion the English Signor, then the mourner and the voluntary exile; how they had grown friends amidst the landscapes in which her eyes had opened to the day; how Harley had vainly warned him from the rash schemes in which he had sought to reconstruct in an hour the ruins of weary ages; how, when abandoned, deserted, proscribed, pursued, he had fled for life—the infant Violante clasped to his bosom—the English soldier had given him refuge, baffled the pursuers, armed his servants, accompanied the fugitive at night towards the defile in the Apennines, and, when the emissaries of a perfidious enemy, hot in the chase, came near, he said, "You have your child to save! Fly on! Another league, and you are beyond the borders. We will delay the foes with parley; they will not harm us." And not till escape was gained did the father know that the English friend had delayed the foe, not by parley, but by the sword, holding the pass against numbers, with a breast as dauntless as Bayard's in the immortal bridge.

And since then, the same Englishman had never ceased to vindicate his name, to urge his cause, and if hope yet remained of restoration to land and honors, it was in that untiring zeal.

Hence, naturally and insensibly, this secluded and musing girl had associated all that she read in tales of romance and chivalry with the image of the brave and loyal stranger. He it was who animated her dreams of the Past, and seemed born to be, in the destined hour, the deliverer of the Future. Around this image grouped all the charms that the fancy of virgin woman can raise from the enchanted lore of old Heroic Fable. Once in her early girlhood, her father (to satisfy her curiosity, eager for general description) had drawn from memory a sketch of the features of the Englishman—drawn Harley, as he was in that first youth, flattered and idealized, no doubt, by art and by partial gratitude—but still resembling him as he was then; while the deep mournfulness of recent sorrow yet shadowed and concentrated all the varying expression of his countenance; and to look on him was to say,—"So sad, yet so young!" Never did Violante pause to remember that the same years which ripened herself from infancy into woman, were passing less gently over that smooth cheek and dreamy brow—that the world might be altering the nature, as time the aspect. To her, the hero of the Ideal remained immortal in bloom and youth. Bright illusion, common to us all, where Poetry once hallows the human form! Who ever thinks of Petrarch as the old time-worn man? Who does not see him as when he first gazed on Laura?—

> "Ogni altra cosa ogni pensier va fore;
> E sol ivi von voi rimansi Amore!"

CHAPTER XII.

And Violante, thus absorbed in reverie, forgot to keep watch on the Belvidere. And the Belvidere was now deserted. The wife, who had no other ideal to distract *her* thoughts, saw Riccabocca pass into the house.

The exile entered his daughter's room, and she started to feel his hand upon her locks and his kiss upon her brow.

"My child!" cried Riccabocca, seating himself, "I have resolved to leave for a time this retreat, and to seek the neighborhood of London."

"Ah, dear father, *that*, then, was your thought? But what can be your reason? Do not turn away; you know how carefully I have obeyed your command and kept your secret. Ah, you will confide in me."

"I do, indeed," returned Riccabocca, with emotion. "I leave this place, in the fear lest my enemies discover me. I shall say to others that you are of an age to require teachers, not to be obtained here. But I should like none to know where we go."

The Italian said these last words through his teeth, and hanging his head. He said them in shame.

"My mother—(so Violante always called Jemima)—my mother, you have spoken to her?"

"Not yet. *There* is the difficulty."

"No difficulty, for she loves you so well," replied Violante, with soft reproach. "Ah, why not also

confide in her? Who so true? so good?"

"Good—I grant it!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "What then? 'Da cattiva Donna guardati, ed alla buona non fidar niente,' (from the bad woman, guard thyself; to the good woman, trust nothing.) And if you must trust," added the abominable man, "trust her with any thing but a secret!"

"Fie," said Violante, with arch reproach, for she knew her father's humors too well to interpret his horrible sentiments literally—"fie on your consistency, *Padre carissimo*. Do you not trust your secret to me?"

"You! A kitten is not a cat, and a girl is not a woman. Besides, the secret was already known to you, and I had no choice. Peace, Jemima will stay here for the present. See to what you wish to take with you; we shall leave to-night."

Not waiting for an answer, Riccabocca hurried away, and with a firm step strode the terrace and approached his wife.

"*Anima mia*," said the pupil of Machiavel, disguising in the tenderest words the cruelest intentions—for one of his most cherished Italian proverbs was to the effect, that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them—"*Anima mia*,—soul of my being—you have already seen that Violante mopes herself to death here."

"She, poor child! Oh no!"

"She does, core of my heart, she does, and is as ignorant of music as I am of tent-stitch."

"She sings beautifully."

"Just as birds do, against all the rules, and in defiance of gamut. Therefore, to come to the point, O treasure of my soul! I am going to take her with me for a short time, perhaps to Cheltenham, or Brighton—we shall see."

"All places with you are the same to me, Alphonso. When shall we go?"

"*We* shall go to-night; but, terrible as it is to part from you—you—"

"Ah!" interrupted the wife, and covered her face with her hands.

Riccabocca, the wiliest and most relentless of men in his maxims, melted into absolute uxorial imbecility at the sight of that mute distress. He put his arm round his wife's waist, with genuine affection, and without a single proverb at his heart—"*Carissima*, do not grieve so; we shall be back soon, and travelling is expensive; rolling stones gather no moss, and there is so much to see to at home."

"Mrs. Riccabocca gently escaped from her husband's arms. She withdrew her hands from her face, and brushed away the tears that stood in her eyes.

"Alphonso," she said touchingly, "hear me! What you think good, that shall ever be good to me. But do not think that I grieve solely because of our parting. No; I grieve to think that, despite of all these years in which I have been the partner of your hearth and slept on your breast—all these years in which I have had no thought but, however humbly, to do my duty to you and yours, and could have wished that you had read my heart, and seen there but yourself and your child—I grieve to think that you still deem me as unworthy your trust as when you stood by my side at the altar."

"Trust!" repeated Riccabocca, startled and conscience-stricken; "why do you say 'trust?' In what have I distrusted you? I am sure," he continued, with the artful volubility of guilt, "that I never doubted your fidelity—hooked-nosed, long-visaged foreigner though I be; never pryed into your letters; never inquired into your solitary walks; never heeded your flirtations with that good-looking Parson Dale; never kept the money; and never looked into the account-books!" Mrs. Riccabocca refused even a smile of contempt at these revolting evasions; nay, she seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Can you think," she resumed, pressing her hand on her heart to still its struggles for relief in sobs—"can you think that I could have watched, and thought, and tasked my poor mind so constantly, to conjecture what might best soothe or please you, and not seen, long since, that you have secrets known to your daughter—your servant—not to me? Fear not—the secrets cannot be evil, or you would not tell them to your innocent child. Besides, do I not know your nature? and do I not love you because I know it?—it is for something connected with these secrets that you leave your home. You think that I should be incautious—imprudent. You will not take me with you. Be it so. I go to prepare for your departure. Forgive me if I have displeased you, husband."

Mrs. Riccabocca turned away; but a soft hand touched the Italian's arm.

"O father, can you resist this? Trust her!—trust her! I am a woman like her! I answer for her woman's faith. Be yourself—ever nobler than all others, my own father."

"*Diavolo!* Never one door shuts but another opens," groaned Riccabocca. "Are you a fool, child? Don't you see that it was for your sake only I feared—and would be cautious?"

"For mine! O then, do not make me deem myself mean, and the cause of meanness. For mine! Am I not your daughter—the descendant of men who never feared?"

Violante looked sublime while she spoke; and as she ended she led her father gently on towards the door, which his wife had now gained.

"Jemima—wife mine!—pardon, pardon," cried the Italian, whose heart had been yearning to repay such tenderness and devotion, "come back to my breast—it has been long closed—it shall be open to you now and for ever."

In another moment, the wife was in her right place—on her husband's bosom; and Violante, beautiful peacemaker, stood smiling, awhile at both, and then lifted her eyes gratefully to heaven, and stole away.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Randal's return to town, he heard mixed and contradictory rumors in the streets, and at the clubs, of the probable downfall of the Government at the approaching session of Parliament. These rumors had sprung up suddenly, as if in an hour. True that, for some time, the sagacious had shaken their heads and said, "Ministers could not last." True that certain changes in policy, a year or two before, had divided the party on which the Government depended, and strengthened that which opposed it. But still its tenure in office had been so long, and there seemed so little power in the Opposition to form a cabinet of names familiar to official ears, that the general public had anticipated, at most, a few partial changes. Rumor now went far beyond this. Randal, whose whole prospects at present were but reflections from the greatness of his patron, was alarmed. He sought Egerton, but the minister was impenetrable, and seemed calm, confident and imperturbed. Somewhat relieved, Randal then set himself to work to find a safe home for Riccabocca; for the greater need to succeed in obtaining fortune there, if he failed in getting it through Egerton. He found a quiet house, detached and secluded, in the neighborhood of Norwood. No vicinity more secure from espionage and remark. He wrote to Riccabocca, and communicated the address, adding fresh assurances of his own power to be of use. The next morning he was seated in his office, thinking very little of the details, that he mastered, however, with mechanical precision, when the minister who presided over that department of the public service sent for him into his private room, and begged him to take a letter to Egerton, with whom he wished to consult relative to a very important point to be decided in the cabinet that day. "I want you to take it," said the minister, smiling (the minister was a frank, homely man), "because you are in Mr. Egerton's confidence, and he may give you some verbal message besides a written reply. Egerton is often *over* cautious and brief in the *litera scripta*."

Randal went first to Egerton's neighboring office—he had not been there that day. He then took a cabriolet and drove to Grosvenor Square. A quiet-looking chariot was at the door. Mr. Egerton was at home; but the servant said, "Dr. F. is with him, sir; and perhaps he may not like to be disturbed."

"What, is your master ill?"

"Not that I know of, sir. He never says he is ill. But he has looked poorly the last day or two."

Randal hesitated a moment; but his commission might be important, and Egerton was a man who so held the maxim, that health and all else must give way to business, that he resolved to enter; and, unannounced, and unceremoniously, as was his wont, he opened the door of the library. He startled as he did so. Audley Egerton was leaning back on the sofa, and the doctor, on his knees before him, was applying the stethoscope to his breast. Egerton's eyes were partially closed as the door opened. But at the noise he sprang up, nearly oversetting the doctor. "Who's that?—How dare you!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great anger. Then recognizing Randal, he changed color, bit his lip, and muttered drily, "I beg pardon for my abruptness: what do you want, Mr. Leslie?"

"This letter from Lord ——; I was told to deliver it immediately into your own hands; I beg pardon —"

"There is no cause," said Egerton, coldly. "I have had a slight attack of bronchitis; and as Parliament meets so soon, I must take advice from my doctor, if I would be heard by the reporters. Lay the letter on the table, and be kind enough to wait for my reply."

Randal withdrew. He had never seen a physician in that house before, and it seemed surprising that Egerton should even take a medical opinion upon a slight attack. While waiting in the ante-room there was a knock at the street door, and presently a gentleman, exceedingly well-dressed, was shown in, and honored Randal with an easy and half familiar bow. Randal remembered to have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr. Leslie," said he, arranging the camelia in his button-hole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust not; my time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow, Spendquick; and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

Randal smiled.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon, "Baron Levy, No. ——, Bruton St."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr. Levy had been a solicitor by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling; and not long since, in consequence of some services towards the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of the German kings. The wealth of Mr. Levy was said to be only equalled by his good nature to all who were in want of a a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but looking younger: so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth! Despite his name and his dark complexion, he did not, however, resemble a Jew—at least externally; and, in fact, he was not a Jew on the father's side, but the natural son of a rich English *grand seigneur*, by a Hebrew lady of distinction—in the opera. After his birth, this lady had married a German trader of her own persuasion, and her husband had been prevailed upon, for the convenience of all parties, to adopt his wife's son, and accord to him his own Hebrew name. Mr. Levy, senior, was soon left a widower, and then the real father, though never actually owning the boy, had shown him great attention—had him frequently at his house—initiated him betimes into his own highborn society, for which the boy showed great taste. But when my lord died, and left but a moderate legacy to the younger Levy, who was then about eighteen, that ambiguous person was articled to an attorney by his putative sire, who shortly afterwards returned to his native land, and was buried at Prague, where his tombstone may yet be seen. Young Levy, however, continued to do very well without him. His real birth was generally known, and rather advantageous to him in a social point of view. His legacy enabled him to become a partner where he had been a clerk, and his practice became great amongst the fashionable classes of society. Indeed, he was so useful, so pleasant, so much a man of the world, that he grew intimate with his clients—chiefly young men of rank; was on good terms with both Jew and Christian; and being neither one nor the other, resembled (to use Sheridan's incomparable simile) the blank page between the Old and the New Testament.

Vulgar, some might call Mr. N. Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the *mauvais ton* of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get. When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is needless to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the Baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with—admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the Baron—"Young Hazeldean. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world."

As this was the last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The Baron went on—"I hear, Mr. Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazeldean. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relation of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honor his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else;' and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular usurer without conscience frightens you. 'Cent per cent,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill-brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rung, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr. F. walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—Baron's coronet on the dark brown panels—horse black, with such action!—harness just relieved with plating. The servant now entered, and requested Randal to step in; and addressing the Baron, assured him that he would not be detained a minute.

"Leslie," said the minister, sealing a note, "take this back to Lord ----, and say that I shall be with him in an hour."

"No other message?—he seemed to expect one."

"I dare say he did. Well, my letter is official, my message is not; beg him to see Mr. —— before we meet—he will understand—all rests upon that interview."

Egerton then, extending the letter, resumed gravely, "Of course you will not mention to any one that Dr. F. was with me; the health of public men is not to be suspected. Hum—were you in your own room or the ante-room?"

"The ante-room, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly.

"And Mr. Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the Baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his hack cab. The Baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Egerton had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that stateliness of port common to the austere legislator. The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said, "Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very devil. You cannot go on thus much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy hailed Audley Egerton as "my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton, perhaps, saw nothing strange in the words, though his lip curled.

"I shall not want to go on thus much longer," answered Egerton, as the curl on his lip changed to a gloomy smile. "The estate must, meanwhile bear £5000 more."

"A hard pull on it. You had really better sell."

"I cannot afford to sell at present. I cannot afford men to say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet!"

"Be yet! How?"

Baron Levy glanced towards the thick mahogany doors—thick and impervious as should be the doors of statesmen. "Why, you know that, with three words from you, I could produce an effect upon the stocks of three nations, that might give us each a hundred thousand pounds. We would go shares."

"Levy," said Egerton coldly, though a deep blush overspread his face, "you are a scoundrel; that is your look out. I interfere with no man's tastes and consciences. I don't intend to be a scoundrel myself. I have told you that long ago."

The Baron laughed, without evincing the least displeasure.

"Well," said he, "you are neither wise nor complimentary; but you shall have the money. But yet, would it not be better," added Levy, with emphasis, "to borrow it, without interest, of your friend L'Estrange?"

Egerton started as if stung.

"You meant to taunt me, sir!" he exclaimed passionately. "I accept pecuniary favors from Lord L'Estrange! I!"

"Tut, my dear Egerton, I dare say my Lord would not think so ill now of that little act in your life which—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Egerton, writhing. "Hold!"

He stopped, and paced the room, muttering in broken sentences, "To blush before this man! Chastisement, chastisement!"

Levy gazed on him with hard and sinister eyes. The minister turned abruptly.

"Look you, Levy," said he, with forced composure—"you hate me—why, I know not. I have never injured you—never avenged the inexpiable wrong you did me."

"Wrong!—you a man of the world! Wrong! Call it so if you will then," he added shrinkingly, for Audley's brow grew terrible. "But have I not atoned it? Would you ever have lived in this palace, and ruled this country as one of the most influential of its ministers, but for my management—my whispers to the wealthy Miss Leslie? Come, but for me what would you have been—perhaps a beggar?"

"What shall I be now if I live? *Then* I should not have been a beggar; poor perhaps in money, but rich—rich in all that now leaves my life bankrupt. Gold has not thriven with me; how should it. And this fortune—it has passed for the main part into your hands. Be patient, you will have it all ere long. But there is one man in the world who has loved me from a boy, and wo to you if ever he learn that he has the right to despise me!"

"Egerton, my good fellow," said Levy, with great composure, "you need not threaten me, for what interest can I possibly have in tale-telling to Lord L'Estrange? As to hating you—pooh! You snub me in private, you cut me in public, you refuse to come to my dinners, you'll not ask me to your own; still there is no man I like better, nor would more willingly serve. When do you want the £5000?"

"Perhaps in one month, perhaps not for three or four. Let it be ready when required."

"Enough; depend on it. Have you any other commands?"

"None."

"I will take my leave, then. By the by, what do you suppose the Hazeldean rental is worth—net?"

"I don't know, nor care. You have no designs upon *that*, too?"

"Well, I like keeping up family connections. Mr. Frank seems a liberal young gentleman."

Before Egerton could answer, the Baron had glided to the door, and, nodding pleasantly, vanished with that nod.

Egerton remained, standing on his solitary hearth. A drear, single man's room it was, from wall to wall, despite its fretted ceilings and official pomp of Bramah escritoires and red boxes. Drear and cheerless—no trace of woman's habitation—no vestige of intruding, happy children. There stood the austere man alone. And then with a deep sigh he muttered, "Thank heaven, not for long—it will not last long."

Repeating those words, he mechanically locked up his papers, and pressed his hand to his heart for an instant, as if a spasm had shot through it.

"So—I must shun all emotion!" said he, shaking his head gently.

In five minutes more, Audley Egerton was in the streets, his mien erect, and his step firm as ever.

"That man is made of bronze," said a leader of the Opposition to a friend as they rode past the minister. "What would I give for his nerves!"

FOOTNOTES:

[M] Continued from page 692, vol. iv.

From Mr. Kimball's forthcoming "Sequel to St. Leger."

THE STORY OF DR. LINDHORST.

"Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and, after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically devoted to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy; and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them; which he did, without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed, he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science: with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifactions—in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, yet he bore the appearance of a person at least forty years old—"

"But the cause of this strange metamorphose?"

"No one pretends to tell," continued Josephine. "There is a report—and my father, who, I am sure, knows all, does not contradict it—that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time, and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now, possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct from the dearest object of his heart with composure, neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story; the girl, half in

revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover, married him: soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such," continued Josephine Fluellen, "is the story which I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him, he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before."

"But the child?"

"I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of 'The Army of Italy' were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and re-echoing as the columns defiled around the brow of a mountain which shut them from his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, and thinly clad, her hair streaming in the wind, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming, in a tone of agony and terror, 'Wait for me, mamma!' 'Here I am, mamma!' 'Do dot leave me, mamma!' '*Do* wait for me!' Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child's mother.

"'Bless me!' said one of the women, 'if there is not poor little Annette!'

"'We can't take her; that's positive,' cried another.

"'How did she get here?' exclaimed a third.

"'Something must be done,' said a wounded soldier, in a compassionate tone. 'Give her to me; I will carry her in my arms;' and taking the little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

"The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child's mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it, and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier's arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear, to give up the child into the hands of strangers—*her* child. Old scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. It was of course difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Maclorne. I must not show you too much favor at one time; besides, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A DARK DEED OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

I.

In one of the sunniest spots of sunny Tuscany, that favored department of Italy, may still be seen the ruins of a strong, ancient-built castle, or palace, surrounded by extensive grounds now run to waste; and which was, a century or two ago, one of the proudest buildings in that balmy land.

It was on an evening of delicious coolness, there so coveted, that a cavalier issued on horseback from the gates of the castle, which was then at the acme of its pride and strength. Numerous retainers stood on either side by the drawbridge their heads bared to the evening sun, until the

horseman should have passed, but he went forth unattended; and the men resumed their caps, and swung to the drawbridge, as he urged his horse to a quick pace. It was the lord of that stately castle, the young inheritor of the lands of Visinara. His form, tall and graceful, was bent occasionally to the very neck of his horse, in acknowledgment of the homage that was universally paid him, though he sat his steed proudly, as if conscious that such bearing befitted the descendant of one of Italia's noblest families. In years he had numbered scarcely more than a quarter of a century, and yet on his beautiful features might be traced a shade, which told of perplexity or care.

Turning down a narrow and not much frequented way, which branched off from the main road, a mile or two distant from his residence, he urged his horse to a fast pace, and at length came in view of one of those pretty places, partly mansion, partly cottage, and partly temple, at that period to be seen in Italy; but which we *now* meet with rarely save in pictures. Fastening the bridle of his charger to a tree, he walked towards the house, and passing down the colonade, which ran along the south side of it, entered one of the rooms through the open window.

