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AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, LL. D.

In an early number of the *International* we had the satisfaction of printing an original and very interesting letter from Dr. Layard, in which, with more fulness and explicitness than in his great work on Nineveh, he discusses the subject of Ancient Art. We have carefully noted from time to time his proceedings in the East, and our readers will remember that we recently gave engravings of the most remarkable of the antiquities he sent home last year to the British Museum. Since that time he has proceeded to Bagdad, and he is now pursuing in that vicinity, with his wonted sagacity and earnestness, researches for the remains of Babylon, which in turn will furnish material for another extensive publication from his pen.

The first public announcement of the discoveries at Nimroud was made in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of this city, in a letter from our countryman, Minor K. Kellogg, the painter, who was a long time the intimate friend and travelling companion of Layard in Asia Minor. Introducing the letters in which the antiquary disclosed the successful result of his investigations, Mr. Kellogg says:

> "I can scarcely call to mind a person so admirably qualified in all respects for prosecuting such laborious researches. He is young, of a hardy and enduring constitution, is acquainted with the Oriental languages, and speaks the Persian and Turkish fluently. He is enthusiastic and indefatigable in every thing he undertakes, and plentifully endowed with courage, prudence, and good-nature."

This was more than two years before Layard himself, in his "Nineveh and its Remains," exhibited those triumphs of his intelligence and devotion which have secured for him a place among the most famous travellers and antiquaries in the world.

We take the occasion of copying the above portrait from the last number of *Bentley's Miscellany* to present, from various authentic sources, a brief sketch of Dr. Layard's history. He is descended from the noble French Protestant family of Raymond de Layarde, who accompanied the Prince of [Pg 434] Orange into England. He was born at Paris, during a temporary visit of his parents to that metropolis, on the 5th of March, 1817. His father, who was the son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Peter John Layard, Dean of Bristol, filled a high civil office in Ceylon, between the years 1820 and 1830, and took great interest in the circulation of the Scriptures among heathen nations. He was a man of considerable classical learning, and of refined tastes. During the youth of his son, he lived at Florence, where our young antiquary had free access to the stores of the Pitti Palace, and of the Tribune. He thus became familiar from his infancy with the language of Tuscany, and formed his taste for the fine arts and literature upon the models of painting and sculpture amid which he lived, and in the rich libraries which he frequented. In this manner he added a thorough knowledge of modern languages to a competent acquaintance with those of Greece and Rome. Here, also, he acquired, almost involuntarily, a power over his pencil, which, long dormant, was called forth by the sight of slabs with the noblest sculptures and the finest inscriptions, crumbling into dust. No draughtsman had been provided for his assistance, and had he not instantly determined to arrest by the quickness of his eye, and the skill thus acquired, improved subsequently by Mr. Kellogg's companionship, those fleeting forms which were about to disappear for ever, many of the finest remains of ancient art would have been irrecoverably lost.

On his return from Italy to England, he was urged to choose the profession of the law; but his thirst for knowledge, his love of adventure, and his foreign tastes and habits, led him, after a brief apprenticeship, to travel. He left England, with no very definite object, in the summer of 1839, and, accompanied by a friend, visited Russia and other northern countries, and afterward, living some time in Germany and the states on the Danube, made himself master of the German

language, and of several of the dialects of Transylvania. From Dalmatia he passed into Montenegro, where he remained a considerable time, assisting an able and active young chief in ameliorating the condition of his semi-barbarous subjects. Travelling through Albania and Romelia, where he met with numerous adventures, he arrived at Constantinople, about the end of 1839. Here he made arrangements for visiting Asia Minor, and other countries in the East, where he spent some years, adopting the costume and leading the life of an Arab of the Desert, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the manners and languages of Turkey and Arabia. In 1840 or 1841, he transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society, an Itinerary from Constantinople to Aleppo, which does not seem to have been published; but in the eleventh volume of the Journal of that Society, we have an account of the tour which he performed with Mr. Ainsworth, in April, 1840. He travelled in Persia in the same year, and projected a journey for the purpose of examining Susa, and some other places of interest in the Baktyari mountains, to which Major Rawlinson had drawn the attention of the Geographical Society. With this view, he left Ispahan in the middle of September, in company with Schiffeer Khan, a Baktyari chief; and having crossed the highest part of the great chain of Mungasht, he visited the ruins of Manjanik, which are of considerable extent, and resemble those of the Susannian cities. He visited also the ruins in the plain of Mel Amir, and copied some of their cuneiform inscriptions. In crossing the hills to Susan, he was attacked by a tribe of Dinarunis, and robbed of his watch, compass, &c.; but having complained to the chief, and insisted on the return of every missing article, he received back the whole of his property. It had been his practice to traverse these mountains quite alone, and he was never attacked or insulted, except on this occasion, when the country was in a state of war. He found scarcely any remains at Susan to indicate the site of a large city. In 1842 and 1843, he spent a considerable time in the province of Khuistan, an elaborate description of which he communicated through Lord Aberdeen to the Royal Geographical Society. It was during these various journeys that he prepared himself for the great task to which his best and ripest powers were to be devoted. In his wanderings through Asia Minor and Syria he had scarcely left a spot untrodden which tradition hallowed, or a ruin unexamined which was consecrated by history. His companion shared his feelings and his zeal. Unmindful of danger, they rode along with no other protection than their arms. They tended their own horses, and, mixing with the people, they acquired their manners and their language. He himself says: "I had traversed Asia Minor and Syria, visiting the ancient seats of civilization, and the spots which religion had made holy. I now felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates, to which history and tradition point as the birthplace of the Wisdom of the West."

With these feelings, he looked to the banks of the Tigris, and longed to dispel the mysterious darkness which hung over Assyria and Babylonia. He, accordingly, made preliminary visits to Mosul, inspected the ruins of Nimroud and Kuyunjik, and, fortunately, obtained an interview with Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, then on his way to England. This distinguished man, who was formerly minister to the United States, and is remembered with well-deserved gratitude by nearly every recent traveller in the East, immediately discovered and appreciated the character and talents of Mr. Layard. His knowledge of the East, and of its manners and languages, recommended him in a peculiar manner to the notice of the ambassador, who persuaded him to remain, and employed him on many important public services. Sir Stratford [Pg 435] Canning himself took a deep interest in the researches which had been made by the French, and he promptly aided his young countryman in carrying out the designs of which we now have the histories in his books. In the summer of 1845 Mr. Layard, Count Perpontier of the Prussian Embassy, and Mr. Kellogg, quitted Constantinople together, and visited Brusa (where Layard was some time dangerously ill from a *coup de soleil*), Mount Olympus, the country of the Ourouks or Wandering Tartars, the valley of the Rhyndacus, the Plain of Toushanloo, Kiutayah, the ruins of Azani, &c. Shortly after he proceeded to Nimroud, and in December, 1847, he returned to England with the fruits of his labors. He wrote to Mr. Kellogg, who was now in New-York, under date of

"CHELTENHAM, Jan. 16, 1848.

"MY DEAR KELLOGG:—I was quite delighted to see your handwriting again, when a few days ago I received your letter of the 15th November, with the diploma of the New-York Ethnological Society. I reached home on Christmas day, after having been detained three months at Constantinople. As you may well conceive, since my return I have not had a moment to myself—for what with domestic rejoicings and general honors, I have been in one continual movement and excitement. I was gratified to find that the results of my labors had created much more interest in England than I could possibly have expected, and that those connected with art, and interested in early history, were really enthusiastic on the subject; so much so, indeed, that the Trustees of the British Museum are desirous of doing every thing that I think right; and it is probable that ere long a very fine work will be published at the public expense, containing all the drawings (about 130) and inscriptions. I am to write and publish a small descriptive and popular work, for my own advantage, just sufficient to satisfy the public curiosity about Nineveh and the excavations. It will contain an account of the works carried on, a slight sketch of the history of Nineveh, a short inquiry into the manners, customs and religion of the Assyrians, my own adventures in Assyria, and a little information on the language and character, with an account of the progress made in deciphering. There will be two volumes I presume, and I have already advantageous offers from publishers. My reason for entering into these details, is to ask you what the law is in America, and whether any influential bookseller would be willing to give me any

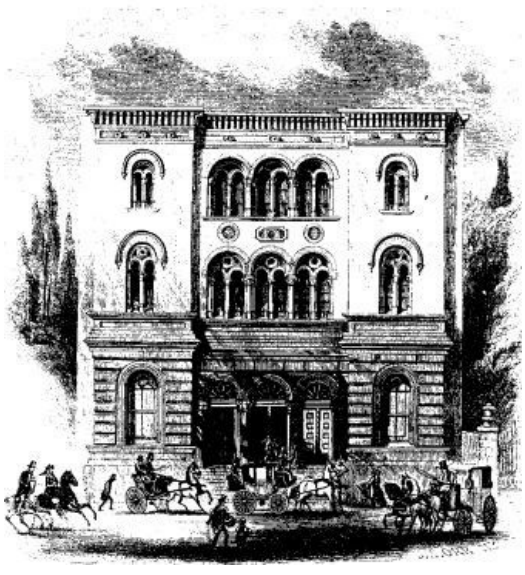
thing for the copyright, and if so, how it could be managed? If you could do any thing for me in this matter, I should really be much obliged to you, and I am willing to abide by any arrangement you might think advantageous. I think the work will be attractive—particularly in America, where there are so many Scripture readers.

"I took Florence on my way, expressly to see you and Powers. Although I was disappointed (and very greatly too) in the first, I was greatly gratified in seeing Powers, and can assure you I left Florence with as high an admiration for his genius and character, as you can have, although unfortunately I was only able to pass an hour or two with him, my stay being so short. I showed him all my drawings, and, as you may suppose, passed a very pleasant morning with him, Kirkup, and Migliarini—all enthusiastic in seeing my drawings, and persons worth showing such things to. Two hours, spent in this way, go far towards recompensing one for any labor and sacrifice. I got your address from Powers, intending to write to you as soon as I reached England. It gave me the sincerest pleasure to hear every one uniting in your praise; I regretted the more that you were absent, and that I was unable to see your works. I was delighted to find that such brilliant prospects were opening to Powers, and I learnt from him, what you hint at in your letter, that you also were prospering, and that substantial advantages were pretty sure. I have only now to get a little money in my pocket, and then inshallah (as the Turks say), I'll have my picture out of you. To return to business for a moment (pardon me for doing so), I think the drawings will be published in first rate style and at a very moderate price: about £10—not a shilling a drawing. Pray mention this to any of your bookseller friends, and perhaps they may be induced to take a few copies. It will be a work which no library ought to be without; it will, I hope, quite surpass the French publication both in execution and subject, and will be sold at one-tenth of the price—theirs coming to nearly £100. I inclose a letter of thanks for the Secretary of the Ethnological Society, which pray send, and also add on my part, many thanks for this honor, which I can assure you I particularly appreciate. My names are Austen Henry Layard, and my designation simply "attached to Her Britannic Majesty's Embassy, at the Sublime Porte." Lady Canning and her family are still in England, Sir Stratford at Berne. It is doubtful when they will return to Constantinople, but I presume ere long. I am ordered out in May, and am named commissioner for the settlement of the boundaries between Turkey and Persia. I wish I had you with me during my commission, for I shall visit a most interesting country, totally unknown, and with magnificent subjects for such a pencil as yours. I am sorry I did not know of your visit to England. I have many influential friends, who would have been glad to welcome you, and who might have been useful. I am now passing a month or two at Cheltenham, for the benefit of my health, which has suffered a little. I will write to you again soon with something more interesting. Believe me, my dear Kellogg, yours ever sincerely,

A. H. LAYARD."

Upon the publication of his great work on Nineveh and its Remains, thus modestly announced, and his One Hundred Plates, he went back to the East, to renew his researches. Of the results of his recent labors we have already written, in the *International* for December.

Dr. Layard is a person of the most amiable and pleasing character, with all the social virtues which command affection and respect, and such capacities in literature as make him one of the most attractive travel-writers in our language. The world may yet look for several volumes from his hand, upon the East, and we are sure they will deserve the large and permanent popularity to which his first work has attained in every country where it has been printed.



THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

We present above an accurate view of the exterior of the Astor Library, in Lafayette Place, from a drawing made for the *International* under the direction of the architect, Mr. Alexander Saeltzer. It is destined to be one of the chief attractions of the city, and information respecting it will be read with interest by the literary and learned throughout the country.

It is now three years since John Jacob Astor died, leaving by his will four hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a Public Library in New-York, and naming as the first trustees, the Mayor of the city of New-York and the Chancellor of the state for the time being. Washington Irving, William B. Astor, Daniel Lord, Jr., James G. King, Joseph G. Cogswell, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Henry Brevoort, Jr., Samuel B. Ruggles, Samuel Ward, and Charles Bristed. On the twentieth of May the trustees held their first meeting, accepted the trust conferred on them, and appointed Dr. Cogswell, one of their number, superintendent of the Library. Of the bequest, $75,000 was authorized to be applied to the erection of a building, $120,000 to the purchase of books and other objects in the establishment of the Library, and the residue, after paying for the site, was to be invested as a fund for its maintenance and increase. In September, 1848, the trustees selected the site for the edifice. It is convenient for all public purposes, and affords the comparative quietude and retirement which are desirable for an institution of constant resort for study and for the consultation of authorities. In October, Dr. Cogswell was authorized to go to Europe and purchase at his discretion books to the value of twenty thousand dollars. The object of the trustees in sending him abroad at that particular time was to avail themselves of the opportunity, afforded by the distracted political condition of Europe and the reduction of prices consequent upon it, to purchase books at very low rates; and the purchases were made at prices greatly below the ordinary standard, and the execution of his trust in all respects amply vindicated the high opinion entertained of Dr. Cogswell's fitness for his position.

The plans for the edifice submitted by Mr. Saeltzer having been adopted, the work was [Pg 437] commenced and has been vigorously prosecuted until the present time, when the front and nearly all the exterior are completed. The Library is of brown stone, and in the Byzantine style, or rather in that of the palaces of Florence, and is one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty-five feet wide, and sixty-seven feet high. Scarcely a particle of wood enters into its composition. No building in the United States, of this character, is formed to so large an extent of iron. Its uses, too, are altogether novel, at least in this country, and ingenious. For instance, the truss beams, supporting the principal weight of the roof, are constructed of cast iron pipes, in a parabolic form, on the same plan as the iron bridges in France and other parts of Europe, with a view to secure lightness and strength. The Library Hall, which occupies the second floor, is one hundred feet high, and sixty wide, in the clear. The ascent from the front is by a single line of thirty-eight Italian marble steps, decorated on either side, at the entrance, by a stone sphinx. Upon nearing the summit of these steps, the visitor finds himself near the centre of this immense alcove, surrounded by fourteen brick piers, plastered and finished in imitation of marble, and supporting iron galleries, midway between the floor and the ceiling. The side walls form one continuous shelving, of a capacity sufficient for 100,000 volumes. This is reached by means of the main gallery, in connection with which are four iron spiral stairways and an intervening gallery, of a lighter and smaller description, connected by its eight staircases with the main gallery. The whole are very ingeniously arranged and appropriately ornamented, in a style corresponding with the general architecture of the building. At an elevation of fifty-one feet above the floor of the main hall, is the principal skylight, fifty-four feet long and fourteen broad, formed of thick glass set in iron. Besides this there are circular side skylights of much smaller dimensions. All needful light is furnished, by these and by the windows in the front and rear walls. Free ventilation is also secured by iron fretwork, in suitable portions of the ceiling. In the extreme rear are the two rooms for the librarian, to which access is had by means of the main galleries.

The first floor contains lecture and reading-rooms, with accommodations for five hundred persons. The latter are on each side of the building, and separated from the library-hall stairway at the front entrance by two corridors leading to the rear vestibule, and thence to the lecture-room, still further in the rear. The basement contains the keeper's rooms, cellars, coal-vaults, air-furnaces, &c. The floors are of richly-wrought mosaic work, on iron beams. The building will not be completed, probably, for nearly a year from this time, and the books collected, about 27,000, are meanwhile accessible at 32 Bond-street.

Dr. Cogswell has had printed, in an octavo volume of 446 pages, an alphabetical index to the books now collected, and of the proposed accessions. This catalogue is not published, and there are but few copies of it. The learned librarian, who sailed a few days ago on a new mission for the library, to Europe, printed it at his own cost, convinced that without some such manual it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, in making the necessary purchases, to avoid buying duplicates, and equally difficult to select judiciously so many thousand volumes as are required. He remarks that the Astor Library is in his opinion the first of so considerable an extent that has ever been called at once into existence. "That of Gottingen, the nearest parallel, was founded more than a century ago, when the whole number of printed books was less than half the present number. Should the Astor Library ever become a parallel to that in excellence and completeness, it will be as great an honor to the new world as that to the old."

THE TEMPER OF WOMEN.

In the *Lexington Papers*, just published in London, we have some good anecdotes of society two hundred and fifty years ago. Here is one:

"A few days ago two ladies met in a narrow street at ten o'clock in the morning. Neither chose to permit her carriage to be drawn back, and they remained without moving for six hours. A little after twelve o'clock they sent for some refreshment for themselves and food for their horses. Each was firmly resolved to stay the night there rather than go back; and they would have done so, but a tavern-keeper in the street, who was prevented by their obstinacy from bringing to his door a cart laden with wine, went in search of the commissary of the district, who at length, but with much trouble, succeeded in effecting an arrangement upon these terms—that each should retire at the same moment, and that neither should pass through the street."

And here another, which would versify into a fine horrible ballad—as grand and ghastly as Alfred Tennyson's "Sisters:"

"The Parliament has lately confirmed the sentence of death passed on two daughters of a gentleman of Anjou, named Madaillon, for the murder of the lover of their younger sister. It appears that he was engaged to be married to the eldest sister, but deserting her, and passing over the second, he transferred his addresses to the youngest. The two eldest sisters, in revenge, invited him to play at blind man's buff, and while one bound his eyes, the other cut his throat."

And this is similar:

"In Piedmont a gentleman addressed at the same time one lady who was rich and plain, and one who was poor and very beautiful; and they, by chance becoming acquainted, exhibited to each other their correspondence with the vacillating lover, and one of them invited him to a meeting, in which after joining in reproaches, they dexterously each deprived him of an ear." [Pg 438]

ANDREW MARVEL.

Of this Aristides of the poets, and his homes and haunts. Mrs. S. C. Hall gives us the following interesting sketches in her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." The illustrations are from drawings by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

But a few months ago we had been strolling about Palace-yard, and instinctively paused at No. 19 York-street, Westminster. It was evening; the lamplighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings; a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain, ordinary walls, caused you to reflect; aye, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin secretary to the Protector, was John Milton to be found when "at home;" and in his society, at times, were met all the men who with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two; either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of John Milton and Andrew Marvel! think of the Protector of England, with two such secretaries!

Evening had deepened into night; busy hands were closing shutters, and drawing curtains, to exclude the dense fog, that crept slowly and silently, like an assassin, through the streets; the pavement was clammy, and the carriages rushing through the mist, like huge-eyed, misshapen spectres, proved how eager even the poor horses were to find shelter; yet for a long while we stood on the steps of this building, and at length retraced our steps homeward. Our train of thought, although checked, was not changed, when seated by a comfortable fire. We took down a volume of Milton; but "Paradise Lost" was too sublime for the mood of the moment, and we "got to thinking" of Andrew Marvel, and displaced a volume of Captain Edward Thompson's edition of his works; and then it occurred to us to walk to Highgate, and once again enjoy the sight of his quaint old cottage on the side of the hill just facing "Cromwell House," and next to that which once owned for its master the great Earl of Lauderdale.

We know nothing more invigorating than to breast the breeze up a hill, with a bright clear sky above, and the crisp ground under foot. The wind of March is as pure champagne to a healthy constitution; and let mountain-men laugh as they will at Highgate-hill, it is no ordinary labor to go and look down upon London from its height.

Here then we are, once more, opposite the house where lived the satirist, the poet, the incorruptible patriot.

It is, as you will see presently, a peculiar-looking dwelling, just such a one as you might well suppose the chosen of Andrew Marvel—exquisitely situated, enjoying abundant natural advantages; and yet altogether devoid of pretension; sufficiently beautiful for a poet, sufficiently humble for a patriot.

MARVEL'S HOUSE, FRONT VIEW.

It is an unostentatious home, with simple gables and plain windows, and is but a story high. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door, in which to sit and look forth upon the road, a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernized, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

The dwelling was evidently inhabited;—the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning which we now write, and the garden as neat as when in those days we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message; and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy; and, emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked. [Pg 439]

MARVEL'S HOUSE, BACK VIEW.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had formerly seen; and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat, clean bedrooms, where every thing was so old-fashioned, that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

"Look out here," said the old lady; "here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense*; but when he wrote *poetry*, he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House, opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man. My husband used to say, the patriots of those times were not like the patriots now;—that then, they acted for their country,—now, they talk about it! Alas! the days are passed when you could tell an Englishman from every other man, even by his gait, keeping the middle of the road, and straight on, as one who knew himself, and made others know him. I am sure a party of roundheads, in their sober coats, high hats, and heavy boots, would have walked up Highgate Hill to visit Master Andrew Marvel, with a different air from the young men of our own time,—or of their own time, I should say,—for *my* time is past, and *yours* is passing."

That was quite true; but there is no reason, we thought, why we should not look cheerfully towards the future, and pray that it may be a bright world for others, if not for ourselves;—the greater our enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the nearer we approach God.

It was too damp for the old lady to venture into the garden; and sweet and gentle as she was, both in mind and manner, we were glad to be alone. How pretty and peaceful the house looks

from this spot! The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn—

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprang from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable;—not only was he a tender and exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. We have always considered his as the first of the "sprightly runnings" of that brilliant stream of wit, which will carry with it to the latent posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before Marvel's time, to be witty was to be strained, forced, and conceited; from him—whose memory consecrates that cottage—wit came sparkling forth, untouched by baser matter. It was worthy of him; its main feature was an open clearness. Detraction or jealousy cast no stain upon it; he turned aside, in the midst of an exalted panegyric to Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that ever were said of Charles I.

The Patriot was the son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, minister and schoolmaster of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born in 1620; his father was also the lecturer of Trinity Church in that town, and was celebrated as a learned and pious man. The son's abilities at an early age were remarkable, and his progress so great, that at the age of thirteen, he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge; and it is said that the corporation of his natal town furnished him with the means of entering the college and prosecuting his studies there. His shrewd and inquiring mind attracted the attention of some of the Jesuit emissaries who were at this time lurking about the universities, and sparing no pains to make proselytes. Marvel entered into disputations with [Pg 440] them, and ultimately fell so far into their power, that he consented to abandon the University and follow one of them to London. Like many other clever youths, he was inattentive to the mere drudgery of university attendance, and had been reprimanded in consequence; this, and the news of his escape from college, reached his father's ears at Hull. That good and anxious parent followed him to London; and, after a considerable search, at last met with him in a bookseller's shop; he argued with his son as a prudent and sensible man should do, and prevailed on him to retrace his steps and return with him to college, where he applied to his studies with such good-will and continued assiduity, that he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1638. His father lived to see the fruits of his wise advice, but was only spared thus long; for he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber, as he was attending the daughter of an intimate female friend, who, by this event becoming childless, sent for young Marvel, and by way of making all the return in her power, added considerably to his fortune.

This accession of wealth gave him an opportunity of travelling, and he journeyed through Holland, France, and Italy. While at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him so much celebrity. It was a satire on an English priest there, a wretched poetaster named Flecknoe. From an early period of life Marvel appears to have despised conceit, or impertinence, and he found another chance to exhibit his powers of satire in the person of an ecclesiastic of Paris, one Joseph de Maniban, an abbot who pretended to understand the characters of those he had never seen, and to prognosticate their good or bad fortune, from an inspection of their handwriting. Marvel addressed a poem to him, which, if it did not effectually silence his pretensions, at all events exposed them fully to the thinking portions of the community.

CROMWELL HOUSE.

Beneath Italian skies his immortal friendship with Milton seems to have commenced; it was of

rapid growth, but was soon firmly established. They were, in many ways, kindred spirits, and their hopes for the after destinies of England were alike. In 1653 Marvel returned to England, and during the eventful years that followed, we can find no record of his strong and earnest thoughts, as they worked upwards into the arena of public life. One glorious fact we know, and all who honor virtue must feel its force,—that in an age when wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvel, a member of the popular and successful party, continued Poor. Many of those years he is certain to have passed—

> "Under the destiny severe
> Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere—"

in the humble capacity of tutor of languages to their daughters. It was most likely, during this period, that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell, a house upon which we shall remark presently. In 1657 he was introduced by Milton to Bradshaw. The precise words of the introduction ran thus: 'I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor.' His connection with the State took place in 1657, when he became assistant secretary with Milton in the service of the Protector. 'I never had,' says Marvel, 'any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, until the year 1657.'

After he had been some time fellow-secretary with Milton, even the thick-sighted burgesses of Hull perceived the merits of their townsman, and sent him as their representative into the House of Commons. We can imagine the delight he felt at escaping from the crowded and stormy Commons to breathe the invigorating air of his favorite hill, to enjoy the society of his former pupils, now his friends; and to gather, in [Pg 441]

> '——a garden of his own,'

the flowers that had solaced his leisure hours when he was comparatively unknown. But Cromwell died, Charles returned, and Marvel's energies sprung into arms at acts which, in accordance with his principles, he considered base, and derogatory to his country. His whole efforts were directed to the preservation of civil and religious liberty.

It was but a short time previous to the Restoration that Marvel had been chosen by his native town to sit as its representative in Parliament. The Session began at Westminster in April, 1660, and he acquitted himself so honorably, that he was again chosen for the one which began in May, 1661. Whether under Cromwell or Charles, he acted with such thorough honesty of purpose, and gave such satisfaction to his constituents, that they allowed him a handsome pension all the time he continued to represent them, which was till the day of his death. This was probably the last borough in England that paid a representative.[A] He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had much influence with the members of both Houses; the spirited Earl of Devonshire called him friend, and Prince Rupert particularly paid the greatest regard to his councils; and whenever he voted according to the sentiments of Marvel, which he often did, it used to be said, by the opposite party, that 'he had been with his tutor.' Such certainly was the intimacy between the Prince and Marvel, that when he was obliged to abscond, to avoid falling a sacrifice to the indignation of those enemies among the governing party whom his satirical pen had irritated, the Prince frequently went to see him, disguised as a private person.

The noted Doctor Samuel Parker published Bishop Bramhall's work, setting forth the rights of kings over the consciences of their subjects, and then came forth Marvel's witty and sarcastic poem, 'The Rehearsal Transposed.'[B] And yet how brightly did the generosity of his noble nature shine forth at this very time, when he forsook his own wit in that very poem, to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. Fortune seems about this period to have dealt hardly with him. Even while his political satires rang through the very halls of the pampered and impure Charles, when they were roared forth in every tavern, shouted in the public streets, and attracted the most envied attention throughout England, their author was obliged to exchange the free air, apt type of the freedom which he loved, for a lodging in a court off the Strand, where, enduring unutterable temptations, flattered and threatened, he more than realized the stories of Roman virtue.

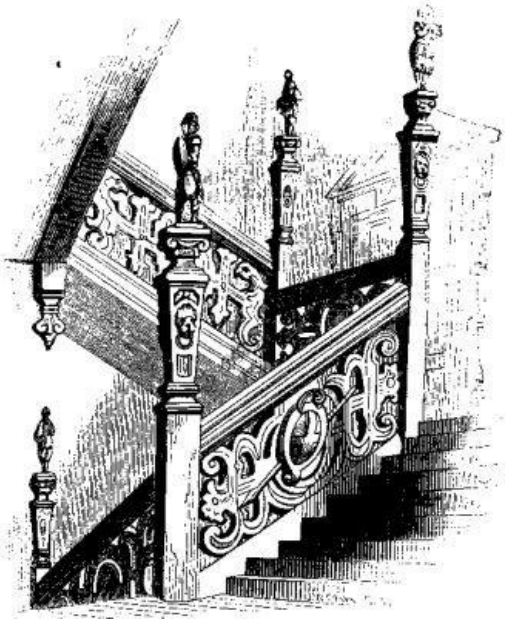
The poet Mason has made Marvel the hero of his 'Ode to Independence,' and thus alludes to his incorruptible integrity:—

> 'In awful Poverty his honest Muse
> Walks forth Vindictive through a venal land;
> In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
> In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
> He scorns them both, and arm'd with Truth alone,
> Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.'

Marvel, by opposing the ministry and its measures, created himself many enemies,[C] and made himself very obnoxious to the government, yet Charles II. took great delight in his conversation, and tried all means to win him over to his side, but in vain; nothing being ever able to shake his resolution. There were many instances of his firmness in resisting the offers of the Court, in which he showed himself proof against all temptations.

We close our eyes upon this peaceful dwelling of the heroic senator, and imagine ourselves in the reign of the second Charles, threading our way into that 'court off the Strand,' where Marvel ended his days. We enter the house, and climbing the stairs even to the second floor, perceive the object of our warmest admiration. He is not alone, though there is no possibility of confounding the poet with the courtier. Andrew Marvel is plainly dressed, his figure is strong, and about the middle size, his countenance open, and his complexion of a ruddy cast; his eyes are of a soft hazel color, mild and steady; his eyebrows straight, and so flexible as to mould without an effort into a satirical curve, if such be the mind's desire; his mouth is close, and indicative of firmness; and his brown hair falls gracefully back from a full and noble forehead. He sits in an upright and determined manner upon an uneasy-looking high-backed chair. A somewhat long table intervenes between him and his visitor; one end of it is covered with a white cloth, and a dish of cold meat is flanked by a loaf of bread and a dark earthenware jug. On the opposite end is placed a bag of gold, beside which lies the richly-embroidered glove which the cavalier with whom he is conversing has flung off. There is strange contrast in the attitude of the two men. Lord Danby lounges with the ease of a courtier and the grace of a gentleman upon a chair of as stiff and uncomfortable an appearance as that which is occupied after so upright a fashion by Andrew Marvel.

"I have answered you, my lord," said the patriot, "already. Methinks there need be no further parley on the subject; it is not my first temptation, though I most fervently desire it may be the last." [Pg 442]



STAIRCASE.

The nobleman took up his glove and drew it on. "I again pray you to consider," he said, "whether, if with us, the very usefulness you so much prize would not have a more extensive sphere. You would have larger means of being useful."

"My lord, I should certainly have the means of tempting usefulness to forsake duty."

The cavalier rose, but the displeasure that flushed his countenance soon faded before the serene and holy expression of Milton's friend.

"And are you so determined?" said his lordship, sorrowfully. "Are you really so determined? A thousand English pounds are there, and thrice the sum—nay, any thing you ask——"

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted Marvel, indignantly, "this perseverance borders upon insult. Nay, my good lord, you do not so intend it, but your master does not understand me. Pray you, note this: two days ago that meat was hot; it has remained cold since, and there is enough still for to-morrow; and I am well content. A man so easily satisfied is not likely to exchange an approving conscience for dross like that!"

We pray God that the sin of Marvel's death did not rest with the great ones of those times; but it was strange and sudden.[D] He did not leave wherewith to bury the sheath of such a noble spirit, but his constituents furnished forth a decent funeral, and would have erected a monument to his memory in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where he was interred; but the rector, blinded by the dust of royalty to the merits of the man, refused the necessary permission. Marvel's name is remembered, though the rector's has been long forgotten.[E]

Wood tells us, that Marvel was in his conversation very modest, and of few words; and Cooke, the writer of his life, observes that he was very reserved among those whom he did not know, but a most delightful and improving companion among his friends. John Aubrey, who knew him personally, thus describes him: 'He was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish cherry-checked, hazle-eyed, brown-haired.' He was (as Wood also says) in conversation very modest, and of a very few words. He was wont to say, that he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he would not trust his life.

Marvel lived among friends at Highgate; exactly opposite to his door was the residence of General Ireton and his wife Bridget, the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and which house still bears his name, and is described in 'Prickett's History of Highgate,' one of those local topographical works which deserve encouragement:—'Cromwell House is supposed to have been built by the Protector, whose name it bears, about the year 1630, as a residence for General Ireton, who married his daughter and was one of the commanders of his army; it is, however, said to have been the residence of Oliver Cromwell himself, but no mention is made, either in history or in his biography, of his having ever lived at Highgate. Tradition states, there was a subterraneous passage from this house to the mansion house which stood where the New Church now stands, but of its reality no proof has hitherto been adduced. Cromwell House was evidently built and internally ornamented in accordance with the taste of its military occupant. The staircase, which is of handsome proportions, is richly decorated with oaken carved figures, supposed to have been of persons in the general's army, in their costume; and the balustrades filled in with devices emblematical of warfare. On the ceilings of the drawing-room are the arms of General Ireton; this and the ceilings of the other principal apartments are enriched in conformity with the fashion of those days. The proportion of the noble rooms, as well as the brick-work in front, well deserves the notice and study of the antiquarian and the architect. From the platform on the top of the mansion may be seen a perfect panorama of the surrounding country.' [Pg 443]

The staircase above described is here engraved. It is a remarkably striking and elegant specimen of internal decoration, of broad and noble proportion, and of a solid and grand construction suitable to the time of its erection; the wood-work of the house is every where equally bold and massive; the door-cases of simple but good design. There are some ceilings in the first story which are in rich plaster work, ornamented with the arms of Ireton; and mouldings of fruit and flowers, of a sumptuous and bold enrichment.

The series of figures which stand upon the newels of the staircase are all engraved below. There are ten remaining out of twelve, the original number; the missing two are said to have been figures of Cromwell and Ireton, destroyed at the Restoration. They stand about a foot in height, and represent the different soldiers of the army, from the fifer and drummer to the captain, and originally, to the commanders. They are curious for more reasons than one; their locality, their truthfulness, their history, and the picture they help us to realise of the army of Cromwell are all so many claims on our attention.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] The custom of paying members of the House of Commons for the loss of time and travelling expenses, was common in the seventeenth century; constituencies believed such equivalents necessary for the attention to their interests and wishes which a Parliamentary agent was expected to give. In the old Corporation books of provincial towns are many entries for payments to members of Parliament, and in some instances we find them petitioning to Government for disfranchisement, because they could not afford to pay the expenses of a Member.

[B] Marvel's first *exposé* of Parker's false logic was in 1672, in the poem named above, which was immediately answered by Parker, and re-answered by Marvel, who appears to have had some private threat sent him, as he says his pamphlet is occasioned by two letters; one the published 'Reproof' of him by Parker in answer to his first attack; 'the second, left for me at a friend's house, dated November 3d, 1673, subscribed J. G., and concluding with these words:—If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the Eternal—I will cut thy throat.' This last reply of Marvel's, however, effectually silenced Parker: 'It not only humbled Parker, but the whole party,' says Burnet, for, 'from the king down to the tradesman, the book was read with pleasure.'

[C] 'No stronger satire could be penned than that descriptive of the Court of Charles, in the poem called 'Britannia and Raleigh:'—

> 'A colony of French possess the Court,
> Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy chambers sport;
> Such slimy monsters ne'er approach'd a throne
> Since Pharaoh's days, nor so defil'd a crown;
> In sacred ears tyrannic arts they croak,
> Pervert his mind, and good intentions choak.'

But not only do the courtiers feel the lash, for when Raleigh implores Britannia to urge his duty on the king, and save him from the bad who surround him, she interrupts him with—

> 'Raleigh, no more! for long in vain I've try'd
> The Stuart from the tyrant to divide.'

[D] 'Marvel died in 1678, in his fifty-eighth year, not without the strongest suspicions of having been poisoned; for he was always very temperate, and of an healthful and strong constitution to the last.'

[E] On the death of this rector, however, the monument and inscription was placed on the north wall of the church, near the spot where he is supposed to lie.

A NOVELIST'S APPEAL FOR THE CANADAS.