A lady, young and beautiful, sat there alone. She had delicate features, and a fair, open countenance, the complexion of which resembled more that of an English than an Italian one, inasmuch as a fine, transparent color was glowing on the cheeks. The expression of her eyes was mild and sweet, and her hair, of a chestnut brown, fell in curls upon her neck, according to the fashion of the times. She started visibly at sight of the count, and her tongue gave utterance to words, but what she apparently knew not. "So you have returned, signor?"

"At last, Gina," was the count's answer, as he threw his arm around her slender waist, and essayed to draw her affectionately towards him.

"Unhand me, Count di Visinara!" she impetuously exclaimed, sliding from his embrace, and standing apart, her whole form heaving with agitation.

He stood irresolute; aghast at this reception from her, who was his early and dearest love. "Are you out of your senses?" was his exclamation.

"No, but I soon shall be. And I have prayed to Heaven that insanity may fall upon me rather than experience the wretchedness of these last few days."

"My love, my love, what mean you?"

"*My love!* you call *me* your love, Count di Visinara! Be silent, hypocrite! I know you now. Cajoled that I have been in listening to you so long!"

"Gina!"

"And so the honorable Count di Visinara has amused his leisure hours in making love to Gina Montani!" she cried, vehemently. "The lordly chieftain who——"

"Be silent, Gina!" he interrupted. "Before you continue your strange accusations, tell me the origin of them. My love has never wandered from you."

"Yet you are seeking a wife in the heiress of Della Ripa! Ah, Sir Count, your complexion changes now!" Gina Montani was right: the flush of excitement on his face had turned to paleness. "Your long and repeated journeys, for days together, are now explained," she continued. "It was well to tell me business took you from home."

"I have had business to transact with the Prince of Della Ripa," he replied, boldly, recovering his equanimity.

"And to combine business with pleasure," she answered, with a curl of her delicate lip, "you have been wont to linger by the side of his daughter."

"And what though I have sometimes seen the Lady Adelaide?" he rejoined. "I have no love for her."

Gina was silent for awhile, as if struggling with her strong emotion, and then spoke calmly. "My mother has enjoined me, times out of mind, not to suffer your continued visits here, for that you would never marry me. You never will, Giovanni."

"Turn to my own faith, Gina," he exclaimed, with emotion, "and I will marry thee to-morrow."

"They say you are about to marry Adelaide of Della Ripa," she replied, passing by his own words with a gesture.

"They deceive you, Gina."

"*You* deceive me," she answered, passionately; "you, upon whose veracity I would have staked my life. And this is to be my reward!"

"You are like all your sex, Gina—when their jealousy is aroused, good-by to reason; one and all are alike."

"Can you say that in this case my suspicions are unfounded?"

"Gina," he answered, as he once again would have folded her to his heart, "let us not waste the hours in vain recriminations: I have no love for Adelaide of Della Ripa." And, alas! for the

credulity of woman, Gina Montani lent ear once more to his honeyed persuasions, until she deemed them true: and they were again happy together, as of old. But this security was not to last long for her. As the weeks and months flew on, the visits of the count to her mother's house grew few and far between. He made long stays at the territory of Della Ripa, and people told it as a fact, no longer disputable, that he was about to make a bride of the Lady Adelaide.

They had come strangers into Tuscany, the Signora Montani and her daughter, but a year or two before. The signora was in deep grief for the loss of her husband, and they lived the most secluded life, making no acquaintances. They were scarcely known by name or by sight, and, save the Count di Visinara, no visitors were ever found there. The signora was of northern extraction, and of the Reformed faith, and had reared her daughter in the principles of the latter, which of itself would cause them to court seclusion, at that period, in Italy. And the Lord of Visinara, independent and haughty as he was by nature and by position, would no more have dared to take Gina Montani to be his wedded wife, than he would have braved his Mightiness the Pope in St. Peter's chair.

II.

It was on a calm moonlight night, that a closely-wrapped-up form stood in the deep shade of a grove of cypress-trees, within the gates of the Castle of Visinara, anxiously watching. Parties passed and repassed, and the figure stirred not; but now there came one, the very echo of whose footsteps had command in it, and the form advanced stealthily, and glided out of its hiding-place, right upon the path of the Lord of Visinara. He stood still, and faced the intruder. "Who are you—and what do you do here?"

"I came to bid you farewell, my Lord; to wish you joy of your marriage!" And, throwing back the mantle and hood, Gina Montani's fragile form stood out to view.

"You here, Gina!"

"Ay; I have struggled long—long. Pride, resentment, jealousy—I have struggled fiercely with them; but all are forgotten in my unhappy love." He folded her to his heart, as in their happy days. "You depart to-morrow morning on your way to bring home your bride. I have seen your preparations; I have watched the movements of your retainers. No farewell was given me—no word offered of consolation—no last visit vouchsafed." It would seem that he could not gainsay her words, for he made no reply. "Know you how long it is since we met?" she continued; "how long—"

"Reproach me not," he interrupted. "I have suffered more than you, and, for a farewell visit, I did not dare to trust myself."

"And so this is to be the end of your enduring love, that you said was to be mine, and only mine, till death!"

"And before Heaven I spoke the truth. I have never loved—I never shall love but you. Yet, Gina, what would you have me do? I may not speak to you of marriage; and it is necessary to my position that I wed."

"*She* is of your own rank, therefore you have wooed her?"

"And of my own faith. Difference in rank may be overcome; in faith, never."

"Oh that the time had come when God's children shall be all of one mind!" she uttered; "when the same mode of worship, and that a pure one, shall animate us all. In the later ages, this peace may be upon the earth."

"Would to the saints that it were now, Gina; or that you and I had never met."

"What! do *you* wish it?" she contemptuously exclaimed; "you, who voluntarily sever yourself from me?"

"I have acted an honorable part, Gina," he cried, striding to and fro in his agitation.

"*Honorable*, did you say?"

"Ay, honorable. You were growing too dear to me, and I could not speak of marriage to you." There was a long pause. She was standing against one of the cypress-trees, the moon, through an opening above, casting its light upon her pure face, down which were coursing tears of anguish. "So henceforth we must be brother and sister," he whispered.

"Brother and sister," she repeated, in a moaning voice, pressing the cold tree against her aching temples.

"After awhile, Gina, when time shall have tamed our feelings down. Until then, we may not meet."

"Not meet!" she exclaimed, startled by the words into sudden pain. "Will you never come to see us? Shall we never be together again—like brother and sister, as you have just said?"

"Nay, Gina, I must not do so great wrong to the Lady Adelaide."

"So great wrong!" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Not real wrong, I am aware. But I shall undertake at the altar to love and cherish her; and though I cannot do the one, I will the other. Knowing this, it is incumbent on me to be doubly careful of her feelings."

"I see, I see," interrupted the young lady, indignantly; "*her* feelings must be respected whilst mine—Farewell, Giovanni."

"One word yet, Gina," he said, detaining her. "You will probably hear of me much—foremost in the chase, gayest in the ballroom, last at the banquet—the gay, fortunate Lord of Visinara; and when you do so, remember that that gay lord wears about him a secret chain, suspected by and known to none—a chain, some links of which will remain entwined around his heart to his dying day, though the gilding that made it precious must from this time moulder away. Know you what the chain is, Gina?"

The suffocating sobs were rising in her throat, and she made no answer.

"*His love for you*. Fare thee well, my dearest and best. Nay, another instant; it is our last embrace in this world."

III.

It was a princely cavalcade that bore the heiress of Della Ripa to her new territories, and all eyes looked out upon it. The armor of the warlike retainers of the house of Visinara sparkled in the sun, and the more peaceful servitors were attired with a gorgeousness that would have done honor to an Eastern clime. The old Prince of Della Ripa, than whom one more fierce and brave never existed in all Italy, had that morning given his daughter's hand to Giovanni of Visinara; and as she neared the castle that was henceforth to be her home, every point from which a view of the procession could be obtained was seized upon.

"By my patron saint, but it is a goodly sight!" exclaimed one of a group of maidens, gathered at a window beneath which the bridal cavalcade was prancing. "Only look at Master Pietro, the seneschal."

"And at the steel points of the halberds,—how they shine in the crimson of the setting sun."

"Nay, rather look at these lovely dames that follow—the Lady Adelaide's tire-women. By the sacred relics! if her beauty exceed that of her maidens, it must be rare to look upon. See the gold and purple of their palfreys' horsecloths waving in the air."

"Hist! hist! it is the Count of Visinara in his emblazoned carriage! How haughtily he sits; but the Visinara is a haughty race. And—yes—see—by his side—oh, how lovely! Signora Montani, look! That face might win a kingdom."

Gina Montani, who stood in the corner of the lattice, shielded from view by its massive frame, may possibly have heard, but she answered not.

"Say what you will of his pride, he is the handsomest man that ever lived," exclaimed a damsel, enthusiastically. "Look at him as he sits there now—he rides bareheaded, his plumed cap resting on his knee—where will you find such a face and form as that!"

"What is *she* like?" interrupted an old duenna, snappishly, who, standing behind, could not as yet obtain a view of the coveted sight; "we know enough of his looks, let us hear something of hers. But you girls are ever the same: if a troop of sister angels came down from heaven, headed by the Virgin Mother herself, and a graceless cavalier appeared at the other side, you would turn your backs to the angels and your eyes upon Beatrice. Is she as handsome as the young Lady Beatrice, the count's sister, who married away a year agone?"

"Oh, mother, she is not like her. Beatrice of Visinara had a warm countenance, with eyes black as the darkest night, and brilliant as a diamond aigrette."

"And are the wife's not black," screamed out the duenna. "They ought to be; her blood is pure Italian."

"They are blue as heaven's sky, and her face is dazzling to behold from its extreme fairness, and her golden hair droops in curls almost to her waist—it is a band of diamonds, you see, that confines it from the temples. But you can see her now, mother; remember you one half so lovely?"

"*Dio mio!*" uttered the woman, startled at the beautiful vision that now came within her sight; "the Lord of Visinara has not sacrificed his liberty for nothing."

"Mark you her rich white dress, mother, with its corsage of diamonds, and the sleeves looped up to the elbow with lace and jewels? And over it, nearly hiding her fair neck, is a mantle of blue velvet, clasped by a diamond star. And see, she is taking her glove off, and her hand is raised to her cheek—small and delicate it is too, as befitteth her rank and beauty. And—look!—he lays his own upon it as she drops it, but she would draw it from him to replace the glove. Now he bends to speak to her, and she steals a glance at him with her blushing cheeks and her eye full of love. And now he is bowing to the people—hark how they shout, 'Long life to the Lady Adelaide—long life and happiness to the Count and Countess of Visinara!'"

"She is very beautiful, Bianca; but—"

"Ay, what, you are a reader of countenances, *madra mia*; what see you there?"

"That she is proud and self-willed. And woe be to any who may hereafter look upon her handsome husband with an eye of favor, for she loves him."

"Can there be a doubt of that?" echoed Bianca; "has she not married him? And look at his attractions: see this goodly lot of cavaliers speeding on to join his banquet; can any there compare with him?"

"Chi é stracco di bonaccie, si mariti," answered the lady; "and have you, Bianca, yet to learn that the comeliest mates oftentimes bring any thing but love to the altar?"

Bianca made a grimace, as if she doubted. "It will come sure enough, then," she said aloud; "for none could be brought into daily contact with one so attractive and not learn to love him."

"And who should this be in a holy habit, following the bridal equipage on his mule? Surely the spiritual director of the Lady Adelaide—the Father Anselmo it must be, that we have heard speak of. A faithful man, but stern, it is told; and so his countenance would betray. Bend your heads in reverend meekness, my children, the holy man is bestowing his blessings."

"How savage I should be if I were the Lady Beatrice, not to be able to come to the wedding after all," broke in the giddy Bianca. "She reckoned fully upon it, too, they say, and had caused her dress for the ceremony to be prepared—one to rival the bride's in splendor."

"She has enough to do with her newly-born infant," mumbled the good duenna. "Gayety first, care afterwards; a christening usually follows a wedding. Come, girls, there's nothing more to see."

"Nay, mother mine, some of these dames that follow lack not beauty."

"Pish!" uttered a fair young girl who had hitherto been silent; "it would be waste of time to look at their faces after the Lady Adelaide's." [Pg 114]

"Who is that going away? The Signora Montani? Why, it has not all passed, signora. She is gone, I declare! What a curious girl she seems, that."

"Do you know what they say?" cried little Lisa, Bianca's cousin.

"What do they say?"

"That her mother is a descendant of those dreadful people over the sea, who have no religion, the heretics."

The pious duenna boxed her niece's ears.

"You sinful little monkey, to utter such heresy!" she cried, when anger allowed her to speak.

"So they do say so!" sobbed the young lady, dancing about with the passion she dared not otherwise vent. "And people *do* say," she continued, out of bravado, and smarting under the pain, "that they are heretics themselves, or else why do they never come to mass?"

"The old Signora Montani is bedridden; how could she get to mass?" laughed Bianca.

"Don't answer her, Bianca. If she says such a thing here again—if she insinuates that the Signora Gina, knowing herself to be in such league with the Evil One, would dare to put her head inside a faithful house such as this, I will cause her to do public penance—the wicked little calumniator!" concluded the good duenna, adding a few finishing strokes upon Lisa's ears.

III.

Long lasted the bridal banquet, and merrily it sped. Ere its conclusion, and when the hours were drawing towards midnight, the young Lady Adelaide, attended by her maidens, was conducted to her dressing-chamber, according to the custom of the times and of the country. She sat down in front of a large mirror whilst they disrobed her. They took the circlet of diamonds from her head, the jewels from her neck and arms, and the elegant bridal dress was carefully removed; and there she sat, in a dressing-robe of cambric and lace, while they brushed out and braided her beautiful hair. As they were thus engaged, the lady's eyes ran round and round the costly chamber. The furniture and appurtenances were of the most *recherché* description. One article in particular attracted her admiration. It was a small, but costly cabinet of malachite marble, exquisitely mounted in silver, and had been a present to the count from a Russian despot. In the inner part was fixed a mirror, encircled by a large frame of silver, and on the projecting slab stood open essence-bottles of pure crystal, in silver frames, emitting various perfumes. As she continued to look at this novelty—the marble called malachite was even more rare and costly in those days than it is in ours—she perceived, lying by the side of the scent-bottles, a piece of folded paper, and, wondering what it could be, she desired one of the ladies to bring it to her. It proved to be a sealed letter, and was addressed to herself. The conscious blush of love rose to her cheeks, for she deemed it was some communication or present from her husband. She opened it, and the contents instantly caught her eye, in the soft, pure light which the lamps shed over the apartment:

"*To the Lady Adelaide, Countess of Visinara.*

> "You fancy yourself the beloved of Giovanni, Count of Visinara, but retire not to your rest this night, lady, in any such vain imagining. The heart of the count has long been given to another, and you know, by your love for him, that such passion can never change its object. Had he met you in earlier life, it might have been otherwise. He marries you, for your lineage is a high one, and she, in the world's eye and in that of his own haughty race, was no fit mate for him."

The bridegroom was still at the banquet, for some of his guests drank deeply, when a hasty summons came to him. Quitting the hall, he found, standing outside, two of his bride's attendants.

"Sir Count, the Lady Adelaide—"

"Has retired?" he observed, finding they hesitated, yet feeling somewhat surprised at so speedy a summons.

"Nay, signor, not retired, but—"

"But what? Speak out."

"We were disrobing the Lady Adelaide, Sir Count, when she saw in the chamber a note addressed to her. And—and—she read it, and fainted, in spite of the essence we poured on her hands and brow."

"A note!—fainted!" ejaculated the count.

"It was an insulting letter, signor; for Irene, the youngest of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, read the first line or two of it aloud, before we could prevent her, it having fallen, open, on the floor. Our lady is yet insensible, and the Signora Lucrezia desired us to acquaint you, my lord."

Without another word he turned from them, and passing through the various corridors, entered the dressing-chamber. The Lady Adelaide was still motionless, but a faint coloring had begun to appear in her face. "What is this, signora?" demanded the count of the chief attendant, Lucrezia.

"It must be owing to this letter, my lord, which was waiting for her on the cabinet," was the lady's reply, holding out the open note. "The Lady Adelaide fainted whilst she was perusing it."

"Fold it up," interrupted the count, "and replace it there." Lucrezia did as she was bid. "You may now go," said Giovanni to the attendants, advancing to support his bride. "When the countess has need of you, you shall be summoned."

"You have read that letter?" were the first connected words of the Lady Adelaide.

"Nay, my love, surely not, without your permission. Will you that I read it?"

She motioned in the affirmative.

"A guilty, glowing color came over his face as he read. Who could have written it? That it alluded to Gina Montani there was no doubt. Who *could* have sent it? He felt convinced that she had no act or part in so dishonorable a trick—yet what may not be expected from a jealous woman? Now came his trial.

"Was it not enough to make me ill?" demanded Adelaide.

He stammered something. He was not yet sufficiently collected to speak connectedly.

"Giovanni," she exclaimed, passionately, "deceive me not. Tell me what I have to fear: how much of your love is left for me—if any."

He tried to soothe her. He told her an enemy must have done this; and he mentioned Gina Montani, though not by name. He said that he had sometimes visited her house, but not to love; and that the letter must allude to this.

"You *say* you did not love her!" she cried, resentment in her tone, as she listened to the tale.

He hesitated a single second; but, he reasoned to himself, he ought at all risks to lull her suspicions—it was his duty. So he replied firmly, though the flush of shame rose to his brow, for he deemed a falsehood dishonorable. "In truth I did not. My love is yours, Adelaide."

"Why did you visit her?"

"I can hardly tell you. I hardly know myself: want of thought—or of occupation, probably."

"You surely did not wrong her?" was the next whispered question, as she turned her face from him.

"Wrong *her!* Had you known her, you could not have admitted the possibility of the idea," he answered, resentment in his tone now. "She has been carefully reared, and is as innocent as you are."

"Who is she?—what is her name?"

"Adelaide, let us rather forget the subject. I have told you I loved her not: and I should not have mentioned this at all, but that I can think of nothing else to which that diabolical letter can have alluded. Believe me, my own wife"—and he drew her to his bosom as he spoke—"that I have not

done you so great an injury as to marry where I did not love."

"Oh," she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and extricating herself from him, "that this cruel news had not been given me!"

"My love, be comforted—be convinced. I tell you it is a false letter."

"How can I know it is false?" she lamented—"how can you prove it to me?"

"Adelaide, I can but tell you so now: the future and my conduct must prove it."

"Giovanni," she continued vehemently, and half sinking on her knees before him, "deceive me not. If there be aught of truth in this accusation, let me depart. I am your wife but in name: a slight ceremony only has passed between us, and we both know how readily, with such influence as ours, the Church at Rome would dissolve that. Suffer me to depart ere I shall be indeed your wife."

"Adelaide," he replied mournfully, as he held her, "I thought you loved me."

"I do—I do. None, save God, know how passionately. My very life is bound up in yours; but it is because I so love you, that I could not brook a rival. Let me know the truth at once—even though it be the worst; for should I trust to you now, and find afterwards that I had been deceived, it would be most unhappy for both of us. My whole affection would be turned to hate; and not only would my own existence be wretched, but I should render yours so."

"You have no rival, Adelaide. You never shall have one."

"I mean not a rival in the vulgar acceptation of the term," she replied, a shade of haughtiness mixing with her tone—"but one in your heart—your mind—this I could not bear."

"Adelaide, hear me. Some enemy, wishing to do me a foul injury, has thrust himself between us; but, rely on it, they are but false cowards who stab in the dark. I have sought you these many months; I have striven to gain your love; I have now made you mine. Why should I have done this had my affections been another's? Talk not of separation, Adelaide." She burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "Adelaide," he whispered, as he fondly clasped her to his heart, "believe that I love you; believe that you have no rival, and that I will give you none. I have made you my wife—the wife of my bosom: you are, and ever shall be, my only love."

Sweet words! And the Lady Adelaide suffered her disturbed mind to yield to them, resolutely thrusting away the dreadful thought that the heart of her attractive husband could ever have been given to another.

V.

Months elapsed, and the Lady Adelaide was the happiest of the happy, although now and again the remembrance of that anonymous letter would dart before her mind, like a dream. That most rare felicity was, indeed, hers, of passionately idolizing one from whom she need never be separated by night or by day. But how was it with him? Love is almost the only passion which cannot be called forth or turned aside at will, and though the Count di Visinara treated his wife in all respects, and ever would, with the most cautious attention, his heart was still true to Gina Montani. But now the Count had to leave home; business called him forth; and to remain away fifteen days. In those earlier times women could not accompany their lords every where, as they may in these; and when Giovanni rode away from his castle gates, the Lady Adelaide sank in solitude upon the arm of one of her costly sofas, all rich with brocaded velvet; and though not a tear dimmed her eye, or a line of pain marked her forehead, to tell of suppressed feelings, it seemed to her that her heart was breaking. It was on the morrow, news was brought to the countess that one craved admission to her—a maiden, young and beautiful, the servitor said; and the Lady Adelaide ordered her to be admitted. Young and beautiful indeed, and so she looked, as, with downcast eyes, the visitor was ushered in—*you* know her, reader, though the Lady Adelaide did not. She began to stammer out an incoherent explanation; that news had reached her of the retirement of one of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, and of her wish to fill the vacant place. "What is your name?" inquired the countess, already taken, as the young are apt to be, with the prepossessing manners and appearance of her visitor.