Among the new English novels is one entitled *Ellen Clayton, or the Nomades of the West*, by Douglass Huyghue. The author seems to feel for the red men the same regard which the adventurous artist and traveller Catlin has expressed in England, and his work comes in aid of those appeals which Catlin has so often made on their behalf. Such a motive entitles the author to respect, and gives an additional value to the book; while the talent with which it is written, renders it a narrative of unusual interest. In nothing but its *theme* is it like to any of Cooper's novels. Its incidents and its characters are not similar, and they lack truthfulness quite as much as they lack similarity. We know something of Indian life; in our youth we saw much of it; and we regard Cooper as its faithfulest delineator in literary art. The time at which this romance opens is in the year 1600, when the wars between France and England led to hostilities in Canada, and when an abortive attack was made upon Quebec by the British and colonial army. The hero and heroine are victims to the disasters of that war, and in describing their adventures, Canada, and the condition of its civilized as well as of its wild inhabitants, are vividly presented. The incidents justify the author in making this appeal to his English readers when he reminds them of the associations that should ever be connected with the fortress of Quebec:—

> "Men of England, look not coldly upon the interests of that land for the possession of which your fathers fought and bled. Quench not irretrievably the flame of loyalty which burns in many an earnest heart, loath to contract these new ties which the progress of an irresistible destiny would seem to favor, at the sacrifice of affection for the fatherland. The blood of the greatest and wisest nation since the days of the Romans, flows in the veins of the Anglo-Americans, unadulterated by the air of another hemisphere, and stimulated into vigorous action by a necessity for continual exertion, combined with an entire liberty of thought which calls into play every resource of the physical and intellectual man. The sturdy and intelligent race that treads the virgin soil of Canada, can surely claim equality, at the very least, with the denizens of older Europe; cramped as they are for want of room, and enervated by an ultra-civilization that wrongs nature, and has almost taken the sceptre from her hand to put it into that of art. The British colonist enjoys a peculiar exemption from those prejudices, which, for so many ages, have retarded progress, and are successively being overcome by the convictions of a more enlightened era. There is a voice in the woods and mountains of a great solitude that elevates the soul and fortifies it with courage in the time of need. The great torrents and inland seas of that noble country have schooled the generation, nurtured by their side, into a strong conception of freedom, and the right to be justly dealt with, at the hands of those with whom it is connected by the double alliance of kindred predilection. A pernicious, temporizing policy has of late caused such wounds as may not be healed up very easily, we fear. The upright colonist has seen an unprincipled faction permitted to ride triumphant over those whose intentions are honest, and whose loyalty is proven. Let us hope, that ere long something of the chivalrous generosity of other days will pervade the councils of the state, and rouse the stalwart spirit of the Briton to scourge this ignominy from the land; if encouragement be due at all, it surely is to those true-hearted provincials who are avowedly proud of the great people from whence they derive their character, their language, and their laws—and who are as able, as they are willing, to preserve unto their beloved Sovereign the colony their sires won."

This is tolerably good rhetoric, but it is not likely to have much effect when the strong argument and imposing eloquence of statesmen have failed to arrest attention. We see notices of another political novel referring to Canada, which deals more directly, if with less talent, with the disabilities and wishes of the people. It is entitled, *The Footsteps of Montcalm*, and its hero, descended from a follower of the brave Frenchman, contrasts with his ideal of freedom and happiness, the laws, institutions, habits, and miseries, which he regards as inseparable from the colonial relation. As in the rebellion of 1838, whatever disaffection now prevails in British America, is probably shared much less largely by the English than by the French population. Political, religious, or sectarian novels, however, executed never so cleverly, are but sugared pills at which the appetite revolts as soon as the quality is discovered.

DR. WEBSTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW-YORK FREE ACADEMY.

Throughout the world an extraordinary degree of attention has recently been directed to systems and means of Education, and the truth has at length been generally recognized that the stability and glory of nations must depend upon the intelligence and virtue of their inhabitants. In our own country, which is most of all interested in the diffusion of knowledge, unexampled efforts are being made not only for the general improvement of the culture offered in the seminaries, but for that elevation of the laboring classes which, whatever may be said by ambitious feeble-minds, seeking for reputation as reformers of the social system, is really to be found only in a wise development of individual capacities for the strife that has been and must be waged for individual well-being.

There have been many improvements suggested or realized lately in collegiate education. We have been gratified with Professor Sedgwick's admirable treatise on the subject, which, at this time, is receiving in England that consideration to which any thing from the mind of one so distinguished is entitled. In this country we think no one, upon the whole, has written more wisely than Dr. Wayland, whose views are to be illustrated in the future government of the university over which he has so long presided. But we shall not be satisfied until we have a great institution, as much above the existing colleges as they are above the common schools in the wards of the city, to which bachelors of arts only shall be admitted, and to which they, whether coming from Harvard, Oberlin, or Virginia, shall be admitted without charge.

The establishment of the New-York Free Academy is suggestive of many things, and of this among them. We suppose a discussion whether our colleges supply the *degree* of education suitable to our general condition, could be entertained only by dunces; the point whether they furnish the kind and quality of culture to fit men for efficient and just action, in such public affairs and private occupations as the humblest may be called to in a free state, has been amply discussed, and it is decided against the colleges.

Our schools, called colleges, have for the most part been fashioned after the universities of Europe, but they have in all cases been inadequately endowed, and without the internal police which is necessary to their vigorous administration. Nine-tenths of the professors are incompetent, and quite one half of them, in any thing worthy the name of university could claim admission only to the class of freshmen; while those who are capable of a reputable performance of their duties—so uncertain are the revenues of the institutions to which they are attached—are very frequently compelled to modify regulations and relax discipline to such a degree that the colleges become only schools of vice or nurseries of indolence.

The deficiency is of *authority*. It is useless to talk about courses of study, or any thing else, until the discipline of the schools is as absolute as that of the camp, the factory, or the counting-room. [Pg 445] We are inclined to believe that the usefulness of the Military Academy at West Point,—which has furnished so large a proportion of the best civil engineers, lawyers, physicians, and divines, as well as the soldiers who and who *alone* have conducted our armies to real glory,—we are inclined to believe that this justly celebrated school owes all its triumphs to its rigid laws and independence of popular clamor.

Discipline is every thing. Without it a man is but a fair model in wood, which by it is turned to an engine of iron, and by opportunity furnished with water and fire to impel it on a resistless course through the world. And a man must be governed by others before he will govern himself. The silliness about *liberty* which is sometimes obtruded into discussions of this subject, is fit for very young children and very old women. There is no desirable liberty but in obedience. The cant about it sometimes illustrates only a pitiable feebleness of intellect, but it more frequently discloses some kind or degree of wilful licentiousness. The "voluntary system" does very well in the churches. It will not do at all in the colleges. St. Paul is always found even with the wisdom of

the age in which he is quoted, and he tells us that a youth "differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors." This is the true philosophy. The "sovereign" people who disregard law, and exult when it is outraged at the cost of an unpopular party, have not learned what is necessary to freedom; they are not fit for it; they will destroy its fairest fabrics, if the state does not prepare its children by a thorough discipline for their inheritance. The *way* is by free schools and free colleges, supported by public taxes. Sects and parties may have as many seminaries as they choose, and with rules of study and conduct so easily to be complied with, and administrations so lax, that the most contemptible idler or the most independent and self-willed simpleton shall see in them nothing to conflict with his habit or temper; but the graduates of these seminaries will not ascend the pinnacles of fame nor direct the affairs of nations: such affairs will be left for those who have learned, with their arithmetic, the self-denial, reverence and obedience, which are the conditions of the application of addition and division in the high mathematics.

In a free college (and the New-York Free Academy is, in all respects, more justly to be considered a college than are most of the schools which confer academical "honors"), in a free college, of which the professors are responsible only to a judicious board of directors, examinations for admissions and for advancements will be rigid and impartial, the administration will be vigilant and firm, the reckless who will not and the imbecile who cannot acquire a good education, will be dismissed for more congenial pursuits, the rich and the poor will be upon an equality, and only desert will be honorably distinguished.

The New-York Free Academy is eminently fortunate in its officers. HORACE WEBSTER, LL. D., is, in all respects, admirably fitted for his position as its President. He perfectly understands the indispensableness of thorough organization, and absolute and watchful discipline. Dr. Webster is a native of Vermont, and is of that family which, in various departments, has furnished the country some of its most illustrious names. At an early age, he became a student of the Military Academy, and so has himself experience of the advantages of that system which he advocates, and illustrates in his own administration. He graduated with distinction, and it is properly mentioned as an indication of his standing at West Point that, while he was a cadet of the first class, he was selected by the government of the Academy to be temporarily himself an instructor. In 1818 he joined the army, as a lieutenant, and after passing one year with his regiment, of which the late General Taylor was at that time the Major, he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy, and returned to fulfil for six years, with constantly increasing reputation, both for scientific abilities and for personal character, the duties of that office, which it scarcely need be said are more difficult at West Point than in any other school in America. Among the distinguished gentlemen who were associated with him in teaching or as students during this period, were General Worth, Colonel Bliss, Colonel Thayer, Colonel Mansfield, and Professors Alexander D. Bache, LL. D., Charles Davies, LL. D., E. C. Ross, LL. D., and John Torrey, LL. D. Resigning his commission, he was in 1825 made Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Geneva College, and he filled this place twenty-three years, leaving it in 1848, to accept the Presidency of the New York Free Academy. We conceive that nothing could have invested this school with a higher claim to respect, or challenged for it a larger degree of confidence, than the selection of a man of such experience, capacities, and reputation, to be its chief officer; and for the class of persons likely to come under his instruction, no course of study could be more judicious, no training more admirably adapted, than may be expected from one who has been so long and so successfully engaged in preparing men for the most difficult and important offices. His attainments needed no illustration, and his administrative abilities have been amply vindicated by his government of the Free Academy.

Candidates for admission to the Free Academy must have passed at least one year in the public schools, and they are examined in the common English studies. The standards for admission are not so high as the colleges demand, because the period of instruction is longer. We cannot enter into any particular statement of the courses of study, but it will be interesting if we indicate their [Pg 446] character very briefly, and describe the chief teachers. Edward C. Ross, LL. D., the Professor of Mathematics, is, like Dr. Webster, a graduate of the Military Academy, and was many years a successful teacher in that institution and in Kenyon College. He is assisted by G. B. Docherty, A. M., who was formerly the Principal of the Flushing Institute. The course embraces all the studies necessary for the best accomplishment in engineering, and indeed is as thorough and complete as that pursued at West Point, with the modifications appropriate to the prospective pursuits of the pupils. Theodore Irving, A. M., is Professor of History and Belles-Lettres, assisted by Edward C. Marshall, A. M., and G. W. Huntsman, A. M. These gentlemen have experience, and we believe their system of instruction is in some respects original and in every way very excellent. Mr. Irving is a kinsman of "Geoffrey Crayon," and himself master of a pleasing and classical style. Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, A. M., M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mineralogy, and Geology, is one of the best practical chemists in this country, having completed his own education under the celebrated Liebig, in Germany, and since in many ways evinced such capacities in this department, as made his selection for the place he occupies almost a matter of course. John J. Owen, D. D., whose scholarship is exhibited in his ably edited series of the classical authors of these languages, is Professor of Greek and Latin, and we neither agree with nor have much respect for those who deprecate the attention demanded in the Academy for such studies. The French, Spanish and German languages are taught by Professors Roemer, Morales, and Glaubensklee, all of whom are known to the public for such talents as are necessary in their positions. Mr. Paul P. Duggan, a painter whose works adorn many of our best collections in art, is Professor of Drawing.

The Free Academy will fulfil the reasonable expectations of its founders. It is admirably designed, and its appointments and administration have thus far been judicious. We lack yet a University: there is no school in America deserving this title; all our colleges should be regarded as *gymnasia*, sifting the classes of the common schools and preparing their more advanced and ingenious pupils for such an institution; and the Free Academy may be accepted as a model by which they can be reshaped for their less ambitious but more appropriate duties. This is a subject ably and properly treated in Professor Tappan's recent volume on Education, (published by Mr. Putnam,) to which we beg attention.

The whole number of students now attending the Free Academy is three hundred and twenty-nine, of whom one hundred and five were admitted at the last examination, in February. The number for whom the building is designed is about six hundred.

Authors and Books.

A book which we cannot too highly recommend is the *Briefe über Humboldt's Kosmos* (Letters on Humboldt's Cosmos), published at Leipzic, in two octavo volumes, from the pens of Professor Cotta and Professor Schaller. It is intended to serve as a commentary upon that work, which it is well worthy to accompany. Without attempting an exhaustive treatise on the details of the various topics touched on by Humboldt, the writers have expanded some of the leading points of his work into scientific essays, whose practical utility is none the smaller for an elegant and attractive style, and a genial enthusiasm, of which Humboldt need not be ashamed. The first volume, by Professor Cotta, contains forty letters on the following themes: The enjoyment of nature; matter and forces, growth and existence; natural philosophy; the fixed stars, their parallaxes, groups, movements, nebulæ; double stars, structure of the universe, resisting medium; the solar system; the laws of motion, Kepler and Newton; density of the heavenly bodies; our moon, its orbit, no atmosphere, no water; comets; meteors, and meteoric stones; form of the earth; magnetism; volcanic activity; gas-springs; geysers; internal structure of the earth; history of organisms, their first origin, and developments; the surface, its forms, and their influence on animated life; the gradual rising and sinking of the surface in Sweden; the tides; circulation of water on the earth—springs, cold, warm, mineral, artesian—rivers, seas, ocean currents, evaporation and condensation; glaciers; the atmosphere, climate, weather, winds, storm-clouds; organic life on the earth, its nature, differences, origin of the differences, original production, creation, first appearance; man, his origin, races, forms, phrenology, &c. These letters offer, as we have already said, in a pleasing and attractive form, a condensed and comprehensive view of what is now known with reference to the sciences treated. The letter upon Man is especially interesting. Professor Cotta belongs to those who think the human race to be "the gradual perfection, through thousands of generations," of a lower order of creatures. "The human individual," he says, "even now, in the embryonic state, passes through the condition of various sorts of animals. The most eminent anatomists have shown that before birth we for a time resemble a polypal animal, then for a time a fish, next a reptile, till at last appear the characteristics of a mammalia. This is a fact which bears strongly in favor of our view. The genesis and development of the entire species seem to be here condensed in the growth of the individual." But while setting forth this peculiar view, Professor Cotta, with true German comprehensiveness, takes care to give a fair statement of opposing doctrines, and evinces nothing like a narrow dogmatism. The second volume, like the second volume of the Cosmos, is [Pg 447] that which will most interest and delight the general reader. It contains thirty-two letters, mainly on the following subjects: the view of nature in general; the religious view; the various forms of the religious view; the æsthetic view; the inward connection of the æsthetic enjoyment of nature with its artistic representation; the scientific view as empirical science and natural philosophy; the relations of the various views of nature to each other; the poetic comprehension of nature among the Indians; the poetic comprehension of nature among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans; the Christian contemplation of nature; German poetry in the middle ages; Italian poetry; the poetic comprehension of nature in modern times; the representation of nature by painting, and its gradual appearance in the history of art; the physiognomy of plants in connection with the physiognomy of nature in general; description of several plant formations; general outlines of the animal world; history of the physical view of the universe; natural science among the Phenicians, the Greeks, at the time of the Ptolemies, at the time of the Roman Empire, and in the middle ages; natural history of modern times, Bacon, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton; the mechanical doctrine of modern physics; the dynamic view of nature; Fichte's doctrine, and the natural philosophy of Schelling and Hegel. This volume, as will be easily understood, gives at once a history of religion, philosophy, art, literature, and science, in their relations to the outward universe. For instance, under the head of natural science among the Greeks, we have among other things an account of the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, Plato, and Aristotle; in treating the middle ages, Professor Schaller speaks of the Scholastics, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Giordano Bruno, and Paracelsus. One of the most interesting parts of the whole is that on the poetic view of nature among the Hindoos, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Italians, the historical statement being every where illustrated by copious quotations of admirable passages from the poets of those nations. The strictly scientific portions are illustrated by excellent engravings, and are free from mere technicalities. Sold in New-York by R. Garrigue.

The *Vestiges of Creation* has been translated into German by Charles Vogt, a savan who in late years has become noted as a radical politician. The translation is highly praised. Published at Brunswick.

The translation of Hegel's *Aesthetik* into French is now nearly completed at Paris, the fourth volume, which is devoted to the consideration of music and poetry, having just been published. One volume more will complete the work. The translator is M. Charles Bénard.

The Human Race and its Origin.—Under the title of *Histoire Générale des Races Humaines*, M. Eusebe-François de Salles has just published at Paris an elaborate work on Ethnography, for which he had prepared himself by long and careful personal observation of most of the races on the globe, his travels having extended into nearly all climes and regions. He takes the ground of the descent of the entire human family from a single pair, created adult and perfect in mind and body, not by any simple evolution of nature, but by a direct act of the Divine Being. The paradise or home of this pair he places to the north of India and the east of Persia. All the varieties of men now existing he attributes to the influence of climate and circumstances. "The first light of history," he says, "shows us the human family in possession of a language, and of a certain degree of science, the inheritance of the past. Its aptitudes, its passions, and outward circumstances, may increase this inheritance, keep it the same, or diminish it. In peoples enervated by luxury and by doubt, in tribes softened by too favorable a climate, or separated too long from the stronger and better educated masses,—in a family or a couple exiled by a catastrophe, a shipwreck,—we are to seek the origin of the decline into the various degrees of *corruption, barbarism*, the *savage state*, and *brutality*. Imagine a boat from the coast of America, or from the South Sea Islands, cast by a tempest on some unknown shore or some desert island. A few young persons, a few children, alone escape from the shipwreck, knowing imperfectly the language, the arts, and the family traditions of their parents. Such is the origin of the unfortunates sometimes met with, who are ignorant even of the use of fire." Against the spontaneous generation of the human race in several localities he argues at length as an utter absurdity, the point of his argument being, that isolated couples so produced would be unable to resist the inhospitality of nature without miraculous aid, and one miracle, he contends, is more admissable than ten or a dozen. But the chief grounds upon which he labors to establish his doctrine are the similitude of the most ancient traditions among all branches of the human species, the affiliation and analogy of languages, and the identity of organization and equality of aptitudes. He finds similar traditions among the Hebrews, the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Chinese, the Thibetans, the Scythians, and the Americans. In the theogonies and cosmogonies of the Aztecs of America, he says that the traditions of ancient Asia are plainly to be found, while some vague traces of these primitive narratives are to be found even among the savages of Oceanica, and the most barbarous and miserable negroes of western Africa. To the negroes he devotes perhaps the most careful and learned portion of the work. Starting from the discovery of M. Flaurens as to the *pigmentum* or [Pg 448] coloring matter of the skin, he contends with great force that nothing but the gradual influence of climate, giving a greater and greater intensity to the action of this coloring matter, which exists in every race and every individual, has caused the essential difference between whites and blacks. For, he argues, there is no other difference between them than that of color, all the other features, such as the prominent mouth, the woolly hair, the facial angle, being in no wise exclusively peculiar to the Africans. And so, after having gone over the entire race in detail, proving the identity of organization in every division, M. de Salles concludes that the primitive complexion was olive, somewhat like the color of unburnt coffee, and the original men had red hair. On the affiliation of languages he reasons at great length, with a striking affluence of curious and learned detail. Languages, he remarks, become more and more complicated and perfect as we ascend toward their origin. Next he considers the modifications by which the present races of men have departed from the first family, and in so doing he takes up every people that has ever been known. America, he thinks, was first settled by Mongol emigration, with religious traditions, between the eighteenth and the fifteenth century before our era: then, six or eight hundred years later, there was a second emigration of Hindoo races, with traditions of architecture. With the Bible and the facts of geology as his starting point, he demonstrates the falsity of the Egyptian, Hindoo, Chinese, and Mexican chronologies. The six days of creation he takes as so many great epochs; the deluge he places at five thousand years before Christ.

In our account of this book we have not strictly followed the order of the author. Thus he makes the direct miraculous creation of man the concluding topic of his book, and treats it not without a certain poetic elevation as comports with such an event. We have aimed only to give the outlines of his doctrine, and for the rest recommend those of our readers who are interested in such studies to procure and read the work.

Joachim Lelewel (a name honored by all lovers of liberty,) has just published at Breslau a work on the geography of the middle ages, which is worthy of the warmest admiration. It consists of an atlas of fifty plates, engraved by the hand of the venerable author, containing one hundred and

forty-five figures and maps, from eighty-eight different Arabic and Latin geographers of different epochs, with eleven explicative or comparative maps and two geographical essays. The whole work exhibits the most thorough acquaintance and conscientious use of the labors of previous explorers in the same direction. The cost of importing a copy into this country would be about eight dollars.

More new German Novels.—*The Siege of Rheinfels*, by Gustave von See, is a historical romance, founded on an episode from the wars of Louis XIV., against the German empire. While the Palatinate and the left bank of the Rhine were ravaged by the French armies, the fortress of Rheinfels held out obstinately against a siege which was prosecuted with fury by a much superior force. Amid the scenes of this siege, passes the love-story that forms the kernel of the novel, which is written with originality and talent. The historical part is equally attractive and *vraisemblant*. A collection of romances under the title of *Germania*, has appeared at Bremen. It is intended to serve as the beginning of an annual publication. The first number contains seven tales, some of them by well known romance writers. The first is *Eine Leidenschaft* (A Passion), by Louise von G., and is highly praised by the most reliable critics; it abounds in arch and graceful humor. Spiller von Hauenschildt is the least successful of the contributors in respect to the artistic treatment of his subject. His novel is socialistic. Adolph Hahr and Alfred Meissner are also among the contributors. On the whole the book is a good one.

Leopold Schefer has published lately in Berlin *The Bishop's Wife, a Tale of the Papacy*, in which the great Napoleon of the church, Hildebrand, figures as the hero. The Germans have never succeeded in the historical novel. With vast resources in materiel, they have always a vagueness, a want of definite interest, of picturesque arrangement, and of sustained and disciplined power. Schefer is a scholar, and his didactic purpose is plain enough, and well enough managed. The Teutonic character has always instinctively revolted against the practice of celibacy, a form of ascetism quite natural, and sometimes perhaps inevitable, as a reaction against the unbridled sensualism of the Africans and Asiatics, but quite out of place in climes so temperate and races so moderate, conscientious, and self-respecting as those of Northern Europe. It needed all the genius and determination of Hildebrand himself to enforce the celibacy of the German clergy, and certainly they have never ceased more or less covertly to revolt against it. It is well understood that, at the present time, there is a very general wish among the Catholics of Germany—more especially of South Germany, where they are not jealous of Protestant encroachments—to have marriage allowed to the parochial clergy; and the clergy themselves are foremost in this tendency, though it may not accord with their interest unreservedly to display it. It has, however, betrayed its existence in various ways, especially in anonymous literary productions, in prose and verse. So general is this feeling, and so profound the conviction that something must be done, that in 1848 it was very generally credited that the Pope was prepared to sanction a relaxation of the laws of the church in this respect. For this belief, however, there could have been no just foundation, since Pius IX. is the reputed author of the official reply, made [Pg 449] while he was but a priest, to the Brazilian Archbishop Feijo, upon this very subject, in which it was alleged that such a relaxation of discipline would be an abandonment of the "integrity of the church." Yet without something of the kind, it is thought that a very extensive schism in catholic Germany will be inevitable.

Der Mensch im Spiegel der Natur (Man in the Mirror of Nature), is an excellent little work for popular use, by Mr. E. A. Rossmässler, published at Leipzic, in two neat volumes, with wood-cuts. It sets forth, in the most attractive form, the elementary facts of science, they being ingeniously interwoven into a narrative of the journeys, friendships, and adventures of the author. The work well deserves a translation into English.

A work of extreme interest to geologists is the *Gaea Norwegica*, edited by Professor Keilhau of the Christiana University, and published at that place. The first volume is just completed. No country of Europe is more important in respect of geological science than Norway, and the labors of Professor Keilhau and his associates are of the most thorough and solid kind. The volume contains 516 pages folio. Cost in America $4.50.

A German nobleman lately wrote to the French Academy, offering to give that body a yearly income of 10,000 francs to be spent in two prizes, one of 5,000 francs for the best essay in defence of Catholicism, and another of the same sum for the best essay in defence of Absolutism. The Academy declined the offer.

A System of *Christian Ethics* has lately been published at Regensburg, by Dr. Werner, Professor in

the Catholic Theological Seminary of St. Polten. The writer holds that all virtue flows from the mystic fountain of regeneration, and is confirmed and supported solely by the sacraments of the church.

Wilhelm Meinhold, author of the *Amber Witch*, lately the pastor of a parish in Pomerania, is now in Berlin, preparing for admission into the Roman Catholic Church. It is not long since he forfeited his place in the Protestant Church by a street fight, for which, we believe, he was imprisoned.

The College of Rabbis, at Padua, offers 1000 florins ($400) as a prize for the best descriptive and critical work on the political and religious history of the Israelites from the first siege of Jerusalem to the time of the latest writers of the Talmud.

Mrs. Robinson's (*Talvi's*) History of the Colonization of America, originally published in the German language, has been translated by Mr. William Hazlitt, and printed in London.

Gedichte von Jeanne Marie (Poems by Jeanne Marie) is the title of one of the latest products of the German muse. The authoress is well known and well liked by those readers of German novels who take delight in the genius of authoresses, and think ladies can write as well as men. Jeanne Marie has seen much, felt much, and thought almost if not quite as much as she has seen and felt. Her poetic culture is however still defective, and her stories are better than her lyrics. The latter lack finish and correctness, and abound in mere conceits rather than in genuine poetic images. Where she attempts simply to narrate an event in the ballad style she is more successful.

A book of curious historical interest is now in course of publication in Germany, the first volume of which has already made its appearance. It is the Diary of General Patrick Gorton, who served in Russia during a large part of the seventeenth century, where he attained the highest military rank. He was in the habit of noting every thing that passed around him, or with which he was connected, whether of a political, military, or personal nature. His field of service extended throughout the entire empire, and embraced the most important events in the reign of Peter the Great. He participated in the suppression of the corps of Strelitzes, made two campaigns against the Turks, was active in Peter's reorganization of the army, &c., &c. The first volume comes down to 1678; the remainder will soon follow. As the whole was written without any design of being communicated to the world, it is especially valuable for its glimpses at the domestic habits of the country at that peculiar period.

George Sand's New Drama.—George Sand's *Claudie* has had a brilliant fortune at Paris, where it was first performed the second week in January. It is a drama of peasant life, in three acts, in prose. Jules Janin says of it: "The success of Claudie is a true, sincere, and energetic success. It has impassioned the calmest souls; it has calmed the most agitated. This poem is a veritable festival, full of the rustic delights of the country, of the most honorable passions of the human heart, of the noblest sentiments. Add to this, a charm altogether new, a charm both inspired and inspiring, in the style, which is reason and good sense in the most delicious costume. Neither effort nor study is there, but only that simplicity so much sought for in the most precious passages of *Daphnis and Chloe* translated to the Marivaux by Amyot himself. The piece was listened to with ravishment. There was universal praise among the audience, an inexpressible abundance of tears, of laughter, of gayety, of sighs, of words fitly spoken, of eloquent silence." Of the plot we take the following account from an article by Paul de Musset: From the beginning we feel the air of the country, the harvest, and the sun of August. Farmer Fauveau is preparing to [Pg 450] pay the harvesters. His employer, Dame Rose, a young and pretty widow, has just returned from the city, where she had been for a lawsuit. Fauveau, a shrewd but good-natured man, skilfully calls her attention to the sad and agitated air of his son, who is no doubt in love with some one, and with whom can it be except his charming mistress? Dame Rose admits that Sylvain Fauveau is a handsome fellow, and a good and intelligent workman, who would manage affairs with discretion, but he would be jealous of his wife. Jealousy, replies the old man, is a proof of love, and so Dame Rose begins to cherish the idea that Sylvain is in love with her. This is not true, but the old man has said it purposely. He suspects Sylvain of being in love with Claudie, a simple laborer in the harvest field, without a penny, and gaining her living, with no other relative than a grandfather of eighty, who may any day become a charge upon her little earnings. Claudie comes in from work with her grandfather, and they ask for their pay, the harvest being finished, and it

being six leagues to their home. They are paid, and Sylvain takes care that they shall receive more than his father intends, and that they shall be invited to the harvest festival. Claudie aids in the preparations, and Sylvain, reproaching her tenderly for working after a day so fatiguing, takes from her the severer part of the duties she has undertaken. But she only replies in monosyllables, and does not turn her eyes from the plates and other utensils she is engaged with. Sylvain, troubled by this, withdraws, murmuring at her coldness and indifference. We soon see the cause of this. A young peasant appears. It is the handsome Denis Ronciat, the beau and cajoler of the village girls, who utters an exclamation of surprise. A brief explanation informs us that Denis was betrothed to Claudie when she was fifteen, that he had deceived and abandoned her like a villain, leaving her a child, which had since died. This explains the gloomy air of Claudie, her indifference to the advances of Sylvain, and her almost fierce determination never to marry. To complete his outrages, Denis boldly avows his intention to marry Dame Rose, and offers money to her he has betrayed, in order to bribe her to silence. The band of harvesters appears, bearing in triumph the last sheaf, adorned with flowers and ribbons. The grandfather, Remy, full of joy, pronounces a discourse of rude and simple eloquence on the beneficence of Providence, and of the sun He causes to shine, after which a collection is proposed in favor of the orator and his granddaughter. Every one gives his offering. Dame Rose puts in a new five-franc piece, the father Fauveau a penny, Sylvain his watch, wishing that it were his heart, a child brings an apple, and finally the last contributor approaches. This is Denis Ronciat: seeing the seducer of his child, the indignation of the old man breaks out, he rejects the offering, and falls as if struck with apoplexy, pronouncing a sort of mysterious malediction, which freezes with horror all who hear it. In the second act Claudie is still at the farm, her grandfather having been sick there for two months. She has been engaged as a servant to the farmer Fauveau, but has not given the least hope to Sylvain, who has been constant in his attentions. Dame Rose, in the mean time, has fallen in love with him, and is astonished that he has not declared himself. Denis Ronciat, seeing his rival preferred, explains to the rich widow why the lover she desires will not present himself, and from vengeance and vanity divulges the secret of poor Claudie. Here we expect a storm of insults and reproaches to fall on the head of the dishonored girl. But, as in the rest of the work, the author has laid aside the ordinary traditions, customs, and conventionalities, to draw from the resources of her own genius. While all are preparing to expel the domestic who has deceived every body by her air of candor and innocence, the old man, whose reason has been wandering, listens. He recalls his recollections, and his presence of mind returns at the critical moment. He rises, throws his arms around his granddaughter, and naively recounts the story of the seduction and abandonment of Claudie: how she believed in Denis, and gave him her heart without distrust; how Denis shamefully abused her confidence, and abandoned her, when duty obliged him more than ever to be faithful. The old man adds that he himself had neither reproached nor cursed her, but that he consoled her, that he took her child upon his knees, and loved it, and despaired when it died. Finally he demands who would presume to be severer toward his child, and feel her wrong more keenly than he. His simplicity, magnanimity, and goodness, overpower all who hear him. A more gentle sentiment than even respect and pity takes possession of every heart. The devotion of the old man raises the fallen girl, and in the admiration he inspires the fault of Claudie is almost forgotten. But it is too late. The old man takes the arm of his daughter, and leads her away with him. When the curtain rises for the last scene, Dame Rose has retained Claudie and her grandfather at the house, a riot in the village having prevented their departure. Denis has come near being stoned to death. Finally he consents to repair his crime by marrying her he has betrayed. He is refused. Then Sylvain offers himself to Claudie, but she says she is unworthy of him, and refuses obstinately. Dame Rose, Fauveau, and even Sylvain's mother, try vainly to change her resolution. The old man at last decides, by saying that he reads her soul, and knows that she loves Sylvain. His authority makes her give a silent consent, and here the curtain falls. *Claudie* has been brought out in elegant form by a Parisian publisher. Why should not some poet attempt a version into English? [Pg 451]

Several new Plays and Operas have lately attracted attention in Paris. *Paillasse*, in five acts, by MM. Dennery and Marc Fournier, produced at the *Gaieté* in November, was one of the greatest hits during the latter part of 1850. The character of the conventional French mountebank, Paillasse, the vagabond juggler of fairs and streets, was regarded as one of the finest creations of Frederic Lemaitre, and in one of the Christmas *revues* a symbol of the piece passed before the eyes of the audience as one of the types of the past year. It has since been brought out in London with quite as much success, Madame Celeste (the quondam star of our *Bowery*?) in the character of the wife of the mountebank. The musical season at Paris has been signalized by the production of two successful operas. *L'Enfante Prodigue* of Auber is running a prosperous career at the *Académie de Musique*. General opinion speaks highly of the music, and the piece appears to be one of the most ingenious of M. Scribe. At the *Opera Comique* another opera by Scribe and Halevy, *La Dame de Pique*, has been brought out with success. The *libretto*, taken from a Russian tale, translated by M. Merimée, is one of the most fantastic Scribe has constructed. It is founded on an old story about the Russian Empress Elizabeth, who had found out the secret of invariably winning at play by means of three cards, of which the Queen of Spades (*la Dame de Pique*) was one.

M. Combet, a Protestant clergyman of Cevennes, has just published at Paris in three volumes a

work of great interest and value, under the title of *Histoire de France sous le regne de Henry III. par Mazerai*. It comprises a full, conscientious and philosophic account of the French religious civil wars, from the beginning of the Reformation down to the establishment of religious liberty under the Consulate. To the original work of Mazerai, M. Combet has prefixed an elaborate introduction, while he has added in the form of an appendix whatever relates to more recent matters, with copious notes and commentaries. The whole constitutes an invaluable contribution to the history of the modern religious movement.

Some new contributions to the history of labor have just appeared at Paris. The most important is the *Histoire de la Classe ouvriere depuis l'esclave jusqu'au Proletaire de nos Jours*, by M. Robert (du Var), four volumes. Less general and comprehensive in its aim is *Le Livre d'Or des Metiers, Histoire des Corporations ouvrieres*, by Paul Lacroix and Ferd. Serre, six volumes. Both these books are written without an intention to establish any special theory or system.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of *The Subaltern's Furlough, Saratoga*, &c., is now Inspector-General of Military Schools, and lives in London.

Leopold Ranke, whose "Lives of the Popes of Rome" is familiar to American readers, has lately discovered in the National Library at Paris an important long lost MS., by the Cardinal Richelieu. In the MS. memoirs of the Cardinal, deposited at the Office for Foreign Affairs, an imperfection has existed, in the total absence of a series of leaves from the most interesting part of the collection. These appear to have been found accidentally, by M. Ranke, in a bundle of papers, gathered from some of the old mansions in Saint Germains. It has been a disputed question whether Richelieu was the real author of the works under his name; whether he availed himself of the literary abilities of others, contributing no more from his own resources than here and there an observation or a fact. These disputes have had reference to the Memoirs, the Testament, and the *Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*; for there seems to be good reason for believing that the books published previous to his political elevation, such as the *De la Perfection du Chrétien*, the theological tracts, and his political treatise of 1614, were written by him with no more than the ordinary aids of authorship. It is possible that the fragment, discovered by M. Ranke, may afford additional evidence on this curious subject, which was lately debated in the Academy.

Of *bad spelling* George Sand writes, *apropos* of some newspaper controversy in Paris, that so far from bad spelling being a proof of want of capacity, she has a letter of Jean Jacques Rousseau, in which there are ten faults of spelling in three lines. Moreover, she assures us, that she herself frequently makes a *lapsus pennæ* for which a school-boy would be chastised.

Lola Montes has made her *debut* in the literary arena, by the publication in the *feuilleton* of a daily newspaper of the first portion of what she calls her "Memoirs:" a *quasi*-impertinent epistle to the ex-king of Bavaria. Since, the publication has been suspended. It promised merely scandal, without wit.

The Count de Montalembert has been elected a member of the French Academy, in place of M. Droz. The election gives little satisfaction outside the Institute; but the Count is not without eminence as a man of letters. Some of his religious tracts are written with great eloquence and pungency.

The seventh and last volume of the *Glossarium Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis* has just been published by the Didots at Paris. It is a perfect repertory of information as to the middle ages, and cannot be dispensed with by any one who aims to study the institutions, history, and monuments of that period.

A complete grammar of the Coptic language has been brought out at Berlin, by Professor Schwartze.

THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—Books relating to the late revolution in Italy and the events which preceded it are now published in that country in considerable numbers. One by Farini, *Lo Stato Romano dall' anno 1815 all' anno 1850*, not yet completed, only two volumes having been published, will be found valuable to the future historian. Its author is a constitutionalist, and treats the reign of Pius IX. strictly from that stand-point. His book must therefore be read with discretion. With the third volume, which will soon appear, will be issued a second edition of the first two volumes. Marquis F. A. Gualtiero of Orvieto has just brought out at Florence the first volume of a large work, *Gli Ultimenti Rivolgimenti Italiani, Memorie Storiche con Documenti Inediti*. This is excellent in respect to the pre-revolutionary events, giving a great variety of information as to persons as well as circumstances, in considerable detail. It is to be followed by an account of the revolution itself, treated of course in the same manner. It hardly need be said that the Marquis must fail to do justice to Mazzini and the republicans. An elaborate and able article reviewing the whole question has lately appeared in the *Rivista Italiana*, from the pen of Signor Berti. One of the best books yet produced on the revolutionary side is General Pepe's *Guerres d'Italie*.

We noticed last month the anniversary meeting of the Archæological Institute at Rome. The same society has just published its Annals, or Annual Memoirs, for 1850, a volume of great value and interest. It contains Lanza's report on the excavations at Salona, continued down to the year 1848. An essay is contributed by Canina upon the three temples of Pietas, Spes, and Juno Sospita, on whose ruins is built the church of San Nicola *in carcere*, new remains of the temples having been discovered in 1848. The statue of Apoxyomenos, found a year since at Trastavere, as well as the series of Amazons *in relievo* now in the British Museum, which Emil Braun takes to be relics of the famous Mausoleum, are treated at length. A little triangular candelabra, found in the Baths of Titus, is made interesting from the relation of the figures upon it to the worship of Apollo. The series of Etruscan frescoes has been greatly enriched by the pictures in two tombs, one of which was discovered in 1846 by A. Francois, while the other was then for the first time copied and rescued from entire oblivion. These pictures, which, like most monumental works, represent funeral feasts and games, according to Braun, are valuable for a mass of details relating to antique athletic art, which were before unknown. A Pompeiian fresco, representing the twelve gods, hitherto little esteemed, is made the subject of a profound investigation by E. Gerhard. Among the essays on vases, a long one by Welcker deserves especial mention. It discusses all the known representations of the Death of Troilus. The sphere of numismatics is filled by a long essay by Cavedoni on the Roman coins of the time of Augustus. There are also many other articles of no less interest to scholars, antiquaries, and artists.

M. ANTOINE D'ABBADIE received not long ago from President Bonaparte, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, for alleged geographical discoveries in Africa. An "Inquiry" into M. Abbadie's journey has just appeared in London, from the hand of Dr. Charles T. Beke, and it is not impossible that the traveller will turn out a Damburger or a Hunter. Dr. Beke is an Englishman; D'Abbadie, an Irishman by birth, but a Frenchman by name, education and allegiance. The latter professes to have been the first European who ever put foot in the African Kingdom of Kaffa; the former gives reasons for doubting his statements entirely, and does not believe the Frenchman has even been in the country he describes at all.

The great oriental scholar Monsignore MOLSA has been appointed to the office of Chief Guardian of the Vatican Library, in the room of M. Laureani, whose melancholy death occurred a few months ago; and the Abate Martinucci has been nominated to fill the office of sub-chief, which is one of very considerable importance, and has hitherto been filled by some of the most eminent of Italian scholars.

We are to have from Paris a hitherto unpublished ode of PIRON, the well-known author of *La Metromanie*. It is entitled *Les Confessions de mon Oreiller*, (Confessions of my Pillow,) and is considered by connoisseurs to be decidedly authentic. It is signed and headed thus: "To be given to the public a hundred years after my death."

The vacancy occasioned by the death of M. ALBAN DE VILLENEUVE-BARGEMONT, in the list of members of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, has been filled by the election of M. LOUIS REYBAUD, the author of *Jerome Paturot*, and husband of Madame Reybaud, who wrote the charming novels of *Le Cadet de Calabriere*, *Helena*, &c.

The sons of Rossi, the distinguished economist, and less distinguished minister of Pius IX., in which capacity he was assassinated, have published the third volume of his *Cours d'Economie Politique*. It treats of the distribution of wealth, and is marked by the same ability and tendencies as the volumes which preceded it, which were upon the production of riches.

H. Bailliere, the eminent publisher, of Paris, has established a branch of his house at 169 Fulton street, New-York, where American scholars may obtain all the best scientific literature of the time in suitable editions and at reasonable prices. [Pg 453]

Of Mr. James Bailey, and the blasphemous rant and fustian and crude speculation which make up his poem of "Festus," which has had such extraordinary popularity among our transcendentalists, and which Shakspeare Hudson so excellently well reviewed in the *Whig Review* a year or two ago, we think a correspondent of *The Tribune* speaks justly in the following extract from a letter dated at Nottingham, in England:

"Apropos of Nottingham, I have seen Bailey, the author of 'Festus.' His father is proprietor of the *Nottingham Mercury*, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a heavy, thick set sort of man; of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark; and, in years about eight and thirty. His physiognomy would be clownish in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his other features. He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in America, of which he seemed very proud. In England, it has only reached the third edition, while eight or nine have been published in the States. You know my opinion of the work. It is as far from being a great poem as the Thames, compared with the Mississippi or the Ohio, is from being a great river. Anxiously, anxiously have I sought one striking original idea in the whole poem (appalling in its length), but to no purpose. The transcendental literature of Germany absorbs all that, at first glance, arrests the attention. Without learning, imagination, or the attraction of a beautiful metre (like that of Tennyson's 'Princess'), I am at a loss to know what has given this poem its notoriety. Not its daring speculation, surely, for it is but a timid compromise between Orthodoxy and Universalism."

H. F. Clinton has published in London the concluding volume of his *Fasti Romani*: the civil and literary chronology of Rome and Constantinople from the death of Augustus to the death of Heraclius. The first volume, containing the chronological tables, was published in 1845, and formed a continuation of the *Fasti Hellenici*, by the same author. It came down to the death of Justin II., a. d. 578. The present volume continues the tables from the latter date to the death of Heraclius, a. d. 641; but the greater part of it consists of a series of learned dissertations on various points connected with the civil and literary history of the Roman and Byzantine empires.

Captain J. D. Cunningham, author of the "History of the Sikhs," who was dismissed from his political situation at Bhopal, by orders of the Court of Directors, for having published an official correspondence, without the permission of his immediate superiors, has been recalled to public employment by the Governor-General of India, Lord Dalhousie having just appointed him general superintending engineer in the north-western provinces.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, author of "Howard and the Prison-World of Europe," has published in London a Life of William Penn, which will be republished immediately by Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia.

The Literary Women of England were never so active as now. Mrs. Crowe has commenced in *The Palladium* magazine a new novel entitled *Estelle Silvestre*. Miss Anne G. Greene has published the third volume of her *Lives of the Princesses of England*; Mrs. David Ogilvy, *Traditions of Tuscany*; Mrs. Gordon, *Musgrave, a Story of Gilsland Spa*; Maria de la Vaye, *Eugenie, the Young Laundress of the Bastille*; Mrs. Norton, a new poem; the author of "Olivia," *Sir Philip Hetherington*; Mrs. Ward, *Helen Charteris, or Sayings and Doings in a Cathedral Town*; Mrs. Hubbach, niece of the celebrated Miss Austen, *The Wife's Sister, or the Forbidden Marriage*; Mrs. Jameson, *Legends of the Madonna*, forming the conclusion of her series illustrating Sacred and Legendary Art; the authoress of "Mary Powell" has commenced in *Sharpe's Magazine* a new work of the same description, under the title of *The Household of Sir Thomas More*.

Miss Martineau began on the first of February, a serial work under the title of "Half a Century of the British Empire; a History of the Kingdom and the People, from 1800 to 1850." It will be in six volumes, and it is intended to present, in handsome octavos at a rate of extraordinary cheapness, a connected narrative of the most important era in the history of the modern world. The work of Macaulay professes to be "the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to the time which is within the memory of men still living." "Half a Century of the British Empire," will chiefly deal with events and states of society during a period in which many of our contemporaries have lived and acted.

The correspondence of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington, British Minister at Vienna in 1694, has just been published by Murray in London, having recently been discovered in the library of the Suttons, at Kilham. There is not much absolute value in their contents, historically speaking; but the letters supply several striking and some amusing illustrations of characters already known in history, and are a contribution really important to the history of manners and society at the seventeenth century. The non-official letters are in this respect most curious and entertaining.

Pensions of £100 a year each have been granted in England to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller; and to Mr. Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, and of many contributions to periodical literature, who is a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.

Captain Medwin, whose book about Byron was once read by every body, and who for some time resided in this country, turns up in Holland, after an oblivion of several years. He contributes to the last number of the New Monthly an article entitled, *Hawking at Loo*. [Pg 454]

John Clare, the peasant poet, sometimes called the "rural Burns," is now in the Lunatic Asylum at Northampton. There is much sweetness in some of poor Clare's verses, of which four volumes appeared many years ago. We believe he was among the proteges of Southey. His complaints to visitors of the madhouse are commonly of the injustice done to him by the public in not recognizing him, instead of Scott and Byron, as the author of "Marmion" and "Don Juan," and in refusing him the honor of having gained the battle of Waterloo. Clare was the writer, though not generally known as such, of the lines, "Here we meet too soon to part"—which, set to one of Rossini's most beautiful airs, were some time exceedingly popular.

A new volume of the writings of De Quincey has just been published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston. It contains, with other admirable papers, those "On the Knocking at the Gate, in Macbeth," "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," "Joan of Arc," and "Dinners, Real and Reputed." These works of one of the greatest of living authors, have never before been collected, and the publishers confer a most acceptable benefit by their edition of them. We have from the same house a copy of the best English version of "Faust," that of Hayward.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is publishing a complete collection of his Poems and Dramas. This edition will include several pieces not hitherto published, and those that have appeared before will receive the author's last corrections and revision. Each volume will be illustrated with an appropriate vignette title; and the first will contain, in addition, a portrait, from a painting by Maclise.

One of the most delightful books in natural history that we have ever seen is "Episodes of Insect Life," recently published in England, and now in the press of Mr. Redfield, in this city. It is divided into three "scenes," representing spring, summer, and autumn, and is profusely and skilfully illustrated. It is even more entertaining than Lord Brougham's Dialogues on Instinct, which we had regarded as the pleasantest work in such studies.

Dr. Achilli, whose imprisonment in the Roman Inquisition is a familiar story, has published

"Dealings with the Inquisition, or Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits; with Important Disclosures." It is an autobiography.

Samuel Bailey, whose "Essays on the Pursuit of Truth and on the Progress of Knowledge," "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," &c., have been largely read in this country, has just published a volume entitled, "The Theory of Reasoning, with Comments on the Principal Points of Scholastic Logic."

Major Poussin's "United States, their Power and Progress," a translation of *La Puissance Americaine*, by Edmund L. Du Barry, U. S. N., has been published in a large octavo of about five hundred pages, by Lippencott, Grambo, & Co., of Philadelphia. We take the opportunity to give some account of the author.

Guillaume Tell Poussin was born in the autumn of the year 1796 in the department of the Seine and Oise, in France. His father was a painter of some celebrity, who has left many fine works in the galleries of Versailles and Rouen. Introduced, while a child, to the favor of Napoleon, it was ordered by a special decree that, as a descendant of the great Nicholas Poussin, whose works are among the chief glories of French art, William Tell Poussin should be educated at the imperial school of Rouen. There he spent seven years, and passed his examination for admission to the Polytechnic school. He entered this national academy of engineering, and in 1814, while yet a youth, distinguished himself by his patriotic spirit, which prompted him to join his comrades in the defence of the walls of Paris against an invading enemy. He was wounded at the village of Aubervilliers, in an attack against the combined force of British and Russian troops who occupied that position; and after the surrender of Paris his feelings were so excited that he could not bring himself to acts of submission to the Bourbon family, but was arrested on account of his opinions, and released only on the intervention of powerful friends. He soon embarked for America, and arrived at New-York in November, 1815, having for recommendation his ardent desire to be useful and a decided love of liberty. After a short residence in New-York he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he expected to meet with some encouragement in his profession as an engineer. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Fairman, the engraver, and worked for him a few months with advantage, boarding meanwhile at a French house, into which the landlady received him in consideration of the devotion of his leisure to the instruction of her children. The next spring he removed to Washington, where he had heard that he could be profitably employed in the rebuilding of the capitol, which the British army had destroyed in the late war. He now worked as an architect for about a year, when, several leading senators and representatives having become acquainted with him, and, taking a particular interest in him for his earnest and manly character and the remarkable abilities he had evinced as an engineer, in the incidental opportunities presented by his employment as an architect, they signed a petition to President Madison for his admission to the corps of Topographical Engineers, which was then to be organized, and he was at once transferred to the United States Army. A short time after, General Bernard, whom Mr. Crawford, the American Minister at Paris, had engaged to be the chief of the Topographical Engineers, arrived in Washington, and assuming his office proceeded to the [Pg 455] necessary preparations for that survey of the physical resources of our territory for national defence, and for tracing the lines required to form a complete base of operations in time of war, on the assailable portions of our frontier, for which the service had been instituted. Before leaving France, General Bernard had received especial recommendations from the friends of young Poussin to look after his interests, and when they met, therefore, their acquaintance was made on the most intimate and agreeable terms on both sides. Upon the application of General Bernard to the Secretary of War, Poussin was attached to his person as an aid-de-camp, and left Washington with him for a military reconnaissance of the coast on the Gulf of Mexico, and of the delta of the Mississippi. They spent a year and a half upon their important duties, in New Orleans and its vicinity, regardless of the dangers of that climate, and in 1817 returned to the seat of government and submitted to the President a particular and elaborate memoir of their operations. It was upon this first report, presented by the Executive, on the Military Defences of the United States,—a report drawn up in a very large degree by the hand of M. Poussin, and illustrated throughout with his discovery and suggestion,—that Congress, by an almost unanimous vote, authorized the erection of the great line of our military defences, adopting the recommendations of the commissioner without even the slightest alteration. The Board of Military Engineers entered subsequently on the yearly execution of their important duty of examining the coast previous to determining the actual sites and descriptions of the works of defence which they afterwards delineated. The young topographical engineer continued in his arduous scientific labors, and thus contributed largely in the perfecting of that great national scheme. It was in these military operations, and afterwards in the surveys for roads and canals, which, under the supervision of a Board of Internal Improvements, where confided to a portion of the same officers, assisted by civil engineers, that Poussin rendered himself so efficient as a practical and scientific surveyor, and became so perfectly familiar with all the internal resources of our extensive country, which he had thus most remarkable opportunities to study and appreciate, by crossing it in all directions, and, in fact, by visiting every state, and by following up and down every valley and river of the eastern half of the continent. Few men have had such occasion of studying *de visu* the extent and resources of the republic; and the intelligent readers

of the volume before us will acknowledge, that few persons have shown themselves more conversant with its astonishing advancement. His first publication was a description of the works to which he had contributed, under the title of "A History of the Internal Improvements of the United States;" his second, an account of all the railroads in this country, which had considerable influence in developing in Europe a disposition toward our policy in this respect, and entitles Major Poussin to the gratitude of all lovers of rapid and safe communication. It was reproduced in Belgium and Germany, and has long been a textbook upon its subject in those countries, as well as in France. His third work was the one now translated, *La Puissance Americaine*, in which he has displayed, most emphatically, his admiration of our institutions, and offered them as examples to communities aspiring after rational liberty. It may be said of it, that it is the American system rendered popular by practical and convincing illustrations.

Major Poussin returned to France early in 1832, in the hope to coöperate in rendering popular in his own country some of the political institutions of the United States, to which he always attributed our great prosperity; but he was not fortunate enough to be admitted to active official life. He employed himself in his profession of surveyor, and superintended several important public works, and frequently in pamphlets and in contributions to the journals, labored for the dissemination of American ideas. At last, when the Revolution of February, 1848, broke out, he was chosen, with the greatest unanimity by the Provisional Government, to be the Representative of Republican France near the Government of the United States. It was deemed the highest compliment of which France was capable, that she sent as her minister the citizen most conversant with our affairs, and most eminent for admiration of our institutions. His arrival in this country, and the misunderstanding with the cabinet at Washington, which resulted in his recall by President Bonaparte, cannot have been forgotten by the observant reader. We believe that few who have carefully studied the conduct of Major Poussin in that affair, will be disposed, in the slightest degree, to censure him, while the entire history will readily be consigned to oblivion by the American who is in any degree sensitive upon the subject of our national honor.

Guillaumin et Cie, the well known Parisian publishers, are about to add to their *Collection des Principaux Economistes* several American works in this department. One volume, at least, will be devoted to Henry C. Carey's masterly compositions, with a preface and commentaries; another volume will be given to the Free Trade party, and will embrace the best things of Mr. Walker, Mr. Raguet, Mr. Cardozo, Henry Middleton, Dr. Wayland, &c.; and essays by Mr. Phillips, Horace Greeley, and other Protectionists, will probably constitute another. The *Collection* now embraces Quesnay, Turgot, Dupont Nemours, Le Tronne, the Says, Galliani, de Montyon, Condillac, Lavoisier, Adam Smith, Hume, Ricardo, Malthus, Bentham, and a dozen more. The only American name in the list is that of Franklin quoted in the first volume of the *Melanges*, edited by Daire and Molinari. [Pg 456]

Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, has lately published several leading articles of such compactness and completeness, such weight and dignity, as distinguish only the greatest compositions in philosophy and upon affairs. The intellectual force acting through the press of this country is habitually underrated. There are a dozen journals here which may be advantageously compared with any in Europe, with the single exception of the *Times*. It would perhaps seem invidious to point them out, from the greater number that are conducted with ability and energy; but it will not be objected by any one who has the right to express an opinion in the case, if we say that Mr. Gales is of the first rank of public men who have ever influenced or illustrated the course of events by written eloquence or argument. The leading articles from his hand which in the last twenty-five years have appeared in the National Intelligencer, would fill many volumes; and if collected and so submitted to one view, they would astonish by their variety, by the extraordinary resources of information which they evince, by their soundness of logic, elevation of sentiment, and uniform adaptation to their several purposes. If they lack the pungent wit, and fiery energy of phrase, and adroitly venomous spirit of "Junius," they have, with their nobler calmness and uniform candor, a far wider sweep, a subtler apprehension of consequences, and a more statesmanlike aim and capacity. The diction of "Junius" was calculated to arrest attention, by its glitter and strength, and by its freshness; for it was in style, after all, that he was most creative, and since his style has by imitation become familiar, it is for the mystery of their authorship only that his works have continued eminence. As materials for history, and as suggestive guides of policy, we have in American literature very few works so important as the leading articles of Joseph Gales would constitute, fitly arranged, and illustrated by such notes as he could readily furnish, necessary now on account of the time since some of them were originally printed.

The Rev. Henry T. Cheever's "Whale and his Captors," (published last year by the Harpers,) has been reprinted in London under the title of "The Whaleman's Adventures in the Northern Ocean," with a highly and justly commendatory introduction by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. F.R.S. We have great pleasure in recording evidences of the popularity of such works as Mr. Cheever's. They have a manly as well as a Christian spirit, and are needed to counteract the influences of

the many infidel books in which the effects of the Christian civilization in the Island World are systematically misrepresented. We learn that Mr. Cheever is now engaged upon "The Autobiography of Captain Obadiah Conger," who was fifty years a mariner from the port of New-York. He is editing the MS. of the deceased sailor for the Harpers.

Mr. Job R. Tyson, whose careful researches respecting the colonial history of Pennsylvania have illustrated his abilities and his predilections in this line, is about to proceed to Europe, for the consultation of certain documents connected with the subject, preparatory to the publication of his "History of the American Colonies," a work in which, doubtless, he will not be liable to the reproach of histories written by New-Englanders, that they exaggerate the virtues and the influence of the Puritans. Mr. Tyson is of the best stock of the Philadelphia Quakers, and the traditional fame of his party will not suffer in his hands.

Mr. Henry James, the author of "Moralism and Christianity," must certainly be regarded by all who come into his fit audience as one of the greatest living masters of metaphysics. Mr. James has never been mentioned in the *North American Review*; but then, that peculiarly national work has not in all its seventy volumes an article upon Jonathan Edwards, whom Robert Hall, Dr. Chalmers, Dugald Stuart, Sir James Mackintosh, Kant, Cousin, and a hundred others scarcely less famous, have regarded as the chief glory in our intellectual firmament; it has never let its light shine upon the pages of Legaré; it has preserved the most profound silence respecting Henry Carey, William R. Williams, and Addison Alexander; so that it must not be considered altogether conclusive as to Mr. James's merits that he has not had the seal of the *North American's* approval. We regard him as one of the great metaphysicians of the time, not because, like Comte, he has evolved with irresistible power and majestic order any grand and complete system, but because he has brought to the discussion of the few questions he has attempted, so independent a spirit, so pure a method, such expansive humanity, and such ample resources of learning, as separately claim admiration, and combined, constitute a teacher of the most dignified rank, who can and will influence the world. We do not altogether agree with Mr. James; on the contrary, we have been regarded as particularly grim in our conservatism; but we are none the less sensible of Mr. James's surpassing merits as a writer upon the philosophy of society. We dedicate this paragraph to him on account of the series of lectures he has just delivered in New-York, upon "The Symbolism of Property," "Democracy and its Issues," "The Harmony of Nature and Revelation," "The Past and Future Churches," &c. We understand that these splendid dissertations will be given to the public in the more acceptable form of a volume. The popular lecture is not a suitable medium for such discussions, or certainly not for such thinking: one of Mr. James's sentences, diluted to the lecture standard, would serve for an entire discourse, which by those who should understand it, would be deemed of a singularly compact body, as compared with the average of such performances. [Pg 457]

Professor Torrey, of the University of Vermont, is one of the few contemporary scholars, whose names are likely to survive with those of the great teachers of past ages. He has translated Schilling's Discourse on Fine Arts, and other shorter compositions from the German; but his chief labor in this way is, a most laborious and admirably executed version of Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church, published in Boston, and now being republished in London, by Bonn, with Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. T. W. Morison, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Neander has sometimes been called, but with scarcely sufficient reason, the Niebuhr of ecclesiastical history. The only point in which he resembles the historian of Rome, is in that vast range of complete erudition which makes the Past in its minutest details as familiar as the Present, which is never content with derivative information, but traces back every tributary of the great stream of History to its remotest accessible source. In this respect the two eminent historians were alike, but with this point of resemblance the similarity ends. Neander is entirely free from that necessity under which Niebuhr labored, of regarding every recorded aggregate of facts as a mass of error which the modern philosophy of history was either to decompose into a myth, or reconstruct into a new form more consistent with preconceived theory.

The Works of John C. Calhoun will soon, through the wise munificence of the state of South Carolina, be accessible by the students of political philosophy and history in a complete and suitable edition, with such memoirs as are necessary for their illustration, and for the satisfaction of the natural curiosity respecting their illustrious author. The first volume will comprise Mr. Calhoun's elaborate *Disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States*, in which are displayed in a systematic manner the author's opinions upon the whole subject of the philosophy of government. These treatises were begun many years ago, and though they had not received the ultimate revision which was intended, they are very complete, and by the careful and judicious editing of Mr. Crallé, his intimate friend and

confidential secretary, will perhaps appear as perfect in all their parts as if re-written by Mr. Calhoun himself. These are now nearly stereotyped; and to correct some misapprehensions which seem to prevail in South Carolina, we state that only the stereotype plates are made in New-York, there being no foundries for stereotyping in Charleston, where the book will be printed and published. For this purpose the Legislature has appropriated $10,000, which will meet the expenses for fifteen thousand copies of the first volume, all but five hundred of which, printed on large paper, for public libraries, will be sold for the benefit of Mr. Calhoun's family. Another volume will contain Mr. Calhoun's official papers, and another his Letters upon Public Affairs. This, we think, will be the most interesting of the series. Mr. Calhoun wrote always with sincerity and frankness, and his communications to his friends contain, much more than his speeches and state papers, the exhibitions of his feeling, his regrets, fears, expectations, and ambitions. His speeches will probably make three volumes; the collection formerly printed by the Harpers did not embrace half of them; many of them have never been printed at all, but (particularly some of his most elaborate performances previous to 1817) exist in carefully prepared manuscript reports. All these speeches will be revised and illustrated by Mr. Crallé: and the series will be completed with the memoirs of the great senator, for which that gentleman has the most ample and interesting materials.

Archbishop Whateley's very ingenious *Historical Doubts Respecting Napoleon Bonaparte*, is the cleverest book of the kind yet written, not excepting the high church pamphlet treating of the Archbishop's own existence in the same way. But the idea was not original with Whateley: Mr. William Biglow of Boston wrote half a century ago, *The Age of Freedom, being an Investigation of Good and Bad Government, in Imitation of Mr. Paine's Age of Reason*, and intended, by a similar style of argument respecting the Discovery of America, &c., to expose that infidel's sophistries. We perceive that the *Life of Jesus*, by Dr. Strauss, has been met by another such performance in England, under the title of *Historical Certainties respecting the Early History of America, developed in a Critical Examination of the Book of the Chronicles of the Land of Ecnarf; By the Rev. Aristarchus Newlight, Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Giessen, Corresponding Member of the Theophilanthropic and Pantisocratical Societies of Leipsig, late Professor of all Religions in several distinguished Academies at Home and Abroad, &c.* The author very satisfactorily disposes of the events between the first French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo, by putting them through the "mythic" circle invented by Dr. Strauss. The joke is carried out with remarkable ingenuity, and with the most whimsical resources of learning. The good doctor finds, *a la Strauss, a nucleus*, for here and there a great tradition, but remorselessly wipes out as altogether incredible many of the most striking and familiar facts in modern history.

Of Mr. Schoolcraft's great work, which we have heretofore announced, the first part has just appeared from the press of Lippencott, Grambo & Co., in the most splendid quarto volume that has yet been printed in America. We shall take an early opportunity to do justice to this truly national performance and to its author. [Pg 458]

Dr. Robert Knox—whose book of infidel rigmarole, *The Races of Men*, was lately reprinted by an American house which was never before and we trust will never again be guilty of such an indiscretion,—we understand is coming to New-York to lecture upon Ethnology. He has the "gift" of talking, and is said to have been popular as a demonstrator in anatomy; but we think it will be best for him to remain a while longer in England; the sham science of which his last book is a specimen is no longer, we believe, *profitable* in this country. The last *Princeton Review* says of *The Races of Men*:

> "This book is fairly beneath argument or criticism. It is a curious medley of vanity, ignorance, malice, and fanaticism. At first it provoked our indignation, by the boldness and effrontery of its pretensions; but their very extravagance soon began to render them comical. It claims to originate views which are to overturn 'long received doctrines, national prejudices, stereotyped delusions,' &c., while any tolerable scholar in this department is perfectly familiar with them all in the works of Virey, Courtet, Bory de St. Vincent, Edwards, La Marck, Quetelet, &c. It has not the slightest claim to originality, except for the ridiculous ingenuity, with which it carries out the more cautious follies of these infidel philosophers, into the most glaring absurdities; and sets their ingenious physiological speculations, in broad contradiction to the most authentic and unquestioned truths of history. We certainly should not have noticed this thing at all, but for two reasons. In the first place, this subject is now rendered so interesting by the important bearings of modern ethnological researches, that some of our readers might be cheated by the mere title, and by newspaper puffs, out of the market price for the book; and in the second place, we wish to express our surprise and lift up our remonstrance against such issues from a quarter so respectable as that which has given this reprint to the American public. Whatever may be the social or scientific standing of any influential publishing house, we must say, that in our judgment they merit a

deliberate rebuke from the true science of the country, for reprinting so crude and wretched a performance, to say nothing of the low malignity which it vents against the Christian sentiment and enterprise of an age like the present,—and even against men, who stand in the front ranks of science, because they happen to believe that the scriptures are entitled to some respect, as authentic records; or that other races of men are capable of being Christianized, beside the Teutonic. Cuvier was an ignorant and stubborn dogmatist, whose era is now past for ever. Buckland was an ingenious priest and Jesuit; and even Newton's brain was turned by chronology."

Mr. Boker's tragedy of Colaynos, has just been produced at the Walnut-st. Theatre in Philadelphia, and extremely well received. It had indeed a successful run. The Betrothal, which in our last we omitted to notice, is, we understand, to be brought out under the auspices of Charles Kean, in London. Mr. B. has yet another comedy quite finished, which will soon be performed in New-York.

A letter purporting to be by General Washington, and bearing date Cambridge, June 24, 1776, was read before the New-Jersey Historical Society a few weeks ago; the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Chetwood for it; and the *Literary World* characterizes it as "interesting," "admirable," &c. The *Literary World* does not, we believe, pretend to be an authority in such matters, but that a "historical society" should receive such a gross imposition is somewhat surprising. The letter is as much a forgery and imposture as the "exceedingly interesting letter from General Washington to his wife," published a few months ago in the *Day Book*. Without going into any further statement or argument on this subject, it may be sufficient to remark, that Washington was not within two hundred miles of Cambridge on the 24th of June, 1776.

The Rev. Henry W. Ducachet, D.D., the learned rector of St. Stephen's, in Philadelphia, has been several years engaged upon a Dictionary of the Church, which is now nearly ready for publication. Such a work is properly but a system and history of doctrine and ritual, in a form suited for the readiest consultation, and it demands, therefore, for its successful accomplishment, the highest and rarest faculties and acquisitions. Dr. Ducachet possesses in a very eminent degree, not only the requisite knowledge and judgment, but he has a certain temperament and felicity, with a love of and skill in dialectics, which promise even to the articles for a dictionary, from his hand, the utmost raciness and attractive interest. We understand this work will be very complete and voluminous.

The Poems of "Edith May," the finest artist among the literary women of this country, are to be published in a very beautiful edition next summer by E. H. Butler of Philadelphia.

The American Philosophical Society, which on account of some unfortunate investments of its capital, has for several years been compelled to suspend its publications, is now, we are gratified to be informed, again in a good financial condition, and new volumes of its important Transactions are in the press.

Professor Hows, during the last month, has given a very interesting series of readings from Shakspeare, in which he has displayed not only the finest capacity for histrionic effect, but a critical sagacity, and a thorough knowledge of the greatest of the poets, which justify his own reputation.

Mr. Redfield has in press "The Celestial Telegraph, or Secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism, by M. Cahagnet," a book of the class of Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature;" and "The Volcano Diggings, a Tale of California Law, by a member of the Bar." [Pg 459]

We believe it is about six years since the Rev. William W. Lord, then a resident graduate at Princeton College, published the volume of poems by which he was introduced to the literary

world. That book had various and striking merits, and though it had many defects in an artistic point of view, upon the whole it illustrated a just apprehension of the poetic principle, and such capacities for execution as justified the sanguine hopes it occasioned among his friends of his future eminence in the highest and finest of the arts. From that time until the present, Mr. Lord has not appeared as an author; but the leisure that could be withdrawn from professional study has been devoted to the composition of "*Christ in Hades*," (Appleton & Co.) a poem displaying his best abilities in art, while it is a suitable offering to religion.

"It was my purpose," he says, "in undertaking this work, to give poetic form, design, and history to the descent of Christ into hell; a fact that has for so many ages attracted the curiosity of the human mind, as to furnish occasion for surprise that the attempt has not hitherto been made. As regards the end for which He descended, I have adhered to the Christian tradition that it was to free the souls of the ancient saints confined in the temporal paradise of the Under-world, embracing also in my design the less general opinion, that it was to demonstrate His universal supremacy by appearing among the damned.

"A source of additional human interest was suggested by the relation which men, as a distinct order of beings, might be supposed to sustain to demons in the place of their common doom, and under new conditions of existence; such, I conceived, as would make it possible in some degree to realize even the divine fictions of the Greek mythology, under the forms and with the attributes accorded them by ancient religions, and by the poetry of all time. This could not fail to suggest the further conception of introducing the divinities of our forefathers, and of other great families of mankind, thus bringing together in action and contrast the deified men, or various representatives of an heroic humanity, among different races: nor did it seem too great a stretch of imaginative probability to conceive that their general characteristics might be adopted and imitated by beings already invested by the human mind with an indefinite power, and inhabiting a world in which the wonderful becomes the probable.

"But it is, after all, the general purpose of exhibiting the triumph of moral power over all physical and inferior spiritual force, in the descent of Christ into hell, which gives my design the complex character of a mythic, heroic, and Christian poem, and, at the same time, constitutes the unity of its parts. The ancients, whose representative types I introduce, knew and appreciated but two kinds of power, brute or physical, and spiritual, including all occult and supernatural efficacy, and strength of intellect and will. Virtue, triumphant by the aid of adventitious force, or relying upon unconquerable pride and disdain to resist it, was the highest reach of their dynamic conceptions. Moral power is properly a Christian idea. It is not, therefore, without what I conceive to be a true as well as a poetic apprehension of the design of the Descent into Hell, that the heroes of profane, and the not fabulous Titans of sacred antiquity, by their rivalries and contentions, brought together in arms for a trial of their comparative strength, are suddenly confronted with a common and dissimilar antagonist, and 'all strength, all terror, single or in bands, that ever was put forth' opposed to that novel, and, save in the Temptation, hitherto untested power, represented by Christ, the author of the theory and master of the example.

"He is not supposed to appear among them 'grasping in his hand ten thousand thunders,' but endued with an equal power, the result and expression of perfect virtue and rightful authority. His triumph is attributed neither to natural, nor to supernatural power; but to moral superiority, evincing itself in His aspect, and exercising its omnipotence upon the soul and conscience. That in the conception of a great Christian poet, His appearance among the rebel angels in Heaven was distinguished by the former attributes, is due, perhaps, to the heroic prejudice of a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of pagan writers, and of the Hebrew Scriptures."

The volume opens with this noble invocation, in which there is fit recognition of Dante and Milton, whose lips aforetime for such song had been touched by the divinest fire:

> Thou of the darkness and the fire, and fame
> Avenged by misery and the Orphic doom,
> Bard of the tyrant-lay! whom dreadless wrongs,
> Impatient, and pale thirst for justice drove,
> A visionary exile, from the earth,
> To seek it in its iron reign—O stern!
> And not accepting sympathy, accept
> A not presumptious offering, that joins
> That region with a greater name: And thou,
> Of my own native language, O dread bard!
> Who, amid heaven's unshadowed light, by thee
> Supremely sung, abidest—shouldst thou know
> Who on earth with thoughts of thee erects
> And purifies his mind, and, but by thee,
> Awed by no fame, boldened by thee, and awed—
> Not with thy breadth of wing, yet with the power
> To breathe the region air—attempts the height
> Where never Scio's singing eagle towered,
> Nor that high-soaring Theban moulted plume,
> Hear thou my song! hear, or be deaf, who may.

And if not rashly, or too soon, I heed
The impulse, but have waited on my heart
With patience, and its utterance stilled with awe
Oh what inspired it, till I felt it beat
True cadence to unconquerable strains;
Oh, then may she first wooed from heaven by prayer
From thy pure lips, and sympathy austere
With suffering, and the sight of solemn age,
And thy gray Homer's head, with darkness bound,
To me descend, more near, as I am far
Beneath thee, and more need her aiding wing.

Oh, not again invoked in vain, descend,
Urania! and eyes with common light
More blinded than were his by Heaven's hand
Imposed to intercept distracting rays,
Bathe in the vision of transcendent day;
And of the human senses (the dark veil
Before the world of spirit drawn) remove
The dim material hindrance, and illume;
That human thought again may dare behold
The shape and port of spirits, and once more
Hear voices in that distant, shadowy world,
To which ourselves, and this, are shadows, they
The substance, immaterial essence pure—
Souls that have freed their slave, and given back
Its force unto the elements, the dread
Manes, or the more dread Archetypes of men:
Like whom in featured reason's shape—like whom
Created in the mould of God—they fell,
And mixed with them in common ruin, made
One vast and many-realmed world, and shared
Their deep abodes—their endless exile, some,—
Some to return to the ethereous light
When one of human form, a Savior-Man
Almighty, not in deity alone,
But mightier than all angels in the might
And guard of human innocence preserved,
Should freely enter their dark empire—these
To loose, o'er those to triumph; this the theme,
The adventure, and the triumph of my song.

The Fine Arts.

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Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware.—Our readers are aware of the accident by fire which happened some months since to Leutze's nearly-finished picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, in consequence of which he abandoned it to the underwriters, intending to commence the work anew for the party from which he had received the order to paint it. The underwriters have accordingly paid the insurance, and are now exhibiting the picture in its incomplete state to the public of Cologne, where it meets with high approval. The *Kölnische Zeitung* says of it: "In this picture the artist has depicted the events of the hour in which the destiny of the Free States of North America was decided for centuries through the boldness of their courageous and prudent leader. The means of continuing the war were almost exhausted; the army threatened in a few days to dissolve itself; the cause of freedom for that continent, with its inestimable consequences for ancient Europe, would have been postponed, no one can tell how long, perhaps for ever. Then the great mind of Washington conceived what the morally debased, reposing enemy thought impossible. He crossed the Delaware with his army in the night, amid masses of floating ice, and, in the twilight of morning, assailed the inactive camp on the other side. The picture reproduces the moment when the great general,—ahead of the mass of the army, which had also just embarked, and part of which are passing off from the shore, and part already struggling with the driving ice,—is steering to the opposite shore in a small boat, surrounded by eleven heroic figures, officers, farmers, soldiers, and boatmen. The tall and majestic form of the man in whose hands at that hour lay the fate of millions, rises from the group, standing slightly bent, forward, with one foot on the bottom of the boat, the other on the forward bench. His mild yet serious and commanding glance seems seeking to pierce the mist of the farther shore and discover the enemy, while intimations of the future grandeur of his country rise upon his mind. Nothing of youthful rashness appears in the expression of this figure, but the thoughtful artist has depicted the 'heart for any fate' of the general and statesman in noble, vigorous, and faithful traits. And what an impulse moves through the group of his companions! Their thought is, 'Forward, invincibly forward, for our country!' This is expressed in their whole bearing, in every movement, in the eyes and features of all. Under the influence of this thought they command the raging elements, so that the masses of ice seem to dissolve before the will and energy of these

men. This is a picture by the sight of which, in this weary and exhausted time, one can recover health and strength. Let none miss a draught from such a goblet of nectar. And while we are writing this, it occurs to us that it was at this very hour seventy-four years ago, in the ice-cold night, Washington crossed the Delaware. And amid the ominous concatenation of events which the weak mind calls accident, but which the clear spirit, whose eye rests on the whole world, regards as the movement of nature according to eternal laws, there rises from our soul the ardent prayer that Germany may soon find her Washington! Honor and fame to the artist whose production has power to work upon the hearts and inflame the spirits of all that behold it!"