"Signora, it is Gina Montani."

"And in whose household have you resided?"

A deep shade rose to Gina's face. "Madam, I am a stranger as yet to servitude. I was not reared to expect such. But my mother is dead, and I am now alone in the world. I have heard much, too, of the Countess of Visinara's gentleness and worth, and should wish to serve her."

Some further conversation, a few preliminary arrangements, and Gina Montani was installed at the castle as one of the countess's maids in waiting: a somewhat contradistinctive term, be it understood, to a *waiting-maid*, these attendants of high-born gentle-women being then made, in a great degree, their companions. Gina speedily rose in favor. Her manners were elegant and unassuming, and there was a sadness about her which, coupled with her great beauty, rendered her eminently interesting.

VI.

The Lady Adelaide stood at the eastern window of the Purple Room—so called from its magnificent hangings—watching eagerly for the appearance of her husband, it being the day and hour of his expected return. So had she stood since the morning. Ah! what pleasure is there in this world like that of watching for a beloved one! At the opposite end of the apartment were her ladies, engaged upon some fancy work, in those times violently in vogue, like that eternal knitting or crotchet-work is in ours. "Come hither, Lucrezia," said the lady, at length. "Discern you yon trees—groups of them scattered about, and through which an occasional glimpse of the highway may be distinguished? Nay, not there; far, far away in the distance. See you aught?"

"Nothing but the road, my lady. And yet, now I look attentively, there seems to be a movement, as of a body of horsemen, Ah! now there is an open space, and they are more distinct. It should be the count, madam, and his followers."

"I think it is, Lucrezia," said the Lady Adelaide, calmly, not suffering her emotion to appear in the presence of her maidens, for that haughty girl brooked not that others should read her deep love for Giovanni. "You may return to your embroidery."

The Count di Visinara rode at a sharp trot towards his home, followed by his retainers; but when he discerned the form of his wife at the window, he quickened the pace to a gallop, after taking off his plumed cap, and waving his hand towards her in the distance. She pressed her heart to still its throbbing, and waited his approach.

She heard him rattle over the drawbridge, and was turning to leave the apartment to welcome him home, when he entered, so great haste had he made. Without observing that she was not alone, he advanced, and, throwing his arms round her, drew aside her fair golden curls, and kissed her repeatedly, like many a man possessed of a lovely wife will kiss, though his love may be far away from her. But she shrank from his embrace, the glowing crimson overspreading her face; and then the count turned and saw they were not alone. At the extreme end of the apartment, out of hearing, but within sight, were the damsels seated over their embroidery. "Gina," murmured one of the girls, still pursuing her work, "what has made you turn so pale? You are as white as Juliette's dress."

"Is the Signora Montani ill?" demanded Lucrezia, sharply, for she liked not Gina.

"A sudden pain—a spasm in my side," gasped Gina. "It is over now."

"Is he not an attractive man?" whispered another of the ladies in Gina's ear.

"He?"

"The Count di Visinara: *you* never saw him before. They are well matched for beauty, he and the Lady Adelaide."

"Pray attend to your work, and let this gossiping cease," exclaimed Lucrezia, angrily.

Giovanni and his wife remained at the window, with their backs towards the damsels. She suffered her hand to remain in his—they could not see *that*—and conversed with him in a confidential tone. Then she began chattering to him of her new attendant, telling how lovely she was, when a servant entered and announced the mid-day meal.

"Now you shall see my favorite," she exclaimed, as he took her hand to conduct her to the banquet-hall. "I will stop as I pass them, to look at their work, and you shall tell me if you do not think her very beautiful."

"Scarcely, Adelaide, when beside you."

"She is about my age," ran on Adelaide, whose spirits were raised to exuberance. But it had never entered the mind of that haughty lady to imagine the possibility of the Lord of Visinara, *her husband*, looking upon an attendant of hers with an eye of real admiration; or she might not have discussed their personal merits.

"How do you get on with the work, Lucrezia?" demanded the Lady Adelaide, stopping close to her attendants.

"Favorably, madam," answered the signora, rising from her seat.

"That is a beautiful part that you are engaged upon, Gina. Bring it forward, that we may exhibit our handiwork."

Gina Montani, without raising her eyes, and trembling inwardly and outwardly, rose, and advanced with the embroidery. The Signora Lucrezia eyed her, covertly.

"Is it not a handsome pattern?" exclaimed Adelaide, her thoughts now really occupied with the beauty of the work. "And I was so industrious while you were away, Giovanni. I did a good portion of this myself—I did, indeed; all the shadings of the rosebuds are my doing, and those interlaces of silver."

The Lady Adelaide stopped, for, on looking to his face for approbation, she was startled by the frightful pallor which had overspread it. "Oh, Giovanni, you are ill!—my husband, what is it? Giovanni—"

"It is nothing," interrupted the count, leading her hurriedly from the room. "I rode hard, and the

sun was hot. A cup of wine will restore me."

But not less awake to this emotion of the count's than she had been to Gina's, was the Signora Lucrezia, and she came to the conclusion that there was some unaccountable mystery at the bottom of it, which she determined to do all in her power to find out.

VII.

Days passed. The count had not yet seen Gina alone, though he had sought for the opportunity; but one morning when he entered the Lady Adelaide's embroidery room—so called—Gina sat there alone, sorting silks. He did not observe her at the first moment, and, being in search of his wife, called to her, "Adelaide!"

"The Lady Adelaide is not here, signor," was Gina's reply, as she rose from her seat.

"Gina," he said, advancing cautiously, and speaking in an under tone, "what in the name of all the saints brought you here—an inmate of my castle—the attendant of the Lady Adelaide?"

"You shall hear the truth," she gasped, leaning against the wall for support. "I have lived long, these many months, in my dreary home, unseeing you, uncared for, knowing only that you were happy with another. Giovanni, can you picture what I endured? My mother died—you may have heard of it—and her relations sent for me into their distant country, and would have comforted me; but I remained on alone to be near you. I struggled much with my unhappy passion. My very soul was wearing away with despair. I would see you pass sometimes at a distance with your retainers—and that was heaven to me. Then came a thought into my mind; I wrestled with it, and would have driven it away—but there it was, ever urging me; it may be that my better angel sent it there; it may be that the Evil One, who is ever tempting us for ill, drove it on."

"What mean you?" he inquired.

"It suggested," she continued in a low voice, "that if but to see you at a distance, and at rare intervals, could almost compensate for my life of misery, what bliss would be mine were I living under the roof of your own castle, liable to see you any hour of the day; hence you find me numbered amongst your wife's waiting-maids. And blame me not, Giovanni," she hastily concluded, seeing him about to interrupt her; "you are the cause of all, for you sought and gained my love; and such love! I think none can have ever known such. And yet I must suppress this love. The fiercest jealousy of the Lady Adelaide rages in my heart—and yet I must suppress it! Giovanni, you have brought this anguish upon me; so blame me not."

"It is a dangerous proceeding, Gina. I was becoming reconciled to our separation; but now—it will be dangerous for both of us."

"Ay," she answered, bitterly, "you had all. Friends, revelry, a wife of rare beauty, the chase, the bustle of an immense household—in short, what had you not to aid your mental struggles? I but my home of solitude, and the jealous pictures, self, but ever inflicted, of your happiness with the Lady Adelaide."

"I still love but you, Gina," he repeated, "but I will be honorable to *her*, and must show it not."

"Do I ask you to show it? or think you I would permit it?" she replied quickly; "no, no; I did not come here to sow discord in your household. Suffer me to live on unnoticed as of these last few days, but, oh! drive me not away from you."

"Believe me, Gina, this will never do. I mistrust my own powers of endurance; ay, and of concealment."

"You can think of me but as the waiting-maid of your lady," she interrupted, in a tone of bitterness. "In time you will really regard me as such."

"There would be another obstacle, Gina," he returned, sinking his voice to a lower tone, as if fearful even to mention the subject—"how can you live in my household, and not conform to the usages of our faith? You know that yours must never be suspected."

"Trust to me to manage all," she reiterated; "but send me not away from you."

"Be it so, Gina," he observed, after reflection; "you deserve more sacrifice on my part than this. But all confidence must cease between us: from this time we are to each other as strangers."

"Even so," she acquiesced. "Yet if you deem my enduring affection deserves requital, give me at times a look as of old; a smile, unperceived by others, but acknowledged by, and too dear to, my own heart. It will be a token that you have not driven away all remembrance of our once youthful love, though it is at an end for ever."

He took her hand and clasped it tenderly, but the next moment he almost flung it from him, and had turned and quitted the room. Gina burst into a violent fit of weeping, and slowly retreated to seek the solitude of her chamber.

Scarcely had the echo of her footsteps died away in the gallery, when the door of a closet appertaining to the room was cautiously pushed open, and out stepped the Signora Lucrezia, her eyes and mouth wide open, and her hair standing on end.

"May all the saints reject me if ever I met with such a plot as this!" she ejaculated. "I knew there was something going on underneath, but the deuce himself would never have suspected this. So the innocent-faced madam has not been winding herself round the Lady Adelaide for nothing—the she-wolf in sheep's petticoats! Something was said, too, that I could not catch, about her irreligion. The hypocrite dare not go to confession, probably, and so keeps away. The letter of the wedding night is explained now, and that changing, as they both did, to the hue of a mort-cloth at sight of each other. May I die unabsolved if so sly a conspiracy ever came up. However, I shall not interfere yet awhile. Let my baby-mistress look out for herself: she has not pleased me of late, showering down marks of favor upon this false jade. *Her* rival! if she did but know it! I'll keep my eyes and ears open. Two lovers cannot live for ever under the same roof without betraying their secret; and there will be an explosion some day, or my name is not Lucrezia Andrini."

From Household Words

A FASHIONABLE FORGER.

I am an attorney and a bill discounter. As it is my vocation to lend money at high interest to extravagant people, my connection principally lies among "fools," sometimes among rogues "of quality." Mine is a pursuit which a prejudiced world either holds in sovereign contempt, or visits with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but to my mind, there are many callings, with finer names, that are no better. It gives me two things which I love—money and power; but I cannot deny that it brings with it a bad name. The case lies between character and money, and involves a matter of taste. Some people like character; I prefer money. If I am hated and despised, I chuckle over the "per contra." I find it pleasant for members of a proud aristocracy to condescend from their high estate to fawn, feign, flatter; to affect even mirthful familiarity in order to gain my good-will. I am no Shylock. No client can accuse me of desiring either his flesh or his blood. Sentimental vengeance is no item in my stock in trade. Gold and bank-notes satisfy my "rage;" or, if need be, a good mortgage. Far from seeking revenge, the worst defaulter I ever had dealings with cannot deny that I am always willing to accept a good post-obit.

I say again, I am daily brought in contact with all ranks of society, from the poverty-stricken patentee to the peer; and I am no more surprised at receiving an application from a duchess than from a pet opera-dancer. In my ante-room wait, at this moment, a crowd of borrowers. Among the men, beardless folly and mustachioed craft are most prominent: there is a handsome young fellow, with an elaborate cane and wonderfully vacant countenance, who is anticipating, in feeble follies, an estate that has been in the possession of his ancestors since the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is a hairy, high-nosed, broken-down nondescript, in appearance something between a horse-dealer and a pugilist. He is an old Etonian. Five years ago he drove his four-in-hand; he is now waiting to beg a sovereign, having been just discharged from the Insolvent Court, for the second time. Among the women, a pretty actress, who, a few years since, looked forward to a supper of steak and onions, with bottled stout, on a Saturday night, as a great treat, now finds one hundred pounds a month insufficient to pay her wine-merchant and her confectioner. I am obliged to deal with each case according to its peculiarities. Genuine undeserved Ruin seldom knocks at my door. Mine is a perpetual battle with people who imbibe trickery at the same rate as they dissolve their fortunes. I am a hard man, of course. I should not be fit for my pursuit if I were not; but when, by a remote chance, honest misfortune pays me a visit, as Rothschilds amused himself at times by giving a beggar a guinea, so I occasionally treat myself to the luxury of doing a kind action. My favorite subjects for this unnatural generosity, are the very young, or the poor, innocent, helpless people, who are unfit for the war of life. Many among my clients (especially those tempered in the "ice-book" of fashion and high-life—polished and passionless) would be too much for me, if I had not made the face, the eye, the accent, as much my study as the mere legal and financial points of discount. To show what I mean, I will relate what happened to me not long since:—

One day, a middle-aged man, in the usual costume of a West-End shopman, who had sent in his name as Mr. Axminster, was shown into my private room. After a little hesitation, he said, "Although you do not know me, living at this end of the town, I know you very well by reputation, and that you discount bills. I have a bill here which I want to get discounted. I am in the employ of Messrs. Russle and Smooth. The bill is drawn by one of our best customers, the Hon. Miss Snape, niece of Lord Blimley, and accepted by Major Munge; whom, no doubt, you know by name. She has dealt with us for some years, is very, very extravagant; but always pays." He put the acceptance—which was for two hundred pounds—into my hands.

I looked at it as scrutinizingly as I usually do at such paper. The Major's signature was familiar to me; but having succeeded to a great estate, he has long ceased to be a customer. I instantly detected a forgery; by whom? was the question. Could it be the man before me? experience told me it was not. Perhaps there was something in the expression of my countenance which Mr. Axminster did not like, for he said, "It is good for the amount, I presume?"

I replied, "Pray, sir, from whom did you get this bill?"

"From Miss Snape herself."

"Have you circulated any other bills made by the same drawer?"

"O yes!" said the draper, without hesitation; "I have paid away a bill for one hundred pounds to Mr. Sparkle, the jeweller, to whom Miss Snape owed twenty pounds. They gave me the difference."

"And how long has that bill to run now?"

"About a fortnight."

"Did you endorse it?"

"I did; Mr. Sparkle required me to do so, to show that the bill came properly into his possession."

"This second bill, you say, is urgently required to enable Miss Snape to leave town?"

"Yes; she is going to Brighton for the winter."

I gave Mr. Axminster a steady, piercing look of inquiry. "Pray, sir," I said, "could you meet that one hundred pounds bill, supposing it could not be paid by the acceptor?"

"Meet it?" The poor fellow wiped from his forehead the perspiration which suddenly broke out at the bare hint of a probability that the bill would be dishonored: "Meet it? O no! I am a married man, with a family, and have nothing but my salary to depend on."

"Then the sooner you get it taken up, and the less you have to do with Miss Snape's bill affairs, the better."

"She has always been punctual hitherto."

"That may be." I pointed to the cross-writing on the document, and said deliberately—"*This* bill is a forgery!"

At these words the poor man turned pale. He snatched up the document; and, with many incoherent protestations, was rushing toward the door, when I called to him, in an authoritative tone, to stop. He paused. His manner indicating not only doubt, but fear. I said to him, "Don't flurry yourself; I only want to serve you. You tell me that you are a married man with children, dependent on daily labor for daily bread; and that you have done a little discounting for Miss Snape out of your earnings. Now, although I am a bill discounter, I don't like to see such men victimized. Look at the body of this bill: look at the signature of your lady customer, the drawer. Don't you detect the same fine, thin, sharp-pointed handwriting in the words, 'Accepted, Dymmock Munge.'" The man, convinced against his will, was at first overcome. When he recovered, he raved: he would expose the Honorable Miss Snape, if it cost him his bread: he would go at once to the police office. I stopped him, by saying roughly, "Don't be a fool. Any such steps would seal your ruin. Take my advice; return the bill to the lady, saying simply that you cannot get it discounted. Leave the rest to me, and I think the bill you have endorsed to Sparkle will be paid." Comforted by this assurance, Axminster, fearfully changed from the nervous, but smug hopeful man of the morning, departed. It now remained for me to exert what skill I own, to bring about the desired result. I lost no time in writing a letter to the Honorable Miss Snape, of which the following is a copy:

> "Madam: A bill, purporting to be drawn by you, has been offered to me for discount. There is something wrong about it; and, though a stranger to you, I advise you to lose no time in getting it back into your own hands.—D. D."

I intended to deal with the affair quietly, and without any view to profit. The fact is, that I was sorry—you may laugh—but I really *was* sorry to think that a young girl might have given way to temptation under pressure of pecuniary difficulties. If it had been a man's case, I doubt whether I should have interfered. By the return of post, a lady's maid entered my room, profusely decorated with ringlets, lace, and perfumed with *patchouli.* She brought a letter from her mistress. It ran thus:

> "*Sir*—I cannot sufficiently express my thanks for your kindness in writing to me on the subject of the bills; of which I had also heard a few hours previously. As a perfect *stranger* to you, I cannot estimate your kind consideration at too high a value. I trust the matter will be explained; but I should much like to see you. If you would be kind enough to write a note as soon as you receive this, I will order it to be sent to me at once to Tyburn Square. I will wait on you at any hour on Friday you may appoint. I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that you transact business for my friend Sir John Markham, and you will therefore know the inclosed to be his handwriting. Again thanking you most gratefully, allow me to remain your much and deeply obliged,
>
> "Juliana Snape."

This note was written upon delicate French paper, embossed with a coat of arms. It was in a fancy envelope: the whole richly perfumed, and redolent of rank and fashion. Its contents were an implied confession of forgery. Silence, or three lines of indignation, would have been the only innocent answer to my letter. But Miss Snape thanked me. She let me know, by implication, that she was on intimate terms with a name good on a Westend bill. My answer was, that I should be alone on the following afternoon at five.

At the hour fixed, punctual to a moment, a brougham drew up at the corner of the street next to my chambers. The Honorable Miss Snape's card was handed in. Presently, she entered, swimming into my room, richly yet simply dressed in the extreme of Parisian good taste. She was pale—or rather colorless. She had fair hair, fine teeth, and a fashionable voice. She threw herself gracefully into the chair I handed to her, and began by uncoiling a string of phrases, to the effect that her visit was merely to consult me on "unavoidable pecuniary difficulties."

According to my mode, I allowed her to talk; putting in only an occasional word of question, that seemed rather a random observation than a significant query. At length, after walking round and round the subject, like a timid horse in a field, around a groom with a sieve of oats, she came nearer and nearer the subject. When she had fairly approached the point, she stopped, as if her courage had failed her. But she soon recovered, and observed: "I cannot think why you should take the trouble to write so to me, a perfect stranger." Another pause—"I wonder no one ever suspected me before."

Here was a confession and a key to character. The cold gray eye, the thin compressed lips, winch I had had time to observe, were true indexes to the "lady's inner heart:"—selfish, calculating, utterly devoid of conscience; unable to conceive the existence of spontaneous kindness; utterly indifferent to any thing except discovery; and almost indifferent to that, because convinced that no serious consequences could affect a lady of her rank and influence.

"Madam," I replied, "as long as you dealt with tradesmen accustomed to depend on aristocratic customers, your rank and position, and their large profits, protected you from suspicion; but you have made a mistake in descending from your vantage ground to make a poor shopman your innocent accomplice—a man who will be keenly alive to any thing that may injure his wife or children. His terrors—but for my interposition—would have ruined you utterly. Tell me, how many of these things have you put afloat?"

She seemed a little taken aback by this speech, but was wonderfully firm. She passed her white, jewelled hand over her eyes, seemed calculating, and then whispered, with a confiding look of innocent helplessness, admirably assumed, "About as many as amount to twelve hundred pounds."

"And what means have you for meeting them?"

At this question, so plainly put, her face flushed. She half rose from her chair, and exclaimed, in the true tone of aristocratic *hauteur*—"Really, sir, I do not know what right you have to ask me that question."

I laughed a little, though not very loud. It was rude, I own; but who could have helped it? I replied, speaking low; but slowly and distinctly:—"You forget. I did not send for you: you came to me. You have forged bills to the amount of twelve hundred pounds. Yours is not the case of a ruined merchant, or an ignorant over-tempted clerk. In your case a jury" (she shuddered at that word) "would find no extenuating circumstances; and if you should fall into the hands of justice, you will be convicted, degraded, clothed in a prison dress, and transported for life. I do not want to speak harshly; but I insist that you find means to take up the bill which Mr. Axminster has so unwittingly endorsed!"