Messrs. Goupil & Co. have purchased the duplicate of this work, to be completed on the first of July, for seven thousand dollars. The picture described was unfinished, and has been exhibited by the underwriters, to whom it was given up after the fire.

An Italian picture dealer in London named Campanari, lately bought for a trifle a portrait which has proved to be a genuine Michel Angelo. It represents the famous Vittoria Colonna, wife of the Marchese Pescara, the General of Charles V. She was herself distinguished as a poetess as well as by the impassioned love and adoration of the great painter, who not only took her portrait, but left behind him several sonnets in her honor. Campanari, though himself confident of the genuineness of the picture, could not procure it to be recognized in England. Accordingly he sent it to Rome, where the Academy of San Luca, with Minardi at its head, unanimously decided in its favor. In fact, it contains a grandeur and sublimity which could be ascribed to nobody but the author of the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel. An antique repose is displayed in the whole work, perfectly agreeing with the character of the lady as described by Michel Angelo, and which suits the advanced age at which she is painted. The execution is like that of the picture in the Florentine Tribune, in the wonderful facility of its execution. In the coloring a carnation hue is remarkable, like that in Michel Angelo's Roman works. The hands of the figure are thought to be by some other artist. Only the head and part of the person seem to be by the author. The picture has suffered little from time, some parts having apparently been repaired by a later pencil. It is valued at $30,000.

The Munich Art-Union gives to its subscribers for the next year a *galvanograph* of Rubens' Columbus. This is the first time that galvanography has been applied to such a purpose. The plate from which the print is taken has been copied by the galvanoplastic process, so that it can serve for other art-unions also. For 1851 the Munich Union has decided on engraving four Greek landscapes by C. Rottman. These plates will also be copied by the same process, and may be had at much less than the cost of original plates.

GOETHE'S OPINION OF BYRON, SCOTT, AND CARLYLE.

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Mr. John Oxenford, who has shown remarkable capacities for appropriation, in the use he has made of the labors of William Peter, Parke Godwin, and others, in his various "translations" from the German, has recently fallen in with Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli's version of the *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann*, published many years ago by Mr. Ripley in his "Specimens of Foreign Literature;" and the result is two volumes, embracing, with what Margaret Fuller translated, the great poet's conversations with Soret. Among the chief notable men who existed at the time of the conversations, and to whom reference is made, are Scott and Byron. The first, whose *Fair Maid of Perth* is read as a new book, is praised for his "objective" qualities. The second is pronounced the greatest modern poet of England, but censured for his polemic tendency. Goethe's rapture is kindled when he speaks of him:

> "'Lord Byron,' said Goethe, 'is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great talent. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, his talent is incommensurable. All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection, properly so called; distractions and party spirit will not permit them to unfold themselves in quiet. But they are great as practical men. Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account the maxims in general are not successful, as is shown by his creed, 'much money, no authority,' for much money always paralyzes authority. But where he will create, he always succeeds; and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing, and then every thing that came from the man, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it or knowing how it was done. He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakspeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakspeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much of Shakspeare, although he

knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly have denied him altogether, for Shakspeare's cheerfulness is in his way, and he feels that he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him. On the contrary, he mentions him, and shows him respect when he can, for he knows well enough that Pope is a mere foil to himself.'...

"Goethe seemed inexhaustible on the subject of Byron, and I felt that I could not listen enough. After a few digressions, he proceeded thus: 'His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron; for every talent is oppressed by the outer world,—how much more, then, when there are such high birth and so great a fortune. A certain middle rank is much more favorable to talent, on which account we find all great artists and poets in the middle classes. Byron's predilection for the unbounded could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth and smaller means. But as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Besides, how could one of such high rank be inspired with awe and respect by any rank whatever? He spoke out whatever he felt, and this brought him into ceaseless conflict with the world. It is surprising to remark,' continued Goethe, 'how large a portion of the life of a rich Englishman of rank is passed in duels and elopements. Lord Byron himself says, that his father carried off three ladies. And let any man be a steady son after that. Properly speaking, he lived perpetually in a state of nature, and with his mode of existence the necessity for self-defence floated daily before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol-shooting. Every moment he expected to be called out. He could not live alone. Hence, with all his oddities, he was very indulgent to his associates. He one evening read his fine poem on the Death of Sir John Moore, and his noble friends did not know what to make of it. This did not move him, but he put it away again. As a poet, he really showed himself a lamb. Another would have commended them to the devil.'"

Yet Goethe had a curious theory in respect to criticism, and believed it possible for a foreigner to understand the achievements of a language not his own better than those to whom it is native—in which we think he was partially correct. In the following he criticises Carlyle.

"'Sit down,' said he, 'and let us talk awhile. A new translation of Sophocles has just arrived. It reads well, and seems to be excellent; I will compare it with Solgar. Now, what say you to Carlyle?' I told him what I had been reading upon Fonqué. 'Is not that very good?' said Goethe. 'Aye, there are clever people over the sea, who know us and can appreciate us?... We are weakest in the æsthetic department, and may wait long before we meet such a man as Carlyle. It is pleasant to see that intercourse is now so close between the French, English, and Germans, that we shall be able to correct one another. This is the greatest use of a world-literature, which will show itself more and more. Carlyle has written a life of Schiller, and judged him as it would be difficult for a German to judge him. On the other hand, we are clear about Shakspeare and Byron, and can, perhaps, appreciate their merits better than the English themselves."

Carlyle is frequently referred to, and always thus. The clear-sighted, great old man, already perceives how much his fame will owe to such an apostle and preacher of his faith—for he sees also what Carlyle himself will become. The mention of Lockhart is also very interesting.

"I asked about Lockhart, and whether he still recollected him. 'Perfectly well!' returned Goethe. 'His personal appearance makes so decided an impression that one cannot easily forget him. From all I hear from Englishmen, and from my daughter-in-law, he must be a young man from whom great things in literature are to be expected. I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him. It is admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. There is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect.'" [Pg 462]

Again:

"'It is pleasant to see,' said Goethe, 'how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the 'Edinburgh Reviewers' treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better. In Carlyle,' said he, 'I venerate most of all the mind and the character which lie at the foundation of his tendencies. The chief point with him is the culture of his own nation; and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wishes to make known to his contemporaries, he pays less attention to the arts of talent, than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works. Yes,' said Goethe, 'the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is always more at home in our literature than ourselves. At any rate we cannot vie with him in our researches in English literature.'"

MR. KELLOGG'S EXPLORATION OF MT. SINAI.

The last volume of *Bohn's Illustrated Library* (published in New-York by Bangs & Brother), is "Scripture Lands, Described in a Series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches," by JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A., the well-known author of the Dictionary of the Bible, &c. It embraces, in a convenient and condensed form, results of the most important recent investigations by travellers and scholars in the countries sacred for their connection with the history of true religion. With other things by Americans, Dr. Kitto gives a prominent place to Mr. MINER K. KELLOGG'S account of Mt. Sinai, which we reprint below; and we cannot let the opportunity pass unimproved, of expressing a hope that Mr. Kellogg will prepare for the press the voluminous notes which we know him to possess of his various and interesting travels in the ancient world, which he saw with the eye of an artist, the head of a scholar, and the heart of a Christian. If he would, he might give us a most delightful and instructive book upon the East, and one that would be eminently popular, though Asia has been of all the continents the most frequently described. Dr. Kitto says:

"At the foot of the pass which leads up to the sacred shrine beneath the awful mount, from whose summit Jehovah proclaimed his law to the trembling hosts of Israel, Dr. Robinson says,—'We commenced the slow and toilsome ascent along the narrow defile, about south by east, between blackened, shattered cliffs of granite, some eight hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred and fifty yards apart, which every moment threatened to send down their ruins on our heads. Nor is this at all times an empty threat; for the whole pass is filled with large stones and rocks, the *débris* of these cliffs. The bottom is a deep and narrow water-course, where the wintry torrent sweeps down with fearful violence. A path has been made for camels, along the shelving rocks, partly by removing the topmost blocks, sometimes in the manner of a Swiss mountain-road. But though I had crossed the most rugged passes of the Alps, and made from Chamouni the whole circuit of Mont Blanc, I had never found a path so rude and difficult as that we were now ascending.'

"After toiling along for nearly two hours, our travellers continue their narrative:

"'Here the interior and lofty peaks of the great circle of Sinai began to open upon us—black, rugged, desolate summits; and, as we advanced, the dark and frowning front of Sinai itself (the present Horeb of the monks) began to appear. We were gradually ascending, and the valley gradually opening; but as yet all was a naked desert. Afterwards, a few shrubs were sprinkled round about, and a small encampment of black tents was seen on our right, with camels and goats browsing, and a few donkeys belonging to the convent. The scenery through which we had now passed reminded me strongly of the mountains around the Mer de Glace in Switzerland. I had never seen a spot more wild and desolate.

"'As we advanced, the valley still opened wider and wider with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, and rugged, shattered peaks, a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, "here is room enough for a large encampment!"

"'Reaching the top of the ascent or watershed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the south-south-east, inclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks, and ridges of indescribable grandeur; and terminated, at a distance of more than a mile, by the bold and awful front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly in frowning majesty, from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at the moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming.'

"They subsequently ascended the frowning summit of Horeb, and sketched the scene from that point:—'The whole plain, er-Rahah, lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Rahah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain.

"'Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire," and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightning and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." [Pg 463]

"'We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene; and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transactions, and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.'"

"Other travellers have explored a valley on the southern base of Sinai, which was shut out from the view of Dr. Robinson in his ascent by a long ridge of rocks, and which has been found, by measurement of Krafft and Strauss, and others, to be even greater than the valley of er-Rahah on the north. This, it is supposed by Ritter and others, may have been occupied by the Israelites at the giving of the Law. The locality of this tremendous scene may perhaps be determined by future researches.

"An American artist and scholar, Mr. M. K. Kellogg, has lately given an interesting account of this valley, which appears to be much more extensive than er-Rahah, and better suited for the accommodation of the immense camp of Israel. To reach this station, the Israelites must have continued their march much further down the coast than on the other supposition, and turned at a bolder angle up into the mountains near the modern town of Tur or Tor. Dophkah, Alush, and Rephidim, must also, on this supposition, be transferred to other localities corresponding with this supposed line of march.

"If there be such a valley at the southern base of Sinai, it seems very extraordinary that it should have escaped the notice of travellers. It must be visible from the summit of Sinai (Jebel Musa); but, seen only from that lofty summit, and running in an irregular line at the very base of the mountain, they must have overlooked it in their brief survey of the scenery, so grand, so gloomy and peculiar, which there engaged their contemplation. The subject, however, is so curious and interesting, that we insert in some detail the narrative of the American traveller to which these remarks refer.

"'Having read a letter which appeared in the *Literary World*[F] of the 20th November, from Dr. Ritter to Dr. Robinson, in which it is said that Laborde, in his *Commentary* "has now for the first time established the plain of Wady Sebaiyeh at the southern base of Sinai;" and that this "furnishes an important point for the elucidation of the giving of the Law," I have been induced to submit to the consideration of the public, some of the notes from a journal which I kept during my travels in that region in the spring of 1844.[G]

"'Although I have not yet seen the Commentaries of Laborde, and therefore cannot judge of their correctness in regard to this plain, yet I am happy in being able to furnish some testimony as to its existence and extent. Within the last few years a question has arisen as to the existence of a plain in front of Mount Sinai, capable of containing the multitude of Israelites who were to receive the commandments.

"'Dr. Robinson is the first, I believe, who has attempted to prove that no such plain exists. In his *Researches* he finds a plain at the north-east extremity of the mountain called er-Rahah, which he says was "the plain where the congregation of Israel were assembled," and that the mountain impending over it, the present Horeb, was "the scene of the awful phenomena in which the Law was proclaimed."

"'He says he was satisfied, after much inquiry, "that in no other quarter of the peninsula, and certainly not around any of the higher peaks, is there a spot corresponding in any degree, so fully as this, to the historical account, and to the circumstances of the case." Starting upon the hypothesis that there is no other plain than the one he describes, he has been obliged to give the name of Sinai to one of the peaks which overlook this plain, in order that the Israelites might witness the awful ceremonies attending the promulgation of the Law which took place upon the holy mountain. If this hypothesis is founded on truth, then tradition is at fault, which has given to another part of this region the name of Sinai, and a capacious plain beneath it; we must throw aside all our faith in such tradition, and commence investigations which shall elicit the whole truth upon the subject.

"'As many late travellers have been led into error respecting the topography of this district, by adopting, without investigation, the conclusions of Dr. Robinson, I feel it to be a duty to lay before you such facts as may be of service to those who shall hereafter journey into the wilderness of Sinai.

"'On the 6th day of March, 1844, my two companions set out from the convent at Mount Sinai, for the purpose of ascending the mountain St. Catharine. I declined going with them, partly through indisposition, and partly because I thought I could spend the day more usefully in making sketches in the neighboring convent. After my friend's departure with the guides, I took a little Arab boy with me to carry my sketch-book and water-bottle, and walked up Wady Shueib, until I came to the little Mountain of the Cross (Neja), which almost shuts up the passage into Wady [Pg 464] Sebaiyeh, and where I had, for the first time, a view of the southern face of Mount Sinai. Here opened an extended picture of the mountains lying to the south of the Sinaite range, for I was now some three hundred feet above the adjacent valleys.

"'After much difficulty, I succeeded in climbing over immense masses of granite, to the side of the Mountain of the Cross, which I ascended about five hundred feet on its south-western face, in order to obtain a good view of the peak of Sinai, which I was anxious to sketch. Here, close at my right, arose, almost perpendicularly, the Holy Mountain; its shattered pyramidal peak towering above me some 1400 feet, of a brownish tint, presenting vertical strata of granite, which threw off the glittering rays of the morning sun. Clinging around its base was a range of sharp, upheaving crags, from one hundred to two hundred feet in height, which formed an almost impassable barrier to the mountain itself from the valley adjoining. These crags were separated from the mountain by a deep and narrow gorge, yet they must be considered as forming the projecting base of Sinai.

"'Directly in front of me was a level valley, stretching onward to the south for two or three miles, and inclosed on the east, west, and south by low mountains of various altitudes, all much less, however, than that of Sinai. This valley passed behind the Mountain of the Cross to my left, and out of view, so that I could not calculate its northern extent from where I stood. The whole scene was one of inexpressible grandeur and solemnity, and I seated myself to transfer some of its

remarkable features to the pages of my portfolio.

"'I remained at work until nearly sunset, when I discovered people coming towards me through the dark ravine between the mountain of Sinai and the craggy spurs which shoot up around its base. I feared they might prove to be unfriendly Arabs; but, as they came nearer I discovered them to be my companions and their guides, who were returning from Mount St. Catharine. As the shades of evening were approaching, I shut up my portfolio, and descending the hillside, I joined my friends, and we returned together to the convent. After dinner, they desired to see what I had done during the day, and my sketch-book was opened to them. They remarked, on seeing the drawing I had made, that as there was no plain on the southern border of the mountain, I might as well have left out the one seen in the drawing. After my assurance that I had copied what was before me, they laughed, and remarked that none but a painter's imagination could have seen the plain in question, for they had passed entirely around the mountain that day, and could assert *positively* that there was no such plain. Here was a difference of opinion certainly, and one that I did not relish much, as it might at some future time be the means of creating a doubt as to the faithfulness of my eastern drawings. I begged them, therefore, to accompany me the next day to that side of the mountain, and be convinced of what I told them. They remarked that all authority was against me, and time was too precious to go over the same ground twice.'"

"It seems that one of them, however, accompanied the writer in his further exploration of the ensuing day, for he uses the plural number, and speaks of his 'friend.' We thus condense his statements: One day (7th March) is described as having been spent in Wady es-Sabaiyeh, or the plain before Mount Sinai. After having penetrated into this wady, he says: 'We took our course along the base of Jebel Deir, until we came to a point whence the peak of Sinai was no longer visible, because of the intervening point of Jebel Deir; then striking across Sebaiyeh to the right, keeping Sinai in view, we stopped to contemplate the scene. Here the plain is very wide, and forms one with Wady Sedout, which enters it from the south-east at a very acute angle, and in the whole of which Sinai is plainly visible. These two wadys make a width of at least the third of a mile. The hills rising from the east and south of Sebaiyeh, in front of Sinai, are of gentle ascent, upon which flocks might feed, and the people stand in full view of Sinai. For many miles, perhaps six or more, on the eastern border of this plain, are seen many small plains high up among the hills, from all of which Sinai is plainly visible. Near where we stood, a high, rocky platform of granite arose from the plain, upon which I seated myself, and took a sketch of the valley to its junction with Wady esh-Sheikh on the north, where stands *Jebel Fureia*, a very conspicuous and singular mountain. At this point, Wady Sheikh turns from its eastern course, after leaving Wady Rahah, and runs north around Jebel Fureia, where it receives Sebaiyeh from the south, and with it forms one unbroken plain for about twelve miles to the north of the place where I was seated. Turning back now to the south, we traversed the plain towards the base of Sinai. The wady grew gently narrower as we approached Neja, whose base projected far into the plain, and whose head shuts off the view of Sinai for a distance of about one-half the width of the plain at its base.

"'As we passed its foot, Sinai again appeared, and we measured the plain near the pathway which leads up towards Sinai on the southern border of Neja, and which appears to be the only entrance to the Holy Mountain. The measured width here was four hundred and thirty feet. Passing on three hundred and forty-five paces, we arrived at the narrowest part of the plain, some few yards narrower than where we had measured it. This may be considered as an entrance-door to the plain, which lies directly in front of Sinai, which now spreads out level, clear, and broad, going on to the south with varied widths for about three miles on gently ascending ground, where it passes between two sloping hills and enters another wady which descends beyond, from which it is most probable Sinai may yet be clearly seen. [Pg 465]

"'On the east, this plain of Sebaiyeh is bounded by mountains having long, sloping bases, and covered with wild thyme and other herbs, affording a good tenting-ground immediately fronting Sinai, which forms, as it were, a grand pyramidal pulpit to the magnificent amphitheatre below. The width of the plain immediately in front of Sinai is about 1600 feet, but further south the width is much increased, so that on an average the plain may be considered as being nearly one-third of a mile wide, and its length, in view of Mount Sinai, between five and six miles. The good tenting-ground on the mountain sides mentioned above, would give much more space for the multitude on the great occasion for which they were assembled. This estimate does not include that part of the plain to the north, and Wady esh-Sheikh, from which the peak of Sinai is not visible; for this space would contain three or four times the number of people which Sebaiyeh would hold.

"'From Wady Sebaiyeh we crossed over the granite spurs, in order to pass around the southern border of Sinai into Wady Lejah. These spurs are of sufficient size to have separate names among the Arabs. Around them were generally deep and rugged gorges and ravines, or water-courses, whose sides were formed of ledges of granite nearly perpendicular, of a pink color, and fine texture. There are no *gravel* hills, as mentioned by Dr. Robinson, but a series of low granite hills, much broken up, and of different colors, principally of a greenish-gray and brown. The plain is covered with a fine *débris* of granite. Whilst crossing over these low hills, my friend pointed out the path between them and Sinai, in the ravine, through which he had passed yesterday on his return from St. Catharine; and it was seen that no plain would be visible from any part of it, owing to the height of the spurs which separated the ravine from Sebaiyeh, and we concluded that most travellers had been led into false views concerning this part of the mountain from having taken the same path, and hence it was that no account has been given respecting the

plain of Sebaiyeh. This ravine around Sinai becomes a deep impassable gorge, with perpendicular walls, as it enters Wady Lejah, passing through the high neck connecting with the mountain on the south.

"'Descending into Lejah, under the rocky precipice of Sinai, we found the wady narrow and choked up with huge blocks of granite which had tumbled from the sides of the adjacent mountains. We could now see the olive-ground of the deserted convent of *el-Arbain*, situated in the bottom of the narrow valley. Passing through this garden, we found a fine running stream of crystal water, of which we partook freely, for our thirst was great. The garden was walled, and well irrigated by many small canals, but nothing seemed to flourish but the olive.

"'Continuing down the valley, amidst loose rocks of granite, upon some of which were inscriptions in the Sinaite, Greek, and Arabic characters, and enjoying the wildness of the scene, and the gloomy grandeur of the lofty mountains of naked rocks which almost overhung our path, we saw Horeb on our right, and soon entered upon the plain before it called *Wady Rahah*. After taking a view of Horeb as the sun was setting, we made our way to the convent, to pass the night within its hospitable walls. Thus was completed a walk around the whole mountain of Sinai.

"'The results of these investigations, together with the information afforded by Burckhardt and other travellers, have served to convince my own mind that this district is every way adapted to the circumstances attending the encampment of the Israelites during the promulgation of the law upon Mount Sinai Though other mountains in this vicinity may answer as well as that of Jebel Musa for this great purpose, still I cannot see any good reason for taking from this mountain that holy character with which tradition has invested it for the last fifteen centuries.'

"Thus," says Dr. Kitto, "it seems that the question as to the camping-ground of the Israelites, which seemed to have been settled by the researches of Dr. Robinson and others, must now be regarded as re-opened for further investigations. The fact is, that a complete and careful survey of the whole of this central mountain region yet remains to be taken."

The friend of Mr. Kellogg alluded to in the preceding pages was an English gentleman, Mr. Ackanth, (of the East India Service,) whose notes will amply vindicate Mr. Kellogg's conclusions.

FOOTNOTES:

[F] The *Literary World* at that period was edited by the able, candid, and universally beloved C.F. Hoffman.—(Ed. Int.)

[G] "The writer seems not to have been aware that this still leaves the priority to Laborde—whose journey was undertaken even earlier than that of Robinson, and whose really valuable work, *Commentaire Geographique sur l'Exode et les Nombres*, which now lies before us, was *published* in the very year of Mr. Kellogg's journey, 1844. This work certainly forms the best *literary* result of Laborde's celebrated journey."

LAFAYETTE, TALLEYRAND, METTERNICH, AND NAPOLEON.

Sketched By Lord Holland.[H]

Lord Holland, says the *Examiner*, has been induced by "the recent events on the Continent" to publish what his father had written on foreign politics. "If not wholly impartial," the present Lord Holland remarks of his father, "he is acknowledged by all who knew him to have been as candid as he was benevolent." He might have said more than this—indeed far more than it might have been quite becoming in a son to say. The late Lord Holland was a noble example of the highest and best traits of the English character. Throughout his public life he was the champion of all just causes; the friend of all who fairly sought redress; the fearless advocate of liberty, religious and civil, in days disastrous to both; a statesman of singular courage and consistency, a most [Pg 466] accomplished gentleman and scholar. He had learning without pedantry, and wit without ill-nature. His sweetness of temper and fascinating grace of manner had been commemorated by many distinguished men who had felt their winning potency and charm. But above all he had a store of observation and anecdote of the richest kind, and a power of applying it with surprising felicity to whatever subject might be under discussion. This book is a delightful surviving proof of that quality in his character. Its anecdotes are told with a charming ease and fulness of knowledge. No one so quickly as Lord Holland detected the notable points, whether of a book or a man, or turned them to such happy account. We do not read a page of this volume without feeling that a supreme master of that exquisite art is speaking to us. It comprises recollections of the scenes and actors in the stirring drama which was played out on the Continent between 1791 and 1815. It opens with the death of Mirabeau and closes with the death of Napoleon. France, Denmark, Prussia, and Spain are the countries principally treated of. Lord Holland's first visit to France was in 1791, just after the death of Mirabeau and the disastrous flight to Varennes. LAFAYETTE seems to have been more disposed than any other public actor in the revolution to put faith in the king even after that incident, and his confidence won over the young English

traveller. But the weakness as well as strength of Lafayette is well hit off.

"Lafayette was, however, then as always, a pure disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honor, and earnestness of zeal will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or, if I may so phrase it, the pedantry of liberty for the substance, as if men could not enjoy any freedom without subscribing to certain abstract principles and arbitrary tests, or as if the profession and subscription, nay, the technical observance of such tests and principles, were not, on the other hand, often compatible with practical oppression and tyranny."

Marie Antoinette is treated almost as badly as by Mr. Geffeson, who thought her a devil, far less tenderly than we should have expected. Her "amours" are spoken of, though with the limitation that "they were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading." We gather that Talleyrand believed her to have been guilty in a special instance named, and that Madame Champan had confessed it to him. At the same time her person is not very flatteringly described.

"As I was not presented at Court, I never saw the Queen but at the play-house. She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose that the habitual expression of it, even in happier seasons, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper no doubt contributed to the disasters of the Royal Family, but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust, and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe. She was indeed insensible when led to the scaffold; but the previous persecution which she underwent was base, unmanly, cruel, and ungenerous to the last degree."

On the other hand, a better case is made out for Egalité than any writer has yet been bold enough, or informed enough, to attempt. His false position with the Court is shown not to have been of his own seeking, and to have ultimately driven him reluctantly into the ranks of the extreme party. His courage is vindicated successfully, his sincerity and truthfulness less so. Lord Holland retained his regard for the Orleans family to the close of his life. He was one of the warmest defenders of the late King of the French. There are some capital notices of Tallyrand.

"It was in this visit to Paris in 1791, that I first formed acquaintance with M. Talleyrand. I have seen him in most of his vicissitudes of fortune; from his conversation I have derived much of the little knowledge I possess of the leading characters in France before and during the Revolution. He was then still a bishop. He had, I believe, been originally forced into holy orders, in consequence of his lameness, by his family, who, on that account, treated him with an indifference and unkindness shameful and shocking. He was for some time *aumonier* to his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims; and when Mr. Pitt went to that town to learn French, after the peace of 1782, he lodged him in an apartment in the abbey of St. Thierry, where he was then residing with his uncle, and constantly accompanied him for six weeks, a circumstance to which, as I have heard M. Talleyrand remark with some asperity, Mr. Pitt never had the grace to allude either during his embassy, or his emigration, or in 1794, when he refused to recall the cruel order by which he was sent away from England under the alien bill. Talleyrand was initiated into public affairs under M. de Calonne, and learnt from that lively minister the happy facility of transacting business without effort and without ceremony in the corner of a drawing-room, or in the recess of a window."

Again—of Talleyrand's bon-mots. The bit at Chateaubriand is one of the happiest we can remember.

"'Il faut avoir aimé Mme. de Staël pour connaitre tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête,' was a saying of his much quoted at Paris at that time, in explanation of his passion for Mme. Grand, who certainly did not win him or any one else by the fascination of her wit or conversation. For thirty or forty years, the bon-mots of M. de Talleyrand were more frequently repeated and more [Pg 467] generally admired than those of any living man. The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and suavity of manner, with archness and sagacity of thought, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted almost as much as they could mortify even their immediate objects. His humorous reproof to a gentleman vaunting with self-complacency the extreme beauty of his mother, and apparently implying that it might account for advantages in person in her descendants, is well known: 'Cétait donc,' said he, 'Monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien.' The following is more recent, but the humor of it hardly less arch or less refined. The celebrity of M. de Chateaubriand, the vainest of mortals, was on the wane. About the same time, it happened to be casually mentioned in conversation that Chateaubriand was affected with deafness, and complained bitterly of that infirmity. 'Je compends,' said Talleyrand; 'dequis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui, il se croit sourd.'"

We find a long portrait gallery of ministers, and princes, and princesses, one more imbecile, ignorant, and corrupt than another. One minister did not know the difference between Russia and Prussia; another always wrote Asiatic for Henseatic, and thought his correction necessary. Much light is thrown on the first quarrel between Ferdinand and his father; and the narrow escape of the Duke of Infantado is well told. Godoy, like all who had the honor of Lord Holland's acquaintance, was in some degree a favorite of his, his good qualities being brought out to neutralize his many bad ones. Jovellanos and Arguelles appear the only honest characters in the

midst of such a mass of vice, and even they were pedantic, impracticable, and prejudiced. No history, narrative, or memoir can be so disgusting as those of Spain and its court under the dominion of the House of Bourbon. The imagination of no novelist has ever attained that *acmè* of duplicity, cruelty, villany, and cowardice, which made up the character of Ferdinand. The general opinion of PRINCE METTERNICH, since he has become familiar to London circles, has been rather to diminish former opinion of his superior wisdom. Lord Holland's early opinion of the prince is thus recorded:

"He seems hardly qualified by any superior genius to assume the ascendency in the councils of his own and neighboring nations, which common rumor has for some years attributed to him. He appeared to me, in the short intercourse I had with him, little superior to the common run of continental politicians and courtiers, and clearly inferior to the Emperor of Russia in those qualities which secure an influence in great affairs. Some who admit the degrading but too prevalent opinion that a disregard to truth is useful and necessary in the government of mankind, have on that score maintained the contrary proposition. His manners are reckoned insinuating. In my slight acquaintance with him in London I was not struck with them; they seemed such as might have been expected from a German who had studied French vivacity in the fashionable novels of the day. I saw little of a sagacious and observant statesman, or of a courtier accustomed to very refined and enlightened society."

But the statesman who sustained Austria and procured for it the alliance of France was not Metternich. Napoleon is known to have long wavered as to whether he would build his European system on a close alliance with Prussia or with Austria. Bignon we believe it is that gives the reasons in the imperial mind for and against. Prussia was the preferable ally, being a new country, untrammelled by aristocratic ideas, ambitious, military, and eager for domination. But Napoleon had humiliated Prussia too deeply to be forgiven. And then Napoleon had in those around him politicians who revered Austria for its antiquity and prestige, and who, like Lord Aberdeen, made the Cæsar of Vienna the pivot on which their ideas of policy turned. Talleyrand was one of them. He worshipped Austria, opposed all his master's plans for crushing her, and even dared to thwart those plans by revealing them to Alexander, and prompting him secretly to oppose them. Such treachery fully warrants all the suspicion and harshness with which Napoleon treated Talleyrand. The latter's conduct is fully revealed in this volume by Lord Holland. In fact, the way in which Napoleon found his policy most seriously counteracted, and his projects foiled, was his weakness in employing the men of the *ancien regime*, the nobles, whom he preferred for their pleasing and good manners, but who invariably betrayed the *parvenu* master, who employed and courted them. By an instance of this grievously misplaced confidence Napoleon lost his throne. In the last events and negotiations of 1814 Napoleon employed Caulaincourt, who, had he had full power, might have made an arrangement. Talleyrand and his party at the same time employed M. de Vitrolles, and sent him to the Emperor of Austria to learn on what terms he would be induced either to support Napoleon or abandon him. The Emperor of Austria was naturally most unwilling to proceed to the latter extreme. But M. Vitrolles, a secret agent of the Bourbons, so falsified and misrepresented everything to the Emperor that the sacrifice of Napoleon was assented to.

Our last extract relates some traits of the great NAPOLEON which seem more than ordinarily worth his nephew's attention just now. They are taken from a somewhat elaborate character of the Emperor which occupies nearly a third of the volume.

"Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household both as Consul and Emperor was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum comparatively inconsiderable of fifteen [Pg 468] millions of francs a year, are marvellous, and expose his successors, and indeed all European Princes, to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets of Paris (les halles) dressed in plain clothes and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprize him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with a notion that the master's eye was every where. For instance, when the Tuileries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost? 'J'ignore,' was the answer.—'Eh bien! nous verrons,' said he, and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because on *inspection* he had himself discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant. When afterwards in the height of his glory he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend, M. Mechin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical tables of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce, and commerce of the departments. 'C'est bon,' said he, when he received them the evening of his arrival, 'vous et moi nous ferous bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil.' Accordingly, he astonished all the leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cyder, and of the

produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department. Even the Royalist gentry were impressed with a respect for his person, which gratitude for the restitution of their lands had failed to inspire, and which, it must be acknowledged, the first faint hope of vengeance against their enemies entirely obliterated in almost every member of that intolerant faction. Other princes have shown an equal fondness for minute details with Napoleon, but here is the difference. The use they made of their knowledge was to torment their inferiors and weary their company: the purpose to which Napoleon applied it was to confine the expanses of the State to the objects and interests of the community."

Lord Holland dwells at some length on the treatment to which Napoleon was subjected by the English Government, and on the generous attempts of Lady Holland to alleviate his captivity. This part of the volume has much present interest, and will be read with great eagerness by all. Of the Emperor's temper, he says:

"Napoleon, even in the plenitude of his power, seldom gratified his revenge by resorting to any act either illegal or unjust, though he frequently indulged his ill-humor by speaking both of and to those who had displeased him in a manner mortifying to their feelings and their pride. The instances of his love of vengeance are very few: they are generally of an insolent rather than a sanguinary character, more discreditable to his head than his heart, and a proof of his want of manners, taste, and possibly feeling, but not of a dye to affect his humanity. Of what man, possessed of such extended yet such disputed authority, can so much be said? Of Washington? Of Cromwell? But Washington, if he had ever equal provocation and motives for revenge, certainly never possessed such power to gratify it. His glory, greater in truth than that of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, was that he never aspired: but he disdained such power; he never had it, and cannot therefore deserve immoderate praise for not exerting what he did not possess. In the affair of General Lee, he did not, if I recollect, show much inclination to forgive. Even Cromwell did not possess the power of revenge to the same extent as Napoleon. There is reason, however, to infer from his moderation and forbearance that he would have used it as sparingly. But Cromwell is less irreproachable, on the score of another vice, viz., ingratitude. Napoleon not only never forgot a favor, but, unlike most ambitious characters, never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services. He was uniformly indulgent to the faults of those whom he had once distinguished. He saw them, he sometimes exposed and rectified, but he never punished or revenged them. Many have blamed him for this on the score of policy; but if it was not sense and calculation, it should be ascribed to good-nature. None, I presume, will impute it to weakness or want of discernment."

This account of Napoleon's ideas on religion is curious, and we think new.

"Whatever were the religious sentiments of this extraordinary man, such companions were likely neither to fix nor to shake, to sway nor to alter them. I have been at some pains to ascertain the little that can be known of his thoughts on such subjects, and, though it is not very satisfactory, it appears to me worth recording.

"In the early periods of the Revolution, he, in common with many of his countrymen, conformed [Pg 469] to the fashion of treating all such matters, both in conversation and action, with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed, half in jest and half in earnest, a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and reproved infidelity, but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befal himself, or any other man. He had more than tolerance—he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, on the possibility of our being prevailed upon to admit and even to devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed that there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character; a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet a persuasion, or at least an apprehension, that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorize, the revival of La Trappe and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc, and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm and speculative discussion and in moments of strong emotion, (such as occurred at Fontainbleau in 1814,) he implied a belief both in fatality and Providence.

"In the programme of his coronation, a part of the ceremony was to consist in his taking the communion. But when the plan was submitted to him, he, to the surprise of those who had drawn it, was absolutely indignant at the suggestion. 'No man,' he said, 'had the means of knowing, or had the right to say, when or where he would take the sacrament, or whether he would or not.' On this occasion, he added, that he would not; nor did he.

"There is some mystery about his conduct in similar respects at St. Helena, and during the last days of his life. He certainly had mass celebrated in his chapel while he was well, and in his bedroom when ill. But though I have reason to believe that the last sacraments were actually administered to him privately a few days before his death, and probably after confession, yet Count Montholon, from whom I derive indirectly my information, also stated that he received Napoleon's earnest and distinct directions to conceal all the preliminary preparations for that melancholy ceremony from all his other companions, and even to enjoin the priest, if questioned,

to say he acted by Count Montholon's orders, but had no knowledge of the Emperor's wishes.

"It seems as if he had some desire for such assurance as the Church could give, but yet was ashamed to own it. He knew that some at St. Helena, and more in France, would deem his recourse to such consolation infirmity; perhaps he deemed it so himself. Religion may sing her triumph, philosophy exclaim 'pauvre humanite,' more impartial scepticism despair of discovering the motive, but truth and history must, I believe, acknowledge the fact."

FOOTNOTES:

[H] *Foreign Reminiscences.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Longman and Co., London. New-York: Harpers.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

By Rufus W. Griswold.

"Formerly," said Baron Cuvier, in a report to the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, "European naturalists had to make known her own treasures to America; but now her Mitchells, Harlans, and Charles Bonapartes, have repaid with interest the debt which she owed to Europe. The history of the American birds by Wilson, already equals in elegance our most beautiful works in ornithology, and if ever that of Audubon be completed, it will have to be confessed that in magnificence of execution the Old World is surpassed by the New." The work of the "American backwoodsman" thus alluded to, has long been completed; the great Cuvier subsequently acknowledged it to be "the most splendid monument which art has erected in honor of ornithology;" and the judgment of mankind has placed the name of our countryman first in the list of authors and artists who have illustrated the beautiful branch of natural history to which he has devoted so large a portion of his long and heroic life.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents perceiving early the bent of his genius sent him to Paris to pursue his education. While there he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and in drawing took lessons from the celebrated David. He returned in his eighteenth year, and his father soon after gave him a farm near Philadelphia, where the Perkioming creek falls into the Schuylkill. Its fine woods offered him numerous subjects for his pencil, and he here commenced that series of drawings which ultimately swelled into the magnificent collection of The Birds of America. Here too he was married, and here was born his eldest son. He engaged in commercial speculations, but was not successful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, we readily suppose unfitted him for trade. At the end of ten years he removed to the west. There were then no steamboats on the Ohio, and few villages and no cities on its shores. Reaching that noble river in the warm days of autumn, he purchased a small boat in which, with his wife and child and two rowers, he leisurely pursued his way down to Henderson, in Kentucky, where his family resided several years. He appears at first to have engaged in commerce, for he mentions his meeting with Wilson, of whom till then he had never heard, as having occurred in his [Pg 470] counting-room in Louisville in the spring of 1810. His great predecessor was procuring subscriptions for his work. He called on Audubon, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested his patronage. The merchant was surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, and had taken a pen to add his name to the list of subscribers, when his partner abruptly said to him in French, "My dear Audubon, what induces you to do so? your own drawings are certainly far better, and you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman. "Wilson probably understood the remark, for he appeared not to be pleased, and inquired whether Audubon had any drawings of birds. A large portfolio was placed upon the table, and all its contents exhibited by the amateur ornithologist. Wilson was surprised; he had supposed he was himself the only person engaged in forming such a collection; and asked if it was intended to publish them. Audubon replied in the negative: he had never thought of presenting the fruits of his labors to the world. Wilson was still more surprised; he lost his cheerfulness; and though before he left Louisville Audubon explored with him the neighboring woods, loaned him his drawings, and in other ways essayed to promote his interests and happiness, he shook the dust from his feet when he departed, and wrote in his diary that "literature or art had not a friend in the place." Far be it from me to write a word in dispraise of Alexander Wilson. He was a man of genius, enthusiasm, and patient endurance; an honor to the country of his birth, and a glory to that of his adoption; but he evidently could not bear the thought of being excelled. With all his merits he was even then greatly inferior to Audubon, and his heart failed him when he contrasted the performances which had won fame for him with those of the unknown lover of the same mistress, Nature, whom he thus encountered.

Audubon must soon have abandoned or neglected his day-books and ledgers, for in 1811 we find him with his rifle and drawing paper among the bayous of Florida, and in the following years making long and tedious journeys, searching the forests and prairies, the shores of rivers, lakes, gulfs, and seas, for the subjects of his immortal work, of the publication of which, however, he had never yet had a thought.

On the fifth of April, 1824, he visited Philadelphia, where the late Dr. Mease, whom he had known on his first arrival in Pennsylvania, presented him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced him to the Lyceum of Natural History. He perceived that he could look for no patronage in this city, and so proceeded to New-York, where he was received with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits, and afterwards ascending the Hudson, went westward to the great lakes, and in the wildest solitudes of the pathless forests renewed his labors. He now began to think of visiting Europe; the number of his drawings had greatly increased notwithstanding a misfortune by which two hundred of them, representing nearly a thousand birds, had been destroyed; and he fancied his work under the hands of the engraver. "Happy days and nights of pleasing dreams" followed, as he retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone which could be accomplished by time or toil. Another year and a half passed by; he returned to his family, then in Louisiana; and having explored the woods of that state, at last sailed for England, where he arrived in 1826. In Liverpool and Manchester his works procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of science and letters; and when he proceeded to Edinburgh and exhibited there his four hundred paintings, "the hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs." [I] "The man himself," at this period writes the same eloquent author in another work, "is just what you would expect from his productions; full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature."[J]

His reception encouraged him to proceed immediately with his plans of publication. It was a vast undertaking which it would take probably sixteen years to accomplish, and when his first drawings were delivered to the engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out the rashness of the project and urged him to abandon it. "But my heart was nerved," he exclaims, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success." Leaving his work in the care of his engravers and agents, in the summer of 1828 he visited Paris, and received the homage of the most distinguished men of science in that capital. Humboldt too, whose gigantic intelligence arose above all others in central Europe, became his warm friend, and remained until his death a sympathizing correspondent.

The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states. Accompanied by his wife he left New Orleans on the eighth of January, 1830, for New-York, and on the twenty-fifth of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the Great Metropolis. Before the close of 1830, he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colors of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The kings of England and France had placed their names at the head [Pg 471] of his subscription list; he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions; and Cuvier, Swainson, and indeed the great ornithologists of every country, exhausted the words of panegyric in his praise.

On the first of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New-York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and in Philadelphia, proceeded to Washington, where the President and other principal officers of the government gave him letters of assistance and protection to be used all along the coasts and inland frontiers where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the king's ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

The next winter and spring were passed in the Floridas and in Charleston; and early in the summer, bending his course northward to keep pace with the birds in their migrations, he arrived in Philadelphia, where he was joined by his family. The cholera was then spreading death and terror through the country, and on reaching Boston he was himself arrested by sickness and detained until the middle of August. "Although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me," he says, "the outpouring of kindness which I experienced in Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with;"[K] and he tells us, with characteristic enthusiasm, of his gratitude to the Appletons, Everetts, Quincys, Pickerings, Parkmans, and other eminent gentlemen and scholars of that beautiful and hospitable city.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and rejoining his family proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

Among the warmest of his British friends, was always the congenial Wilson, great as a poet, greater as critic, and greatest of all as the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which contain more wit and humor, more sound theology, philosophy, and politics, and better and more various literature, than any other man now living has furnished in a single work. This almost universal genius, whose relish for the rod and gun and wild wood was scarcely less than that he felt for the best suppers of Ambrose, or the sharpest onslaught on the Whigs in Parliament, thoroughly

appreciated and heartily loved our illustrious countryman, and in Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1835, he gives us the following admirable sketch of the visit he now made to Edinburgh:

"We were sitting one night, lately, all alone by ourselves, almost unconsciously eyeing the members, fire without flame, in the many-visioned grate, but at times aware of the symbols and emblems there beautifully built up, of the ongoings of human life, when a knocking, not loud but resolute, came to the front door, followed by the rustling thrill of the bell-wire, and then by a tinkling far below, too gentle to waken the house that continued to enjoy the undisturbed dream of its repose. At first we supposed it might be but some late-home-going knight-errant from a feast of shells, in a mood, 'between malice and true-love,' seeking to disquiet the slumbers of Old Christopher, in expectation of seeing his night-cap (which he never wears) popped out of the window, and of hearing his voice (of which he is charry in the open air) simulating a scold upon the audacious sleep-breaker. So we benevolently laid back our head on our easy-chair, and pursued our speculations on the state of affairs in general—and more particularly on the floundering fall of that inexplicable people—the Whigs. We had been wondering, and of our wondering found no end, what could have been their chief reasons for committing suicide. It appeared a case of very singular *felo-de-se*—for they had so timed the 'rash act,' as to excite strong suspicions in the public mind that his Majesty had committed murder. Circumstances, however, had soon come to light, that proved to demonstration, that the wretched Ministry had laid violent hands on itself, and effected its purpose by strangulation. There—was the fatal black ring visible round the neck—through a mere thread; there—were the blood-shot eyes protruding from the sockets; there—the lip-biting teeth clenched in the last convulsions; and there—sorriest sight of all—was the ghastly suicidical smile, last relic of the laughter of despair. But the knocking would not leave the door—and listening to its character, we were assured that it came from the fist of a friend, who saw light through the chinks of the shutter, and knew, moreover, that we never put on the shroud of death's pleasant brother sleep, till 'ae wee short hour ayont the twal,' and often not till earliest cock-crow, which chanticleer utters somewhat drowsily, and then replaces his head beneath his wing, supported on one side by a partlet, on the other by a hen. So we gathered up our slippered feet from the rug, lamp in hand stalked along the lobbies, unchained and unlocked the oak which our faithful night porter Somnus had sported—and lo! a figure muffled up in a cloak, and furred like a Russ, who advanced familiarly into the hall, extended both hands and then embracing us, bade God bless us, and pronounced, with somewhat of a foreign accent, the name in which we and the world rejoice—Christopher North!' We were not slow in returning the hug fraternal—for who was it but the 'American Woodsman?'—even Audubon himself—fresh from the Floridas—and breathing of the pure air of far-off Labrador!

"Three years and upwards had fled since we had taken farewell of the illustrious Ornithologist—on the same spot—at the same hour; and there was something ghostlike in such return of a dear friend from a distant region—almost as if from [Pg 472] the land of spirits. It seemed as if the same moon again looked at us—but then she was wan and somewhat sad—now clear as a diamond, and all the starry heavens wore a smile. "Our words they were na mony feck'—but in less time than we have taken to write it—we two were sitting cheek by jowl, and hand in hand, by that essential fire—while we showed by our looks that we both felt, now they were over, that three years were but as one day! The cane coal-scuttle, instinct with spirit, beeted the fire of its own accord, without word or beck of ours, as if placed there by the hands of one of our wakeful Lares; in globe of purest crystal the Glenlivet shone; unasked the bright brass kettle began to whisper its sweet 'under song;' and a centenary of the fairest oysters native to our isle turned towards us their languishing eyes, unseen the Nereid that had on the instant wafted them from the procreant cradle beds of Prestonpans. Grace said, we drew in to supper, and hobnobbing, from elegant long-shank, down each naturalist's gullet graciously descended, with a gurgle, the mildest, the meekest, the very Moses of Ales.

"Audubon, ere half an hour had elapsed, found an opportunity of telling us that he had never seen us in a higher state of preservation—and in a low voice whispered something about the eagle renewing his youth. We acknowledged the kindness by a remark on bold bright birds of passage that find the seasons obedient to their will, and wing their way through worlds still rejoicing in the perfect year. But too true friends were we not to be sincere in all we seriously said; and while Audubon confessed that he saw rather more plainly than when we parted the crowfeet in the corners of our eyes, we did not deny that we saw in him an image of the Falco Lencocephalus, for that, looking on his 'carum caput,' it answered his own description of that handsome and powerful bird, viz. 'the general color of the plumage above is dull hair-brown, the lower parts being deeply brown, broadly margined with greyish white.' But here he corrected us: for 'surely, my dear friend,' quoth he, 'you must admit I am a living specimen of the Adult Bird, and you remember my description of him in my First Volume.' And thus blending our gravities and our gayeties, we sat facing one another, each with his last oyster on the prong of his trident, which disappeared, like all mortal joys, between a smile

and a sigh.

"How similar—in much—our dispositions—yet in almost all how dissimilar our lives! Since last we parted, 'we scarcely heard of half a mile from home'—he tanned by the suns and beaten by the storms of many latitudes—we like a ship laid up in ordinary, or anchored close in shore within the same sheltering bay—with sails unfurled and flags flying but for sake of show on some holyday—he like a ship that every morning had been dashing through a new world of waves—often close-reefed or under bare poles—but oftener affronting the heavens with a whiter and swifter cloud than any hoisted by the combined fleets in the sky. And now, with canvas unrent, and masts unsprung, returned to the very buoy she left. Somewhat faded, indeed, in her apparelling—but her hull sound as ever—not a speck of dry rot in her timbers—her keel unscathed by rock—her cut-water yet sharp as new-whetted scythe ere the mower renews his toil—her figure-head, that had so often looked out for squalls, now 'patient as the brooding dove'—and her bowsprit—but let us man the main-brace; nor is there purer spirit—my trusty frere—in the Old World or the New.

"It was quite a Noctes. Audubon told us—by snatches—all his travels, history, with many an anecdote interspersed of the dwellers among the woods—bird, beast, and man.

"All this and more he told us, with a cheerful voice and animated eyes, while the dusky hours were noiselessly wheeling the chariot of Night along the star-losing sky; and we too had something to tell him of our own home-loving obscurity, not ungladdened by studies sweet in the Forest—till Dawn yoked her dappled coursers for one single slow stage—and then jocund Morn leaping up on the box, took the ribbons in her rosy fingers, and, after a dram of dew, blew her bugle, and drove like blazes right on towards the gates of Day."

"His great work," says Wilson, elsewhere, "was indeed a perilous undertaking for a stranger in Britain, without the patronage of powerful friends, and with no very great means of his own—all of which he embarked in the enterprise dearest to is heart. Had it failed, Audubon would have been a ruined man—and that fear must have sometimes dismally disturbed him, for he is not alone in life, and is a man of strong family affections. But happily those nearest his breast are as enthusiastic in the love of natural science as himself—and were all willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and venerated father. America may well be proud of him—and he gratefully records the kindness he has experienced from so many of her most distinguished sons. In his own fame he is just and generous to all who excel in the same studies; not a particle of jealousy is in his composition; a sin, that, alas! seems too easily to beset too many of the most gifted spirits in literature and in science; nor is the happiest genius—imaginative or intellectual—such is the frailty of poor human nature at the best—safe from the access of that dishonouring passion."

The second volume of The Birds of America was finished in 1834, and in December of that year he published in Edinburgh the second volume of the Ornithological Biography. Soon after, while he was in London, a nobleman called upon him, with his family, and on examining some of his original drawings, and being told that it would still require eight years to complete the work, subscribed for it, saying, "I may not see it finished, but my children will." The words made a deep impression on Audubon. "The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days," he writes in the introduction to his third volume; "I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length exclaimed, 'My sons may;' and now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labors." When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In the next three years, among other excursions he made one to the western coast of the Floridas and to Texas, in a vessel placed at his disposal by our government; and at the end of this time [Pg 473] appeared the fourth and concluding volume of his engravings, and the fifth of his descriptions. The whole comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, from the Bird of Washington to the Humming Bird, of the size of life, and a great variety of land and marine views, and coral and other productions, of different climates and seasons, all carefully drawn and colored after nature. Well might the great naturalist felicitate himself upon the completion of his gigantic task. He had spent nearly half a century "amid the tall grass of the far-extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes and rivers, searching for things hidden since the creation of this wondrous world from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness." And speaking from the depth of his heart he says, "Once more surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country and established himself with his family near the city of New-York, Audubon commenced the publication of The Birds of America in imperial octavo volumes, of which the seventh and last was issued in the summer of 1844. The

plates in this edition, reduced from his larger illustrations, were engraved and colored in the most admirable manner by Mr. Bowen of Philadelphia, under the direction of the author, and excepting The Birds of America in folio, there has never been published so magnificent a work on ornithology.

Audubon was too sincere a worshipper of nature to be content with inglorious repose, even after having accomplished in action more than was ever dreamed of by any other naturalist; and while the "edition for the people" of his Birds of America was in course of publication, he was busy amid the forests and prairies, the reedy swamps of our southern shores, the cliffs that protect our eastern coasts, by the currents of the Mexican gulf and the tide streams of the Bay of Fundy, with his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, making the drawings and writing the biographies of the *Quadrupeds of America*, a work in no respect inferior to that on our birds, which he began to publish about five years ago. The plates, on double imperial folio paper, engraved and colored by Mr. Bowen after the original drawings made from nature by Audubon and his sons, are even more magnificent than those of the Birds of America, which twenty years ago delighted and astonished the naturalists of Europe.

The Biography of American Quadrupeds, accompanying these plates, and of which the first volume appeared in New-York in 1846, was written principally by the Rev. John Bachman, D.D., of Charleston, a long-tried and enthusiastic friend, of whose introduction to him Audubon thus speaks in the preface of the second volume of his Ornithological Biography:

> "It was late in the afternoon when we took our lodgings in Charleston. Being fatigued, and having written the substance of my journey to my family, and delivered a letter to the Rev. Mr. Gilman, I retired to rest. At the first glimpse of day the following morning, my assistants and myself were already several miles from the city, commencing our search in the fields and woods, and having procured abundance of subjects both for the pencil and the scalpel, we returned home, covered with mud, and so accoutred as to draw towards us the attention of every person in the streets. As we approached the boarding-house, I observed a gentleman on horseback close to our door. He looked at me, came up, inquired if my name was Audubon, and on being answered in the affirmative, instantly leaped from his saddle, shook me most cordially by the hand—there is much to be expressed and understood by a shake of the hand—and questioned me in so kind a manner, that I for a while felt doubtful how to reply. At his urgent desire, I removed to his house, as did my assistants. Suitable apartments were assigned to us; and once introduced to the lovely and interesting group that composed his family, I seldom passed a day without enjoying their society. Servants, carriages, horses, and dogs were all at our command, and friends accompanied us to the woods and plantations, and formed parties for water excursions. Before I left Charleston, I was truly sensible of the noble and generous spirit of the hospitable Carolinians."

Audubon and Bachman (the same Bachman who recently refuted the heresies of Agassiz respecting the unity of the human race) were from this time devoted friends and co-workers. For several years the health of the hero naturalist had declined, and he was rarely if ever seen beyond the limits of his beautiful estate on the banks of the Hudson, near this city, where, on the twenty-seventh of January, 1851, he died, full of years, and illustrious with the most desirable glory.

Audubon's highest claim to admiration is founded upon his drawings in natural history, in which he has exhibited a perfection never before attempted. In all our climates—in the clear atmosphere, by the dashing waters, amid the grand old forests with their peculiar and many-tinted foliage, by him first made known to art—he has represented our feathered tribes, building their nests and fostering their young, poised on the tip of the spray and hovering over the sedgy margin of the lake, flying in the clouds in quest of prey or from pursuit, in love, enraged, indeed in all the varieties of their motion and repose and modes of life, so perfectly that all other works of the kind are to his as stuffed skins to the living birds.

But he has also indisputable claims to a high rank as a man of letters. Some of his written pictures of birds, so graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly colored, are scarcely inferior to the productions of his pencil. His powers of general description are not less remarkable. The waters seem to dance to his words as to music, and the lights and shades of his landscapes show the practised hand of a master. The evanescent shades of manners, also, upon the extreme frontiers, where the footprints of civilization have hardly crushed the green leaves, have been sketched with graphic fidelity in his journals. [Pg 474]

No author has more individuality. The enthusiastic, trustful and loving spirit which breathes through his works distinguished the man. From the beginning he surrendered himself entirely to his favorite pursuit, and was intent to learn every thing from the prime teacher, Nature. His style as well as his knowledge was a fruit of his experiences. He had never written for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation; and when he did write, his page glowed like the rich wild landscape in the spring, when Nature, then most beautiful, "bathes herself in her own dewy waters." We seem to hear his expressions of wondering admiration, as unknown mountains, valleys and lakes burst upon his view, as the deer at his approach leaped from his ambush into the deeper solitudes, as the startled bird with rushing wings darted from his feet into the sky; or his pious thanksgiving, as at the end of a weary day the song of the

sparrow or the robin relieved his mind from the heavy melancholy that bore it down.

When the celebrated Buffon had completed the ornithological portion of his great work on natural history, he announced with unhesitating assurance that he had "finished the history of the birds of the world." Twenty centuries had served for the discovery of only eight hundred species, but this number seemed immense, and the short-sighted naturalist declared that the list would admit of "no material augmentation" which embraced hardly a sixteenth of those now known to exist. To this astonishing advance of the science of ornithology, no one has contributed more than Audubon, by his magnificent painting and fascinating history.

Mr. Audubon left unpublished a voluminous autobiography, which we hope will be published with as little delay as possible.

FOOTNOTES:

[I] Wilson's Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 118.

[J] Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii. p. 103.

[K] Introduction to the second volume of Ornithological Biography, p. xvii.

Original Poetry.

OLD AGE.

By Alfred B. Street.

All day the chill bleak wind had shrieked and wailed
Through leafless forests, and o'er meadows sear;
Through the fierce sky great sable clouds had sailed;
  Outlines were hard—all nature's looks were drear.
Gone, Indian Summer's bland, delicious haze,
Thickening soft nights and filming mellow days.
Then rose gray clouds; thin fluttered first the snow,
  Then like loose shaken fleeces, then in dense streams
That muffled gradually all below
  In pearly smoothness. Then outburst the gleams
At sunset; nature shone in flashing white,
And the last rays tinged all with rosy light.
So Life's bland Autumn o'er, may old age come
In muffling peace, and death display hope's radiant bloom.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.[L]

By R. H. Stoddard.

I.

We have two lives about us,
Within us, and without us;
Two worlds in which we dwell,
Alternate Heaven and Hell:
Without, the sombre Real,
Within our heart of hearts, the beautiful Ideal!
I stand between the thresholds of the two,
Fettered and bound with many a heavy chain;
I strive to rend their links, but all in vain;
The False is strong, and holds me from the True.
Only in dreams my spirit wanders o'er
The starry portal of the world of bliss,
And lives the life which Fate denies in this,
Which may have once been mind, but will be, nevermore.

II.

My Castle stands alone,
Away from Earth and Time,
In some diviner clime,
In Fancy's tropic zone,
Beneath its summer skies,
Where all the live-long year the summer never dies!

A stately marble pile whose pillars rise,
From sculptured bases, fluted to the dome,
With wreathéd friezes crowned, all carven nice
With pendant leaves, like ragged rims of foam;
A thousand windows front the rising sun,
Deep-set between the columns, many paned,
Tri-arched, emblazoned, gorgeously stained,
Crimson and purple, green and blue, and dun,
And all their wedded colors fall below,
Like rainbows shattered on a field of snow;
A bordering gallery runs along the roof,
Topt by a cupola, whose glittering spire
Pierces the brooding clouds, a glowing woof,
With golden spindles wove in Morning's loom of fire!

III.

What fine and rare domains
Untold for leagues around;
Green parks, and meads, and plains,
And bosky woods profound,—
A realm of leafiness, and sweet enchanted ground!
Before the palace lies a shaven lawn,
Sloping and shining in the dews of dawn,
With turfy terraces, and garden bowers,
Where rows of slender urns are full of flowers;
Broad oaks o'erarch the winding avenues,
Edged round with evergreens of fadeless bloom,
And pour a thousand intermingling hues,
A many tinted flood of golden gloom;
Far-seen through twinkling leaves,
The fountains gush aloft like silver sheaves,
Drooping with shining ears, and crests of spray,
And foamy tassels blowing every way,
Shaking in marble basins white and cold,
A bright and drainless shower of beaded grain,
Which winnows off, in sun-illumined rain
The dusty chaff, a cloud of misty gold;
Around their volumes, down the plashy tide,
The swans are sailing mixed in lilies white,
Like virgin queens in soft disdain and pride,
Sweeping amid their maids with trains of light;
A little herd of deer with startled looks,
In shady parks where all the year they browse,
Head-down are drinking at the lucid brooks,
Their antlers mirrored with the tangled boughs;
My rivers flow beyond, with guardant ranks
Of silver-liveried poplars, on their banks;
Barges are fretting at the castle piers,
Rocking with every ripple in the tide;
And bridges span the stream with arches wide,
Their stony 'butments mossed and gray with years;
An undulating range of vales, and bowers,
And columned palaces, and distant towers,
And on the welkin mountains bar the view,
Shooting their jagged peaks sublimely up the blue!

IV.

I saunter up the walks;
My sandals wetted through
With dripping flowers and stalks,
That line the avenue;
My broidered mantle all bedabbled with the dew!
I climb a flight of steps with regal pride,
And stroll along an echoing colonnade,
Sweeping against its pillared balustrade,
Adown a porch, and through a portal wide,
And I am in my Castle, Lord of all;
My faithful groom is standing in the hall
To doff my shining robe, while servitors,
And cringing chamberlains beside the doors
Waving their gilded wands, obsequious wait,
And bow me on my way in royal pomp and state!

V.

My chamber lies apart,
The Castle's very heart,
And all things rich and rare,
From land, and sea, and air,
Are lavished with a wild and waste profusion there!
The carpeting was woven in Turkish looms,
From softest wool of fine Circassian sheep;
Tufted like springy moss in forests deep,
Illuminate with all its autumn blooms;
The antique chairs are made of cedar trees,
Veined with the rings of vanished cennturies
And touched with winter's frost, and summer's sun;
Sofas and couches, stuffed with cygnet's fleece,
Loll round inviting dreaminess and ease;
The gorgeous window curtains, damask red,
Suspended, silver-ringed, on bars of gold,
Droop heavily, in many a fluted fold,
And, rounding outward, intercept, and shed
The prisoned daylight o'er the slumbrous room,
In streams of rosy dimness, purple gloom;
Hard by are cabinets of curious shells,
Twisted and jointed, hornéd, wreathed, and curled,
And some like moons in rosy mist impearled,
With coral boughs from ocean's deepest cells;
Cases of rare medallions, coins antique,
Found in the dust of cities, Roman, Greek;
Etruscan urns, transparent, soft, and bright,
With fawns and dancing shepherds on their sides;
And costly marble vases dug from night
In Pompeii, beneath its lava tides:
Clusters of arms, the spoil of ancient wars;
Old scimitars of true Damascus brand,
Short swords with basket hilts to guard the hand,
And iron casques with rusty visor bars;
Lances, and spears, and battle axes keen,
With crescent edges, shields with studded thorns,
Yew bows, and shafts, and curvéd bugle horns,
With tasseled baldricks of the Lincoln green:
And on the walls with lifted curtains, see!
The portraits of my noble ancestry;
Thin featured, stately dames with powdered locks,
And courtly shepherdesses tending flocks;
Stiff lords in wigs, and ruffles white as snow,
Haught peers, and princes centuries ago,
And dark Sir Hugh, the bravest of the line,
With all the knightly scars he won in Palestine!

VI.

My gallery sleeps aloof,
Soft-lighted through the roof,
Enshrining pictures old,
And groups of statues cold,
The gems of Art, when Art was in her Age of Gold!
Not picked from any single age or clime,
Nor one peculiar master, school, or tone;
Select of all, the best of all alone,
The spoil and largesse of the Earth and Time;
Food for all thoughts and fancies, grave or gay;
Suggestive of old lore, and poets' themes;
These filled with shapes of waking life, and day,
And those with spirits and the world of dreams;
Let me draw back the curtains, one by one,
And give their muffled brightness to the sun:

THE PICTURES.

Helen and Paris on their bridal night,
Under the swinging cressets' starry light,
With Priam and his fifty sons around,
Feasting in all their majesty and bloom,

Filling their golden cups with eager hands,
To drink a health, while pale Cassandra stands

With all her raven tresses unbound,
Her soul o'ershadowed by the coming doom.

Andromache, with all her tearful charms,
Folded upon the mighty Hector's breast,
And the babe shrinking in its Nurse's arms,
Affrightened by the nodding of his crest.

The giant Cyclops, sitting in his cave,
Helped by the diving Ulysses, old and wise,
Spilling the wine in rivers down his beard,
Shaggy and grim,—his shoulder overleered
By swart Silenus, sly and cunning knave,
Who steals a puffy skin with twinkling eyes.

Anacreon, lolling in the myrtle shades,
Bibbing his Teian draughts with rich delight,
Pledging the dancing girls and Cyprian maids,
Pinching their little ears, and shoulders white.

A cloudless sunrise on the glittering Nile,
A bronzéd Sphinx, and temple on the shore,
And robéd priests that toss their censers while
Abased in dust, the populace adore;

A beakéd galley fretting at its curb,
With reedy oars, and masts, and silken sails,
And Cleopatra walks the deck superb,
Slow-followed by her court in spangled veils.

The Virgin Mother, and the Holy Child,
Holding a globe and sceptre, sweet and mild;
The Magi bring their gifts with reverent looks,
And the rapt Shepherds lean upon their crooks.

A summer fête, a party on a lawn;
Bowing gallants, with pluméd caps in hand,
And ladies with guitars, and, far withdrawn,
The rustic people dancing in a band.

A bleak defile, a pass in mountains deep,
Whose whitened summits wear their morning glow,
And dark banditti winding down the steep
Of shelvy rocks, pointing their guns below.

A harvest scene, a vineyard on the Rhine;
Arbors, and wreathéd pales, and laughing swains
Pouring their crowded baskets into wains,
And vats, and trodden presses gushing wine.

A Flemish Tavern: boors and burghers hale
Drawn round a table, o'er a board of chess,
Smoking their heavy pipes, and drinking ale,
Blowing from tankard brims the frothiness.

A picture of Cathay, a justice scene;
Pagodas, statues, and a group around;
And, in his sedan chair, the Mandarin,
Reading the scroll of laws to prisoners bound,
Bambooed with canes, and writhing on the ground;
And many more whose veils I will undraw
Some other day, exceeding fresh and fine;
And statues of the Grecian gods divine,
In all their various moods of love and awe:
The Phidean Jove, with calm creative face,
Like Heaven brooding o'er the deeps of Space;
Imperial Juno, Mercury, wingéd-heeled,
Lit with a message. Mars with helm and shield,
Apollo with the discus, bent to throw,
The piping Pan, and Dian with her bow,
And Cytherca just risen from the swell
Of crudded foam, half-stooping on her knee,
Wringing her dripping tresses in the sea
Whose loving billows climb the curvéd shell
Tumultuously, and o'er its edges flow,
And kiss with pallid lips her nakedness of snow!

VII.

My boots may lie and mould,
However rare and old;
I cannot read to-day,
Away! with books, away!
Full-fed with sweets of sense,
I sink upon my couch in honied indolence!
Here are rich salvers full of nectarines,
Dead-ripe pomegranates, sweet Arabian dates,
Peaches and plums, and clusters fresh from vines,
And all imaginable sweets, and cakes,
And here are drinking-cups, and long-necked flasks
In wicker mail, and bottles broached from casks,
In cellars delvéd deep, and winter cold,
Select, superlative, and centuries old.
What more can I desire? what book can be
As rich as Idleness and Luxury?
What lore can fill my heart with joy divine,
Like luscious fruitage, and enchanted wine?
Brimming with Helicon I dash the cup;
Why should I waste my years in hoarding up
The thoughts of eld? Let dust to dust return:
No more for me,—my heart is not an urn!
I will no longer sip from little flasks,
Covered with damp and mould, when Nature yields,
And Earth is full of purple vintage fields;
Nor peer at Beauty dimmed with mortal masks,
When I at will may have them all withdrawn,
And freely gaze in her transfigured face;
Nor limp in fetters in a weary race,
When I may fly unbound, like Mercury's fawn;
No more contented with the sweets of old,
Albeit embalmed in nectar, since the trees,
The Eden bowers, the rich Hesperides,
Droop all around my path, with living fruits of gold!

VIII.

Oh what a life is mine,
A life of joy and mirth,
The sensuous life of Earth,
Forever fresh and fine.
A heavenly worldliness, mortality divine!
When eastern skies, the sea, and misty plain,
Illumined slowly, doff their nightly shrouds,
And Heaven's bright archer Morn begins to rain
His golden arrows through the banded clouds,
I rise and tramp away the jocund hours,
Knee-deep in dewy grass, and beds of flowers;
I race my eager greyhound on the hills,
And climb with bounding feet the craggy steeps,
Peak-lifted, gazing down the cloven deeps, [Pg 476]
Where mighty rivers shrink to threaded rills;
The ramparts of the mountains loom around,
Like splintery fragments of a ruined world;
The cliff-bound dashing cataracts, downward hurled
In thunderous volumes, shake the chasms profound:
The imperial eagle, with a dauntless eye
Wheels round the sun, the monarch of the sky;
I pluck his eyrie in the blasted wood
Of ragged pines, and when the vulture screams,
I track his flight along the solitude,
Like some dark spirit in the world of dreams!
When Noon in golden armor, travel spent,
Climbing the azure plains of Heaven, alone,
Pitches upon its topmost steep his tent,
And looks o'er Nature from his burning throne,
I loose my little shallop from its quay,
And down the winding rivers slowly float,
And steer in many a shady cove and bay,
Where birds are warbling with melodious note;
I listen to the humming of the bees,
The water's flow, the winds, the wavy trees,
And take my lute and touch its silver chords,

And set the Summer's melody to words;
Sometimes I rove beside the lonely shore,
Margined and flanked by slanting shelvy ledges,
And caverns echoing Ocean's sullen roar;
Threading the bladdery weeds, and paven shells,
Beyond the line of foam, the jewelled chain,
The largesse of the ever giving main.
Tossed at the feet of Earth with surgy swells,
I plunge into the waves, and strike away,
Breasting with vigorous strokes the snowy spray;
Sometimes I lounge in arbors hung with vines,
The which I sip, and sip, with pleasure mute,
O'er mouthful bites of golden-rinded fruit;
When evening comes, I lie in dreamy rest,
Where lifted casements front the glowing west,
And watch the clouds, like banners wide unfurled,
Hung o'er the flaming threshold of the world:
Its mission done, the holy Day recedes,
Borne Heavenward in its car, with fiery steeds,
Leaving behind a lingering flush of light,
Its mantle fallen at the feet of Night;
The flocks are penned, the earth is growing dim;
The moon comes rounding up the welkin's rim,
Glowing through thinnest mist, an argent shell,
Washed up the sky from Night's profoundest cell;
One after one the stars begin to shine
In drifted beds, like pearls through shallow brine;
And lo! through clouds that part before the chase
Of silent winds—a belt of milky white,
The Galaxy, a crested surge of light,
A reef of worlds along the sea of Space:
I hear my sweet musicians far withdrawn,
Below my wreathéd lattice, on the lawn,
With harp, and lute, and lyre,
And passionate voices full of tears and fire;
And envious nightingales with rich disdain
Filling the pauses of the languid strain;
My soul is tranced and bound,
Drifting along the magic sea of sound,
Driving in a barque of bliss from deep to deep,
And piloted at last into the ports of Sleep!

IX.

Nor only this, though this
Might seal a life of bliss,
But something more divine,
For which I once did pine,
The crown of worlds above,
The heart of every heart, the Soul of Being—Love!
I bow obedient to my Lady's sway,
The sovereignty that won my soul of yore,
And linger in her presence night and day,
And feel a heaven around her evermore;
I sit beside her couch in chambers lone,
And soft unbraid, and lay her locks apart,
And take her taper fingers in my own,
And press them to my lips with leaps of heart;
Sometimes I kneel to her with cups of wine,
With pleading eyes, beseeching her to taste,
With long-delaying lips, the draught divine;
And when she sips thereof, I clasp her waist,
And kiss her mouth, and shake her hanging curls,
And in her coy despite unloose her zone of pearls!
I live for Love, for Love alone, and who
Dare chide me for it? who dare call it folly?
It is a holy thing, if aught is holy,
And true indeed, if Truth herself is true:
Earth cleaves to earth, its sensuous life is dear,
Mortals should love mortality while here,
And seize the glowing hours before they fly:
Bright eyes should answer eyes, warm lips should meet,
And hearts enlocked to kindred hearts should beat,
And every soul that lives, in love should live and die!

X.

My dear and gentle wife,
The Angel of my life,
Oppressed with sweetest things,
Has folded up her wings,
And lies in slumber deep,
Like some divinest Dream upon the couch of Sleep!

Nor sound, nor stir profanes the stilly room,
Haunted by Sleep and Silence, linkéd pair;
The very light itself muffled in gloom,
Steals in, and melts the enamored air
Where Love doth brood and dream, while Passion dies,
Breathing his soul out in a mist of sighs!
Lo! where she lies behind the curtains white,
Pillowed on clouds of down,—her golden hair
Braided around her forehead smooth and fair,
Like a celestial diadem of light:—
Her soft voluptuous lips are drawn apart,
Curving in fine repose, and maiden pride;
Her creamy breast,—its mantle brushed aside
Swells with the long pulsation of her heart:
One languid arm rests on the coverlid,
And one beneath the crumpled sheet is hid,
(Ah happy sheets! to hide an arm so sweet!)
Nor all concealed amid their folds of snow,
The soft perfection of her shape below,
Rounded and tapering to her little feet!
Oh Love! if Beauty ever left her sphere,
And sovereign sisters, Art and Poesy,
Moulded in loveliness she slumbers here,
Slumbers, dear love, in thee!
It is thy smile that makes the chamber still;
It is thy breath that fills the scented air;
The light around is borrowed from thy hair,
And all things else are subject to thy will,
And I am so bewildered in this deep
Ambrosial calm, and passionate atmosphere,
I know not whether I am dreaming here,
Or in the world of Sleep!

XI.

My eyes are full of tears,
My heart is full of pain,
To wake, as now, again,
And walk, as in my youth, the wilderness of Years!
No more! no more! the autumn winds are loud
In stormy passes, howling to the Night:
Behind a cloud the moon doth veil her light,
And the rain pours from out the hornéd cloud.
And hark! the solemn and mysterious bell,
Swinging its brazen echoes o'er the wave:
Not mortal hands, but spirits ring the knell,
And toll the parting ghost of Midnight to its grave.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY HERMANN.

Its smile and happy laugh are lost to thee,
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

W. G. Clark.

Mother, now thy task is done,
Now thy vigil ended;
With the coming of the sun,
Grief and joy are blended.

Grief that thus thy flower of love
From its stem is riven;
Joy that will bloom above,
Midst the bowers of Heaven.

Gone, as oft expires the light
  Of thy nightly taper:
Gone, as 'fore the sunshine bright,
  Early morning's vapor.