The Honorable Miss Snape's grand manner melted away. She wept. She seized and pressed my hand. She cast up her eyes, full of tears, and went through the part of a repentant victim with great fervor. She would do any thing; any thing in the world to save the poor man. Indeed, she had intended to appropriate part of the two hundred pound bill to that purpose. She forgot her first statement, that she wanted the money to go out of town. Without interrupting, I let her go on and degrade herself by a simulated passion of repentance, regret, and thankfulness to me, under which she hid her fear and her mortification at being detected. I at length put an end to a scene of admirable acting, by recommending her to go abroad immediately, to place herself out of reach of any sudden discovery; and then lay her case fully before her friends, who would, no doubt, feel bound to come forward with the full amount of the forged bills. "But," she exclaimed, with an entreating air, "I have no money; I cannot go without money!" To that observation I did not respond; although I am sure she expected that I should, check-book in hand, offer her a loan. I do not say so without reason; for, the very next week, this honorable young lady came again; and, with sublime assurance and a number of very charming, winning speeches (which might have had their effect upon a younger man), asked me to lend her one hundred pounds, in order that she might take the advice I had so obligingly given her, and retire into private life for a certain time in the country. I do meet with a great many impudent people in the course of my calling—I am not very deficient in assurance myself—but this actually took away my breath.

"Really, madam," I answered, "you pay a very ill compliment to my gray hairs; and would fain make me a very ill return for the service I have done you, when you ask me to lend a hundred pounds to a young lady who owns to having forged to the extent of one thousand two hundred pounds, and to owing eight hundred pounds besides. I wished to save a personage of your years and position from a disgraceful career; but I am too good a trustee for my children to lend money to any body in such a dangerous position as yourself."

"Oh!" she answered, quite unabashed, without a trace of the fearful, tender pleading of the previous week's interview—quite as if I had been an accomplice, "I can give you excellent security."

"That alters the case; I can lend any amount on good security."

"Well, sir, I can get the acceptance of three friends of ample means."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Snape, that you will write down the names of three parties who will accept a bill for one hundred pounds for you?"

Yes, she could, and did actually write down the names of three distinguished men. Now I knew for certain, that not one of those noblemen would have put his name to a bill on any account whatever for his dearest friend; but, in her unabashed self-confidence, she thought of passing another forgery *on me*. I closed the conference by saying "I cannot assist you;" and she retired with the air of an injured person. In the course of a few days, I heard from Mr. Axminster, that his liability of one hundred pounds had been duly honored.

In my active and exciting life, one day extinguishes the recollection of the events of the preceding day; and, for a time, I thought no more about the fashionable forger. I had taken it for granted that, heartily frightened, although not repenting, she had paused in her felonious pursuits.

My business, one day, led me to the establishment of one of the most wealthy and respectable legal firms in the city, where I am well known, and, I believe, valued; for at all times I am most politely, I may say most cordially, received. Mutual profits create a wonderful freemasonry between those who have not any other sympathy or sentiment. Politics, religion, morality, difference of rank, are all equalized and republicanized by the division of an account. No sooner had I entered the *sanctum*, than the senior partner, Mr. Precepts, began to quiz his junior, Mr. Jones, with "Well, Jones must never joke friend Discount any more about usury. Just imagine," he continued, addressing me, "Jones has himself been discounting a bill for a lady; and a deuced pretty one too. He sat next her at dinner in Grosvenor Square last week. Next day she gave him a call here, and he could not refuse her extraordinary request. Gad, it is hardly fair for Jones to be poaching on your domains of West-end paper!"

Mr. Jones smiled quietly, as he observed,

"Why, you see, she is the niece of one of our best clients; and, really, I was so taken by surprise, that I did not know how to refuse."

"Pray," said I, interrupting his excuses, "does your young lady's name begin with S.? Has she not a very pale face, and cold gray eye?"

The partners stared.

"Ah! I see it is so; and can at once tell you that the bill is not worth a rush."

"Why, you don't mean—?"

"I mean simply that the acceptance is, I'll lay you a wager, a forgery."

"A forgery!"

"A forgery," I repeated as distinctly as possible.

Mr. Jones hastily, and with broken ejaculations, called for the cash-box. With trembling hands he took out the bill, and followed my finger with eager, watchful eyes, as I pointed out the proofs of my assertion. A long pause was broken by my mocking laugh; for, at the moment, my sense of politeness could not restrain my satisfaction at the signal defeat which had attended the first experiment of these highly respectable gentlemen in the science of usury.

The partners did not have recourse to the police. They did not propose a consultation with either Mr. Forrester or Mr. Field; but they took certain steps, under my recommendation; the result of which was that at an early day, an aunt of the Honorable Miss Snape was driven, to save so near a connection from transportation, to sell out some fourteen hundred pounds of stock, and all the forgeries were taken up.

One would have thought that the lady who had thus so narrowly escaped, had had enough; but forgery, like opium-eating, is one of those charming vices which is never abandoned, when once adopted. The forger enjoys not only the pleasure of obtaining money so easily, but the triumph of befooling sharp men of the world. Dexterous penmanship is a source of the same sort of pride as that which animates the skilful rifleman, the practised duellist, or well-trained billiard-player. With a clean Gillott he fetches down a capitalist, at three or six months, for a cool hundred or a round thousand; just as a Scrope drops over a stag at ten, or a Gordon Cumming a monstrous male elephant at a hundred paces.

As I before observed, my connection, especially lies among the improvident—among those who will be ruined—who are being ruined—and who have been ruined. To the last class belongs Francis Fisherton, once a gentleman, now without a shilling or a principle; but rich in mother wit—in fact a *farceur*, after Paul de Kock's own heart. Having in bygone days been one of my willing victims, he occasionally finds pleasure and profit in guiding others through the gate he frequented, as long as able to pay the tolls. In truth, he is what is called a "discount agent."

One day I received a note from him, to say that he would call on me at three o'clock the next day, to introduce a lady of family, who wanted a bill "done" for one hundred pounds. So ordinary a transaction merely needed a memorandum in my diary, "Tuesday, 3 P.M.; F.F., 100*l.* Bill." The hour came and passed; but no Frank, which was strange—because every one must have observed, that, however dilatory people are in paying, they are wonderfully punctual when they

expect to receive money.

At five o'clock, in rushed my Jackall. His story, disentangled from oaths and ejaculations, amounted to this:—In answer to one of the advertisements he occasionally addresses "To the Embarrassed," in the columns of the "Times," he received a note from a lady, who said she was anxious to get a "bill done"—the acceptance of a well-known man of rank and fashion. A correspondence was opened and an appointment made. At the hour fixed, neatly shaved, brushed, gloved, booted,—the revival, in short, of that high-bred Frank Fisherton, who was so famous

"In his hot youth, when Crockford's was the thing,"

glowing with only one glass of brandy "just to steady his nerves," he met the lady at a West-end pastry-cook's.

After a few words (for all the material questions had been settled by correspondence) she stepped into her brougham, and invited Frank to take a seat beside her. Elated with a compliment of late years so rare, he commenced planning the orgies which were to reward him for weeks of enforced fasting, when the coachman, reverentially touching his hat, looked down from his seat for orders.

"To ninety-nine, George street, St. James," cried Fisherton, in his loudest tones.

In an instant, the young lady's pale face changed to scarlet, and then to ghastly green. In a whisper, rising to a scream, she exclaimed, "Good heavens! you do not mean to *that* man's house" (meaning me). "Indeed, I cannot go to him, on any account; he is a most horrid man, I am told, and charges most extravagantly."

"Madam," answered Frank, in great perturbation, "I beg your pardon, but you have been grossly misinformed. I have known that excellent man these twenty years, and have paid him hundreds on hundreds; but never so much by ten per cent, as you offered me for discounting your bill."

"Sir, I cannot have any thing to do with your friend." Then, violently pulling the check-string, "Stop" she gasped; "and *will you* have the goodness to get out?"

"And so I got out," continued Fisherton, "and lost my time; and the heavy investment I made in getting myself up for the assignation; new primrose gloves, and a shilling to the hair-dresser—hang her! But, did you ever know any thing like the prejudices that must prevail against you? I am disgusted with human nature. Could you lend me half a sovereign till Saturday?"

I smiled; I sacrificed the half sovereign, and let him go, for he is not exactly the person to whom it was advisable to intrust all the secrets relating to the Honorable Miss Snape. Since that day I look each morning in the police reports, with considerable interest; but, up to the present hour, the Honorable Miss Snape has lived and thrived in the best Society.

From the Boston Atlas.

FRANCIS PULSZKY.

Francis Pulszky, de Lubocz and Cselfalva, was born in 1814, at Eperies, in the county of Sáros. He is of an ancient and distinguished Protestant family. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all held the office of Inspector of the Protestant College at Eperies; an office to which Mr. Pulszky was himself appointed in 1840. His grandfather on the mother's side was Fejèrváry, the Hungarian archæologist, whose valuable collection has been incorporated with the National Library at Pesth. After completing his college education, Mr. Pulszky visited Italy. While in Rome he was made Fellow of the Archæological Institute of that city. In 1834 he returned to his country, and attended the sittings of the Diet, at Presburg, as Jurat. In 1835 he established, in conjunction with Vukovics and Lovassy, the Debating Club which afterwards became the object of the persecution of the Austrian Government. He formed, at this time, a friendship with Kolcsey, the poet, with Deák, the celebrated jurist, and with Kossuth.

In 1836, Mr. Pulszky once more quitted Hungary to travel through Germany, France and England, in order to enlarge his experience by observation of the manners and institutions of foreign countries, and thus qualify himself to render more effectual service to his own. On his return in 1837, he published an account of England, written in German, which gained him a wide reputation. Soon after his return he was elected a Fellow of the Hungarian Academy. During his absence from Hungary his friend Lovassy, a young man highly distinguished for his brilliant genius, and for the nobleness of his character, together with some other members of the Debating Club, were subjected by the Austrian Government to an imprisonment, under the rigors of which the intellect of Lovassy was completely shattered. His release found him in a state bordering on idiocy, in which he has ever since continued.

In 1839, Mr. Pulszky was sent as deputy to the Diet from his native county of Sáros. In this Diet, the framing of a commercial code was proposed. Mr. Pulszky was on the Committee appointed to consider this subject. He was likewise a member of the Committee appointed for the codification of the criminal law. After the close of the Diet, Mr. Pulszky repaired to Heidelberg, to study more

fully the subject of the criminal law with the celebrated Mittermaier. The committee intrusted with the work of the codification of the criminal law of Hungary, closed its labors in 1843. Mr. Pulszky did not offer himself as a candidate for re-election to the Diet. In Hungary, the deputies to the Diet are obliged to vote in conformity with the instructions of their constituents. The county of Sáros, which Mr. Pulszky had represented, was a conservative county; and as his principles allied him with the liberal party, he thus often found himself placed in a false position. He therefore devoted himself to serving the cause of reform in Hungary, by his pen. He wrote constantly for the *Pesti Hirlap*, the journal edited by Kossuth. The character of this journal, and the objects of its editor, are thus described by Szilagyi, a political opponent, in a work published at Pesth in 1850; "In 1841 a strange thing happened. He [Kossuth] who had been imprisoned for editing a journal, came out on the 1st of January of that year as editor of the *Pesti Hirlap*. The first number of this paper betrayed that it was the organ of the Opposition, and in a short time it had obtained a reputation which could hardly have been expected. In reality Kossuth conducted the editorship with much ability. His leading articles, the stereotyped publications of the wishes of his heart, scourged the abuses which existed in the counties and in the cities. The aim of these articles was to raise the importance of the burgher class, to overthrow the privileges of the nobility—in a word, *first*, Reform, *secondly* Reform—a hundred times, Reform."

In 1848, after the Revolutions of Paris and Vienna, while the ministerial question yet remained to be settled in Hungary, Mr. Pulszky was sent to Pesth, together with Klauzal and Szemere, by the Archduke Stephen, the Palatine of Hungary, to take suitable measures for the maintenance of order. Some disturbances having broken out at Stuhlweissenburg, Mr. Pulszky went thither to quell them. He was recommended to take a military force with him, but he refused, confiding in the power of reason and eloquence. The result showed that he was not mistaken. He addressed the people with energy, and the disturbances were appeased without the necessity of a resort to force. In May, 1848, Mr. Pulszky was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Vienna. On the 5th of October of the same year, when the Austrian government no longer felt it necessary to observe any appearances in regard to Hungary; and when war had been virtually declared against that country by the Imperial proclamation of Oct. 3rd, which appointed Jellachich Royal Commissary in Hungary, with full powers civil and military, Mr. Pulszky was dismissed from his office.

Mr. Pulszky was with Kossuth at the battle of Schwechat, where he acted as aid to the Hungarian commander, General Moga. He returned with Kossuth to Pesth, where he was appointed a member of the Committee of Defence, and was made Minister of Commerce. In December, 1848, he was sent as accredited Envoy to England, to advocate the interests of Hungary in that country. Speaking of his appointment to this office, Schlesinger, the able and impartial historian of the Hungarian War, says: "Kossuth could not have found a more active, able, and competent man in Hungary for the post. All that a man could do Pulszky did. Pulszky possesses the acuteness of a civilian, a penetrating intellect, readiness of conception, inexhaustible powers of invention, and withal, indefatigable activity, great knowledge of business, and a healthy and sober spirit, which is not easily carried away by sanguine hopes." After a perilous journey through Gallicia, Mr. Pulszky reached France, spent a short time in Paris, and arrived in England early in March, 1849, where he has since remained until the time of his embarkation for the United States. During his residence in England, Mr. Pulszky has served the cause of his country with equal zeal and ability. His character and his talents have obtained for him a great influence there. He enjoys the personal friendship of many of the most eminent men of England; and it is in a great degree to be ascribed to his exertions, that the merits of the Hungarian cause are so well apprehended by a large portion of the British public.

Of the literary labors of Mr. Pulszky and of his wife, who accompanies him in this country, the Transcript gives the following account, which, though incomplete, is sufficiently accurate, so far as it goes: "Mr. Pulszky is distinguished not only as a statesman and a diplomatist, but as an author. Early in life he acquired a high reputation in his own country, and in Germany, by various political, archæological and philological writings. He wrote in German in a singularly pure and forcible style. For the last two or three years he has resided in London, where he has published several works in English, written in good style, and exhibiting a rare combination of practical intellect and creative imagination." He is a novelist as well as the historian and vindicator of his country. The most elaborate production of his pen, in English, is a novel in two volumes, 'The Jacobins in Hungary,' published last spring. The London Examiner concludes its notice of this work, by saying, "In a word, 'The Jacobins in Hungary' is a remarkably well told tale, which will please all readers by the skill and pathos of its narrative, and surprise many by its fairness and impartiality of tone to opinions as well as men. But the majority of intelligent Englishmen have not now to learn, that the closest parallel for a Hungarian rebel of the nineteenth century, would be an English rebel of the seventeenth; and they will not feel or express astonishment that what falls from Mr. Pulszky on any question of society or government, might with equal propriety for its sobriety and moderation of tone, have fallen from Lord Somers or Mr. Pym."

The English translation of *Schlesinger's War in Hungary* was edited by Mr. Pulszky, who prefaced it with a long and well-written historical introduction, and added to it a masterly sketch of the life and character of Görgey, who had been his school-fellow, and with whose whole career he was intimately acquainted. The estate of the Görgey family was in fact situated at no great distance from that of Mr. Pulszky, who was also an intimate friend of the traitor's brother.

To the "*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*" by Theresa Pulszky, his wife, Mr. Pulszky prefixed a most valuable Introduction, containing the best history of Hungary which we have yet seen in English.

It is a clear and concise sketch of the annals of the nation, from the earliest period to the year 1848, occupying about 100 pages of the American edition of the Memoirs. Madame Pulszky, the heroine and author of these interesting memoirs, is, we believe, a native of Vienna, where, in 1845, she was married to Mr. Pulszky. She was residing on their estates in Hungary, about 60 miles from Pesth, when the war broke out; and the *Memoirs* are principally devoted to a narrative of her sufferings and adventures in that exciting and perilous time. They contain, besides, many graphic descriptions of life and manners in Hungary, and a good historical narrative of the Revolution and the war.

Besides the *Memoirs*, Madame Pulszky has published in English, a volume of *Tales and Traditions of Hungary*, which we have not seen, but of which highly favorable notices have appeared in the Examiner and other English journals. She is not only a brilliant and powerful writer, but a most lovely and accomplished lady, as we learn from very reliable sources in Europe. Her talents and acquirements are said to be quite extraordinary. In England her husband and herself enjoyed the highest consideration, both in point of character and ability.

It may be remarked, in addition to this, that the *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady* (Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1850) give a full account of Mr. Pulszky's career during the war and the revolution, and in chapters II. and III. a minute and most interesting sketch of his estates and tenantry. His novel, the *Jacobins in Hungary*, is understood to be written with constant reference to the recent history of his country, though the events on which it is founded occurred sixty years ago.

Authors and Books.

Henry Heine's long-promised *Romanzero* has at last appeared in Germany, where the first edition has been greedily snapped up. It is a collection of poems of various name and nature, all after the true Heinian vein. The great curiosity of the book is the preface in which the "dying Aristophanes" discourses on his alleged conversion to religion, in a strain which settles the question, so much discussed for the past two or three years, whether such a conversion has actually taken place or not. He declares that he has "returned to God, like the profligate son, after having long kept swine among the Hegelians. Was it suffering that drove me back? Perhaps a less miserable reason. The celestial home-sickness came over me, and urged me forth through woods and ravines, over the dizziest mountain paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but could not use him." Afterwards he says, that while in politics his views have not changed, in theology he has gone back to belief in a personal divinity. But he denies the report that he has joined any church. "No," he says, "my religions convictions and views remain free from all ecclesiasticism; no bell-ring has seduced me, no altar-candle blinded me. I have played with no symbols, nor altogether renounced my reason. I have sworn off from nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom I have indeed parted, but in all love and friendship. It was in May, 1848, the day when I last went out, that I took leave of the gracious idols I had worshipped in the days of my happiness. It was with difficulty that I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost fainted as I entered the lofty hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. I lay long at her feet, and wept so vehemently that a stone must have been filled with pity. The goddess, too, looked down piteously, as if to say, 'Seest thou not that I have no arms, and cannot help thee?'" It seems evident from this, that whatever change has happened in Heine's notions, there is no vital piety in his heart, but he is the same heathen as ever. The *Romanzero* is divided into three parts—Histories, Lamentations, and Hebrew Melodies. The former are like the ballads he has before published, except that many of them go farther in the way of indecency, while many others are charming conceits, which are sure of long popularity. The Lamentations are more expressive of the personal state of mind and experience of the author. The Hebrew Melodies are the best of all, and betray a profound affection for the Jewish race and history, which he vainly seeks to hide with sneering and scoffs, and which proclaims him a genuine son of Abraham as well as of the nineteenth century. For the rest, the reader of this book will be reminded of the sharp saying of Gutzkow about Heine: "He is a writer who tries to disguise spoiled meat with a *sauce piquante*." Heine has also published "*Doctor Faust*, a Dance Poem, with curious information about the Devil, Witches and Poetic Art." This is intended to serve as the ground-work of a ballet and presents the great problems of existence in the form of a jest and a paradox. It was written for Lumley, the London manager, but his ballet-master declared the performance of it impossible.

The *Grenzboten* contains a paper on German *Romanticism*, by Dr. Julian Schmidt, written for the purpose of defeating the last attempts which the romantic school of German writers is making to regain its former ascendency. Baron Eichendorff, almost the last of the old school, has lately brought out a pamphlet for that purpose. It has found a full contradiction in Dr. Schmidt's essay, one which will doubtless be satisfactory to all but the Baron himself.

We cannot too much commend a metrical German translation of the heroic Sagas (*Heldensagen*)

of Firdusi, the chief of Persian poets. It is due to the learning and taste, we might even say the genius, of Herr von Schock, and has lately been published at Berlin. Those who recollect the delicious illustrations which our Emerson has dug out of this old mine of Persian poetry, to adorn some of his more recent lectures with, can need no additional inducement to seek the acquaintance of this book. It contains ten distinct *sagas*, with an introduction by the translator.

A work bearing a somewhat attractive title has recently been published for Fred Burau, by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, entitled *The Secret History of Enigmatic Men, a Collection of Forgotten Notabilities.* Among the "odd ones" cited, are the Countess of Rochlitz, Dankelmann and Wartenberg, natural children of the last Stuarts, and of Danish Kings, Count Lewenhaupt, Lord Peterborough, the Duke of Ormond, Frederic Augustus the First, John Lilburne, W. Ludwig Weckerlin, and various other characters, too numerous to mention. We noticed this work while it was in course of preparation last year.