Kiss its lips so mute and cold,
  Cold as chiselled marble,
They will now to harp of gold
  Glad Hosannas warble.

At the last they sweetly smiled,
  Told it not for gladness;
Would'st thou now recall thy child
  To a world of sadness?

It is hard to gather up,
  Ties so rudely riven;
But thou'lt find this bitter cup
  For thy weal was given.

Kiss again its hands so white,
  Kiss its marble forehead;
Soon the grave will hide from sight,
  That thou only borrowed.

Thou will meet thy child again,
  Where no death or sorrow
Bring their sad to-day of pain,
  And their dread to-morrow.

FOOTNOTES:

[L] This poem, in an unfinished form, was published some months ago in *Sartain's Magazine*. It has since been re-written for the *International*, and is now much more than before deserving of the applause with which it was received.

THE AMBITIOUS BROOKLET.

[Pg 477]

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

CHAPTER I.

How the Brooklet was born; and lodged; and wandered off one rainy day.

There was once a Brooklet born of a modest spring that circled through a smiling meadow. All the hours of the Spring, and the Summer, and the Autumn, kept she her musical round; greeting the sun at his rising, together with the meadow-larks which came to dip their beaks in the sparkling water-drops; and singing to the moon and stars all night, as she bore their features within her bosom, in grateful remembrance of their beauty. The laborer in the field hard by often came to visit her, and wet his honest, toil-browned brow with her cooling drops; and often, too, the laborer's daughter came at sunset time to sit by a mossy stone, with so lovely a face that the Brooklet, as she mirrored the features of the beautiful visitor, leaped about the pebbles with ripplings of admiration.

And so this Brooklet lived on, only ceasing her merry flow and circling journey when the bushes by her side became white with snow, and when the rabbits from the brushwood fence at her head came out to stand upon the slippery casing that the Brooklet often saw spreading over her, and shutting out the warm sunshine by day, and at nightfall blurring the radiance of moon and stars.

One stormy spring day the Brooklet seemed to rise higher among the twigs of the alder-bushes than ever before; the rain came down faster and heavier, and beat into her bosom, until her tiny waves were rough and sore with pain, and she was fain to nestle closer to the sedgy grass that now bent lowly to the pebbles at the roots. Growing higher every minute was the Brooklet; and frightened somewhat, and longing for the sunlight, or the laborer, and for the lovely daughter's face to cheer her up, she looked off over a track of country wider and greener than she had ever seen before. And so the Brooklet, all frightened as she was, said to herself, "I'll run along a bit into this country spot, so wide and green, and maybe I shall find the sunlight and the lovely face."

Faster came the rain; and so the Brooklet, leaping wildly over a rock whose top until then her eyes had never seen, went flowing on upon this country spot, so wide and green. The new sights coming in view at every bound quite made the Brooklet forget her terrors from the beating rain; she was pained no longer by the heavy drops, but soothed herself among the velvet grass; and

turned between little flowers scarcely above the ground, and which, as she passed them, seemed to be as frightened by the wind and rain as herself had been before the meadow was left behind.

The Brooklet had thus run on until she saw the country spot so wide and green was well passed over, and trees and bushes, darker and thicker than she had ever known before, were close at hand. And while she thought of stopping in her way and going back, she heard not far before an echo of a sound most like unto her own; and so kept on to find it out. Clearer and louder increased the sound, as now through mouldy leaves and dark thickets, and under decayed logs and insect-burrowed moss, she kept a course, until presently, over a fallen tree, she saw a Brooklet, larger, wider, and evidently much older than herself, which, on her near approach, ran by the fallen tree's side, and said, "Good morning, sister: what is so delicate a being, as you seem to be, doing in this dark forest?"

The wanderer Brooklet became silent with wonder. She had never been addressed before, though often trying to talk with the laborer, and to the lovely face of her meadow acquaintance, without the slightest notice upon their part of the overtures.

"Good morning, sister, I say," was repeated over the fallen tree. "Where are you going at so slow a pace? Come over, and let us talk a bit."

"I cannot, for I am terribly frightened, and I've lost my way. I want to quit this dark place, and go where I can hear the lark again, and see the pretty face which used to look at mine when I was circling in yonder meadow, now, I fear, far, far behind."

"Larks and pretty faces, indeed! Why what a spooney sister, you are, to be sure. I'll show you more birds than ever you heard sing before, and prettier faces than ever you saw before."

"No, no, I must go back," replied the wanderer; "I have come too far already, and see, the rain has almost ceased."

"More's the pity for that," returned the other; "the faster it rains the faster I go, and that is what I want. I have left my family brooks a long time since, and I'm going on my travels to be somebody. I'm tired of my lonesome life among the meadows. I'm the *ambitious Brooklet*. Come over, then, and go along; we'll travel the faster in company."

"I'm not ambitious; and as you may see, I cannot come."

"You're almost to the log top now. I'll kiss you soon," triumphed the ambitious Brooklet, circling gayly round a tuft of green.

It must have been the terrible rain, or the fright of her dark journeying place, that had taken her strength away:—the wandering Brooklet felt that it must be: for now her strength of will was almost gone. Nearer the log top came in view, until with a bound she swept its polished surface, and with a dash came over upon the ambitious Brooklet.

"Good! that's the way to do it; now we shall journey gayly on," said the latter, "I have lost much time in stopping here, and there are such rare sights ahead!"

The wanderer felt the oddest sensations she had ever known, and said, "Sister—ambitious sister—how much warmer than I are you!"

"Oh, you are young, I suppose—fresh from the icy spring. But journey on more southward yet, away from these dark trees, and you'll be warmer yet; come, I say." [Pg 478]

"I like your feel; but then I shall be lost, I know I shall; and so I'll stay behind."

"You cannot; for, ambitious as I am, I want your help. See how much faster we travel together when your strength is joined to mine; and I'm the strongest, and you can't go back."

The wandering Brooklet looked fearfully around, and saw indeed that the log she had leaped was now fast fading away, and felt that her strength became less and less as the ambitious Brooklet clung closer to her side.

Presently they came in sight of a ledge of rocks. "Oh, this is rare indeed!" said the stronger sister Brooklet, "Let us pause a bit for breath, and then for a merry leap adown the valley of pines you see before."

The Brooklets stopped, and became stronger, and leaped over the rocks; the one with an exulting bound—the other carried tremblingly along.

The leap was a long one, and a hard one; for there were craggy rocks beneath, which they had not seen. And the ambitious Brooklet cried sharply and loudly—foaming in her rage as she went between the stony points, and quite forgetting her weaker sister in her pain. The latter was sorely injured too, and cut into little foam-bits; but she kept her wits about her, looking around everywhere for a place to rest. Soon she espied one—a little bowl of marshy ground, hemmed in by rocks, into which a straggling dropping from the chasm above slowly came.

"Here will I go and rest," she said. So waiting for the ambitious Brooklet to get far out of sight, she collected all her strength for a jump into the bowl, where the drops came sparkling in. There was no need for fear of the sister on before; her she heard going over rock after rock, crying and wailing in her craggy journey. Then the tired wanderer, with a violent effort of her exhausted strength, jumped a rock and fell panting into the marshy bowl.

CHAPTER II.

How the Brooklet lived on in her new quarters; and how misfortune made her discontented.

The dropping of the water from the rocks above her new abode, was cold and grateful to the Brooklet in her fevered state. It made her think of the spring she came from; and so of the meadow; and the alder-bushes; and the lovely face a weary way off now she knew, and fenced away from her return by cruel jagged rocks.

Days passed by; and the sun came out all brightly. And the moon and stars were seen again; and larger and sweeter birds than she had heard before, now perched upon the trees about, warbling and chirruping from day-break to twilight. So the time passed on. The wanderer began to feel unsettled in her solitude. But there was no return by the path she came; still were the sharp rocks seen above; and still she felt a twinge of pain when thinking of her weary journey on that rainy day. Often too she thought of her ambitious sister, wondering where she was now and what she was about; and sometimes she almost fancied she would have been happier had she gone along. It was quite evident to herself that she was getting discontented.

There was one pleasure she prized much. Following in the train of the ambitious Brooklet had been a score of fishes, which, frightened by the leap upon the jagged rocks, had staid behind with the timid wanderer, until they became part of her family in the new retreat. Overlooking, and enjoying the gambols of these fish, the discontented Brooklet often amused herself. Observing how when the sun came slanting through the sides of the foliage about, they would dart out from their hiding-places in the old dead leaves at the feet of the Brooklet, and so jump up to greet the warming rays: or how, when a fly fell down from the overhanging boughs, and tried to swim away, they would jump to nab a bit of lunch, scrabbling and tugging as they went; or how, when the largest fish of all threw off his dignity, and played with them at hide and seek under the foot-deep bottom of mud, they would all shoot about her life-blood drops without regard to the angles of pain their fins would leave behind!

Thus the summer-time came on, and was passing by, when one day the Brooklet felt a shadow upon her, and looked up to see the cause—when high upon the rocks above, there stood a bright-eyed boy, with curling locks that blew about in golden beauty with the breeze. In his hand he held a little stick, which he turned over from time to time, and would take up and then lay it down, as if preparing for something wonderful. The curiosity of the Brooklet was aroused to know what he could mean, when presently she saw him sit upon the rock, and from the stick drop down upon her face a worm, which when the fishes saw they darted out to eat.

"It is a beautiful boy; and a kind boy," said the artless Brook unto herself; "and he has come to feed the little fishes with a worm. I have not seen one since I left my little meadow on that rainy day. How like the lovely face I used to see, is his which now looks down."

While thus the Brook was soliloquizing, a fish more cunning than the rest, had seized the worm within his mouth, and was swimming away to his favorite hole by an old willow stump to there complete a meal. He was just entering it, when the Brook saw him suddenly flash from her embrace, floundering and pulling as he went up, up through the air, unto the mossy bank above the rock from which fell the shadow of the boy. And now the Brook, more curious than ever, saw the face so like the laborer's daughter overspread with smiles as the tiny hands grasped the fish, and with a wrench tore out the worm from his gills, a piece of which fell on the Brook athwart the shadow of the laugher. [Pg 479]

"What a fine one!" said the boy, and started up;—started up to slip against a smooth worn stone, and fall over the rock into the Brook, close by the willow stump; the captive fish held tightly as he went, but slipping from the falling grasp into its welcome element once more.

The Brook had never felt so hard a blow before. The rain and hail were nothing to this. It made her splash and leap and swell against the rocky bank, until she could have called with pain.

How still the boy laid on her breast! his head against the willow stump, over which there trickled a tiny purple stream smaller than the spring-drops from the rock! How richly his golden locks floated upon the Brook! but how widely strained his bright blue eyes glaring at the sky and tree-tops above, and how he gasped from his mouth; a mouth so like the one the laborer had often prest in harvest-time to the Brook, when it was yet circling in the meadow! The Brook said to herself, "I will put some of my ripples into this mouth, as I have seen the laborer do; perhaps, like him, it will make his eye sparkle, and send him away again; for he lies heavy on my breast." And so the ripples went into the opened mouth by dozens; but the blue sky and tree-tops faded from his eyes, and the lips lost their bright color, and the purple trickling on the willow stump grew thick and settled into a dark pool.

All night the dead boy lay upon the breast of the Brook; and the fishes played around him, wondering what it was; and the little insects hopped over him at early sunlight; until the purple pool dried up, and only left a stain behind.

And soon the Brook heard the hum of voices sounding over the rocks, as she listened from her solitude; and soon more shadows fell upon her face. Then looking up she saw the laborer once again; and the Brook rejoiced to think perhaps she was going back again into her pleasant meadow. He had taken up the stick the boy had used; and was looking down below upon the

Brook, as the face—the lovely face, with more of the old sorrow in it—of the laborer's daughter, raised itself above his shoulder.

"My brother!—drowned and dead!—and no more to come home alive to share his sister's home."

This the Brook heard, and the fishes swam away into their holes, as piercing, sorrowful human tones mingled with the passing breeze; and they struck deeper into the willow roots as a pair of brawny arms readied out and caught the dead boy, and carried him away.

The boy was gone, but the stain was there; and still a weight remained upon the Brook. For still day after day a shadow fell upon her, and the Brook looking up beheld the lovely but mournful face of the sorrowing sister, who would sit upon the mossy bank and sigh a sob; kissing a lock of golden hair the while. And heavier grew the weight on the breast of the Brook, as scalding tears fell from the rock above upon her face.

And now the Brook again became discontented: and thought of her ambitious sister; and what might have happened had she followed after on a weary round of travels. The old meadow and the alders were out of the question now: for the winter was coming on, and the laborer and the lovely face would no more come to her side; and if they did they would sing no more, but sigh and sob, and look so sad, as now, upon the mossy rock above.

The summer weather was long over; and the leaves were showering down, and had quite hidden the clouds and blue sky, and moon and stars from the sight of the Brook. The birds had ceased to sit and warble on the trees above. The breezes ceased their music, and instead were heard the hoarse notes of the Autumn wind.

CHAPTER III.

How the Brooklet and the Mountain-Torrent met.

One day the leaves thickened more than ever over the Brook, and, as she peeped between, she saw the clouds were heavier and darker than usual. The wind roared louder, and the trees which grew so high above her bent down their branches until they brushed her face with their trailing. And soon the rain began to fall in torrents; and it fell and fell all day; all night too. Then the Brook rejoiced to think the leaves which she had been angry with before for choking her, protected from the pattering strokes. And soon the Brook heard a sound, like that made by her ambitious sister in the spring-time;—nearer and nearer it came; through the trees; over the rocks; tearing, splashing, dashing, and foaming at a direful rate.

"It is my ambitious sister come for me. I'm glad," said the discontented Brook.

"Glad of what?" exclaimed a roaring voice, coming over the rock, and sweeping away the leaves as if they had been a mere handful; and covering up the ugly purple stain upon the willow stump. "Ain't I a famous fellow, though? When once my blood is up, can't I go on and frighten people? Can't I mine out the earth, and sweep along big trees like boats? Can't I tumble down the rocks that dare to stop my path? Can't I drown men and boys, and all the cattle in the land? I've swallowed a dozen haystacks for my breakfast, and killed the finest mill-dam over the world this morning. I said I would as soon as winter came, when they dammed me up last spring, so many miles away! Oh, such a mass of stone and timber which they put up to fret me in my path; and what a joke to think this solid mass is scattered through the land since yesternight, and I am free once more."

"This is not my ambitious sister! no indeed," murmured the Brook. [Pg 480]

"Why here is a little Brook," continued the voice, "a dainty, prudish, modest Brook, collected in a hole to die! Come out, my fair one! I will wed thee, as I have wedded fifty thousand of your sex in my short day! Come out; no fear; if I am the Mountain-Torrent, I'm not so great a monster as they say, especially to hurt a modest Brook."

So saying the Mountain-Torrent caught up the shrinking Brook in his powerful embrace, and away they hurried through the very heart of the forest, miles and miles below.

"This, this is life indeed," said the wedded Brook, once more a wanderer over the land, as with a thousand other Brooks they travelled on for many hours with impetuous speed, making dreadful havoc everywhere they touched. Havoc among the farmers and the villagers, who fought them inch by inch, with sticks and trees, and mounds of stone and clay, all which they licked up and swallowed, as if they had been pebbles and clumps of leaves. Havoc with the Creeks upon the route, who dared to scorn their overtures, and wed the Torrent, willingly; for spurning the placid, humble Creeks one side, they tore along their paths, and vented their fury on the bridges overhead, bringing down in general destruction, turnpikes and railroads with their pressing weight of travel.

Havoc to themselves!

For, tearing on so madly, the Mountain-Torrent, after a while, perceived his strength to fail, and his endurance to give out. But still he hurried on, though feebly, in hopes to meet more Brooks, perhaps a Lake, and so recruit himself the while. The wedded Brook was wearied too—a little; not much; at first the Mountain-Torrent had held her tightly in embrace, and carried her along with scarcely an effort; but as he wearied himself, much of the toil was thrown upon the Brook,

and she was compelled to help herself. On went the Torrent, weaker every step, until at last he stopped and said:

"Oh wedded Brook! my strength is gone; here must I pause; but you go on. Perhaps before long I shall meet you again. Go slowly; over the meadows and through the villages make me a path; I'll know which way you went."

And so they parted; and so the lonely Brook meandered on, and finding out a bubbling spring, was well recruited for the journey. As she went she heard, across a little knoll, a remembered voice, and stopped. "I know you, sister Brook," cried out the voice, "go on a bit and turn towards your left, and there I'll meet you."

And towards the left the lonely Brook met her ambitious sister. She was violent no more; but sober and sedate; calm as the evening sky reflected from her face.

"I'm the 'ambitious one,'" said she, "ambitious yet, though all my strength has departed. Here on this spot was I caught and fastened up. They darkened my daylight with that smoking monster yonder, and killed my peace of mind with such a horrid din and clang, I've not a morsel of energy left. I'm a factory slave; and so are you, too, for that matter, now! Don't start; it's not my fault—the way that you were going on, you would have brought up in the Pond below, where there is yet another smoking monster; only worse than this of mine. The Pond there is a horrid fellow; poisoning with some horrid purple dye: I've seen him often when I venture near the dam and look below."

"Sister, take courage," cried the other Brook. "I'm glad I met you. I'm ambitious too, for I was lately wedded to a glorious fellow, and have been on such a glorious tour: scampering over all the land. He calls himself the 'Mountain-Torrent.' He is now behind a mile or so, and may be down upon us before long, to free us from this distressing imprisonment you speak of."

The monster smoked on; and the clanging din about maddened all the air. Huge wheels went racking and rumbling under huge brick walls. And day by day, a minute at a time, some youthful faces, pale and shadowy, looked wistfully upon the landscape below. But little knew the monster, and the clanging din, and racking wheels; and little hoped the shadowy faces of what the Brooklets plotted at the very factory door.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Mountain-Torrent freed the Brooks; and their fate.

The frost dropped on the Brooks, and once more blurred the moon and stars, and shut the sunlight out; and starred a thousand jewels on the mill-dam's brow; and sparkled a myriad icicles from the rumbling wheels. Far away into the country it spread a white mantle, and froze into the very heart of all the Ponds and Creeks above. And then the sun came out and shone so brightly; and then the clouds over-covered it, and the rain came pattering down as of the olden time, when first its peltings stung the meadow Brook and tempted her to roam. And higher swelled the Brooks behind their mill-dam prison, and sent more of their life-blood to refresh the poisoned Pond below.

"I am getting stronger; I am very strong to-day, sister Brook," said the ambitious one. "I think that with our efforts now united, we can push this mill-dam over and escape."

"Wait for my darling Mountain-Torrent. I hear him on his way; he follows after us. And see down yonder hill-side how he tears along; and hark! how gladly, as he sees us from his rocky bed, he roars a song of courage."

And the sister Brooks triumphed together as they saw the keepers of the smoking monster cease their clanging din, and rush for timbers to uphold the dam; and fly about with tools that were but baby toys for what was coming now.

"Bring trees; bring stones; bring every thing," cried out the Brooks, as they saw the Mountain-Torrent come rushing nearer on, sweeping away the fences, and ploughing out a path more fitting for his travels than the brookside one he kept in view. [Pg 481]

"Welcome, my fair ones," roared he, as with heavy timbers in his maw he caught the Brooks again in strong embrace, and dashing at the smoking monster, knocked him down at once. Down came the mill-dam with an earthquake noise; the din upon the air was not of clanging tools and hammer stroke; the wheels were racking and rumbling, not beneath brick walls, but over the rocks and ruined factories below; while the pale and shadowy faces looked no longer wistfully on the landscape, but madly rushed about to spread the tale of ruin through the land.

The same old thing! The same old journey over the country. The same old havoc as they went. But the strength of a thousand Brooks seemed given to the Mountain-Torrent as, looking miles away, he saw a wide expanse of water fringed with brown and bluish lines. "It is the Ocean, fair ones," cried he; "when your feeble sights shall see it, bless my power, for at length we reach a home no art of man can invade to fetter us or bind us down. Ten millions of our species mingle there; in small harmony it is true, but better fight among ourselves than ever thus to wage a war with man. Now too approaches the time of our revenge: we'll take his life; we'll sink his ships; we'll break his boasted wealth into uncounted atoms, and scatter it."

The Brooks trembled in the strong grasp of the Mountain-Torrent to hear the vehemence with which he spoke these threatening words; but lost their fears in greater astonishment, as now they neared the ocean waste, fringed with the lines of brown and blue of which he spoke.

"Why, sister, what a noise!" cried one of the Brooks, "our own is not to be heard."

"See what a dreadful wall appears to rise and fall as we approach," answered the other. And they both clung closer to the embrace of the Torrent as he crossed the beach they reached at last, and plunged, with sticks and stones and all, upon the wall of foam and sand, which parted as the Mountain-Torrent and the Brooks joined forces with old *Ocean's* solemn waste.

In an instant the meadow-born Brook writhed in pain, pressed on by thousands of Mountain-Torrents every way at once. She foamed and fought, and fought and foamed; under and over, up and below she plunged, but no escape; one weary work for ages yet to come!

"Revenge once more! Gather and rage! Dash to ruin ships and sailors!" growled a tone which made the writhing Brook tremble into a million foam-beads, as simultaneously a roaring Tempest clattered by with thunder and lightning in its train, while a clashing hiss, as of something rushing madly through the water, bade the Brook—the sea-slave Brook—look up.

No time for thought; for still the tone was heard, "Revenge once more! gather and rage! dash to ruin ship and sailors!" And still the tempest clattered, and still the hissing of the gallant ship's prow was heard cleaving the maddened waves. On, on! a dash; a crash; a march of maddening waves; a stunning tempest howl, and then the hiss was heard no more. But far and wide were hurried and mashed in one chaotic mass the fragments of the gallant ship.

"How wise he is; how true my Mountain-Torrent spoke," thought the frightened sea-slave Brook, as the clattering tempest, with thunder and lightning in its train, passed out of sight and hearing leagues beyond. "And now I'll rest me on this sandy beach, for this ambitious life is wearisome indeed."

And she nestled closely to a rock, and so crept into grateful rest. But as she lay, she looked beyond her sandy bed to see the lovely face of her early meadow life, when she was but a humble Brook. Pale and ghastly it lay upon a rounded stone; the hair floating out like fairy circles from the marked brow, and on the temple such a purple thickened stain as once had been upon the willow stump.

The Brook came by her side and watched her gently as she lay. Then going farther out, the Brook brought strings of sea-weed, and strung them gayly and softly round her form, and watched her thus again. "Here will I stay," thought the Brook, "and fancy I am still in the sunlight meadow before I wandered forth into ambitious company. There's nought but trouble and pain crossed my path since the rainy days of the latest spring-time. Here will I stay, and ever mourn that I listened to ambitious counselling."

LAST CASE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

A writer in the January number of *Fraser's Magazine*, at the conclusion of a tale crammed with the intensest horrors, presents us with one instance in which the architect of such machinery was foiled.

When the recital was finished, and the company were well-nigh breathless with its skilfully cumulative terror, cried Tremenheere—

"Humph! that is rather an uncomfortable story to go to bed upon."

And presently—

"You have been lately in Spain, Melton; what news from Seville?"

"Oh," replied Melton, "you must have heard of Don Juan de Muraña, of terrible memory?"

"Not we," said they.

"One gloomy evening Don Juan de Muraña was returning along the quay where the Golden Tower looks down upon the Guadalquivir, so lost in thought that it was some time before he perceived that his cigar had gone out, though he was one of the most determined smokers in Spain. He looked about him, and beheld on the other side of the broad river an individual whose brilliant cigar sparkled like a star of the first magnitude at every aspiration. [Pg 482]

"Don Juan, who, thanks to the terror which he had inspired, was accustomed to see all the world obedient to his caprices, shouted to the smoker to come across the river and give him a light.

"The smoker, without taking that trouble, stretched out his arm towards the Don, and so effectually that it traversed the river like a bridge, and presented to Don Juan a glowing cigar, which smelt most abominably of sulphur.

"If Don Juan felt something like a rising shudder, he suppressed it, coolly lighted his own cigar at that of the smoker, and went on his way, singing, *Los Toros a la puerta*."

"But who was the smoker?"

"Who could he be, but the Prince of Darkness in person, who had laid a wager with Pluto that he would frighten Don Juan De Muraña, and went back to his place furious at having lost?

"If you would learn more of Don Juan de Muraña, how he went to his own funeral, and died at last in the odor of sanctity, read that most spirited series of letters, *De Paris à Cadix*, wherein Alexander Dumas has surpassed himself. And now, Good night!"

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME[M]

Written For The International Monthly Magazine

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Continued from Page 348.

CHAPTER XIV.

Occasionally in the life of man, as in the life of the world—History—or in the course of a stream towards the sea, come quiet lapses, sunny and calm, reflecting nothing but the still motionless objects around, or the blue sky and moving clouds above. Often too we find that this tranquil expanse of silent water follows quickly after some more rapid movement, comes close upon some spot where a dashing rapid has diversified the scene, or a cataract, in roar and confusion and sparkling terror, has broken the course of the stream.

Such a still pause, silent of action—if I may use the term—followed the events which I have related in the last chapter, extending over a period of nearly six months. Nothing happened worthy of any minute detail. Peace and tranquillity dwelt in the various households which I have noticed in the course of this story, enlivened in that of Sir Philip Hastings by the gay spirit of Emily Hastings, although somewhat shadowed by the sterner character of her father; and in the household of Mrs. Hazleton brightened by the light of hope, and the fair prospect of success in all her schemes which for a certain time continued to open before her.

Mr. Marlow only spent two days at her house, and then went away to London, but whatever effect her beauty might have produced upon him, his society, brief as it was, served but to confirm her feelings towards him, and before he left her, she had made up her mind fully and entirely, with her characteristic vigor and strength of resolution, that her marriage with Mr. Marlow was an event which must and should be. There was under this conviction, but not the less strong, not the less energetic, not the less vehement, for being concealed even from herself—a resolution that no sacrifice, no fear, no hesitation at any course, should stand in the way of her purpose. She did not anticipate many difficulties certainly; for Mr. Marlow clearly admired her; but the resolution was, that if difficulties should arise, she would overcome them at all cost. Hers was one of those characters of which the world makes its tragedies, having within itself passions too strong and deep to be frequently excited—as the more profound waters which rise into mountains when once in motion require a hurricane to still them—together with that energetic will, that fixed unbending determination, which like the outburst of a torrent from the hills, sweeps away all before it. But let it be ever remembered that her energies were exerted upon herself as well as upon others, not in checking passion, not in limiting desire, but in guarding scrupulously every external appearance, guiding every thought and act with careful art towards its destined object. Mrs. Hazleton suffered Mr. Marlow to be in London more than a month before she followed to conclude the mere matters of business between them. It cost her a great struggle with herself, but in that struggle she was successful, and when at length she went, she had several interviews with him. Circumstances—that great enemy of schemes, was against her. Sometimes lawyers were present at their interviews, sometimes impertinent friends; but Mrs. Hazleton did not much care: she trusted to the time he was speedily about to pass in the country, for the full effect, and in the meantime took care that nothing but the golden side of the shield should be presented to her knight.

The continent was at that time open to Englishmen for a short period, and Mr. Marlow expressed his determination of going to the Court of Versailles for a month or six weeks before he came down to take possession of Hartwell place, everything now having been settled between them in regard to business.

Mrs. Hazleton did not like his determination, yet she did not much fear the result; for Mr. Marlow was preëminently English, and never likely to weal a French woman. Still she resolved that he should see her under another aspect before he went. She was a great favorite of the Court of those days; her station, her wealth, her beauty, and her grace rendered her a brightness and an ornament wherever she came. She was invited to one of the more private though not less splendid assemblies at the Palace, and she contrived that Mr. Marlow should be invited also, though neither by nature or habit a courtier. She obtained the invitation for him skilfully, saying to the Royal Personage of whom she asked it, that as he won a lawsuit against her, she wished to show him that she bore no malice. He went, and found her the brightest in the brilliant scene; the

great and the proud, the handsome and the gay, all bending down and worshipping, all striving for a smile, and obtaining it but scantily. She smiled upon *him*, however, not sufficiently to attract remark from others, but quite sufficiently to mark a strong distinction for his own eyes, if he had chosen to use them. He went away to France, and Mrs. Hazleton returned to the country; the winter passed with her in arranging his house for him; and, in so doing, she often had to write to him. His replies were always prompt, kind, and grateful; and at length came the spring, and the pleasant tidings that he was on his way back to his beloved England.

Alas for human expectation! Alas for the gay day-dream of youth—maturity—middle age—old age—for they have all their daydreams! Every passion which besets man from the cradle to the grave has its own visionary expectations. Each creature, each animal, from the tiger to the beetle, has its besetting insect, which preys upon it, gnaws it, irritates it, and so have all the ages of the soul and of the heart. Alas for human speculation of all kinds! Alas for every hope and aspiration! for those that are pure and high, but, growing out of earth, bear within themselves the bitter seeds of disappointment; and those that are dark or low produce the germ of the most poisonous hybrid, where disappointment is united with remorse.

Happy is the man that expecteth nothing, for verily he shall not be disappointed! It is a quaint old saying; and could philosophy ever stem the course of God's will, it would be one which, well followed, might secure to man some greater portion of mortal peace than he possesses. But to aspire was the ordinance of God; and, viewed rightly, the withering of the flowers upon each footstep we have taken upwards, is no discouragement; for if we shape our path aright, there is a wreath of bright blossoms crowning each craggy peak before us, as we ascend to snatch the garland of immortal glory, placed just beyond the last awful leap of death.

Mrs. Hazleton's aspirations, however, were all earthly. She thought of little beyond this life. She had never been taught so to think. There are some who are led astray from the path of noble daring, to others as difficult and more intricate, by some loud shout of passion on the right or on the left—and seek in vain to return; some who, misled by an apparent similarity in the course of two paths, although the finger post says, "Thus shalt thou go!" think that the way so plainly beaten, and so seemingly easy, must surely lead them to the same point. Others again never learn to read the right path from the wrong (and she was one), while others shut their eyes to all direction, fix their gaze upon the summit, and strain up, now amidst flowers and now amidst thorns, till they are cast back from the face of some steep precipice, to perish in the descent or at the foot.

Mrs. Hazleton's aspirations were all earthly; and that was the secret of her only want in beauty. That divine form, that resplendent face, beamed with every earthly grace: sparkled forth mind and intellect in every glance, but they were wanting in soul, in spirit, and in heart. Life was there, but the life of life, the intense flame of immortal, over-earthly intelligence, was wanting. She might be the grandest animal that ever was seen, the most bright and capable intellect that ever dealt with mortal things; but the fine golden chain which leads on the electric fire from intellectual eminence to spiritual preëminence, from mind to soul, from earth to heaven, was wanting, or had been broken. Her loveliness none could doubt, her charm of manner none could deny, her intellectual superiority all admitted, her womanly softness added a grace beyond them all; but there was one grace wanting—the grace of a high, holy soul, which, in those who have it, be they fair, be they ugly, pours forth as an emanation from every look and every action, and surrounds them with a cloud of radiance, faintly imaged by the artist's glory round a saint.

Alas for human aspirations! Alas for the expectations of this fair frail creature! How eagerly she thought of Mr. Marlow's return! how she had anticipated their meeting again! How she had calculated upon all that would be said and done during the next few weeks! The first news she received was that he had arrived, and with a few servants had taken possession of his new dwelling. She remained all day in her own house; she ordered no carriage; she took no walk: she tried to read; she played upon various instruments of music; she thought each instant he would come, at least for a few minutes, to thank her for all the care she had bestowed to make his habitation comfortable. The sun gilded the west; the melancholy moon rose up in solemn splendor; the hours passed by, and he came not.

The next morning, she heard that he had ridden over to the house of Sir Philip Hastings, and indignation warred with love in her bosom. She thought he must certainly come that day, and she resolved angrily to upbraid him for his want of courtesy. Luckily, however, for her, he did not come that day; and a sort of melancholy took possession of her. Luckily, I say; for when passion takes hold of a scheme it is generally sure to shake it to pieces, and that melancholy loosens the grasp of passion for a time. The next day he did come, and with an air so easy and unconscious of offence as almost to provoke her into vehemence again. He knew not what she felt—he had no idea of how he had been looked for. He was as ignorant that she had ever thought of him as a husband, as she was that he had ever compared her in his mind to his own mother. [Pg 484]

He talked quietly, indifferently, of his having been over to the house of Sir Philip Hastings, adding merely—not as an excuse, but as a simple fact—that he had been unable to call there as he had promised before leaving the country. He dilated upon the kind reception he had met with from Lady Hastings, for Sir Philip was absent upon business; and he went on to dwell rather largely upon the exceeding beauty and great grace of Emily Hastings.

Oh how Mrs. Hazleton hated her! It requires but a few drops of poison to envenom a whole well.

He did worse: he proceeded to descant upon her character—upon the blended brightness and

deep thought—upon the high-souled emotions and child-like sparkle of her disposition—upon the simplicity and complexity, upon the many-sided splendor of her character, which, like the cut diamond, reflected each ray of light in a thousand varied and dazzling hues. Oh how Mrs. Hazleton hated her—hated, because for the first time she began to fear. He had spoken to her in praise of another woman—with loud encomiums too, with a brightened eye, and a look which told her more than his words. These were signs not to be mistaken. They did not show in the least that he loved Emily Hastings, and that she knew right well; but they showed that he did not love her; and there was the poison in the cup.

So painful, so terrible was the sensation, that, with all her mastery over herself, she could not conceal the agony under which she writhed. She became silent, grave, fell into fits of thought, which clouded the broad brow, and made the fine-cut lip quiver. Mr. Marlow was surprised and grieved. He asked himself what could be the matter. Something had evidently made her sorrowful, and he could not trace the sorrow to its source; for she carefully avoided uttering one word in depreciation of Emily Hastings. In this she showed no woman's spirit. She could have stabbed her, had the girl been there in her presence; but she would not scratch her. Petty spite was too low for her, too small for the character of her mind. Hers was a heart capable of revenge, and would be satisfied with nothing less.

Mr. Marlow soothed her, spoke to her kindly, tenderly, tried to lead her mind away, to amuse, to entertain her. Oh, it was all gall and bitterness to her. He might have cursed, abused, insulted her, without, perhaps—diminishing her love—certainly without inflicting half the anguish that was caused by his gentle words. It is impossible to tell all the varied emotions that went on in her heart—at least for me. Shakspeare could have done it, but none less than Shakspeare. For a moment she knew not whether she loved or hated him; but she soon felt and knew it was love; and the hate, like lightning striking a rock, and glancing from the solid stone to rend a sapling, all turned away from him, to fall upon the head of poor unconscious Emily Hastings.

Though she could not recover from the blow she had received, yet she soon regained command over herself, conversed, smiled, banished absorbing thoughts, answered calmly, pertinently, even spoke in her own bright, brilliant way, with a few more figures and ornaments of speech than usual; for figures are things rather of the head than of the heart, and it was from the head that she was now speaking.

At length Mr. Marlow took his leave, and for the first time in life she was glad he was gone.

Mrs. Hazleton gave way to no burst of passion: she shed not a tear; she uttered no exclamation. That which was within her heart, was too intense for any such ordinary expression. She seated herself at a table, leaned her head upon her hand, and fixed her eyes upon one bright spot in the marquetry. There she sat for more than an entire hour, without a motion, and in the meantime what were the thoughts that passed through her brain? We have shown the feelings of her heart enough.

She formed plans; she determined her course; she looked around for means. Various persons suggested themselves to her mind as instruments. The three women, I have mentioned in a preceding chapter—the good sort of friends. But it was an agent she wanted, not a confidant. No, no, Mrs. Hazleton knew better than to have a confidant. She was her own best council-keeper, and she knew it. Nevertheless, these good ladies might serve to act in subordinate parts, and she assigned to each of them their position in her scheme with wonderful accuracy and skill. As she did so, however, she remembered that it was by the advice of Mrs. Warmington that she had brought Mr. Marlow to Hartwell Place; and in her heart's secret chamber she gave her fair friend a goodly benediction. She resolved to use her nevertheless—to use her as far as she could be serviceable; and she forgot not that she herself had been art and part in the scheme that had failed. She was not one to shelter herself from blame by casting the whole storm of disappointment upon another. She took her own full share. "If she was a fool so to advise," said Mrs. Hazleton, "'twas a greater fool to follow her advice."

She then turned to seek for the agent. No name presented itself but that of Shanks, the attorney; and she smiled bitterly when she thought of him. She recollected that Sir Philip Hastings had thrown him head-foremost down the steps of the terrace, and that was very satisfactory to her; for, although Mr. Shanks was a man who sometimes bore injuries very meekly, he never forgot them.