A singular historical concert was given at Dresden, in November. It was made up of works of distinguished Electoral and Royal Saxon *Capellmeisters*, in chronological order. First appeared John Walther, the friend of Luther, and the original master of Protestant Church music. Next, Heinrich Schutz, the author of the first German opera. The Italians, Lotti and Porpora, and Hasse (who composed in Italian style), represented the golden period of the Electoral Court in the past half of the eighteenth century. Naumann marked the transition to modern German music, while the most recent schools were represented by Morlacchi, Reissiger, Weber, and Richard Wagner.

The Michaelmas Fair of this year at Leipzig, is, according to its catalogue, as rich as ever in literary wares. From the Spring Fair up to September 30, there appeared in Germany 3,860 new books, and 1,130 more are now in press. Of those published, 106 were on Protestant, and 62 on Catholic theology; 36 on philosophy; 205, history and biography; 102 on linguistic subjects; 194, natural sciences; 168, military sciences; 83, commerce and industry; 87, agriculture and the management of forests; 69, public instruction; 92, classical philology; 80, living languages; 64, theory of music and the arts of design; 168, fine arts in general; 48, books for the people; 28, scientific miscellanies; bibliography, 18.

A History of Music in Italy, Germany, and France, from the beginning of Christianity to the present day, has been published in Germany, from the pen of Philip Brendel. It is not to be commended. It is not a real history, such as indeed is greatly to be desired, but a collection of sentimentalities and fancies, For instance, in speaking of Beethoven, the author compares him with Schiller in respect to the substance of his works, but says that in respect to his artistic form, he far excels that poet, and even rises to the level of Jean Paul. This may do for transcendental young people, but it is nonsense to all who like common sense and real information.

About a year since, a society was formed in Germany for the publication of the works of Bach, the great composer for the organ. Three hundred and fifty subscribers were obtained, each paying five Prussian Thalers ($3.50), a-year, for which he receives a copy of the issues of the society. They are not sold to music dealers, and are not intended for the general market. Of the subscribers, six are in Paris, twenty-three in London, ten in Russia, thirteen in Austria, but we see none from the United States. The first publication was to appear in December. It will contain ten cantatas not before published.

On the death of the great philologist Lachmann Jacob Grimm, for many years his co-laborer and friend, was appointed to deliver an oration before the Academy of Sciences in Berlin, which was done on the 3d of July last. This speech, recently published, is said to be highly interesting, as giving the characteristics of both the eulogist and the deceased, each of them men whose names will henceforth be inseparably allied in the history of German learning.

A biography of Lachmann has been published at Berlin; it is by William Hertz, and will interest those who care to look at the quiet but most industrious life of a great scholar.

A Sketch of *Jona. Edwards and his Works*, has been published in German at Leipsig.

Dr. Andree, whose work on America we lately noticed, has commenced at Bremen a periodical called *Das Westland*, devoted exclusively to the diffusion of information respecting the new world. The idea is an excellent one, especially in view of the great numbers of Germans who are already established on this side the Atlantic, and the still greater numbers that desire to come here. No man in Europe is so well fitted as Dr. Andree to conduct such a work. The first number, which we have received, contains articles on the Lopez Expedition, the Southern States of the American Union in their relation to the North, Traditions of the North American Indians, the navigation of the La Plata system of Rivers, the Welland Canal, &c. Sold in New-York by Westerman Brothers, 240 Broadway.

The *Gotha Almanac* is an indispensable book for those who follow the history and look after the statistics of the royal families and governments of Europe. It contains perfect genealogical lists of the former, and tables of the diplomatic corps, the debt, the revenues, the expenses, the commercial system, the military and naval forces, the population, ecclesiastical organization, &c., of the latter. In no other manual is so much information of the sort condensed into so brief and convenient a form. The governments and statistics of the new world are also included. The portraits given for 1852, are Prince Adalbert of Prussia, Crown Prince Charles of Sweden, Count Leo Thun, Lord Palmerston, Prince Wolkonski, and Cardinal Schwarzenberg. This is the eighty-ninth year of the publication.

One of the best evidences of the value of Humboldt's *Kosmos*, is the vast number of popular treatises on various branches of science to which it has given rise in Germany, and which must exert a powerful influence in the formation of the growing age. A more solid and extensive undertaking is an *Atlas* intended to illustrate the entire original work. It is by Traugott Brouve, and will contain forty-two plates with explanatory text. The cost will be $4,50 in Germany. The first part has appeared at Stuttgardt, and is praised as worthy of the great work it illustrates.

Of Auerbach's *Dorfgeschichten* (Village Stories), 25,000 copies have been sold in Germany. He has just published a three-volume novel called *Neues Leben* (New Life).

A new religious and philosophical novel is *Das Pfarrhaus zu Hallungen* (The Parsonage at Hallungen), by Ludwig Storch. It is said to be full of exciting interest, but we confess that we have not read it, and do not mean to. Our taste is for novels of less elaborate purpose.

We give our tribute of commendation to the *Haus-Chronik* (House Chronicles), which Caspar Braun and Frederick Schneider are now publishing at Munich. These gentlemen are well known to all readers of that excellent comic paper, the *Fliegende Blätter*, and here appeal to all who can enjoy humor and have a taste for studies in the history of German life in the middle ages.

Mugge, whose romance on *Toussaint L'Ouverture* was translated by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, has published at Leipzig the third volume of his annual *Vielliebchen* (My Darling). It contains two tales and several poems, and is illustrated with seven steel engravings. It is worthy of notice that this word *Vielliebchen* is the original of our mysterious *Filopine*.

M. Pulszky, who is now in this country in the suite of Kossuth, has just published a historical romance at Berlin called *Die Jakobiner in Ungarn* (The Jacobines in Hungary). It is in two volumes, and meets a favorable reception from the critics, and we doubt not, from the public also. It fared equally well when it was published in English at London some time since.

The *Middle Kingdom*, of our countryman, Mr. S. Wells Williams, is the subject of a most favorable notice in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Of this careful and very comprehensive work—the most elaborate and reliable that has ever appeared in the English language respecting China and the Chinese—Mr. Wiley has just published a new edition.

The public are solemnly warned in a number of the Leipzig *Central Blatt*, against a lately published work, entitled *Tabula Geographica Italiæ Antiquæ*, as swarming with errors. Divers towns are cited therein, at different times under different names, and as standing in different places, while the names themselves are declared to be sadly corrupted.

Prof. Neumann, of Munich, will publish in the course of a year, a *History of the British Empire in India*, on which he has been long engaged. It will be as thorough and able as it is impartial, and in Germany is expected with great interest. The author proposes also to write the History of Russian domination in Asia.

In noticing the poems lately published by Goethe's nephew (mentioned in the last *International*), a German reviewer remarks, that the reverence which he (the reviewer), bears for the name of the uncle, "forbids any illusion to the book in question."

Adolf Stahr is publishing at Berlin a second edition of his *History of the Russian Revolution*; it is dedicated to Macauley.

The celebrated Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn who was formerly as thorough an infidel as any member of the Worcester Women's Rights Convention, and as indecently licentious in her novels as the author of *Alban*, is thus described in a late number of the *Weser Zeitung*:

> "Daily, about noon, the loungers under the Linden at Berlin are startled by the extraordinary appearance of a tall, lanky woman, whose thin limbs are wrapped up in a long black robe of coarse cloth. An old crumpled bonnet covers her head, which continually moving turns restlessly in all directions. Her hollow cheeks are flushed with a morbid coppery glow; one of her eyes is immovable, for it is of glass, but her other eye shines with a feverish brilliancy, and a strange and almost awful smile hovers constantly about her thin lips. This woman moves with an unsteady quick step, and whenever her black mantilla is flung back by the violence of her movements, a small rope of hair with a crucifix at the end is plainly seen to bind her waist. This ungainly woman is the *quondam* authoress, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, who has turned a Catholic, and is now preparing for a pilgrimage to Rome to crave the Pope's absolution for her literary trespasses."

Prince Windischgratz has issued his long promised narrative of the Hungarian winter campaign in 1848-49. In the preface, he says he has been induced to depart from a resolution not to publish until a much later period, by numerous calumnies and misrepresentations which have been circulated. The book is dedicated to the army.

Menzel, whose work on German Literature had the honor of appearing in Ripley's excellent series of foreign books, published at Boston some ten years since, has just published a novel at Leipzig, with the title of *Farore*. It is the history of a monk and a nun during the thirty years war.

Frederika Bremer has in press a book upon the World's Fair. It is announced in Germany, but we presume will appear at the same time in England. Whether it will be historical, philosophical, sentimental, or mystical, we are not informed, but suppose it will have a touch of all these qualities.

Frederick the Great (so-called), is not yet exhausted as a topic for book-makers, if we may judge by the *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge* (Anecdotes and Traits of Character), drawn from his life, and just published at Berlin. The author is an adorer of the selfish old martinet.

Kohl, the indefatigable traveller, has just published, at Dresden, his *Reise nach Istrien Dalmatien*

und Montenegro. A book of travels in those countries is a novelty, and no explorer could give his reader a more vivid picture of the peculiarities of a nation and its country than Kohl. The book is in two volumes.

The Shakspeare Society in London, at a recent sitting, received as a present a translation of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes, into Swedish verse. This laborious work has been accomplished by Professor Hagberg, of the University of Lund, and it was transmitted through the Swedish Minister to England.

A new history of German literature from the most ancient to the most recent times has just been published at Stuttgart by Dr. Eugen Hahn. It is particularly valuable in respect of biography and the history of mental culture in general.

A new work, called *Bilder aus Spainen* (Pictures from Spain), is among the recent productions of the German press. Its author, Herr A. Loning, has already published several works on the Peninsula, where he resided several years.

Liszt, the eminent pianist, has published in French a book on Richard Wagner's two operas, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. He praises them most enthusiastically; possibly he may succeed in having Wagner's pieces produced at Paris.

Dr. J. W. Haddock's work upon *Somnolism and Psycheism*, after having gone through a second edition in England, has just made its appearance at Leipzig in a German translation, made by Dr. C. L. Merkel.

A new edition of that excellent work, *The History of the Poetic National Literature of the Germans*, by Gerbinus, has just made its appearance at Leipzig.

Silvio Pellico is passing the present winter in Rome.

In Tuscany, a periodical similar to the *International* has been established under the title of *Rivista Britannica*. The main purpose is to select articles from English periodicals, and offer them in good Italian versions. French newspapers, novels, and magazines come in freely, too freely in Italy. The good ones will sometimes be seized at the frontier, or at the post-office, by the jealous police of Rome, Naples, and Tuscany: but against any thing that is corrupt and debauched no Italian despot, prince, or priest, was ever known to shut his door. French literature, such as it is under most circumstances, can have only a bad influence in that enslaved country, and scarcely an Italian is to be found able to read, who has any difficulty in understanding the French language. As an antidote to this poison, the editors of the *Rivista Britannica* have thought of ministering copious draughts of healthful English. We wish they might quote English and American journals with perfect independence of all censorship.

Gioberti, whose attack upon the Jesuits is fresh in the minds of all students of European literature, has lately published at Turin an elaborate work entitled *Del Rinovamento Civile d' Italia* (Of the Civil Regeneration of Italy). It is in two parts, the first treating of the errors and misfortunes that have marked the past, the second of the remedies practicable in the present, and the hopes existing for the future. So large is the circle of readers who look with interest for every one of Gioberti's productions, that two simultaneous editions have been issued; one in two volumes 8vo. each of eight hundred pages, and the other in two volumes, 16mo. each of six hundred.

The *Israel of the Alps, a History of the Vaudois of Piedmont and of their Colonies*, is the title of a work, by Alexis Muston, fulfilling a promise made by the author in 1834, in a volume on the same subject. It consists of an account of the martyrdoms of Calabria and Provence, and embraces a period from the origin of those colonies to the end of the sixteenth century. In the second part are described the extraordinary sufferings and deliverances of the Piedmontese—the massacre of 1658—the dispersion of the Vaudois into foreign lands—the return to their own, under the orders of Colonel Arnaud—and an entirely new exposition is given of the negotiations which led to the official re-establishment of the Vaudois in their native valleys. The author has filled up the gaps of the Vaudois historians, Gilles, Leger, and Arnaud, and, by the aid of numerous inedited documents, has established a succession of facts in relation to the history of the churches of the Piedmontese, and those of the colonies, to which Wirtemberg, Brandenburg, and Switzerland are indebted for their evangelical faith. M. Muston, contrary to the opinions of Gieseler, Neander, and Schmidt, agrees with that school of writers—from Perrin to Monastier—who suppose that the evangelical churches of Piedmont existed before the reformer Pierre Waldo, and trace their origin to the apostolic ages. This opinion has much to support it—in the authority of many centuries, in the unanimous convictions of the Vaudois historians, and in evidences given by the most ancient monuments of their language, particularly the poem entitled the *Noble Lesson*, which bears inscribed its own date (1100), and the literary perfection of which certainly suggests an anterior literature. J. Bonnett (*Archives du Christianisme*, for October 16) notices the work very favorably, but considers it imperfect in many particulars, and the author is charged especially with omissions in the catalogue of the defenders of the faith, whose blood was so profusely spilled in their beautiful valleys, and

"Whose bones
Lie bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold."

"Surely," says M. Bonnett, "the author ought to have given us some notice of the imposing characters who were early laboring for the defence of the Vaudois churches, from the episcopate of Maximus (that intrepid missionary of the Alps whose thundering voice against abuses recalls the eloquent accents of Luther) to the controversy of Vigilance and Jerome, and the iconoclastic propositions of Claude de Turin. There is something inspiring in the remembrance of that prelate, now an evangelist, and now a warrior, combating with one hand the enemies of truth, and with the other those of the empire. 'I make,' says he, in one of his letters, 'continual voyages to the court during the winter. In the spring, with my arms and my books, I go as a sentinel to watch the coasts of the sea, and to fight against the Saracen and the Moor. I use my sword during the night, and my pen by day, to accomplish the works which I have commenced in solitude.' The military and ecclesiastical character of Claude de Turin was deserving a remembrance, and in describing him M. Muston could not have fulfilled better the expectations of the public. There is another instance of omission—that of Pierre Waldo. Concerning him all opinions agree. It is just where he stands that all contradictory systems upon the origin of the Vaudois meet. Whether he was the father or the son of the churches of the Valleys his history ought not to be forgotten. With what interest would not the pen of Muston have clothed the recital! what attraction! what novelty! How the reformation, which originated in the cell of an obscure cloister, had already germinated in the mind of Waldo; how the rich merchant of Lyons, in search of the treasures of the age, was suddenly changed into a bumble disciple, voluntarily poor; and what were the principal traits of his ministry, his voyages, his relations, his life, his death! Concerning such men, we cannot regret too deeply the almost utter silence of this historian of the Vaudois."

The following interesting fragment is translated from the history of the Vaudois de Calabre: "One day two young men were at a tavern in Turin, when a Calabrian lord came in to lodge for the night. The companions, in talking over their affairs, happened to express a desire to establish themselves somewhere away from home; for the lands of their own country were becoming so sterile, that they would soon cease to yield a sufficient support for the population. The stranger said, 'My friends, if you come with me, I will give you fruitful plains in exchange for your rocky wastes.' They accepted the proposal with a condition that they should gain the consent of their families, and with the hope that they would be accompanied by others. The inhabitants of the Valleys did not wish to make any determination before knowing to what kind of country they were invited, and commissioners were therefore sent to Calabria, with the youths to whom the lands had been offered.

"In this country," says Gilles, "there are beautiful ranges of fertile soil, clothed with every kind of fruit trees, such as the olive and orange; in the plains, vines, and chestnut trees; along the shore, the hazel and the oak; upon the sides and summits of the mountains, the larch and the fir tree, as in the Alps—every where were signs both of a land promising rich rewards to the laborer, and but few inhabitants. The expatriation was decided on; the young, ready to depart, married; proprietors sold their farms; some member of every family prepared for the journey." The joys of the nuptial ceremony mingled with the sorrow of departure from home, and more than one marriage cortege took its place in the caravan of exile. But they could say, as the Hebrews going forth to the promised land, *The tabernacle of the Lord is with us*, for the travellers took with them an ancestral Bible, the source of all consolation and courage. At the foot of the mountains, father and son, and mother and daughter embraced, weeping and praying together, that the God of their fathers would bless them. And the blessing of heaven was not wanting to this colony. The industrious cities of Saint-Sixte, la Quardia, and Montolieu, arose as by magic amid this land of ignorance, and presented the spectacle of a praying and working Christian people, refusing homage to the superstitions of the age. The reformation in the West brought many fears, and the wrath of the Roman pontiffs was not stayed; the emissaries of the inquisition hunted these

faithful people through their peaceful valleys; they were destined to perish; and the massacre of the Vaudois of Provence was a mournful pendant to the extermination of the Vaudois of Calabria. The historian weeps that he cannot cast a veil over this picture; yet the mind, agonized with scenes so atrocious, finds repose in the contemplation of such an admirable character as that of the martyr-pastor, Louis Pascal, exhaling all his soul in his last letter to his affianced Camilla Guarina: 'The love which I bear you is increased by that which I bear to God, and as much as I have been refined by the Christian religion, so much the more have I been enabled to love you. Adieu. Console yourself in Jesus, and may you be a pattern of his doctrines.' "There are few subjects," says the reviewer, "more worthy the ambition of a writer, or that are more inspiring, than the history of the martyred Vaudois, in the inaccessible solitudes of the Alps, for some time protected by their obscurity, but at last devoted for ages to the most cruel persecutions." The mystery of the origin of this people, the drama of their destiny, the melancholy interest which attaches itself to the different phases of their existence, command in their favor the attention of the world, and suffuse the pages of the historian with that sympathetic emotion so easily communicated to the reader, and which is the very soul of departed times.

As we learn from a recent number of the *Journal des Missions Evangeliques*, a new work appeared in China toward the end of 1849, under the title *Of the Geography and History of Foreign Nations*, by Seu-ke-ju, the viceroy of the important province of Foh-kien. It is in ten volumes, though the whole of them do not contain more matter than one of our common school text books, and is accompanied by a map of the world and several other maps. It has a preface by the Governor-General of the province, in which he declares that it is better than all previous geographical works in China, and recommends it to his countrymen as perfectly worthy of confidence. The two first volumes are occupied by a general introduction, in which Seu-ke-ju speaks of the sources from which he has derived information, and of the many difficulties he has had to contend with; he explains the use of maps, gives the simplest ideas concerning the spherical form of the earth, and expatiates on the difference of climates. Nothing can give a better idea of the profound ignorance of the Chinese upon these subjects, and nothing prove more decisively that they never can have possessed great mathematicians and astronomers than such passages as the following: "Formerly we were aware of the existence of an icy sea at the north only, but had never heard that there was another at the south. And when men from the west showed us maps on which such a sea was put down, we thought they had made a mistake from ignorance of the Chinese language, and had transferred to the south what ought to be in the north. But when we inquired about this subject of an American named Abeel (a missionary at Amoy), he said that the fact was certain, and now it indeed appears to us undeniable. The provinces of Kwang-tong and Foh-kien are mostly situated under the Kwang-tau (tropic) of the north, and when we compare them with the northern provinces in respect of heat, the temperature is found to be very different. At the time when we did not know that the sun passed over the middle of the globe, this fact caused us to believe that the farther one went to the south, the greater was the heat, and that at the south pole the stones ran in a melted state like a stream of gold. But this is not so; persons who go from Kwang-tong or Foh-kien, will find at the distance of five or six thousand *li* the island of Borneo, which lies exactly under the Shih-tau (equator), and where the winter is like our summer. Going thence to the south-west the voyager reaches the south of Africa, where hail and snow are known; still farther on is Patagonia or the southern point of South America, near to the Hih-tau (polar circle) of the south, where ice is continual. Thus these warm and cold regions are successive, and therefore the region of the south pole is spoken of as a sea of ice. And why should the Chinese doubt this, because their ships have never gone so far and the province of Kwang-tong lies at the frontier of their country? In truth, we must listen to and accept this explanation."