Nevertheless, she had somewhat a difficult part to play, for most agents have a desire of becoming confidants also, and that Mrs. Hazleton determined her attorney should not be. The task was to insinuate her purposes rather than to speak them—to act, without betraying the motive of action—to make another act, without committing herself by giving directions. [Pg 485]

Nevertheless, Mrs. Hazleton arranged it all to her own satisfaction; and as she did so, amongst the apparently extinct ashes of former schemes, one small spark of hope began to glow, giving promise for the time to come. What did she propose? At first, nothing more than to drive Sir Philip Hastings and his family from the country, mingling the gratification of personal hatred with efforts for the accomplishment of her own purposes. It was a bold attempt, but Mrs. Hazleton had her plan; and she sat down and wrote for Mr. Shanks, the attorney.

CHAPTER XV.

Decorum came in with the house of Hanover. I know not whether men and women in England

were more virtuous before—I think not—but they certainly were more frank in both their virtues and their vices. There were fewer of those vices of conventionality thrown around the human heart—fewer I mean to say of those cold restraints, those gilded chains of society, which, like the ornaments that ladies wear upon their necks and arms, seem like fetters; but, I fear me, restrain but little human action, curb not passion, and are to the strong will but as the green rushes round the limbs of the Hebrew giant. Decorum came into England with the house of Hanover; but I am speaking of a period before that, when ladies were less fearful of the tongue of scandal, when scandal itself was fearful of assailing virtue, when honesty of purpose and purity of heart could walk free in the broad day, and men did not venture to suppose evil acts perpetrated whenever, by a possibility, they could be committed.

Emily Hastings walked quietly along by the side of Mr. Marlow, through her father's park. There was no one with him, no keen matron's ear to listen to and weigh their words, no brother to pretend to accompany them, and either feel himself weary with the task or lighten it by seeking his own amusement apart. They were alone together, and they talked without restraint. Ye gods, how they did talk! The dear girl was in one of her brightest, gayest moods. There was nothing that did not move her fancy or become a servant to it. The clouds as they shot across the sky, the blue fixed hills in the distance, the red and yellow and green coloring of the young budding oaks, the dancing of The stream, the song of the bird, the whisper of the wind, the misty spring light which spread over the morning distance, all had illustrations for her thoughts. It seemed that day as if she could not speak without a figure—as if she revelled in the flowers of imagination, like a child tossing about the new mown grass in a hay-field. And he, with joyous sport, took pleasure in furnishing her at every moment with new material for the bounding play of fancy.

They had not known each other long; but there was something in the young man's manner—nay, let me go farther—in his character, which invited confidence, which besought the hearts around to throw off all strange disguise, and promised that he would take no base advantage of their openness. That something was perhaps his earnestness: one felt that he was true in all he said or did or looked: that his words were but his spoken feelings: his countenance a paper on which the heart at once recorded its sensations. But let me not be mistaken. Do not let it be supposed that when I say he was earnest, I mean that he was even grave. Oh no! Earnestness can exist as well in the merriest as in the soberest heart. One can be as earnest, as truthful, even as eager in joy or sport, as in sorrow or sternness. But he was earnest in all things, and it was this earnestness which probably found a way for him to so many dissimilar hearts.

Emily knew not at all what it was doing with hers; but she felt that he was one before whom she had no need to hide a thought: that if she were gay, she might be gay in safety: that if she were inclined to muse, she might muse on in peace.

Onward they walked, talking of every thing on earth but love. It was in the thoughts of neither. Emily knew nothing about it: the tranquil expanse of life had never for her been even rippled by the wing of passion. Marlow might know more; but for the time he was lost in the enjoyment of the moment. The little enemy might be carrying on the war against the fortress of each unconscious bosom; but if so, it was by the silent sap and mine, more potent far than the fierce assault or thundering cannonade—at least in this sort of warfare.

They were wending their way towards a gate, at the very extreme limit of the park, which opened upon a path leading by a much shorter way to Mr. Marlow's own dwelling than the road he usually pursued. He had that morning come to spend but an hour at the house of Sir Philip Hastings, and he had an engagement at his own house at noon. He had spent two hours instead of one with Emily and her mother, and therefore short paths were preferable to long ones for his purpose, Emily had offered to show him the way to the gate, and her company was sure to shorten the road, though it might lengthen the time it took to travel.

Now in describing the park of Sir Philip Hastings, I have said that there was a wide open space around the mansion; but I have also said, that at some distance the trees gathered thick and sombre. Those nearest the house gathered together in clumps, confusing the eye in a wilderness of hawthorns, and bushes, and evergreen oaks, while beyond appeared a dense mass of wood; and, through the scattered tufts of trees and thick woodland at the extreme of the park ran several paths traced by deer, and park-keepers, and country folk. Thus for various reasons some [Pg 486] guidance was needful to Marlow on his way, and for more reasons still he was well pleased that the guide should be Emily Hastings. In the course of their walk, amongst many other subjects they spoke of Mrs. Hazleton, and Marlow expatiated warmly on her beauty, and grace, and kindness of heart. How different was the effect of all this upon Emily Hastings from that which his words in her praise had produced upon her of whom he spoke! Emily's heart was free. Emily had no schemes, no plans, no purposes. She knew not that there was one feeling in her bosom with which praise of Mrs. Hazleton could ever jar. She loved her well. Such eyes as hers are not practised in seeing into darkness. She had divined the Italian singer—perhaps by instinct, perhaps by some distinct trait, which occasionally will betray the most wily. But Mrs. Hazleton was a fellow-woman—a woman of great brightness and many fine qualities. Neither had she any superficial defects to indicate a baser metal or a harder within. If she was not all gold, she was doubly gilt.

Emily praised her too, warmed with the theme; and eagerly exclaimed, "She always seems to me like one of those dames of fairy tales, upon whom some enchanter has bestowed a charm that no one can resist. It is not her beauty; for I feel the same when I hear her voice and shut my eyes. It is not her conversation; for I feel the same when I look at her and she is silent. It seems to

breathe from her presence like the odor of a flower. It is the same when she is grave as when she is gay."

"Aye, and when she is melancholy," replied Marlow. "I never felt it more powerfully than a few days ago when I spent an hour with her, and she was not only grave but sad."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed Emily. "I never saw her so. Grave I have seen her—thoughtful, silent—but never sad; and I do not know that she has not seemed more charming to me in those grave, stiller moods, than in more cheerful ones. Do you know that in looking at the beautiful statues which I have seen in London, I have often thought they might lose half their charm if they would move and speak? Thus, too, with Mrs. Hazleton; she seems to me even more lovely, more full of grace, in perfect stillness than at any other time. My father," she added, after a moment's pause, "is the only one who in her presence seems spell-proof."

Her words threw Marlow into a momentary fit of thought. "Why," he asked himself, "was Sir Philip Hastings spell-proof when all others were charmed?"

Men have a habit of depending much upon men's judgment, whether justly or unjustly I will not stop to inquire. They rely less upon woman's judgment in such matters; and yet women are amongst the keenest discerners—when they are unbiassed by passion. But are they often so? Perhaps it is from a conviction that men judge less frequently from impulse, decide more generally from cause, that this presumption of their accuracy exists. Woman—perhaps from seclusion, perhaps from nature—is more a creature of instincts than man. They are given her for defence where reason would act too slowly; and where they do act strongly, they are almost invariably right. Man goes through the slower process, and naturally relies more firmly on the result; for reason demonstrates where instinct leads blindfold. Marlow judged Sir Philip Hastings by himself, and fancied that he must have some cause for being spell-proof against the fascinations of Mrs. Hazleton. This roused the first doubt in his mind as to her being all that she seemed. He repelled the doubt as injurious, but it returned from time to time in after days, and at length gave him a clue to an intricate labyrinth.

The walk came to an end, too soon he thought. Emily pointed out the gate as soon as it appeared in sight, shook hands with him and returned homeward. He thought more of her after they had parted, than when she was with him. There are times when the most thoughtful do not think—when they enjoy. But now, every word, every look of her who had just left him, came back to memory. Not that he would admit to himself that there was the least touch of love in his feelings. Oh no! He had known her too short a time for such a serious passion as love to have any thing to do with his sensations. He only thought of her—mused—pondered—recalled all she had said and done, because she was so unlike any thing he had seen or heard of before—a something new—a something to be studied.

She was but a girl—a mere child, he said; and yet there was something more than childish grace in that light, but rounded form, where beauty was more than budding, but not quite blossomed, like a moss-rose in its loveliest state of loveliness. And her mind too; there was nothing childish in her thoughts except their playfulness. The morning dew-drops had not yet exhaled; but the day-star of the mind was well up in the sky.

She was one of those, on whom it is dangerous for a man afraid of love to meditate too long. She was one the effect of whose looks and words is not evanescent. That of mere beauty passes away. How many a face do we see and think it the loveliest in the world; yet shut the eyes an hour after, and try to recall the features—to paint them to the mind's eye. You cannot. But there are others that link themselves with every feeling of the heart, that twine themselves with constantly recurring thoughts, that never can be effaced—never forgotten—on which age or time, disease or death, may do its work without effecting one change in the reality embalmed in memory. Destroy the die, break the mould, you may; but the medal and the cast remain. Had Marlow lived a hundred years—had he never seen Emily Hastings again, not one line of her bright face, not one speaking look, would have passed from his memory. He could have painted a portrait of her had [Pg 487] he been an artist. Did you ever gaze long at the sun, trying your eyes against the eagle's? If so, you have had the bright orb floating before your eyes the whole day after. And so it was with Marlow: throughout the long hours that followed, he had Emily Hastings ever before him. But yet he did not love her. Oh dear no, not in the least. Love he thought was very different from mere admiration. It was a plant of slower growth. He was no believer in love at first sight. He was an infidel as to Romeo and Juliet, and he had firmly resolved if ever he did fall in love, it should be done cautiously.

Poor man! he little knew how deep he was in already.

In the meanwhile, Emily walked onward. She was heart-whole at least. She had never dreamed of love. It had not been one of her studies. Her father had never presented the idea to her. Her mother had often talked of marriage, and marriages good and bad; but always put them in the light of alliances—compacts—negotiated treaties. Although Lady Hastings knew what love is as well as any one, and had felt it as deeply, yet she did not wish her daughter to be as romantic as she had been, and therefore the subject was avoided. Emily thought a good deal of Mr. Marlow, it is true. She thought him handsome, graceful, winning—one of the pleasantest companions she had ever known. She liked him better than any one she had ever seen; and his words rang in her ears long after they were spoken. But even imagination, wicked spinner of golden threads as she is, never drew one link between his fate and hers. The time had not yet come, if it was to come.

She walked on, however, through the wood; and just when she was emerging from the thicker part into the clumps and scattered trees, she saw a stranger before her, leaning against the stump of an old hawthorn, and seeming to suffer pain. He was young, handsome, well-dressed, and there was a gun lying at his feet. But as Emily drew nearer, she saw blood slowly trickling from his arm, and falling on the gray sand of the path.

She was not one to suffer shyness to curb humanity; and she exclaimed at once, with a look of alarm, "I am afraid you are hurt, sir. Had you not better come up to the house?"

The young man looked at her, fainted, and answered in a low tone, "The gun has gone off, caught by a branch, and has shattered my arm. I thought I could reach the cottage by the park gates, but I feel faint."

"Stay, stay a moment," cried Emily, "I will run to the hall and bring assistance—people to assist you upon a carriage."

"No, no!" answered the stranger quickly, "I cannot go there—I will not go there! The cottage is nearer," he continued more calmly; "I think with a little help I could reach it, if I could staunch the blood."

"Let me try," exclaimed Emily; and with ready zeal, she tied her handkerchief round his arm, not without a shaking hand indeed, but with firmness and some skill.

"Now lean upon me," she said, when she had done; "the cottage is indeed nearer, but you would have better tendance if you could reach the hall."

"No, no, the cottage," replied the stranger, "I shall do well there."

The cottage was perhaps two hundred yards nearer to the spot on which they stood than the hall; but there was an eagerness about the young man's refusal to go to the latter, which Emily remarked. Suspicion indeed was alive to her mind; but those were days when laws concerning game, which have every year been becoming less and less strict, were hardly less severe than in the time of William Rufus. Every day, in the country life which she led, she heard some tale of poaching or its punishment. The stranger had a gun with him; she had found him in her father's park; he was unwilling even in suffering and need of help to go up to the hall for succor; and she could not but fancy that for some frolic, perhaps some jest, or some wild whim, he had been trespassing upon the manor in pursuit of game. That he was an ordinary poacher she could not suppose; his dress, his appearance forbade such a supposition.

But there was something more.

In the young man's face—more in its expression than its features perhaps—more in certain marking lines and sudden glances than in the general whole—there was something familiar to her—something that seemed akin to her. He was handsomer than her father; of a more perfect though less lofty character of beauty; and yet there was a strange likeness, not constant, but flashing occasionally upon her brow, in what, when, she could hardly determine.

It roused another sort of sympathy from any she had felt before; and once more she asked him to go up to the hall.

"If you have been taking your sport," she said, "where perhaps you ought not, I am sure my father will look over it without a word, when he sees how you are hurt. Although people sometimes think he is stern and severe, that is all a mistake. He is kind and gentle, I assure you, when he does not feel that duty requires him to be rigid."

The stranger gave a quick start, and replied in a tone which would have been haughty and fierce, had not weakness subdued it, "I have been shooting only where I have a right to shoot. But I will not go up to the hall, till—but I dare say I can get down to the cottage without help, Mistress Emily. I have been accustomed to do without help in the world;" and he withdrew his arm from that which supported him. The next moment, however, he tottered, and seemed ready to fall, and Emily again hurried to help him. There were no more words spoken. She thought his manner [Pg 488] somewhat uncivil; she would not leave him, and the necessity for her kindness was soon apparent. Ere they were within a hundred yards of the cottage, he sunk slowly down. His face grew pale and death-like, and his eyes closed faintly as he lay upon the turf. Emily ran on like lightning to the cottage, and called out the old man who lived there. The old man called his son from the little garden, and with his and other help, carried the fainting man in.

"Ay, master John, master John," exclaimed the old cottager, as he laid him in his own bed; "one of your wild pranks, I warrant!"

His wife, his son, and he himself tended the young man with care; and a young boy was sent off for a surgeon.

Emily did not know what to do; but compassion kept her in the cottage till the stranger recovered his consciousness, and then after inquiring how he felt, she was about to withdraw, intending to send down further aid from the hall. But the stranger beckoned her faintly to come nearer, and said in tones of real gratitude, "Thank you a thousand times, Mistress Emily; I never thought to need such kindness at your hands. But now do me another, and say not a word to any one at the mansion of what has happened. It will be better for me, for you, for your father, that you should not speak of this business."

"Do not! do not! Mistress Emily!" cried the old man, who was standing near. "It will only make mischief and bring about evil."

He spoke evidently under strong apprehension, and Emily was much surprised, both to find that one quite a stranger to her knew her at once, and to find the old cottager, a long dependant upon her family, second so eagerly his strange injunction.

"I will say nothing unless questions are asked me," she replied; "then of course I must tell the truth."

"Better not," replied the young man gloomily.

"I cannot speak falsely," replied the beautiful girl, "I cannot deal doubly with my parents or any one," and she was turning away.

But the stranger besought her to stop one moment, and said, "I have not strength to explain all now; but I shall see you again, and then I will tell you why I have spoken as you think strangely. I shall see you again. In common charity you will come to ask if I am alive or dead. If you knew how near we are to each other, I am sure you would promise!"

"I can make no such promise," replied Emily; but the old cottager seemed eager to end the interview; and speaking for her, he exclaimed, "Oh, she will come, I am sure, Mistress Emily will come;" and hurried her away, seeing her back to the little gate in the park wall.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Hazleton found Mr. Shanks, the attorney, the most difficult person to deal with whom she had ever met in her life. She had remarked that he was keen, active, intelligent, unscrupulous, confident in his own powers, bold as a lion in the wars of quill, parchment, and red tape; without fear, without hesitation, without remorse. There was nothing that he scrupled to do, nothing that he ever repented having done. She had fancied that the only difficulty which she could have to encounter was that of concealing from him, at least in a degree, the ultimate objects and designs which she herself had in view.

So shrewd people often deceive themselves as to the character of other shrewd people. The difficulty was quite different. It was a peculiar sort of stolidity on the part of Mr. Shanks, for which she was utterly unprepared.

Now the attorney was ready to do any thing on earth which his fair patroness wished. He would have perilled his name on the roll in her service; and was only eager to understand what were her desires, even without giving her the trouble of explaining them. Moreover, there was no point of law or equity, no manner of roguery or chicanery, no object of avarice, covetousness, or ambition, which he could not have comprehended at once. They were things within his own ken and scope, to which the intellect and resources of his mind were always open. But to other passions, to deeper, more remote motives and emotions, Mr. Shanks was as stolid as a door-post. It required to hew a way as it were to his perceptions, to tunnel his mind for the passage of a new conception.

The only passion which afforded the slightest cranny of an opening was revenge; and after having tried a dozen other ways of making him comprehend what she wished without committing herself, Mrs. Hazleton got him to understand that she thought Sir Philip Hastings had injured—at all events, that he had offended—her, and that she sought vengeance. From that moment all was easy. Mr. Shanks could understand the feeling, though not its extent. He would himself have given ten pounds out of his own pocket—the largest sum he had ever given in life for any thing but an advantage—to be revenged upon the same man for the insult he had received; and he could perceive that Mrs. Hazleton would go much further, without, indeed, being able to conceive, or even dream of, the extent to which she was prepared to go.

However, when he had once got the clue, he was prepared to run along the road with all celerity; and now she found him every thing she had expected. He was a man copious in resources, prolific of schemes. His imagination had exercised itself through life in devising crooked paths; but in this instance the road was straight-forward before him. He would rather it had been tortuous, it is true; but for the sake of his dear lady he was ready to follow even a plain path, and he explained to her that Sir Philip Hastings stood in a somewhat dangerous position.

He was proceeding to enter into the details, but Mrs. Hazleton interrupted him, and, to his surprise, not only told him, but showed him, that she knew all the particulars. [Pg 489]

"The only question is, Mr. Shanks," she said, "can you prove the marriage of his elder brother to this woman before the birth of the child?"

"We think we can, madam," replied the attorney, "we think we can. There is a very strong letter, and there has been evidently——"

He paused and hesitated, and Mrs. Hazleton demanded, "There has been what, Mr. Shanks?"

"There has been evidently a leaf torn out of the register," replied the lawyer.

There was something in his manner which made the lady gaze keenly in his face; but she would ask no questions on that subject, and she merely said, "Then why has not the case gone on, as it

was put in your hands six months ago?"

"Why, you see, my dear madam," replied Shanks, "law is at best uncertain. One wants two or three great lawyers to make a case. Money was short; John and his mother had spent all last year's annuity. Barristers won't plead without fees, and besides——"

He paused again, but an impatient gesture from the lady urged him on. "Besides," he said, "I had devised a little scheme, which, of course, I shall abandon now, for marrying him to Mistress Emily Hastings. He is a very handsome young fellow, and——"

"I have seen him," said Mrs. Hazleton thoughtfully, "but why should you abandon this scheme, Mr. Shanks? It seems to me by no means a bad one."

The poor lawyer was now all at sea again and fancied himself as wide of the lady's aim as ever.

Mrs. Hazleton suffered him to remain in this dull suspense for some time. Wrapped up in her own thoughts, and busy with her own calculations, she suffered several minutes to elapse without adding a word to that which had so much surprised the attorney. Then, however, she said, in a meditative tone, "There is only one way by which it can be accomplished. If you allow it to be conducted in a formal manner, you will fail utterly. Sir Philip will never consent. She will never even yield."

"But if Sir Philip is made to see that it will save him a tremendous lawsuit, and perhaps his whole estate," suggested Mr. Shanks.

"He will resist the more firmly," answered the lady; "if it saved his life, he would reject it with scorn—no! But there is a way. If you can persuade her—if you can show her that her father's safety, his position in life, depends upon her conduct, perhaps you may bring her by degrees to consent to a private marriage. She is young, inexperienced, enthusiastic, romantic. She loves her father devotedly, and would make any sacrifice for him."

"No great sacrifice, I should think, madam," replied Mr. Shanks, "to marry a handsome young man who has a just claim to a large fortune."

"That is as people may judge," replied the lady; "but at all events this claim gives us a hold upon her which we must not fail to use, and that directly. I will contrive means of bringing them together. I will make opportunity for the lad, but you must instruct him how to use it properly. All I can do is to co-operate without appearing."

"But, my dear madam, I really do not fully understand," said Mr. Shanks. "I had a fancy—a sort of imagination like, that you wished—that you desired——"

He hesitated; but Mrs. Hazleton would not help him by a single word, and at last he added, "I had a fancy that you wished this suit to go on against Sir Philip Hastings, and now—but that does not matter—only do you really wish to bring it all to an end, to settle it by a marriage between John and Mistress Emily?'

"That will be the pleasantest, the easiest way of settling it, sir," replied Mrs. Hazleton, coolly; "and I do not at all desire to injure, but rather to serve Sir Philip and his family."

That was false, for though to marry Emily Hastings to any one but Mr. Marlow was what the lady did very sincerely desire; yet there was a long account to be settled with Sir Philip Hastings which could not well be discharged without a certain amount of injury to him and his. The lady was well aware, too, that she had told a lie, and moreover that it was one which Mr. Shanks was not at all likely to believe. Perhaps even she did not quite wish him to believe it, and at all events she knew that her actions must soon give it contradiction. But men make strange distinctions between speech and action, not to be accounted for without long investigation and disquisition. There are cases where people shrink from defining in words their purposes, or giving voice to their feelings, even when they are prepared by acts to stamp them for eternity. There are cases where men do acts which they dare not cover by a lie.

Mrs. Hazleton sought for no less than the ruin of Sir Philip Hastings; she had determined it in her own heart, and yet she would not own it to her agent—perhaps she would not own it to herself. There is a dark secret chamber in the breast of every one, at the door of which the eyes of the spirit are blindfolded, that it may not see the things to which it is consenting. Conscience records them silently, and sooner or later her book is to be opened; it may be in this world: it may be in the next: but for the time that book is in the keeping of passion, who rarely suffers the pages to be seen till purpose has been ratified by act, and remorse stands ready to pronounce the doom.

There was a pause after Mrs. Hazleton had spoken, for the attorney was busy also with thoughts he wished to utter, yet dared not speak. The first prospect of a lawsuit—the only sort of the picturesque in which he could find pleasure—a long, intricate, expensive lawsuit, was fading before his eyes as if a mist were coming over the scene. Where were his consultations, his letters, [Pg 490] his briefs, his pleas, his rejoinders, his demurrers, his appeals? Where were the fees, the bright golden fees? True, in the hopelessness of his young client's fortunes, he had urged the marriage with a proviso, that if it took place by his skilful management, a handsome bonus was to be his share of the spoil. But then Mrs. Hazleton's first communication had raised brighter hopes, had put him more in his own element, had opened to him a scene of achievements as glorious to his notions as those of the listed field to knights of old; and now all was vanishing away. Yet he did not venture to tell her how much he was disappointed, still less to show her why and how.

It was the lady who spoke first; and she did so in as calm, deliberate, passionless a tone as if she had been devising the fashion of a new Mantua.

"It may be as well, Mr. Shanks," she said, "in order to produce the effect we wish upon dear Emily's mind"—dear Emily!—"to commence the suit against Sir Philip—I mean to take those first steps which may create some alarm. I cannot of course judge what they ought to be, but you must know; and if not, you must seek advice from counsel learned in the law. You understand what I mean, doubtless."

"Oh, certainly, madam, certainly," replied Mr. Shanks, with a profound sigh of relief. "First steps commit us to nothing: but they must be devised cautiously, and I am very much afraid that—that ——"

"Afraid of what, sir?" asked Mrs. Hazleton, in a tone somewhat stern.

"Only that the expense will be greater than my young client can afford," answered the lawyer, seeing that he must come to the point.

"Let not that stand in the way," said Mrs. Hazleton at once; "I will supply the means. What will be the expense?"

"Would you object to say five hundred pounds?" asked the lawyer, cautiously.

"A thousand," replied the lady, with a slight inclination of the head; and then, weary of circumlocution, she added in a bolder tone than she had yet used, "only remember, sir, that what is done must be done effectually; no mistakes, no errors, no flaws! See that you use all your eyes —see that you bend every nerve to the task. I will have no procrastination for the sake of fresh fees—nothing omitted one day to be remembered the next—no blunders to be corrected after long delays and longer correspondence. I know you lawyers and your ways right well; and if I find that for the sake of swelling a bill to the bursting, you attempt to procrastinate, the cause will be taken at once from your hands and placed in those who will do their work more speedily. You can practise those tricks upon those who are more or less in your power; but you shall not play them upon me."

"I declare, my dear madam, I can assure you," said Mr. Shanks; but Mrs. Hazleton cut him short. "There, there," she said, waving her fair hand, "do not declare—do not assure me of any thing. Let your actions speak, Mr. Shanks. I am too much accustomed to declarations and assurances to set much value upon them. Now tell me, but in as few words and with as few cant terms as possible, what are the chances of success in this suit? How does the young man's case really stand?"

Mr. Shanks would gladly have been excused such explanations. He never liked to speak clearly upon such delicate questions, but he would not venture to refuse any demand of Mrs. Hazleton's, and therefore he began with a circumlocution in regard to the uncertainty of law, and to the impossibility of giving any exact assurances of success.

The lady would not be driven from her point, however. "That is not what I sought to know," she said. "I am as well aware of the law's uncertainty—of its iniquity, as you. But I ask you what grounds you have to go upon? Were they ever really married? Is this son legitimate?"

"The lady says they were married," replied Mr. Shanks cautiously, "and I have good hope we can prove the legitimacy. There is a letter in which the late Mr. John Hastings calls her 'my dear little wife;' and then there is clearly a leaf torn out of the marriage register about that very time."

Mr. Shanks spoke the last words slowly and with some hesitation; but after a pause he went on more boldly and rapidly. "Then we have a deposition of the old woman Danby that they were married. This is clear and precise," he continued with a grin: "she wanted to put in something about 'in the eyes of God,' but I left that out as beside the question; and she did the swearing very well. She might have broken down under cross-examination, it is true; and therefore it was well to put off the trial till she was gone. We can prove, moreover, that the late Sir John always paid an annuity to both mother and child, in order to make them keep secret—nay more, that he bribed the old woman Danby. This is our strong point; but it is beyond doubt—I can prove it, madam—I can prove it. All I fear is the mother; she is weak—very weak; I wish to heaven she were out of the way till the trial is over."

"Send her out of the way," cried Mrs. Hazleton, decidedly; "send her to France;" and then she added, with a bitter smile, "she may still figure amongst the beauties of Versailles."

"But she will not go," replied Mr. Shanks. "Madam, she will not go. I hinted at such a step—mentioned Cornwall or Ireland—any where she could be concealed."

"Cornwall or Ireland!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton, "of course she would not go. Why did not you propose Africa or the plantations? She shall go, Mr. Shanks. Leave her to me. She shall go. And now, set to work at once—immediately, I say—this very day. Send the youth to-morrow, and let him bring me word that some step is taken. I will instruct him how to act, while you deal with the law." [Pg 491]

Mr. Shanks promised to obey, and retired overawed by all he had seen and heard. There had, it is true, been no vehement demonstration of passion; no fierce blaze; no violent flash; but there had been indications enough to show the man of law all that was raging within. It had been for him

like gazing at a fine building on fire at that period of the conflagration where dense smoke and heavy darkness brood over the fearful scene, while dull, suddenly-smothered flashes break across the gloom, and tell how terrible will be the flame when it does burst freely forth.

He had never known Mrs. Hazleton before—he had never comprehended her fully. But now he knew her—now, though perhaps the depths were still unfathomable to his eyes, he felt that there was a strong commanding will within that beautiful form which would bear no trifling. He had often treated her with easy lightness—with no want of apparent respect indeed—but with the persuasions and arguments such as men of business often address to women as beings inferior to themselves either in intellect or experience. Now Mr. Shanks wondered how he had escaped so long and so well, and he resolved that for the future his conduct should be very different.

Mrs. Hazleton, when he left her, sat down to rest—yes, to rest; for she was very weary. There had been the fatiguing strife of strong passions in the heart—hopes—expectations—schemes-contrivances; and, above all, there had been a wrestling with herself to deal calmly and softly where she felt fiercely. It had exhausted her; and for some minutes she sat listlessly, with her eyes half shut, like one utterly tired out. Ere a quarter of an hour had passed, wheels rolled up to the door; a carriage-step was let down, and there was a foot-fall in the hall.

"Dear Mrs. Warmington, delighted to see you!" said Mrs. Hazleton, with a smile sweet and gentle as the dawn of a summer morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

Circumstance will always have its finger in the pie with the best-laid schemes; but it does not always happen that thereby the pie is spoiled. On the contrary, circumstance is sometimes a very powerful auxiliary, and it happened so in the present instance with the arrangements of Mrs. Hazleton. Before that lady could bring any part of her scheme for introducing Emily to the man whom she intended to drive her into taking as a husband, to bear, the introduction had already taken place, as we have seen, by an accident.

It was likely, indeed, to go no further; for Emily thought over what had occurred, before she gave way to her native kindness of heart. She remembered how tenacious all country gentlemen of that day were of their sporting rights, and especially of what she had often heard her father declare, that he looked upon any body who took his game off his property, according to every principle of equity and justice, as no better than a common robber.

"If the only excuse be that it is more exposed to depredation than other property," said Sir Philip, "it only shows that the plunderer of it is a coward as well as a villain, and should be punished the more severely." Such, and many such speeches she had heard from her father at various times, and it became a case of conscience, which puzzled the poor girl much, whether she ought or ought not to have promised not to mention what had occurred in the park. She loved no concealment, and nothing would have induced her to tell a falsehood; but she knew that if she mentioned the facts, especially while the young man whom she had seen crossing the park with a gun lay wounded at the cottage, great evil might have resulted; and though she somewhat reproached herself for rashly giving her word, she would not break it when given.

As to seeing him again, however—as to visiting him at the cottage, even to inquire after his health, when he had refused all aid from her father's house, that was an act she never dreamed of. His last words, indeed, had puzzled her; and there was something in his face, too, which set her fancy wandering. It was not exactly what she liked; but yet there was a resemblance, she thought, to some one she knew and was attached to. It could not be to her father, she said to herself, and yet her father's face recurred to her mind more frequently than any other when she thought of that of the young man she had seen; and from that fact a sort of prepossession in the youth's favor took possession of her, making her long to know who he really was.

For some days Emily did not go near the cottage, but at length she ventured on the road which passed it—not without a hope, indeed, that she might meet one of the old people who tenanted it, and have an opportunity of inquiring after his health—but certainly not, as some good-natured reader may suppose, with any expectation of seeing him herself. As she approached, however, she perceived him sitting on a bench at the cottage-door, and, by a natural impulse, she turned at once into another path, which led back by a way nearly as short to the hall. The young man instantly rose, and followed her, addressing her by name, in a voice still weak, in truth, but too loud for her not to hear, or to affect not to hear.

She paused, rather provoked than otherwise, and slightly inclined her head, while the young man approached, with every appearance of respect, and thanked her for the assistance she had rendered him.

He had had his lesson in the mean time, and he played his part not amiss. All coarse swagger, all vulgar assumption was gone from his manner; and referring himself to some words he had spoken when last they had met, he said: "Pardon me, Miss Hastings, for what I said some days [Pg 492] ago, which might seem both strange and mysterious, and for pressing to see you again; but at that time I was faint with loss of blood, and knew not how this might end. I wished to tell you something I thought you ought to hear; but now I am better; and I will find a more fitting opportunity ere long."

"It will be better to say any thing you think fit to my father," replied Emily. "I am not accustomed

to deal with any matters of importance; and any thing of so much moment as you seem to think this is, would, of course, be told by me to him."

"I think not," replied the other, with a mysterious smile; "but of that you will judge when you have heard all I have to say. Your father is the last person to whom I would mention it myself, because I believe, notwithstanding all his ability, he is the last person who would judge sanely of it, as he would of most other matters; but, of course, you will speak of it or not, as you think proper. At present," he added, "I am too weak to attempt the detail, even if I could venture to detain you here. I only wished to return you my best thanks, and assure you of my gratitude," and bowing low, he left her to pursue her way homeward.

Emily went on musing. No woman's breast is without curiosity—nor any man's, either—and she asked herself what could be the meaning of the stranger's words, at least a dozen times. What could he have to tell her, and why was there so much mystery? She did not like mystery, however; and though she felt interested in the young man—felt *pity*, in fact—yet it was by no means the interest that leads to, nor the pity which is akin to love. On the contrary, she liked him less than the first time she saw him. There was a certain degree of cunning in his mysterious smile, a look of self-confidence, almost of triumph in his face, which, in spite of his respectful demeanor, did not please her.

Emily's father was absent from home at this time; but he returned two or three days after this last interview, and remarked that his daughter was unusually grave. To her, and to all that affected her in any way, his eyes were always open, though he often failed to comprehend that which he observed. Lady Hastings, too, had noticed Emily's unusual gravity, and as she had no clue to that which made her thoughtful, she concluded that the solitude of the country had a depressing influence upon her spirits, as it frequently had upon her own; and she determined to speak to her husband upon the matter. To him she represented that the place was very dull; that they had but few visitors; that even Mr. Marlow had not called for a week; and that Emily really required some variety of scene and amusement.

She reasoned well according to her notions, and though Sir Philip could not quite comprehend them, though he abhorred great cities, and loved the country, she had made some impression at least by reiteration, when suddenly a letter arrived from Mrs. Hazleton, petitioning that Emily might be permitted to spend a few days with her.

"I am quite alone," she said, "and not very well (she never was better in her life), and I propose next week to make some excursions to all the beautiful and interesting spots in the neighborhood. But you know, dear Lady Hastings, there is but small pleasure in such expeditions when they must be solitary; but with such a mind as that of your dear Emily for my companion, every object will possess a double interest."

The reader has perceived that the letter was addressed to Lady Hastings; but it was written for the eye of Sir Philip, and to him it was shown. Lady Hastings observed, as she put the note into her husband's hand, that it would be much better to go to London. The change from their own house to Mrs. Hazleton's was not enough to do Emily any good; and that, as to these expeditions to neighboring places, she had always found them the dullest things imaginable.

Sir Philip thought differently, however. He had been brought to the point of believing that Emily did want change, but not to the conviction that London would afford the best change for her. He inquired of Emily, however, which she would like best, a visit of a week to Mrs. Hazleton's, or a short visit to the metropolis. Much to his satisfaction, Emily decided at once in favor of the former, and Mrs. Hazleton's letter was answered, accepting her invitation.

The day before Emily went, Mr. Marlow spent nearly two hours with her and her father in the sort of musy, wandering conversation which is so delightful to imaginative minds. He paid Emily herself no marked or particular attention; but he never suffered her to doubt that even while talking with her father, he was fully conscious of her presence, and pleased with it. Sometimes his conversation was addressed to her directly, and when it was not, by a word or look he would invite her to join in, and listened to her words as if they were very sweet to his ear.

She loved to listen to him, however, better than to speak herself, and he contrived to please and interest her in all he said, gently moving all sorts of various feelings, sometimes making her smile gayly, sometimes muse thoughtfully, and sometimes rendering her almost sad. If he had been the most practiced love-maker in the world, he could not have done better with a mind like that of Emily Hastings.

He heard of her proposed visit to Mrs. Hazleton with pleasure, and expressed it. "I am very glad to hear you are to be with her," he said, "for I do not think Mrs. Hazleton is well. She has lost her usual spirits, and has been very grave and thoughtful when I have seen her lately." [Pg 493]

"Oh, if I can cheer and soothe her," cried Emily eagerly, "how delightful my visit will be to me. Mrs. Hazleton says in her letter that she is unwell; and that decided me to go to her, rather than to London."

"To London!" exclaimed Mr. Marlow, "I had no idea that you proposed such a journey. Oh, Sir Philip, do not take your daughter to London. Friends of mine there are often in the habit of bringing in fresh and beautiful flowers from the country; but I always see that first they become dull and dingy with the smoke and heavy air, and then wither away and perish; and often in gay parties, I have thought that I saw in the young and beautiful around me the same dulling

influence, the same withering, both of the body and the heart."

Sir Philip Hastings smiled pleasantly, and assured his young friend that he had no desire or intention of going to the capital except for one month in the winter, and Emily looked up brightly, saying, "For my part, I only wish that even then I could be left behind. When last I was there, I was so tired of the blue velvet lining of the gilt *vis-a-vis*, that I used to try and paint fancy pictures of the country upon it as I drove through the streets with mamma."

At length Emily set out in the heavy family coach, with her maid and Sir Philip for her escort. Progression was slow in those days compared with our own, when a man can get as much event into fifty years as Methuselah did into a thousand. The journey took three hours at the least; but it seemed short to Emily, for at the end of the first hour they were overtaken by Mr. Marlow on horseback, and he rode along with them to the gate of Mrs. Hazleton's house. He was an admirable horseman, for he had not only a good but a graceful seat, and his handsome figure and fine gentlemanly carriage never appeared to greater advantage than when he did his best to be a centaur. The slow progress of the lumbering vehicle might have been of some inconvenience, but his horse was trained to canter to a walk when he pleased, and, leaning to the window of the carriage, and sometimes resting his hand upon it, he contrived to carry on the conversation with those within almost as easily as in a drawing-room.