From this simple piece of instruction, the author of the new Geography proceeds to describe the regions to the west. We give a specimen from his account of Europe: "Europe lies at the north-west of Asia, from which it is separated by the Ural mountains, but is only one quarter as large. Before the dynasty Hia (2469 B.C.), the inhabitants lived by hunting, and were clothed in the skins of the animals they killed, as is the way of the Mongols. But toward the middle of that dynasty (2000 B.C.), civilization, agriculture and the arts began in the states of Greece, situated at the eastern end of the continent." This is followed by a very brief review of the rise and decay of the Roman Empire, of the rise of Moslemism and of the conquests of Tamerlane; next comes a description of the individual countries, with their resources, military and naval forces, "all things about which writers give very different reports, so that it is not possible to be exact, for errors must needs be many where proofs are wanting." How well Seu-ke-ju understands the machinery of European states is apparent from what he says about public debts: "Thus the interest of the borrowed money is paid yearly, while the debt continually increases, inasmuch as the income of the year suffices not for the wants of the Government. Then are new taxes laid upon the people which embitters and makes them rebellious, while the governments grow weaker and fall into decay. The half of Europe is now in this condition." To the mental superiority of the western nations, and especially to the talent and energy of the Americans, Seu-ke-ju renders full justice. On the whole this book is an indication of real progress among the Chinese, much as it militates against the old notion which ascribed to them a considerable degree of scientific knowledge. There can be no doubt that when the prejudice among them, according to which the Celestial Empire is the greatest country, and its inhabitants the most wonderful people of the world, is dissipated, their native thirst for knowledge will urge them forward with rapidity. The habit of

visiting foreign lands which is springing up among them, will also do its part, in breaking up the monotony and stagnation into which they have grown. In addition to this book by Seu-ke-ju, a number of other geographical works, drawn from English, German, and French sources, have appeared in Chinese, at the instance mainly of high officers of state.

The Society of Horticulture, for Paris and Central France, is about to issue a large work, entitled *Pomologie Française, ou Monographie Generale des Arbres Fruitiers*. This will be one of the best works on fruit trees ever published, and our gardeners will do well to look after it.

The most elaborate and erudite modern work on international law is the *Histoire du Droit des Gens et des Relations Internationales*, by Prof. G. Laurent, of Ghent, of which three volumes were published, in 1850, in that city. The first volume treats of international law in Hindostan, Egypt, Judea, Assyria, Media and Persia, Phoenicia, and Carthage; the second is devoted to Greece, and the third to Rome. The mass of learning exhibited is astonishing. The idea of the author is that through the great course of history, humanity is ripening to a state of universal peace and fraternity. It is unnecessary to say that from this stand-point, international law becomes a subject of the grandest proportions and significance. Prof. Laurent treats it with as much ability as erudition.

Alexandre Dumas is the subject of a masterly criticism in the *Grenzboten*, in which justice is done him with that impartiality and moderation in respect to which a competent German is unequalled among critics. Among Dumas's dramas, the writer regards *Caligula* as the best in spite of its grossness. In all the excesses, indecencies, improbabilities, and lawlessness of his romances, there is the trace of splendid talent. It is doubtful whether this talent could have been developed by industry and an earnest love of art into a higher sphere of power. Finally, the writer concludes that Dumas is doing more to corrupt the taste of France and Germany than any other romancer, except, perhaps, Eugene Sue.

Among the French socialists there has recently been considerable discussion on the principles of Government—discussion which has resulted in angry separation of the republican party into opposite camps; Rittinghausen, Considerant, Ledru Rollin, and Girardin having been severally aiming at the destruction of representative government, and the erection of *Direct Legislation*—a scheme which Louis Blanc, in his *Plus de Girondins* and *La Republique Une et Indivisible*, has opposed with a degree of ability which promised to restore him to a respectable reputation. But Prudhon, in his last book, not only denounces Rollin, Girardin, Blanc, and all the rest, with a school-boy vehemence, which *The Leader* says is "pitiless," but he attacks without disguise *all government*, no matter what its form, as false in principle and vicious in effect. He believes neither in absolute monarchy, in constitutional monarchy, nor in democracy; he admits no divine right, no legal right, no right of majorities. He only believes in the right of justice in the empire of reason. The principle of authority he rejects in politics as in religion: he will admit only liberty—reason. Prudhon has won a name for talents, and has frequently written with real force—but such propositions are a disgrace to any man who has ever possessed a good reputation.

The *Republique*, a new book just published By Paris, by M. Lefranc, a member of the Assembly, treats of the events which have filled up the time since the revolution of 1848. M. Lefranc is an ardent republican, and his exhibition of this momentous period is not favorable to the party which hitherto, at least, has managed to gain the victory, if not to assure itself the possession of its traits. His style is singularly animated and impassioned, and it is not without justice that a prominent Parisian critic (Eugene Pelletan) calls him the most direct inheritor of that light-armed yet potent style of polemical writing, of which the famous Camille Desmoulins was so great a master.

The popularity of Scott, in France, is shown by the appearance of the *twentieth* edition of Defauconpret's translation of his novels; and the announcement of an entirely new translation of them by another hand. If Defauconpret had been the only translator, *twenty* editions would have been an immense success; but there are besides, at the very least, *twenty* different translations of the complete works (many of which have had two, three, or four editions), and innumerable translations of particular novels, especially of *Quentin Durward*.

M. Blanquart Evrard, has commenced at Paris what he calls *D'Album Photographique de l'Artiste*

et de l'Amateur. It is a pictorial work, containing reproductions by photography on paper of well-known works of art by ancient and modern masters. We have not seen it, but hear it spoken of as successful.

M. Guizot has now published under the title of *Méditations et Etudes Morales*, a collection of essays that had previously appeared on the immortality of the soul, and kindred topics. To them he has added a new preface, in which he discusses the question of liberty and authority in religion.

On the night of the 13th of November, Francois Arago, the great astronomer, was brought from his sick bed to the French Assembly, and walked up the chamber, supported by the arms of two of his colleagues, to give his vote in favor of Universal Suffrage.

M. Ott has just published at Paris a *Traité d'Economie Sociale*, which has the merit of giving a careful statement of the doctrines of the various schools of Economists and Socialists. It makes a good-sized octavo volume.

Louis Fasqeulle, professor of modern languages in the University of Michigan, has published (Mark H. Newman) a *New Method of Learning the French Language*, embracing the analytic and synthetic modes of instruction, on the plan of Woodbury's method with the German.

M. Louis Reybaud has published at Paris a new work under the title of *Athanase Robichon Candidat Perpetuel à la Présidence de la Republique*. M. Reybaud is one of the keenest of political satirists.

The French papers state that Lord Brougham, in his retreat at Cannes, is preparing a work to be entitled *France and England before Europe in 1851*.

Don Juan Hartzenbusch has commenced, in Madrid, a reprint of the works of her most distinguished authors of Spain. From the earliest ages to the present time. It is entitled *Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles*, and it is a more difficult undertaking than things of the kind in western and northern Europe. Since many works of the principal authors never having been printed at all, the compiler has to hunt after them in libraries, in convents, and in out of the way places—whilst others, having been negligently printed, have to be revised line by line. Hartzenbusch has brought to light *fourteen* comedies of Calderon de la Barca, which previous editors were unable to discover. The total number of Calderon's pieces the world now possesses is therefore 122; and there is reason to believe that they are all he wrote, with the exception of two or three, which there is no hope of recovering.

The first and second volumes of the *Grenville Papers*—being the correspondence of Richard, Earl Temple, and George Grenville, their friends and contemporaries, including Mr. Grenville's Political Diary—were published in London on the 18th of December. We have before alluded to this work, as one likely to illustrate some points in American history, and possibly to furnish new means for determining the vexed question of the authorship of Junius. Among the contents will be found letters from George the Third, the Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, Devonshire, Grafton, and Bedford; Marquess Granby; Earls Bute, Temple, Sandwich, Egremont, Halifax, Hardwicke, Chatham, Mansfield, Northington, Suffolk, Hillsborough, and Hertford; Lords Lyttleton, Camden, Holland, Olive, and George Sackville; Marshal Conway, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, George Grenville, John Wilkes, William Gerard Hamilton, Augustus Hervey, Mr. Jenkinson (first Earl of Liverpool), Mr. Wedderburn, Charles Yorke, Charles Townsend, Mr. Charles Lloyd, and the author of the Letters of Junius.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Lord Mahon's *History of England*, embracing the first years of the American war, 1763-80, were also nearly ready. We regret that the earlier volumes of this important history, edited by Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, and published by the Appletons,

have not been so well received as to warrant an expectation that the continuation will be reprinted.

Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, is an exceedingly interesting work, of which we hope to see an American edition. The author is well known in this country, by the largely circulated volume of his *Miscellanies*, published in Philadelphia, a few years ago. The present work consists of discourses delivered by him as professor of History in the University of Cambridge, and though not of the highest rank among systematic histories, it is inferior to very few in occasional grouping and character painting.

The third volume of Mr. Merrivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*; the ninth and tenth volumes of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*; and a seventh edition of Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, are among the most interesting English announcements in historical literature.

The *Life of Dr. Chalmers*, by Dr. Hanna, will extend to four volumes; the third, just re-published by the Harpers, is the most interesting yet issued. We observe that a volume of *Reminiscences of Chalmers* has been published in London, by Mr. John Anderson.

Alice Carey's *Clovernook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*, has just been published by Mr. Redfield, in one volume, illustrated by Darley. To those who have read one of the introductory chapters of this work which we copied into the *International* for November, it seems quite unnecessary to say any thing in illustration or commendation of the author's genius; they will be likely to purchase *Clovernook* as soon as they are advised of its appearance. We have nothing in our literature, descriptive of country life, to be compared with it, for effective painting or for truthfulness. The scene is laid in Ohio—near Cincinnati—while a suburban village is gradually growing up from the simple cottage in the wilderness till it becomes a favorite resort of patrician families; and few novelists have been more happy in describing the "progress of society," or exhibited, in such performances, more humor, tenderness, or pathos.

We have from Ticknor & Co., of Boston, a second series of *Greenwood Leaves*, by the public's old favorite, Grace Greenwood. The tales which it embraces are in the author's happiest vein, and the letters are dashing and piquant, but liable to some objections which we might make in a longer notice. The same publishers have issued a capital book for children, entitled *Recollections of My Childhood*, by the same author.

Caroline Cheesebro is another young magazinist, whose productions have been very popular. Her *Dreamland by Daylight* (published by Redfield), a collection of tales and sketches, contains much fine sentiment and displays a ready fancy and a just appreciation of social life, but she has a little less individuality than Miss Carey or Grace Greenwood.

It will gratify every reader of American history to learn that we are soon to have three phases of the character of Washington, presented by men so eminent as Daniel Webster, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Webster, we have reason to believe, has nearly completed his Memoir of the Political Life of the great Chief; Mr. Irving's work, which has been some time announced, will make us familiar with his personal qualities, and Mr. Bancroft's History of the Revolution will display his military career as it has never before been exhibited, as it can be presented by none but our greatest historian. The first volume of Mr. Bancroft's work on the Revolution is passing rapidly through the press, and it will doubtless be published early in the spring. It has been kept back by the author's failure to obtain, until within a few weeks past, certain important documents necessary to its completion.

Mr. Hart of Philadelphia, has just published *A Method of Horsemanship, founded on new Principles, and including the Breaking and Training of Horses, with Instructions for obtaining a good Seat; illustrated with Engravings*: by F. Baucher. It is translated from the ninth Paris edition, and makes a handsome duodecimo. Among the many systems of horsemanship which have appeared none has fallen under our notice so valuable as this. The chief defect of previous publications has been that they were mere collections of rules, applicable to particular cases only, based on no established principles, and therefore as impracticable for general purposes as crude and unphilosophical in design. Ignorance was at the root of this. The authors did not understand the nature of the animal about which they professed to teach so much, and their rules

were quite as applicable to the bear or the hyena. The agent employed by the old masters was force—severe bitting, hard whipping, and deep spurring. Some went so far as to recommend the use of fire, in extreme cases—thus establishing a kind of equine martyrdom, in which the poor brute suffered indeed, but without any advantage to the faith of his more brutal persecutors. These various punishments were prescribed with the utmost coolness, often with jocularity, as if the horse under the worst tortures were only getting his deserts, and as if the amount and importance of his laborious services by no means entitled him to any forbearance. Human ingenuity is capable of absolute development in the direction of cruelty; it seems to be the most visible and satisfying side of our capabilities; no man who commits a slow murder, whether on one animal or another, can doubt that he has done *something*—the proof stares him in the face. Then again, murder is adapted to the lowest capacities; there is not a groom in the land less capable of taking life than the finest gentleman. The issue of all this has been—if the horse were not killed at once—to shorten his days, to lessen his intelligence, to injure his form, and to degrade and dwindle his race, from generation to generation.

Who, after following the old course of training, has a right to complain of the degeneracy which he sees in the broken-hearted drudges around him, or, having any feeling, will hesitate in adopting a more humane course, if one be offered? Such a course is submitted to English readers for the first time in this translation of M. Baucher. The harsh bit is entirely cast aside, and the whip and spur are used very sparingly—as means of persuasion only, never as instruments of punishment. Baucher's system is intended to develope the better instincts of the animal, not to punish the vices which we have taught him, in vain efforts to subdue a strength incalculably greater than ours—which by resolute cruelty we have forced him to employ in resisting our unjust demands. Baucher lays it down as an axiom that no horse is naturally vicious, but that his vices are acquired through bad management. One may possess a higher temper than another, to be sure, but spirited horses are those which turn out best under his method of training. The more intelligent the animal, the more capable of instruction—the more frolicksome but the more tractable is his disposition. We all remember "Mayfly," a trick horse at Welch's circus, that could perform anything possible to a horse: he was a pupil of Baucher. But before falling into his skilful hands, this animal was so vicious, that on the race course it was thought necessary to start him from a box, in order to prevent his injuring himself and the other horses. Here there is an instance in which confirmed ill habits were completely eradicated by proper discipline; and how much easier must it be to establish good ones, where we have nothing but pliant ignorance with which to contend. It is not within our limits to enter fully into the different merits of Baucher's treatise. It is sufficient to say that it has been tested, approved and adopted by the most skilful riders of Europe—the late Duc d'Orleans, a more than graceful horseman, having been Baucher's patron until the day of his unfortunate death. The most vigorous and searching inquiries of the government failed to overthrow the system in a single particular; and wherever Baucher was led into argument with his opponents, the mere force of his philosophical reasonings was sufficient to put them down. His book has gone through nine editions in France, and as many in Russia, Germany, Belgium and Holland. The present translation is well executed, in clear comprehensible English; its only defect, if that can be considered one, is, that it is somewhat too idiomatically precise. So little does it smell of the usual vulgarity of the stable, that we are led to believe Baucher has fallen into the hands of a translator of taste and refinement, who not only admires the system for its practical uses, but also for its logical exactness and genial humanity. The work is copiously illustrated with explanatory engravings, and is well printed on good thick paper, as a manual should be. Nothing is wanting, but the extensive circulation which it deserves, to make it useful to equestrians, and beneficial to that much abused animal to which it is devoted.

The *Heroes and Martyrs of the Modern Missionary Enterprise, with some Sketches of the Earlier Missionaries*, edited by L. E. Smith, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Sprague, will soon be published by P. Brockett & Co., of Hartford. It will be an octavo of about six hundred pages, with portraits.

The Fine Arts.

Kaulbach's picture of the Destruction of Jerusalem is at last finished, in fresco, upon the walls of the New Museum in Berlin. It is worth a journey thither to see it. Nor is it alone. The other parts of the series of pictures which adorn the great stairway of that edifice, are rapidly advancing to completion. The five broad pilasters, which separate the main pictures, are nearly done, many of the chief figures being finished in color, while others are drawn in their places. They will exhaust the history of the early religious and intellectual development of humanity. The Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Greek, Hebrew, and Roman religions, are all illustrated with that masterly genius, comprehensiveness and fertility of imagination, for which Kaulbach is without a peer among the artists of the age. Each religion is depicted in the persons of its divinities and early teachers and heroes. Thoroughly to understand the whole scope of these pictures, requires as much learning in the theology and mythology of these antique races as the artist has employed in painting them, not to speak of skill in deciphering allegories; but to be impressed with their wonderful richness, grandeur, and beauty, requires no learning, beyond a true eye and a mind capable of feeling.

Besides, these mythological pictures, the symbolical men of history are introduced, such as Moses and Solon. The Grecian mythological part is not yet completed, the artist having reserved that to be done next summer; in it he intends to lay himself out as on a favorite and congenial subject.

The works of INGRES, the eminent French painter, have been published in splendid style by the great house of Didot at Paris.

Noctes Amicæ.

There are being born into this great city a vast number of young people—enough babies indeed, every day, to make a great noise in the world sometime, if every one should turn out to be a Demosthenes or Cicero, an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon. But though every dame may think her own the prettiest child alive, it seems to us not altogether agreeable to good taste for her to anticipate the judgment of the future in naming it after that celebrity that he or she is destined to rival or eclipse. In seriousness, the habit which prevails so generally of bestowing illustrious names in baptism, is ridiculous and disgraceful, and is continually productive of misfortunes to the victims, if they happen to be possessed of parts to elevate them from a vulgar condition. In the south they manage these things better; the Cæsars, Hannibals, Napoleons, Le Grands, Rexes, &c., are all to be found in the negro yards; but almost every public occasion in the north, affords an instance by which a "man of the people," hearing his name called in an assembly, or seeing it printed in a journal, is compelled to feel shame for the weakness of his parents, by which he is burthened with a name that belittles the greatest actions of which he is capable.

In illustration of the passport system, a good story is told of the recent arrest of a Turk on the frontier of the Herzegowina. For some time past, the Turkish Government has allowed its authorities to wring something out of the people by means of passports and the devices thereunto belonging, but it chances that a great many persons in power can neither read nor write, and therefore a shrewd fellow may palm any species of official-looking paper he thinks proper as his regular pass on the officials; thus it was that a Turk who had travelled some time in peace with a document of imposing appearance, which he had picked up in the streets at Constantinople, at last found one who could read it, and it was discovered to be one of Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne labels!

A Mayor of the department of the Haute-Saône, France, has had the following decision placarded on the church door:—

> "Whereas, at all times, there have been disorders, and always will be; and whereas, at all times, there have been laws to repress them, and always will be; and whereas magistrates are appointed to have them properly executed, I ask, ought we, or ought we not, to do our duty? If we do our duty, we are calumniated. Well, then, taking these things into consideration, I declare that if that horde of good-for-nothings who are in the habit of frequenting the churchyard during Divine service, shall continue to do so, they will have to come into collision with me."

M. MICHAUD, of the French Academy, is pleased to express literary malice against those whom he loves and esteems the most. A political man came one day to confide a secret to him, and recommended to him the strictest discretion. "*Do not be uneasy*," replied M. Michaud, "*your secret shall be well kept; I will hide it in the complete works of my friend Lacretelle*." We think we know of an American author whose "various writings" would serve the same purpose.

In the last *International* we mentioned the death of the well-known ballad composer ALEXANDER LEE. Some painfully interesting circumstances of his last days have since appeared in the journals:

> "About a week before his death, he called on a friend and brother pianist, Thirlwall, stated his extreme destitution, and asked that a concert might be got up for his relief. This was done, generously and promptly. The concert was advertised, Lee and Thirlwall to preside at the piano. The other performances were to be by

> Mr. Thirlwall's four daughters, and by half a dozen other friends and pupils of Lee, who had offered their gratuitous services. On the day of the proposed concert, he for whose benefit it was to be given, died. It was thought best to perform the concert, however, and to devote the proceeds to paying the proper honors to his memory. They did so, but most of those who tried their voices were too much affected to sing, and the performance was at last brought to an abrupt termination by one of his pupils, who burst into a passion of tears while endeavoring to sing *The Spirit of Good*, an air by the departed master."

Stories of the sagacity of elephants are endless; here are two which imply complicated processes of thought:

> "Another elephant that was exhibited in London was made to go through a variety of tricks, and among them that of picking up a sixpence with its trunk; but on one occasion the coin rolled near a wall beyond its reach. As the animal was still ordered to get it, it paused for a moment as if for consideration, and then, stretching forth its trunk to its greatest extent, blew with such force on the money that it was driven against the wall, and was brought within reach by the recoil. An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately, and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practised, and made the man confess his crime."

A delegation of those disgusting creatures of the feminine or neuter gender, who hold conventions for the discussion of "Women's Rights," obtruded into the presence of the wife of Kossuth, just before the Hungarian left England, with an address, which, in addition to expressions of sympathy, contained an intimation that a statement of opinions was desired respecting their efforts to achieve the "freedom of their sex." The lady replied that she thanked them for their attentions, and that, with respect to her views on the emancipation of woman, she had in earlier years confined herself to the circle of her domestic duties, and had never been tempted to look beyond it; that latterly the overwhelming course of events had left her, as might be well supposed, still less leisure for any speculations of this kind; it would, moreover (such was the conclusion of her little speech), be forgiven in her, the wife of Kossuth—a man whom the general voice, not more than her own heart, pronounced distinguished—if she submitted herself entirely to his guidance, and never thought of emancipation! Probably this admirable answer has saved her the annoyance of receiving any such visitors in this country.

We find the following in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:

> "In 1814, Lord W—— was colonel of an English regiment, and joined the allied army which invaded France. Shortly before his departure from Dover, where he was in garrison, the Colonel married a rich heiress, but he left her with her family whilst he went to encounter the risk of combats. The campaign of France being terminated, nothing further was heard of the colonel; it was known, however, that his regiment had been almost entirely destroyed in a combat with the French in the south of France, but his death not having been regularly proved, some law proceedings took place between the different members of his family respecting property to a very large amount. These proceedings, which are not yet terminated, will, no doubt, receive a solution from the following singular circumstances:—Some time ago an old soldier, M. R——, residing in the environs of Marseilles, came to Paris on family affairs, and took up his residence in a hotel in the quarter of the Chaussée d' Antin. Having run short of money, he begged the hotel-keeper, M. D——, to advance him 100f., and as a guarantee he left him provisionally a superb gold watch, ornamented with diamonds, and on the back of which was the miniature of a lady, with the initials 'E. W——.' M. R—— told the hotel-keeper that in a combat in 1814, in the south of France, he had wounded and taken prisoner an English colonel; that the colonel dying almost immediately after of his wounds, his watch had remained in his hands. He recommended M. D——to take particular care of the watch, and he went away, some days ago, announcing that he would soon send by the messageries the sum lent, and demand restitution of the watch. Two days back there was such a numerous gathering of travellers in the hotel of M. D——, that he was obliged to give up his own room to an Englishman. On seeing the watch hanging over the chimney the Englishman uttered a cry of

surprise, and examined it closely. From the miniature on the back, and the replies of the hotel keeper to his questions, he recognized it as the property of his brother, Colonel W——. With an obstinacy peculiarly English, the Englishman would not give up the watch, and offered to pay 100,000f. for it if required; for it was, with the testimony of R——, the proof of the decease of his brother, and the termination of the law proceedings, which had been pending thirty years; but in the absence of the proprietor of the watch, the hotel-keeper could not dispose of it. To satisfy, however, the obstinacy of the Englishman he called in the commissary of police, who consented to take it as a deposit. The same day the Englishman set out for Marseilles to seek for Mr. R——."

The London *Spectator* has the following just observations on a scandalous exhibition in the theatres:

> "There is a certain degree of elevation, especially in the course of human events, which foretells a speedy downfall. Tyrannies, before their decline, become more and more abominable; and probably the last tyrant is the one who deems his position most secure and his impunity best established. We are forced to this reflection by a burlesque on Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*, brought out this week at the Olympic. Here we have the most affecting story of sin and repentance, derived moreover from the lips of One whom almost every inhabitant of this island esteems as sacred, made the peg whereon to hang the ordinary jokes which we hear *usque ad nauseam*, every Christmas and Easter. There must be an overweening confidence in the safety of burlesque to make such an experiment possible. We are by no means anxious to assume the Puritanical tone, or to lay down the doctrine that certain subjects are to be excluded from any department of art. The most sacred themes are worked into oratorio-books, and the most straitlaced portion of the community applauds their combination with music. But when a subject is in itself solemn, let it be solemnly treated. Opinions may be divided as to whether the story of the Prodigal Son can with propriety be represented in the form of serious opera or spectacle, but that it is an improper theme for burlesque there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Our dramatic authors have too long been in the habit of trying to raise a laugh about every thing, and we have too long been inundated with a species of drama in which the chief wit is anachronism and the chief wisdom a Cockney familiarity with the disreputable works of the Metropolis. We trust that the *début* of the *Prodigal Son* at Vauxhall and the Casinos is that crisis of a disease which precedes a return to health, and that henceforth we shall hear less about Haroun Alraschid's views of the polka, and Julius Cæsar's estimate of cider cellars and cigars. As for the Olympic burlesque itself, it is by no means void of humor; nor is it unsuccessful. We only stigmatize it as the perfection of a bad genus."

Some time ago when a comic opera founded on the history of Joseph was produced in England the people refused to hear it.

Historical Review of the Month.

In Great Britain through November, and in all the last month in the United States, Louis Kossuth has been the object of principal interest to every class of persons. Arriving in New-York on the 5th of December, he has delivered a series of brilliant orations, probably unexampled in all history by any one man, in so short a period, for displays of various knowledge, effective method, and popular eloquence; and, whatever his subject or occasion, the central point of every one was the deliverance of Hungary. The most important result thus far is the organization of a Finance Committee, consisting of a number of the most eminent citizens of New-York, to collect voluntary contributions of money, for the purpose of carrying on a projected resistance to Austria and Russia by the Hungarians. Of the Government of this country, it is understood, Kossuth asks no active intervention, but that England and America shall unite in affirming the policy, that "every nation shall have the right to make and alter its political institutions to suit its own condition and convenience," and that the two nations (England and America) shall not only *respect* but *cause to be respected* this doctrine, so as to prevent Russia from again marching her armies into Hungary. By a large majority of both Houses of Congress, Governor Kossuth has been invited to Washington, and it is probable that he will soon disclose in a speech before the representatives of the nation, more fully than he has yet done, his plans, his hopes, and his expectations.

The first session of the thirty-second Congress assembled in Washington on the 1st of December. In both houses there is a strong majority for the Democratic party. Of the Senators, *twenty-four* are Whigs, *two* (Hale and Sumner) distinctive Free Soilers, *thirty-four* Democrats including Mr. Chase of Ohio, an avowed Abolitionist, and Messrs. Rhett and Butler of South Carolina, Secessionists. There are now three vacancies in the Senate, the last occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Clay, on account of ill-health and his great age. This illustrious orator and

statesman may now be regarded as having closed his public career. The present House consists of 233 Members, besides four Delegates from Territories, who can speak but not vote. Of the Members, the *Tribune* reckons, *eighty-six* Whigs, *five* distinctive Free Soilers (besides several attached to one or the other of the great parties); the remaining *one hundred and forty-two* are of the Democratic party, including all the Southern Rights men and such Union men as were not previously Whigs. The House was organized on the first day of the session by the election of Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, as Speaker, by a considerable majority.

The annual Message of the President was delivered on the 2nd. It is a long document, of much value as a survey of the progress of the nation in the past year, and of considerable importance for its intimations of the policy of the administration. The President strongly condemns the recent invasion of Cuba, and in connection with a history of that affair states, that after the execution of fifty of the associates of Lopez, Commodore Parker was sent to Havana to inquire respecting them. They all acknowledged themselves guilty of the offence charged against them. At the time of their execution, the main body of invaders was still in the field, making war upon Spain. Though the invaders had forfeited the protection of their country, no proper effort has been spared to obtain the release of those now in confinement in Spanish prisons. The President advocates adherence to our neutrality and non-intervention policy. "Our true mission," he says, "is not to propagate our opinions, or impose upon other countries our form of government, by artifice or force; but to teach by example and show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government, and the advantages of free institutions." The correspondence with England and France respecting the invasion of Cuba, maintains the principle, on the part of the United States, that "in every regularly-documented merchant-vessel, the crew who navigate it and those on board of it will find their protection in the flag that is over them." The right of Consuls to security in the country where they reside, is maintained, and mortification is expressed at the attack on the Spanish Consul at New Orleans, and the insult to the Spanish flag. The aggregate receipts for the last fiscal year were $52,312,979.87, with the balance on hand at the commencement, making the means of the treasury for the year $58,917,524.36, against $48,005,878.66. The imports of the year ending June 30, 1851, were $215,725 995, of which $4,967,901 were in specie. The exports were $217,517,130, of which $178,546,555 were domestic, and $9,738,695 foreign products. Specie exported, $29,231,880. Since December 1850, the payments of principal of the debt were $7,501,456.56, which is inclusive of $3,242,400 paid under the 12th article of the treaty with Mexico, and $2,591,213.45 awards under the late treaty with Mexico. The public debt, exclusive of stock, authorized to be issued to Texas, was $62,560,395.26. The receipts for the next fiscal year, are estimated at $51,800,000, making, with the balance on hand, the available means of the year $63,258,743.09. The expenditures are estimated at $42,892,299.19, of which $33,343,198 are for ordinary purposes of government, and $9,549,101.11 for purposes consequent upon the acquisition of territory from Mexico. It is estimated that there will be an unappropriated balance of $20,366,443.90 in the Treasury on the 30th of June, 1853, to meet $6,237,931.35 of public debt due on the 1st of July following. The value of the domestic exports for the year ending June 30, 1851, show an increase of $43,646,322, which is owing to the high price of cotton during the first half of the year, and the price of which has since declined one-half. The value of the exports of breadstuffs is only $21,948,653 against $26,051,373 in 1850, and $68,701,921 in 1847—our largest year of export in that department of trade. In rice the decrease this as compared with last year in the export, is $460,917, which with the decrease in the value of tobacco exported, makes an aggregate decrease in the two articles of $1,156,751. From these premises the President draws the conclusion, that the favorable results anticipated by the advocates of free trade from the adoption of that policy have not been realized.

The case of Mr. Thrasher, alluded to in our last, is the subject of a letter from the Secretary of State to our Minister in Madrid, under date of December 13. Mr. Webster directs efforts to secure Mr. Thrasher's release from imprisonment Mr. Thrasher was sent to Spain on the 24th November.

An important violation of the stipulations of our last treaty with Great Britain occurred in the harbor of San Juan on the —— of November. The steamship Prometheus, an American merchant vessel, plying between New York and San Juan de Nicaragua in the California trade, was levied on by the municipal authorities of San Juan or Greytown, for certain port charges established by direction of British agents, as under the government of the Indian or negro king of Mosquito. These charges the Captain of the Prometheus refused to pay. A British vessel of war, however fired on her twice, and after, under the peremptory orders of the Captain of the brig, the Prometheus had returned to her anchorage, he compelled her, under threats, to extinguish her fires, and place herself at his mercy. The pretended dues were at length paid under protest, and the facts in the case were communicated to Congress in a Message from the President on the 17th. Commodore Parker has been ordered to repair at once to the harbor of San Juan, with directions to protect all merchant vessels from such surveilance in future, of which he is to notify the British officers on his arrival.

The trial of the persons arrested for taking part in the outrages at Christiana, in Pennsylvania, was commenced in Philadelphia on the 24th of November, before Judges Grier and Kane, in the United States Circuit Court, and on the 12th of December it was brought to a close by the acquittal of the prisoners.

Information has been received at the State Department of the loss of the whale ships Arabella and America, of New Bedford; the Henry Thompson and Armada, of New London; the Mary

Mitchell, of San Francisco, and the Sol Sollares, of Fall River.

From California we have news of continued prosperity in mining, and in agriculture and general interests. The project for dividing the State into North and South California appears to have been urged with determination and hopes of success in the recent convention held to consider the subject. It is stated also that a large company of emigrants recently left San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands, to establish a Republican State there. To this end a Constitution had been formed in San Francisco prior to their departure. There are many circumstances which render this statement probable.

A Governor, Lieut. Governor, Attorney General, and members of the Legislature were elected in Virginia on the 8th of December, under the new constitution. The democrats elected their ticket by a large majority. The Legislature of Indiana convened at Indianapolis on the 1st December. Lieutenant Governor James H. Lane took the chair of the Senate, and John D. Dunn was chosen Secretary. In the House, John W. Davis (formerly Speaker at Washington, and since Commissioner to China) was chosen Speaker by a unanimous vote. The Senate of South Carolina has refused an application from the Federal Government for the sale of the lighthouse at Bell's Bay. The House of Representatives has again refused to allow the people to choose Electors of President and Vice President. The vote was 66 to 48. The Legislature have passed a bill to provide for the holding of a Secession Convention. The Texas Legislature assembled at Austin on the 3d. Advices from Galveston state that Colonel Rogers has succeeded in effecting a treaty with the Camanche Indians, and recovered twenty-seven white captives from the Camanches, who had been in bondage among them.

Of accidents and disasters, there have not been so many as in some previous months. On the morning of November 27, about two o'clock, a frightful collision took place between the steamers Die Vernon and Archer, resulting in the loss of the latter vessel, with serious loss of life. The accident occurred at Enterprise Island, about five miles above the mouth of Illinois River. The whole number of lives lost by this catastrophe was thirty-four, of whom ten were deck hands or firemen engaged on the boat. On Sunday, December 7, the city of Portland was visited by one of the most destructive conflagrations that ever occurred in that place. The extent of the conflagration was owing mainly to the want of water, the tide being down. There were twenty-seven stores burnt, nine vessels damaged, and over one hundred thousand dollars worth of merchandise destroyed.

Public Thanksgiving was held this year on the same day in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, and Texas.

From British America there is not much intelligence of importance. The recent elections have resulted favorably for the liberal party. A few days ago the first vessel passed through the new channel of Lake St. Peter, which has been constructed at a cost of $320,000. The dredging is to be continued next season; and it is expected that by July the channel will be 150 feet wide, and of adequate depth. By a new regulation of the Post Office Department, all newspapers pass free between Canada and the adjoining lower Provinces. The seat of Government has been changed four times in 11 years. In 1840 it was at Toronto; next year the union of the Provinces having been effected, it was at Kingston. From 1843 to 1849 it was at Montreal. Toronto then became the capital; and now it has moved to Quebec, under a pledge to come back at the expiration of four years. Respecting the final result of the late movements of Carvajal in Mexico it is not easy to form a conclusion, as the accounts are very contradictory. Notwithstanding his recent discomfiture, it seems to be believed that in the present distracted and impoverished condition of Mexico, he may succeed. General Aragua had arrived at Matamoras with 80 men, with several pieces of artillery and one mortar, to reinforce General Avalos. General Carvajal had not more than five or six hundred men. The Mexican troops in Matamoras number 2,000.

From Nicaragua we learn, that on the 19th of November General Munoz, his officers, and twenty-seven Americans, were captured by General Chamorro, and committed to prison. If this intelligence is true, there is an end of the war in that quarter.

From South America intelligence is as usual confused and unsatisfactory. By way of England we have dates from Montevideo to the 12th Oct. The war in the Banda Oriental was terminated. Oribe had retreated to his country house at Rinton. The Argentine forces were reported to have joined Urquiza. The Orientals had joined Gen. Garzon. A Provisional Government was talked of. The chief results had been effected without bloodshed.

In Chili, the rebel army of 13,000 men, commanded by Carrera and Arteaga, was met by 850 Government troops at Petorca, about forty leagues from Santiago, on the 14th of October. They fought three hours, and the result was the total defeat of the former, with a loss of 70 killed, 200 wounded, and 400 prisoners, including 36 officers. Carrera and Arteaga have not been taken. The Government army, under Colonel Vidaure, lost 15 killed and 15 wounded. 400 of the Government troops had gone by sea to join Bulnes's army; the remainder had sailed for Coquimbo, so that the affair in the North may be considered quelled. In the South, General Cruz had an army of 400 regulars, and 2,500 militia, the latter badly armed and clothed. He had not left the Province of Conception. Bulnes was expected on the frontier of that province with 1,000 troops of the line and 300 militiamen, all well armed, clothed, and paid. He appeared determined to run no risks, and it was generally supposed he would soon restore order and quietness. In Ecuador, the Presidency of General Urbina has been acceptable, and it is probable that peace will be

maintained for some time. Peru is in perfect tranquillity, and this peaceable state is greatly contributing to its advancement. Bolivia is also in peace, although the Congress has not fulfilled the promises with which it began its meetings. At first, some of the members dared to claim reforms in the Government, but they were silenced, and that body will close its session without having done any thing except abolishing Quina Bank, a measure which Government had resolved.

Throughout all parts of Europe there seems to be a well grounded apprehension of an extraordinary effort to put down every species of despotism during the coming year. An impression prevails that the occasion of the presidential election in France will be seized on for a general rising, not only in that country, but in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, and the Revolutionary Congress, in London, of which the presiding genius is Mazzini, will predetermine affairs for all the States, so that each shall have the greatest possible advantage. Governor Kossuth will be back in time to assume the general leadership in northern and eastern Europe.

From England we have intelligence of no important movement since the departure of Kossuth. No subject attracts more attention than that of the extensive and systematic emigration which is taking place to America and Australia. We learn from the report of the Registrar-General, for the three months ended 30th September last, that during those months 85,603 emigrants sailed from the several ports at which government emigration agents are stationed. This is at the rate of nearly 1,000 persons a day. It is probable that one-half of the total number were Irish. Of the 85,603, 68,960 sailed for the Atlantic ports of the Union; and the remaining 16,643 were distributed in the proportions of 9,268 to British North America, 6,097 to the Australian colonies, and 1,278 to other places. So far, the total emigration of 1851 exceeded that of the corresponding period of 1850, and the emigration of 1850 exceeded that of any former year. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill remains a dead letter. The Roman Catholic prelates assume and are called by the prohibited titles, and no steps are taken to enforce the law. The attendance of Roman Catholics on the "Godless Colleges" does not appear to have abated, and the Roman Catholic journals complain of the extent of proselytism from their Church. The Submarine telegraph between England and France has been completed, and messages between Paris and London have been transmitted in half an hour. The event was celebrated by the firing of cannon alternately at Calais and Dover, the fire for each explosion being communicated by the electric current from the side of the channel opposite the gun. An announcement is made by the *Times* of the intended creation of a fourth Presidency in India, and a proposal to remove the seat of government from Calcutta to Lahore. The new province is to be constituted by the spacious province of the Punjab, to which, on the east, it will annex the broad districts of Agra and Bengal, up to the banks of the Sone, embracing the populous and important cities of Allahabad and Benares, To the southwest it will include our anomalous appendage of Scinde, and will thus extend itself from the Hindoo Kosh to the mouths of the Indus, and from the mountains of Beloochistan to the plains of the Ganges.

On the 24th November, about seventy of the principal merchants and gentlemen in Liverpool, and the members of the American Chamber of Commerce, entertained R. J. Walker, late Secretary to the Treasury of the United States, at dinner at the Adelphi Hotel.

The French Legislative Assembly was opened on the 4th of November with a long message from President Bonaparte. A disorderly and excited discussion took place on the 18th, on the proposition of the Questors of the Assembly to put the army in Paris directly under the orders of that body, thereby removing it from the control of the Minister of War and the President. The final vote was 300 for the proposition to 408 against it. The mass of the Republicans opposed it, though General Cavaignac and some of his immediate friends voted in the affirmative. The principal topic of discussion in the Assembly has been the Communal Electoral law. After long discussion, a clause has been adopted, making the time of residence necessary to qualify a citizen to vote in the communal or township elections, only two years instead of three as in the general electoral law. This is regarded as a departure from the rigor of that law and a step toward universal suffrage. It is thus a triumph for the President, who seems, on the whole, decidedly to have gained ground lately. Yet no real progress appears to have been yet made to a settlement of French difficulties, except in so far as every month added to the existence of a new government, the result of a revolution, consolidates it, and enlists in its favor the conservative sentiment.

The prizes of the lottery of L'Ingots d'Or were drawn in the Champs Elysées on the 16th. An immense crowd attended. A journeyman hair-dresser obtained the prize of 200,000 francs, and an engine-driver on a railway the first prize of 400,000 francs.

General Narvaez has returned to Spain, and is again in favor with the queen.

The new King of Hanover, George the Fifth, has published a proclamation, in which he pledges his royal word for "the inviolable maintenance of the constitution of the country." Yet he has abandoned the policy of the late king by appointing a reactionist ministry.

The Austrian currency appears to be in a worse condition than even our own "continental" at the close of the Revolution. The proprietors of houses have again raised their rents 20 and 25 per cent, and the seniors begin to talk of the *Bancozettel* period, when 100 florins in silver sold for 700 florins in paper, and a pair of boots cost 75 paper florins. Government itself has indirectly countenanced the depreciation of the currency: the Finance Minister by the conditions of the loan, and the Director of the Imperial theatre by raising the price of admittance from 1fl. 24k. to 1fl. 48k., although the salaries of the actors are less than formerly, as they have to pay the income tax.

The Russians have discovered four important veins of silver ore in the Caucasus—one in the defile of Sadon, another in that of Ordona, a third in that of Degorsk, and the fourth near Paltchick. The veins are rich in the yield of silver. The working of them has already been commenced.

The Emperor of Russia has just ordered 6000 carriages to be built for the different railways in his empire, in order to facilitate the conveyance of troops.

Scientific Discoveries and Proceedings of Learned Societies

Ten pages of the last Compte Rendu of the *Paris Academy of Sciences*, Mr. Walsh says, in a letter to the *Journal of Commerce*, are allotted to an elaborate report from an able committee, on Mr. Gratiolet's Memoir concerning the cerebral protuberances and furrows of man and the *Primates*, the first order of animals in the class Mammalia, which include the Ape. The inequalities on the brain of man and most of the mammifers were denominated by the celebrated Willis, *gyri*, —*convolutiones*,—*plicæ*; the French use the phrase—*plis cerebraux*. The theories of Willis gave birth to the whole system of Dr. Gall: the *plicæ* are found in the class of mammifers alone; they are rarer and less marked in the lower than in the higher species of the great family of monkeys and baboons. They have been regarded as *indicia* or exponents of more or less perfection in the organ of intelligence, by their number, their projection, and their measure of separation by the furrows. The Report puts these two questions—among the numerous differences of the cerebral *plicæ*, in number, disposition and proportion. Is it possible to discriminate, in man, and among the mammifers that have them, constant characters of particular types, of families, genera, and even of species? 2d. Do some of those types exclusively distinguish such or such a family, and are they more or less marked or impaired, but still recognizable, according to the genera? The Report adds—These questions are solved in the affirmative by the results of Mr. Gratiolet's researches relatively to the great family of *Apes*. The importance of these results for the zoologist and the phrenologist is then signalized, and the insertion of the Memoir in the volume of Transactions emphatically recommended. According to the author, it is with the brain of the *Orang-Outang* that the brain of man has the most points of resemblance. The distinguishing points in regard to all the Apes of the superior class are designated, and they correspond to the physical indications which denote a higher intellectual power.

Respecting the *African Exploring Expeditions*, Miss Overweg (daughter of one of the travellers) and the Chevalier Bunson, have received in London interesting letters, stating the continued success of the adventurous scholars. Previous to the 6th of August Dr. Overweg had safely joined his companion, Dr. Barth, at Kuka. The latter started on a highly interesting excursion to the kingdom of Adamowa, while the former was exploring Lake Tsad. The boat, which had been taken to pieces in Tripoli, and during a journey of twelve months had with immense trouble been carried on camels across the burning sands of the Sahrá, had been put together and launched on the lake; and the English colors were hoisted in the presence, and to the great delight, of numerous natives. Dr. Overweg, in exploring the islands of Lake Tsad, had been every where received with kindness by their Pagan inhabitants.

The *Courrier de la Gironde* states that a civil engineer of Bordeaux, named De Vignernon, has discovered the perpetual motion. His theory is said to be to find in a mass of water, at rest, and contained within a certain space, a continual force able to replace all other moving powers. The above journal declares that this has been effected, and that the machine invented by M. de Vignernon works admirably. A model of the machine was to be exposed at Bordeaux for three days, before the inventor's departure with it for London.

The British Government has granted 1500*l.* to Colonel Rawlinson, to assist him in his researches among the Assyrian antiquities; and 1200*l.* for the publication of the zoology and botany collected during the Australian expedition of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by the late Captain Stanley, son of the late Bishop of Norwich.

The *Museum* of Berlin says that a Prussian has discovered in the ruins of Nineveh, a basso-relievo, representing a fleet of balloons—another proof that "there is nothing new under the sun."

An invention by Captain Groetaers of the Belgian engineers has been lately tested at Woolwich. It is a simple means of ascertaining the distance of any object against which operations may have to

be directed, and is composed of a staff about an inch square and three feet in length, with a brass scale on the upper side, and a slide, to which is attached a plate of tin six inches long and three wide, painted red, with a white stripe across its centre. A similar plate is held by an assistant, and is connected with the instrument by a fine wire. When an observation is to be taken, the observer looks at the distant object through a glass fixed on the left of the scale, and adjusts the striped plate by means of the slide; the assistant also looks through his glass, standing a few feet in advance of his principal at the end of the wire, and as soon as the two adjustments are effected and declared, the distance is read off on the scale. In the three trials made at Woolwich, the distance in one case, although more than 1000 yards, was determined within two inches; and in two other attempts, within a foot. It is obvious that such an instrument, if to be depended on, will admit of being applied to other than military surveys and operations, and may be made useful in the civil service.

Signor Gorini, of the University of Lodi, has recently made some important discoveries which have been much discussed in the scientific journals. His experiments to illustrate the origin of mountains are most interesting. He melts some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel, and allows the liquid to cool. At first it presents an even surface, but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, "that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state and then allowed gradually to consolidate." The professor, has also, it is said, succeeded, to a surprising extent, in preserving animal matter from decay without resorting to any known process for that purpose. Specimens are shown by him of portions of the human body which, without any alteration in their natural appearance, have been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for six and seven years; and he states that, at a trifling cost, he can keep meat for any length of time in such a way that it can be eaten quite fresh.

Count Castelnau, a French Savant who is well known in the United States, has lately communicated to the *Geographical Society of Paris* the result of some personal inquiries at Bahia, in South America, respecting a race of human beings with tails. We suppose there is not a particle of truth in the information he received, but he is so respectable a person that his report deserves some notice. "I found myself in Bahia," he says, "in the midst of a host of negro slaves, and thought it possible to obtain from them information of the unknown parts of the African continent. I soon discovered that the Mohammedan natives of Soudan were much farther advanced in mind, than the idolatrous inhabitants of the coast.—Several blacks of Haoussa and Adamawah related to me that they had taken part in expeditions against a nation called *Niam Niams*, who had *tails*. They traced their route, on which they encountered tigers, giraffes, elephants, and *wild camels*. Nine days were consumed in traversing an immense forest. They reached at length a numerous people of the same complexion and frame as themselves, but with tails from twelve to fifteen inches long, &c., &c."

The Paris journals announce that M. Vallée, one of the officials of the Jardin des Plantes, has succeeded in hatching a turtle by artificial means. On the 14th of July last, he found some turtles' eggs on the sand in the inclosure reserved for the turtles, and placed three of them under his apparatus in the reptile department. On the 14th of this month he examined the eggs, and found a turtle, about as big as a walnut, in full life. He hopes to be able to rear it. This is the first case on record of one of these creatures having been produced artificially.

Recent Deaths.

The *Brussels Herald* announces that the aged naturalist, Savigny, has lately died in Paris. Little has been heard of him for some time in the scientific world. He was for thirty years a member of the Academy of Sciences, and was among the *savants* who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt.

We noticed in the last *International*, the decease of Professor Pattison and Dr. Kearney Rodgers, two of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of New-York. Their deaths were succeeded in a few days by those of Dr. J. E. De Kay (a brother of the late Commodore De Kay), and Dr. Manley. Dr. De Kay was eminent as a naturalist and as an author. He wrote a brace of volumes about Turkey, many years ago, which were published by the Harpers, and two of the quarto volumes of the Natural History of the State of New-York, published by the Government. He was intimate

with Cooper, Irving, Halleck, Paulding, Dr. Francis, and all the old set of *litterateurs* in the city. Dr. Manley (father of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Emma C. Embury), was known at the beginning of this century, for certain political relations, for his connection with Thomas Paine in the last days of that famous infidel, and ever since as a conspicuous physician and high-toned gentleman—foremost especially in all proceedings which had the special stamp of *New-York* upon them, but not at all inclined to second any movement originating in New England. He had lately accompanied his accomplished and distinguished daughter to Paris, for the benefit of her health, which has suffered for three or four years.

Ernest, King of Hanover, died at his palace at Herrenhausen, on the 11th of November. The deceased prince—the fifth and last surviving son of George the Third, was born at Kew, on the 5th of June, 1771. In 1786, he accompanied his brothers, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, to the University of Gottingen. In 1790, he entered the army, and served in the 9th Hanoverian Light Dragoons from that period until 1793, when he obtained the command of the Regiment. During the following year he took an active part in the war which raged on the continent, and in a rencontre near Toumay lost an eye, and was wounded in the arm. In 1799, he was created Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Armagh, and Duke of Teviotdale, with a Parliamentary grant of £12,000 per annum. In the latter part of 1807, he joined the Prussian army, engaged in the struggle against the encroaching power of Napoleon. On the defeat of the French by the allied forces, he proceeded to Hanover, and took possession of that kingdom on behalf of the English crown. In 1810, when the Regency question formed the subject of much public excitement, he entered into its discussion, and vehemently opposed the government on every point, as he opposed the claims of the Roman Catholics, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Reform Bill. He uniformly supported in Parliament the opinions which guided the Pitt, Perceval, and Liverpool Administrations; while he was a warm patron of the Brunswick Clubs, and also held the office of Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland. In reference to his transactions with this body, many reports were circulated, imputing to him political designs and objects of personal ambition connected with the succession to the crown. On the night of the 31st of May, 1810, an extraordinary attempt was made on his life. While asleep, he was attacked by a man armed with a sabre, who inflicted several wounds on his head. He sprang out of bed to give an alarm, but was followed in the dark by his assailant, and cut across the thighs. On assistance arriving, Sellis, an Italian valet, who—it is alleged—had thus attacked the Duke, was found locked in his own room with his throat cut; and spots of blood were found on the floor of the passage leading to the apartment which Sellis occupied. The next day a coroner's inquest was held, and returned a verdict of *felo de se*. The Duke of Cumberland soon recovered from his wounds, but this event gave rise to much suspicion. In May, 1815, he was married to the third daughter of the late reigning Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, a lady who had been married twice previously, first to Prince Frederick Louis Charles of Prussia; and secondly, to Prince Frederick William of Solms-Braunfels The issue of this union was a prince, born at Berlin (where the Duke resided from 1818 to 1828), May 27, 1817—the present King of Hanover, known in England as Prince George of Cumberland. The Duke continued to reside in England from 1828 until the death of William IV., by which the Salique Law alienated the Crown of Hanover from that of Great Britain—bestowing it on the Duke at the same time. At the time of the suicide of Sellis, a statement was circulated to the effect that the Duke had murdered his valet; that, in order to conceal this crime, he had invented the story of a suicide, preceded by an attempt at assassination, and that the wounds which the Duke received were inflicted by himself. These accusations were negatived by evidence produced at the inquest; still the force of that evidence, and even the lapse of three-and-twenty years, did not prevent a revival of the imputation, and the Duke in 1833 thought it necessary to institute a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, where the defendants were found guilty. On that occasion he himself was examined as a witness, and exhibited to the whole court, the marks of the wounds which he had received in the head, from the inspection of which it was inferred that they could never have been inflicted by his own hand. His titles were: Prince Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, and Teviotdale in Great Britain, and Earl of Armagh in Ireland, and King of Hanover. He was a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of St. Patrick, G.C.B.; and G.C.H. He was also a Knight of the Prussian orders of the Black and Red Eagle, a Field-Marshal in the British army, Chancellor and Visitor of the University of Dublin, a Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Asylum, a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Arts.

George Frederick, his only son, and only surviving child, succeeds to the throne of Hanover, but his blindness has suggested the precaution of swearing in twelve councillors, who, to attend in rotation, two at a time, will witness and verify all state documents to be signed by the king. "The new king," says the *Morning Post*, "entirely lacks the Parliamentary experience by which his father so largely profited; and we greatly fear that his education in the strictest school of English High Churchmanship is more calculated to insure his blameless life in a private station, than to fit him for the arduous career of a king in the nineteenth century."

The *Times* sketches the character of the deceased in dark colors, declaring that he "never concerned himself to disguise his sentiments, to restrain his passions, or to conciliate the affections of those who might possibly have been one day his subjects. Relying on the victory which had been apparently declared for absolutism, inflexible in his persuasions, and unbending in his demeanor, the Duke treated popular opinion with a ferocity of contempt which could scarcely be surpassed at St. Petersburgh or Warsaw. In his pleasures he asserted the license of an Orleans or a Stuart, and although in this respect he wanted not for patterns, yet rumor persisted in attaching to his excesses a certain criminal blackness below the standard dye of aristocratic debauchery. It is but reasonable to presume, that a man so universally obnoxious should have suffered, to some extent, from that calumny which the best find it difficult to repel,

and practical evidence was furnished in certain public suits, that the probabilities against him fell short of legal proof. The impartial historian, however, will be likely to decide, that there was little in the known character of Prince Ernest to exempt him from sure suspicions touching what remained concealed."

The Chevalier Lavy, Member of the Council of Mines in Sardinia and of the Academy of Sciences in Turin, and described as being one of the most learned of Italian numismatists, died early in November. He had created at great cost a Museum of Medals, which he presented to his country, and which bears his name.

The Hon. Augusta Mary Byron, better known as the Hon. Augusta Leigh, died near the end of October, at her apartments in St. James's Palace, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She was the half-sister of the author of *Childe Harold*. Her mother was Amelia Darcy, Baroness Conyers, the divorced Duchess of Leeds, whose future happiness was thought to be foretold in some homely rhymes which Dr. Johnson loved to repeat:

> "When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
> To a fine young lady of high quality,
> How happy will that gentlewoman be
> In his Grace of Leeds' good company.
> She shall have all that's fine and fair,
> And the best of silk and satin shall wear;
> And ride in a coach to take the air,
> And have a horse in St. James's-square."

The poet was not, in this instance, a prophet; for the young lady proved any thing but happy in his Grace of Leeds's good company. She was divorced in 1779, and married immediately to Captain John Byron, by whom she had one child, the subject of the present notice. She survived the birth a year, dying 26th January, 1784. Her son by her former marriage became the sixth Duke of Leeds. On the 17th August, 1807, the Hon. Augusta Byron was married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to her cousin, Lieut.-Colonel George Leigh, of the 10th, or Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons, son of General Charles Leigh, by Frances, daughter of Admiral Lord Byron and aunt of Augusta. By this marriage Augusta had several children, some of whom survive her. She had been a widow for some time. Lord Byron is known to have entertained for his sister a higher and sincerer affection than for any other person. His best friends in his worst moments fell under the vindictive stroke of his pen, or the bitter denunciation of his tongue. His sister escaped at all times. "No one," he writes, "except Augusta, cares for me. Augusta wants me to make it up to Carlisle: I have refused every body else, but can't deny her any thing." One of the first presentation copies of *Childe Harold* was sent to his sister with this inscription:—"To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her father's son, and her most affectionate brother." This attachment he has himself chosen to account for, but wholly without reason. "My sister is in town," he writes, "which is a great comfort; for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other." One of the last evenings of Byron's English life was spent with his sister, and to her his heart turned when, in the midst of his domestic afflictions, it sought for refuge in song. Those tender, beautiful verses, "Though the day of my destiny's over," were his parting tribute to her, and were followed by a poem in the Spenserian stanza, of equal beauty, beginning—

> "My sister, my sweet sister! If a name
> Dearer and purer were, it should be thine."

His will evinces in another way his affection for his sister. Nor was Augusta forgetful of her brother. She remembered him with that tender warmth of affection which women only feel, and publicly evinced her regard for him, by the monument which she erected over his remains in the little church of Hucknall. She bore, it may be added, no personal resemblance to her illustrious kinsman.

Lieutenant-General Count Jean Gabriel Marchant, grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Chevalier of St. Louis, &c., &c., was born at Solbene, in the department of the Isere, in 1764, and in 1789 became an advocate at Grenoble. In 1791, he entered the army as commander of a company in the fourth battalion of his district, and in the long and illustrious period of the wars of the empire he served with eminent distinction. He was made a colonel on the 14th June, 1797, general of brigade in 1804, and general of division on the 31st December, 1805, after a series of brilliant services under Marshal Ney. He was in the battles of Jena, Magdeburg, Friedland, &c., and after the latter received the title of Count, and a dotation of 80,000f. He won new honors in Russia and Spain, but after the overthrow of his master, so commended himself to Louis XVIII., as to be confirmed by him in the command of the 7th military division. After abandoning Grenoble to Napoleon, he was tried by a council of war for unfaithfulness to the royal authority, but acquitted, and from 1816 he lived principally in retirement at his chateau of St. Ismier, near Grenoble, where he died the 12th of November, in the 86th year of his age.

MATTHIAS ATTWOOD, long well known in Parliament, died at his house, in Dulwich-park, on the 11th of November. He was in his seventy-second year, and had for some time been in feeble health, which induced him to retire from Parliament at the last general election, but he still occasionally attended to business in London till within a short period of his decease. Mr. Attwood entered Parliament in 1819, and from that time till 1847, continued to have a seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Attwood was one of the bankers of London, of the firm of Spooners and Atwood, and the founder of several successful joint-stock companies.

CARDINAL D'ASTRS, Archbishop of Toulouse, died near the end of September, at an advanced age. He was, it is said, the person who caused the bull of excommunication, pronounced by Pius VII. against Napoleon, in 1809, to be posted up on the walls of Paris. The bull was issued in consequence of the seizure by Napoleon of the States of the Pope, and their annexation to the French empire. The act of excommunication was followed by the arrest of Pius VII. through the instrumentality of General Radet.

THE SERASKIER EMIR PASHA, commanding the Turkish army in Syria, has just died, and his death has caused a great sensation at Constantinople. He was highly esteemed for his prudence, energy, and incorruptibility. The rapidity with which he succeeded, in October, 1850, in suppressing the revolution created by the Emir of Balbek, the care and skill with which he introduced the Tanzimaut and the Conscription into the Syrian provinces, had procured him great credit with the government. No successor has been appointed.

The French papers report the death, at Moscow, of M. ALEXIS DE SAINT PRIEST, a member of the French Academy, formerly a Peer of France, and the author of several historical works,—of which the most celebrated are his History of the Fall of the Jesuits, first published in 1844, and *Histoire de la Royauté*, 1846.

Ladies fashions for January.

I.

From the journals of fashion in London and Paris it appears that furs are very much worn abroad this winter, but hitherto we have not marked their very general adoption in New-York. The sable, ermine, and chinchilla are, as in previous years, most fashionable. Sable harmonizes well with every color of silk or velvet, and it is especially beautiful when worn with the latter material. Cloaks, when trimmed with fur, should not be either so large or so full as when ornamented with other kinds of trimming. Many are of the paletot form, and have sleeves. They are edged with a narrow fur border, the collar being entirely of fur. For trimming mantles Canada sable is much employed. This fur is neither so beautifully soft and glossy, nor so rich in color as the Russian sable; but the difference in price is very considerable. In tone of color minx comes next to Canada sable. Squirrel will not be among the favorite furs this winter; it will be chiefly used for lining cloaks and mantles. Muffs are of the medium size adopted during previous winters. We may add that fur is not excluded from mourning costume.

Bonnets, although fanciful in their appearance, have a warm effect, being composed of plush, velvet, and terry velvet. Felt and beaver bonnets are also much in vogue, trimmed simply, but richly, generally with colors to match, and with drooping feathers. Genin has reproduced the latest London and continental modes. Bonnets of violet velvet are also trimmed with a black lace, upon which are sprinkled, here and there, jet beads; this lace is passed over the bonnet and fixed upon one of the sides by a n[oe]ud of ribbon velvet of different widths; two wide ends, which droop over the shoulder, serve to attach a quantity of coques or ends, also of different widths. The interior is decorated with hearts-ease of velvet and yellow hearts, and is fixed by several ends of velours opinglé ribbon, the same shade and color as the centre of the hearts-ease.

Mantelets of all sorts of shapes are worn: the most striking are very full, and have a hood. It requires great dexterity in cutting out the mantelet to give a graceful appearance to this innovation. The shape adopted is that called *capuchin bonne femme* (or old woman's hood); it is very comfortable, and the least apt to spoil the flowers or feathers of the head-dress. There are also mantelets like the above, made of lace, lined with colored silk, which sets off the pattern; and this is most in favor. Every thing in preparation for this winter is far from plain, being trimmed with embroidery, &c., or jet, lace, ribbons, velvet, blond, braid, half-twisted silk, gold beads, colored embroidery, in short, all the array of rich ornaments possible will be the order of the ensuing season.

I. *The Waistcoat Fashion*, of which we have heretofore given an illustration, is said to increase, and as it is graceful and convenient it would be more popular but for the ridicule cast on all innovations by the vulgar or profligate women who expose their natural shamelessness and ambition of notoriety by appearing in what is called the Bloomer costume—a costume which, it is scarcely necessary to say, has never yet been assumed by a really respectable woman.

II.

II. *Girls Dress.*—White satin capote black velvet dress with berthe; and sleeves trimmed with slight silk fringe. Trousers of English embroidered work. The Genin hat, of felt or beaver.

III. IV.

III. *Walking Dress.*—Bonnet of purple velvet with black feather; full mantelet of black velvet, trimmed with lace and buttons; dress of dark valencias, very full, and plain. Another walking dress consists of pelisse and paletot of Nankin cachmere, the former beautifully embroidered.

IV. *Evening Costume.*—Dress of Brussels net, worn over a jupon of white satin; the body is made en stomacher: the waist and point not very long; two small capes, one of delicately worked net, the other of plain net, meet, in a point in front en demi-c[oe]ur; the short sleeve is formed by four frills, two of worked net, and two of plain net, placed alternately; the skirt is long, and extremely full; it has eight flounces, reaching nearly to the waist, and graduating in width towards the top; they are placed alternately, of worked and plain net.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOLUME 5, NO. 1, JANUARY, 1852 ***

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