Just as the carriage was approaching the gate, Marlow said: "I think I shall not go in with you, Sir Philip; for I have a little business farther on, and I have ridden more slowly than I thought;" but before the sentence was well concluded, the gates of the park were opened by the porter, and Mrs. Hazleton herself appeared within, leaning on the arm of her maid. She had calculated well the period of Emily's arrival, and had gone out to the gate for the purpose of giving her an extremely hospitable welcome. Probably, had she not hated her as warmly and sincerely as she did, she would have stayed at home; our attention is ever doubtful.

But what were Mrs. Hazleton's feelings when she saw Mr. Marlow riding by the side of the carriage? I will not attempt to describe them; but for one instant a strange dark cloud passed over her beautiful face. It was banished in an instant; but not before Marlow had remarked both the expression itself and the sudden glance of the lady's eyes from him to Emily. For the first time a doubt, a suspicion, a something he did not like to fathom, came over his mind; and he resolved to watch. Neither Emily nor her father perceived that look, and as the next moment the beautiful face was once more as bright as ever, they felt pleased with her kind eagerness to meet them; and alighting from the carriage, walked on with her to the house, while Marlow, dismounted, accompanied them, leading his horse.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Marlow," said Mrs. Hazleton, in a tone from which she could not do what she would—banish all bitterness. "I suppose I owe the pleasure of your visit to that which you yourself feel in escorting a fair lady."

"I must not, I fear, pretend to such gallantry," replied Marlow. "I overtook the carriage accidentally as I was riding to Mr. Cornelius Brown's; and to say the truth, I did not intend to come in, for I am somewhat late."

"Cold comfort for my vanity," replied the lady, "that you would not have paid me a visit unless you had met me at the gate."

She spoke in a tone rather of sadness than of anger; but Marlow did not choose to perceive any thing serious in her words, and he replied, laughing: "Nay, dear Mrs. Hazleton, you do not read the riddle aright. It shows, when rightly interpreted, that your society is so charming that I cannot resist its influence when once within the spell, even for the sake of the Englishman's god —Business."

"A man always succeeds in drawing some flattery for woman's ear out of the least flattering conduct," answered Mrs. Hazleton.

The conversation then took another turn; and after walking with the rest of the party up to the house, Marlow again mounted and rode away. As soon as the horses had obtained some food and repose, Sir Philip also returned, and Emily was left, with a woman who felt at her heart that she could have poniarded her not an hour before.

But Mrs. Hazleton was all gentle sweetness, and calm, thoughtful, dignified ease. She did not suffer her attention to be diverted for one moment from her fair guest: there were no reveries, no absence of mind; and Emily—poor Emily—thought her more charming than ever. Nevertheless, while speaking upon many subjects, and brightly and intelligently upon all, there was an under-current of thought going on unceasingly in Mrs. Hazleton's mind, different from that upon the surface. She was trying to read Marlow's conduct towards Emily—to judge whether he loved her or not. She asked herself whether his having escorted her to that house was in reality purely accidental, and she wished that she could have seen them together but for a few moments longer, [Pg 494] though every moment had been a dagger to her heart. Nay, she did more: she strove by many a dexterous turn of the conversation, to lure out her fair unconscious guest's inmost thoughts—to induce her, not to tell all, for that she knew was hopeless, but to betray all. Emily, however, happily for herself, was unconscious; she knew not that there was any thing to betray. Fortunately, most fortunately, she knew not what was in her own breast; or perhaps I should say, knew not what it meant. Her answers were all simple, natural and true; and plain candor, as often happens, disappointed art.

Mrs. Hazleton retired for the night with the conviction that whatever might be Marlow's feelings towards Emily, Emily was not in love with Marlow; and that was something gained.

"No, no," she said, with a pride in her own discernment, "a woman who knows something of the world can never be long deceived in regard to another woman's heart." She should have added, "except by its simplicity."

"Now," she continued, mentally, "to-morrow for the first great stop. If this youth can but demean himself wisely, and will follow the advice I have given him, he has a fair field to act in. He seems prompt and ready enough: he is assuredly handsome, and what between his good looks, kind persuasion by others, and her father's dangerous position, this girl methinks may be easily driven —or led into his arms; and that stumbling-block removed. He will punish her enough hereafter, or I am mistaken."

Punish her for what, Mrs. Hazleton?

FOOTNOTES:

[M] Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by G. P. R. James, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JOSEPHUS AND ST. PAUL.

In the *Princeton Review*, the *Church of England Quarterly*, and other periodicals, there have appeared recently several very interesting articles upon the Voyage of St. Paul to Rome; and in a work entitled "Gleanings on the Overland Route," by the author of "Forty Days in the Desert," just published in London, we find a dissertation "On the Shipwreck of the Apostle Paul, and the historian Josephus," which goes far to prove that Josephus accompanied the apostle to Rome, and that he was in some measure the means of procuring the introduction of the Christians into "Caesar's household." After a summary account of the shipwreck as narrated by St. Luke, aided by such elucidatory particulars as have been supplied by Mr. James Smith in his "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," the author says:—

"The only real difference between the two accounts of St. Luke and of Josephus is, that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the island of Malta. He writes as if the ship were wrecked in the open sea, and he was saved by being at once taken up into the second ship. This very great disagreement in the two narratives we must set to the account of Josephus's inaccuracy. The second ship he rightly calls a ship of Cyrene, for the Alexandrian vessel, in a favorable voyage, may have touched at that port. He adds to the apostolic history the interesting information, that it was through the Jewish actor, Alituries, that he, and, we may add, the Apostle and Christianity, gained an introduction into 'Caesar's household.' That Josephus sailed in the same ship with Paul, we may hold for certain. No Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship; of Jews who had that privilege, the number was so small, that it is not probable that two such appeals to Rome, by Jews from the province of Judea, should have been allowed in the reign of Nero. That two ships, carrying such Hebrew applicants from Judea, should have been wrecked in the Adriatic, from both of which the passengers should have been saved, and landed at Puteoli, and that within the space of three years, we may pronounce impossible. So then the Jewish historian Josephus, when a young man, made the voyage from Cæsarea to Italy with the Apostle Paul, the Evangelist Luke, and their friend Aristarchus, and, for part of the way, with the young Titus. He calls the Apostle his friend, though worldly prudence forbade his naming him. From these fellow-travellers he must have heard the opinions of the Christians. He was able to contradict or confirm all that they said of the founder of our religion, for he was born only eight years after the crucifixion. But Josephus, when he wrote his history and life, was a courtier, and even a traitor to his country—he wanted moral courage, he did not mean to be a martyr, and any testimony in favor of a despised sect is not to be expected from him. The passage in his Antiquities in which Jesus is praised we may give up as a forgery of the third century: it is enough for us to remark, that after having lived for five months with Paul on the voyage from Judea to Italy, he does not write against this earnest teacher of Christianity, as either a weak enthusiast or a crafty impostor. But he praises his piety and virtues, and boasts that he was of use in obtaining his release from prison."

Mr. Smith, to whom allusion is made above, is said to be a gentleman of liberal fortune, and to have carefully studied navigation, and in numerous voyages in his yacht through these seas to have practised it, for the especial purpose of investigating and illustrating the points embraced in this interesting portion of the sacred history. He has pretty satisfactorily established the precise route of the Apostle on this famous journey, which is the most universally familiar of all in ancient or modern life. The curious suggestion of such personal relations between Paul and Josephus is not new; it was made some time in the seventh century in the Reflections of Bernardin Pastouret, and perhaps at an earlier time by others. The author whose words are here quoted, is Mr. John Sharpe, and he has very clearly presented the case.

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE: OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.

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Translated For The International Monthly Magazine From the French of H. De St. Georges.

Continued from page 359.

BOOK IV.

I. EXPLANATION OF THE ENIGMA.

While the events we have described are taking place at Sorrento, we will retrace our steps to the Etruscan House, where we left Monte-Leone and Taddeo when the latter placed in the hands of the former the letter of La Felina. The Count opened the letter, and read:

"Taddeo—You told me in the prison of the palace of the Dukes of Palma, whither I went to find you, '*Love which speculates is not love. Mine will obey you for obedience' sake. Try, however, to ask something grand and difficult, that you may judge it by its fruits.*'"

"Then you love her?" said Monte-Leone, interrupting himself.

"Read on," said Taddeo.

"'Your heart, Taddeo, is noble,' replied I. 'I have faith in it. May God grant that your strength do not betray your courage. In four days you will learn what I expect from you.' I write down what I expect, for I have not courage to tell you. I cannot crush your hopes, though I know that they cannot be realized. The feelings you have avowed to me, Taddeo, demand entire confidence: for it would be a crime to deceive a heart like yours. I will therefore tell you the truth, painful as it may be. It is a year since I came to Naples, having been attracted thither by a brilliant engagement at San Carlo. My success was as great as it had been in the other capitals of Italy. After the applause and ovations of the public—the truest and most discriminating of all—came privileged admirers; those, who, from their rank, birth, and fortune, have a right to pass the curtain of the sanctuary, and cast incense at the very foot of the idol; who can compliment the artiste on the stage, and follow her with their commonplaces to her very box. There was no scarcity of sacrificers. The noblest of Naples overwhelmed me with adulations; from compliments they came to declaration, and there, as at Rome, Venice, and elsewhere, I was persecuted by the insipid gallantries of suitors, to which every successful artiste possessed of any personal attraction must submit. To all these advances my heart remained cold, and my insensibility cost me nothing; for I neither loved nor wished to. A strange event, however, changed my plans. It was an evening of last autumn, and the air was as sultry as possible. Exhausted by the heat of the theatre, after the performance was over I sent my carriage home, and resolved, in company with my *confidante*, to return on foot. I avoided my many suitors, and escaped from the theatre by a back-door. The air was so pure, and the night so beautiful, that I walked for some time on the *chiaja*. It was late when I returned homeward. Crossing an isolated street, which I had taken to shorten the walk, my *confidante* and myself were unexpectedly attacked by a party of men who stood beneath the portico of a palace. They had well-nigh stifled our cries with scarfs, which had been thrown over our heads, and we should possibly have been murdered, when a man, rushing sword in hand, I know not whence, attacked our aggressors, disarmed three of them, whom he put to flight, and killed the fourth by a dagger-thrust. Rapidly as possible, he then took off the bandages from our faces, and gave me, half dead with terror, his arm.

"A carriage passed, the stranger called to it, placed us in it, and said: 'A lady, signora, of your appearance, met in the streets of Naples at such an hour, doubtless is under the influence of some secret motive she would be unwilling to expose. My services to you have been too slight to warrant my questioning you. Now you have nothing to fear, and this carriage will take you any where you please. I will inquire into no orders which you may give.' 'But your name, signore?' said I. 'Count Monte-Leone,' said he, as he disappeared."

"That is true," said the Count. "I never knew, though, whom I had rescued from the hands of bandits."

He then began again to read:

"From that time the Count was, in spite of myself, the object of my constant thoughts and secret meditations. I was very anxious, at least, to know the features of the man, whom I had only seen in the dark; for the services he had rendered me, the courage he had displayed, even the sound of his voice, spoke both to my head and heart. One day, as I was crossing the street of Toledo, some young persons pointed out to me a cavalier, mounted on a noble horse. 'No one but Monte-Leone can ride such an animal as that. No one else rides so well.' 'He is the handsomest and most brilliant of our young nobles,' said another. 'What a pity he gives himself so completely to the people,' said a third. The Count, whom I saw then for the first time, was the realization of all my youthful dreams and illusions. I loved the Count, though I did not know it. From the moment I saw him, my heart and soul were consecrated to him."

A painful sigh, uttered near Monte-Leone, made the Count look at young Rovero, the pallor of

whom indicated intense suffering.

"My friend," said the Count, taking his hand, "what matters it if Felina love me, provided I do not love her?"

"Some day you may love her," said Taddeo.

"No," said the Count.

"And why?"

"Because I have but one heart, and that is another's." [Pg 496]

A happy smile lighted up the face of Rovero, and Monte-Leone continued to read, with as much *sang-froid* as if another were the subject of the letter:

"You wished to know which of the four I loved; excuse me, Taddeo, but now I have told you all. From that time I conceived an ardent devotion to Monte-Leone. My passion was, however, of that kind which only demands the gratification of the soul. All I had heard of the Count's character, of his errors, follies, and numerous passions, far from alienating, rendered him still dearer to me. It seemed that his lofty, generous disposition, full of courage and honor, had wanted nothing but a guide, or rather an angel, to wrest him from the torment of the life he had prepared for himself."

The Count paused, and reflected for a few moments, which seemed centuries to Rovero. He then began again to read:

"Ah, had I met Monte-Leone in the days of my innocence, in the days when I also looked for some one to guide my early steps, with my hand in his, with my heart beating against his, I should, perhaps, have avoided the rocks on which I have been wrecked? To the Count, however, I could be now but an ordinary woman, whose attractions might, perhaps, for the moment fascinate him, but whom he would soon cast aside, as he has his other conquests: then I feel *I should have killed him!*"

The Count quietly read on:

"I loved him too fondly to become his mistress; yet his image pursued me by night and day. At last my heart, in its immense and pure love, inspired me with the noblest and purest idea: 'Be more than a woman, be more than a mistress to him,' said I to myself, 'be a providence, a secret and protecting providence which preserves him in all dangers, and provides all his happiness.' Alas! I fancied that I had to defend Monte-Leone only against the ordinary perils of life, against the rivalry excited by his triumphs, and not against the serious dangers to which his opinions subjected him. I soon heard the rumors which were being circulated about the Count, learned of his danger, and the perilous part he had to play in relation to the secret societies. I learned all this from public rumor, but I needed other aid and information to guide me in the defence of him I loved. Among those most carried away by my talent, and if I must say so, most captivated by my beauty, was the Duke of Palma, minister of police. I received the minister kindly, and without yielding to his persuasions, conferred trifling favors on him. His confidence in me was immense. When I was stern to him he became desperate, but he professed there was such a charm in my company that he sought constantly to see me. Minister as he was, he became not my *sicisbeo*, for that I would consent to at no price, but my *cavaliero sirviente*, thus occupying the second grand hierarchy of love. I learned from the minister himself the snares prepared for Monte-Leone, twenty times I informed your friend of them, and enabled him to avoid them. In the same manner I heard of your imprudent folly at the ball of San-Carlo, and you know what I did to avert its consequences. A certain Lippiani, a skilful officer placed by means of my influence in the Neapolitan police, while paying a visit of inspection to the jailor of the Castle *Del Uovo*, contrived to introduce into the prisoner's loaf the mysterious information he received. The imagination, or rather the genius of the Count, inspired him with a design to secure his liberty. To assure the success of this ruse, the Count escaped for some hours from his prison, and amid that season of trouble, energy, and anguish, Monte-Leone lost the famous ring he always wears. This loss again placed his life and liberty in danger. Then I conceived a hardy and bold plan, which cannot succeed without your aid and devotion. On that, however, for you so promised me, I rely. I learned that you were a prisoner, but were about to be released. You can then aid me, but it is necessary to awake no suspicion. Aware of every outlet to the palace, which had often been shown to me by the Duke of Palma, I remembered a certain secret passage and door hidden in a pillar, whither the Duke often comes, to hear, unseen, the examinations of prisoners. Thither I sought to come. The porter admitted me at night; doubtless, fancying I was come to keep an appointment with his master. Of what value, however, were honor and reputation to me compared with his danger. Now, Taddeo, read with attention the lines I am about to write; follow my advice exactly, or Monte-Leone is lost.

"I obtained possession for a few days of the emerald lost by the Count, and which had been sent by his enemies to the Duke of Palma. At a great cost I caused a similar one to be made by one of the most skilful workmen of Naples. The copy will be easily recognized: *that is what I wish*. I have substituted it for the original, and placed it myself in the minister's jewel case, the key of which he had given to me to take an antique *cameo*, the design of which I wished. The false ring will be given to the Count, instead of the true one, which is in the *coffret* I have placed by you. Go to Monte-Leone's house, during the night after your release. I am too closely watched now, to dare go thither myself. Give this ring to the old servant, tell him to deliver it to the judges, but not till the trial. The enemies of whom I spoke will be overcome by this pretended proof of their

imposition, and the safety of the Count will be sure. I have told you all. Now, Taddeo, excuse me for having pained you by my disclosure. Excuse me for having unfolded all my heart to you, excuse me for having permitted you to read my most secret sentiments. Your love deserves something better than mine; but if it inspire you with any pity for me, rescue the Count from the executioner, and know that to save Monte-Leone is to save La Felina." [Pg 497]

"What a woman!" said the Count, as he let fall the letter; "what passion and devotion!"

"Ah!" said Taddeo, who looked anxiously into the eyes of the Count, to divine the effect produced by the singer's letter, "you see her devotion pleases and touches you:—that you love her——"

"Taddeo," said the Count, with great emotion, "that woman was my providence, and defended me against my accusers.... She saved my life.... It is a noble heart that thus hopelessly devotes itself. Let me give her all my gratitude.... A poor and sterile recompense for such devotion. The other sentiments of my heart you shall also know!"

Rising up with the dignified and lofty air of a noble, he said:

"Taddeo Rovero, Count Monte-Leone asks of you the hand of Aminta Rovero, your sister."

Just then a painful exclamation was heard in the next room. Monte-Leone seized his dagger and rushed to the door. He threw it open, and a strange spectacle presented itself to him. A woman, pale and trembling, leaned on the arm of an old man. Her eyes, fixed and tearful, seemed to look without seeing, and her ears appeared to catch no sound. It was La Felina. She was sustained by old Giacomo.

"Excuse me, Monsignore, she was permitted to come in; for Signor Rovero, when he brought your ring, said you owed your safety to her."

"Felina!" said Taddeo. He fell at the singer's feet.

She remained motionless as a statue whose lips only were living.

"Signore Monte-Leone," said she, "I leave Naples to-night, and for ever. Before I did so, however, I wished to see and give you a piece of advice. Death menaces you from all sides, and your most insignificant actions are observed. Escape from the country, for here you will no longer find the faithful friends who have watched over you."

"Say, Signora, the *faithful friend*, the generous providence who saved me from the axe of the executioner."

"You know all, Signor," said La Felina; and she looked at Taddeo—"my secret has been revealed to you—for blushing, however, I now acknowledge with pride that it is true, for it has won for me the expressions you uttered just now. Alas!" said she bitterly, "I should have fled and have heard no more."

Tears filled her eyes; overcoming her emotion, however, she said:

"My mission is fulfilled, Count Monte-Leone, for you will live and be happy. If misfortune, though, befall you, do not forget that one heart in the world will taste of all your sorrow.—Taddeo," said she, giving the young man her hand, "time and reason will exert their influence on so noble a heart, and ere long you will find one worthy of you. Forget me," she added, when she saw him about to reply, "do not speak to me of sentiments the intensity of which I know—and I will assist you to triumph. To-morrow you will love me less. I know so. To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Taddeo.

"Yes," said Felina, "and in a little time I shall be but the shadow of a dream, which some reality will expel from your heart."

She went towards the door.

"Signori," said she, when she saw Monte-Leone and Taddeo preparing to follow her, "I came hither with confidence in the honor of two gentlemen, who, I am sure, will not leave the room until I shall have left. Do not be afraid," she continued, with a faint smile on her lips, "a carriage awaits, but not to convey me to the Castle *Del Uovo*."

Then casting on the Count a glance instinct with sadness and regret, she offered her hand to Taddeo, who covered it with kisses, and preceded by Giacomo left the room. For some moments the two friends looked at each other in silence. Taddeo then went towards the door, saying:

"But I am a fool to let her escape thus."

He crossed the court and went to the door of the room. The carriage, however, was gone, and far in the distance he heard the sound of the wheels.

II.—A LAST APPEARANCE.

The hearts of Monte-Leone and of Taddeo Rovero were, after the departure of the singer, in very different conditions. Monte-Leone, delighted with the present, and with the prospect of future success, to be attained as the husband of Aminta, forgot all else—even the terrible responsibility which weighed on him as the chief of a faction of forbidden societies, and the perpetual dangers

with which it menaced him. Monte-Leone had an energetic heart but a volatile mind, over which the accidents of life glide like the runner of a sleigh over polished ice, almost without leaving traces.

A circumstance of which we will speak of by and by, aroused the Count from his peace of soul to cast him in the waves of that sea of politics where shipwrecks are so common and tempests so usual. The only idea which occupied Taddeo was to see La Felina again. He said rightly enough that the rays of such a star could not long be concealed; that its glory and success would always betray it, and that the farewell token of Monte-Leone in the Etruscan house would not be for ever.

Under the influence, then, of very different sentiments, the two friends returned to the Count's hotel at Naples. Less beautiful than the magnificent palace of Monte-Leone, it did not, like the latter, render indispensable the numerous and imposing array of servants, of which his somewhat restricted fortune deprived Monte-Leone. Descried by its master during the whole time of his seclusion, this hotel had been the scene of the ruinous pleasures of the Count. Splendid festivals had been given there; joyous suppers had been proposed, and the shadow of more than one [Pg 498] graceful dame, wrapped in silken folds, had been traced at midnight on the great white marble wall of the portico.

Giacomo, who had left the Etruscan house at an early hour, had superintended the preparation of the hotel for its master, and the unfolding of the tall wide windows made the house seem to stare on the sunlight, like blind persons who but recently have recovered their sight. The resuscitation of the hotel of Monte-Leone, as people in the Toledo-street said, created a great sensation in that quarter. The Count and Taddeo had been there but a short time, when Giacomo, evidently in a very bad humor, announced Signor Pignana. Many of the Count's friends who had heard of his return came to see him and crowded around him. They arose to leave when the new-comer was announced; but they paused when they saw the strange person introduced.

"*Buon giorno caro mio Pignana*,"[O] said the Count, advancing to meet him. "You are not the last to visit me, and I am deeply touched by your visit. He is my landlord, Signori, an excellent man. Something of an Arab, it is true, in money matters; but as he is an old tradesman, you see it is impossible for him to change his habits. For twenty years he furnished the family liveries, and the result is that now he is richer than me."

"Ah, my Lord," said Pignana, "you flatter me."

"Not at all, Signor," said Monte-Leone. "Now you can yourself have liveries with the Pignana arms, '*Two winged shears on a field argent*,' a regular tailor's escutcheon."

"How then," asked one of the young men, "is Signor Pignana your landlord—is it of this hotel or of your beautiful palace?"

"Ah," said the Count, "he is not exactly my landlord yet, but he will be if my friend and creditor, Signor Pignana, continues to lend me money at cent. per cent. At present, however, the excellent man only owns my Etruscan house, a very gem of a thing, which he rents to me, and for which I am much obliged."

"It is I who am obliged," muttered Pignana.

"Ah!" said the Count, with a smile, "I believe you. That house had nearly become historical. If the executioner of Naples, the father of a family, and passionately fond of flowers," continued the Count to his friends, "with whom I passed a fortnight at the Castle *Del Uovo*, had been forced to arrange matters for me, the house in which Monte-Leone was arrested would have become historical. Pignana could have let it out to tourists, and could have retailed the stores for the London museums. Instead of this piece of good fortune, which I am very glad was not Pignana's, he possesses a good tenant, who will some day pay him punctually, when he has himself been paid all that is due him; for you can fancy how the arrest of one man discourages the business of others. All his debtors, all the friends of his purse, leap with joy; he seems at once outlawed, especially to those who are indebted to him. The most honest merely pray that his imprisonment may be prolonged; the least delicate pray that the executioner may send them a receipt."

"But the Count also has some true friends who would be distressed at his death," said Pignana. "Monsignore counts me among them."

Pignana probably uttered these words under the influence of great emotion, for a tear hung on the lid of his eye above an aquiline nose of immense size.

"My dear Pignana," said the Count, "I know how far I can depend on you, for *I know you*."

Monte-Leone accented this word, the significance of which to Pignana was very expressive, for he looked proudly around, as if the Count had given him a certificate of valor and courage.

"I am about to give you the list of our men—that is to say of our transactions,"[P] said the old man, eagerly correcting himself.

"Yes," said Monte-Leone, who had glanced sternly at him, "the list of our transactions. Go on, Pignana, go on, prove your account and diminish the total, contrary to your wont; above all, exhibit your vouchers; that is especially important."

"Do not trouble yourself, Monsignore: I have all regular, and now you must pay in person."

"In person," replied the Count. "Yes, Pignana, I will thus discharge my obligations without having recourse to a third party. Go thither, however, at once," said he, and he pushed the tailor into the next room. "You will find writing materials," he added, aside, "and no one to listen to you."

"Excuse me, Signori," said he, speaking to his friends; "you have seen one of the greatest misfortunes of our rank, the necessity of civility to a fool who is a creditor."

Just then Taddeo Rovero, who had gone out when Pignana entered, came in, introducing a handsome lad of about eighteen.

"Count," said he, to Monte-Leone, "let me introduce you to Signor Gaetano Brignoli, a friend of my family."

"Then, Signor," said the Count, "you are a friend of mine; for all whom they love are dear to me."

"Ah! Count," said Gaetano, "how much uneasiness your trial has caused all at Sorrento! Especially to myself, who was particularly charged by the charming Aminta to inform her of all the details of the trial. I set out on the night before your trial to be one of the first in the hall."

"I scarcely dare," said the Count, with an expression of great pleasure, "to think the Signorina entertains such interest in my behalf."

"It was not precisely of yourself that she spoke," replied Gaetano, "but of my friend Taddeo, her brother, who was known to be compromised with you, and about whom she, naturally enough, was interested." [Pg 499]

The Count grew slightly pale as he saw this gratification wrested from him.

"By-the-by, Signori," said Gaetano, "you have heard the news with which all the city and suburbs echo, and which makes almost as much noise as the trial of the Count Monte-Leone."

"I trust," said the Count, bitterly, "that the news is more pleasant."

"Infinitely more so," continued Gaetano. "Every one is talking of it, and crazed with it—especially myself, who am a *pazzo per la musica*, like the here of Fioravanti. You know, Signori, nothing is more pleasant than to win again a pleasure we fancy to have been lost to us."

"Go on," said Taddeo, who had a presentiment that something pleasant was about to be related. The very mention of music made him quiver.

"Well, Signori," said Gaetano, "the Sicilian siren, the fairy *La Felina*, sings to-night at San Carlo."

"La Felina?" said all the listeners at once.

"La Felina! impossible!" said Rovero. "She left Naples last night."

"Certainly she did," said Gaetano; "and that makes the matter more charming and pleasant. *La Felina* has her caprices as all pretty women, and singers especially. That is the condition and very qualification of talent. A *prima donna* who did not keep the public uneasy about her health, her business, or her amours, one who did not outrage the manager, would not be a complete woman. How could she? One does not earn a hundred thousand francs a year for acting as if the salary was only a thousand crowns. It would be vulgar and common and altogether unbecoming a fine lady. La Felina, therefore, annoyed by the effect produced on the public mind by the drama of the Trial of Count Monte-Leone, which occupied the attention she thought should be engrossed by her own performances, would not appear while the trial was going on. She was about to throw up her engagement, and actually did so, when she was at the Porta-Capuana. The patrons of the opera, with the empresario at their head, accompanied by the orchestra and troupe, not wanting an enormous crowd of other admirers of *la Diva*, and they are many, prevented the carriage from passing. She was surrounded, pressed, and besought to such a degree that she was dragged back to her hotel, and promised to sing once more in the Griselda of the *Maestro Paër*, the best of all her characters. You can fancy the enthusiasm thus excited, and how all struggle to secure seats. I paid for mine thrice the usual price, and think I am very fortunate."

For a moment Taddeo said nothing, he saw nothing, and scarcely breathed. He was half stifled with joy and surprise. To see one again, from whom he had expected to be separated for so long a time, and perhaps for ever, seemed to him a dream from which he seemed afraid to awake. The friends of the Count left: all hurried to the theatre to secure an opportunity of being present at the solemnity.

"Come, come," said Taddeo, hurrying young Brignoli away. "I must go to San Carlo to-night at any price, even at that of my life!"

"Indeed!" said Gaetano, "I did not think you so passionate a dilettante. You exceed me—to pay for music with gold is well enough, but with life—ah, that is altogether a different thing; mine is valuable, and I keep it for greater occasions."

The Count stopped Rovero just as he was about to leave.

"What," said he, with an air of deep concern, "will you not go with me to-morrow to Sorrento?"

"To-morrow, to-morrow, for pity's sake," said Taddeo in a low tone. "Let me be happy to-day, and

I will devote all my life to you."

He left with Gaetano.

"No, no," said Monte-Leone, "I will not wait a day, not an hour, before I see Aminta,—even if I go to Sorrento alone. I will go thither at once."

"Impossible," said a grave voice behind the Count.

The latter turned around and saw Pignana, who had glided unseen from the room as soon as he heard the young people leave.

"Why so?" said the Count.

"Why, Monsignore?" replied Pignana, who, casting aside the air and manner of a retired tradesman, became a dry and cold old man with a dignified bearing. "Because our brothers, terrified at your arrest, were on the point of dissolving the *vente*.—Because, it has been reported that your excellency was on the point of abandoning the cause, and laying aside the functions of supreme chief:—Because, the principal *Carbonari*, the agent of whom I am, wish to be informed of your intentions, and to be assured by you personally that you will not abandon them."

"Then," said the Count, with a gesture of ill-restrained temper, for these political embarrassments came in conflict with ideas which were far dearer to him, "that is the meaning of what you said just now. How can I restore confidence to our associates? The Neapolitan police watches over me; the least imprudence, the slightest exhibition of the existence of our association, would revive all, and endanger the fate and future success of the society, and also my life. You have few men of energy among you; you, who are one of the most devoted, trembled *in the presence of my friends*. You deserve to be hissed like a bad actor in a good part! Listen to me, Pignana: I wish to be your chief; I wish to risk a heavy stake in your cause; but now, especially when heavy matters weigh on me, I do not purpose to appear in *political comedy*. I [Pg 500] wish to play a serious part, the theories of which are actions, with many deeds and few words. I will do all that is necessary to serve our cause, but nothing more. Remember this. The Castle *Del Uovo*, dungeons beneath the sea, the executioner and conversations with the Grand-Judge, warn me to be careful and prudent. Ask me, then, nothing more. In eight days our great general *venta* will be held at the monastery of San Paola, fifty leagues from Naples. I will be there, and will tell you what our brethren in France and Germany have informed me of. Until then, however, question me about nothing."

"We do not, Monsignore," replied Pignana, who was aware of the firmness of the Count, and saw at once that he had mistaken his course. "The association, which admires your excellency, especially since the trial, which looks on your excellency as a martyr, asks nothing except one favor, which will overwhelm it with gratitude and joy."

"And what is that favor?" rejoined the Count.

"That Monsignore will appear to-night at San Carlo in a box, the key of which I have with me. This box may be seen from every part of the house. All of our principal men will be present, and if Monsignore will advance, during the interlude, to the front of the box, *placing his hand on his heart*, all our friends will know that they may rely on him."

"By my faith, shrewd as the Duke of Palma is, suspicious as the police may be, I do not think this can be construed into an act of treason. It pledges me to nothing. The ladies to whom we make the gesture understand it. I will then make this exhibition of my person, as the English say, and I will increase the interest of the performance by my presence. In a word, I will appear for the benefit of La Felina. The brave girl and myself will not even then be quits."

"Thank you, Count," said Pignana, as he left—"and now, adieu, until we meet at San Carlo."

A few hours after the scene we have described, an immense crowd thronged every entry to the theatre of San Carlo. It was not, however, the joyous crowd intoxicated with folly which we have seen hurry into its precincts at the commencement of this story. On this occasion the public seemed rather busy than in search of pleasure. It was a matter of importance, indeed, to be present at the last appearance of La Felina. The keys of the boxes, therefore, according to the Italian custom, were sold at the door of the theatre, and at double the usual price. I speak only of the small number of boxes, the proprietors of which were absent from Naples. We may also as well add, that in Naples a box is often *property*. All the other boxes were occupied by illustrious personages, or by the wealthiest inhabitants of the great city. San Carlo on that night was brilliant as possible. The Count had just come. The women glittered with flowers and diamonds. As on the occasion of the masked ball, the theatre was illuminated *a giorno*. No detail of the festival, no beauty present could escape observation. Count Monte-Leone appeared in the box which had been reserved for him, which soon became the object of every lorgnette and the theme of every conversation. He bore this annoying attention with icy *sang-froid*, seeming even not to observe it. His vanity, however, was secretly gratified, and we have said that this was his weak point. The overture began, and the curtain was finally raised. During this time, and the first scenes of the opera, the private conversation was so loud and animated that the singers and orchestra were almost overpowered. Suddenly silence was restored—admiration as respectful as that which precedes a sovereign's arrival pervaded all.

The true Queen of Naples, at this moment, was La Felina. This complete calmness was soon succeeded by a thunder of applause. A thousand voices uttered a long shout of commingled bravos and hurras. La Felina was on the stage. This delirium produced by a single person, this passionate worship expressed by an almost furious admiration, those thousand hearts hung to the lips of a single person, is found only on the stage, and was one of the triumphs which Naples decreed to the greatest artist in Italy. A report was in circulation, also, which added to this almost furious admiration. It was said, that she was about to retire for ever, and that this was her last appearance. The eyes of love have a secret and admirable instinct, enabling them to see what persons who are indifferent cannot discover. Among this eager and compact crowd, the glances of La Felina were immediately attracted to a point of the hall, to a single box in which Monte-Leone sat. To him Felina acted and sang, and she was sublime. At the moment when Paër's heroine appeared, a single voice was heard above all others, and the person who had uttered it, having exhausted all the powers of his soul, during the whole time Felina was on the stage, stood with his eyes fixed on her, as if he had been fascinated by some charm he could not shake off.

"Poor Taddeo," said the Count, when he saw him, "why does she not love him?"

The first act was concluded by a torrent of bouquets, which the audience threw at the feet of their favorite actress. The curtain fell. This was the moment expected by the associate of Monte-Leone. Faithful to his promise, the Count leaned forward in his box, naturally as possible, and looked around the brilliant assembly. He then placed his hand on his heart, and disappeared in the recess of his box. Before, however, he left, he heard a confused and joyous murmur, which rose from the parquet to the boxes, and became lost in the arch of the gilded ceiling.

"*They were there*," said Monte-Leone, "and Pignana must be satisfied. I have done all he asked literally."

A few friends joined the Count in his box. [Pg 501]

"Indeed, dear Monte-Leone," said one of these, with whom he was most intimate, a friend of his childhood, "You have resumed your old habits."

"What do you mean?"

"That, scarcely out of prison, I saw you from my box beginning a new intrigue by exchanging signs with some fair unknown. This, too, at San Carlo. This is bold, indeed, unless the hand on your heart is the resumption of an old intrigue, interrupted, perhaps, by your imprisonment."

"I do not understand you, Barberini," said the Count, not a little annoyed. "I made no sign to any one."

"Perhaps so: if you please, I was mistaken. But if I am, it is all the better; for it proves to me that you no longer adhere to the plans you once confided to me. I was delighted, too, at what I heard yesterday evening."

"Of what plans do you speak?" replied the Count, moved, in spite of himself, by this half-confidence.

"Mon Dieu! of your own. Did you not tell me that you were passionately fond of the sister of Taddeo de Sorrento, of the beautiful Aminta Rovero, daughter of the old minister of finances of Murat?"

"True," said the Count.

"Well," continued Barberini, "I hope you are cured of that love, for you have a rival."

"A rival!" said the Count.

"Yes, and perhaps a happy one."

"Signor," said Monte-Leone, restraining himself with difficulty, "let me tell you I purpose to make that lady my wife. All that touches her honor, touches mine also."

"I say nothing derogatory to it, but merely repeat what I have heard."

"What have you heard?" said Monte-Leone, and the blood rushed to his head.

"One of my young relations," continued Count Barberini, "was at an entertainment given on the recurrence of her daughter's birthday by Signora Rovero. He spoke to me of a Frenchman who is with them, and who seems passionately fond of the young Aminta."

"And then?" said Monte-Leone, with the same tone in which he would have asked the executioner to strike him with certainty.

"And then! why that is all," said Barberini, who had become terrified at Monte-Leone's manner. "I heard nothing more.... If I did, I would take care to be silent when you look so furiously. All this interests me very slightly. One's own love affairs are too troublesome to enable us to occupy ourselves with those of others.... There, too, is the Countess d'Oliviero, waving her bouquet so impatiently to and fro that I see she will break it to pieces unless I go. I must leave you, to save her flowers." The young man left.

"I was right," said he, "not to tell the story of the night affair of which my kinsman was a witness.

I think he would have killed me at once."

III. A PATERNAL LETTER

On the day after the terrible night during which Aminta had strayed in her sleep to the room of Maulear, two ladies met at about nine in the morning in the saloon of the villa of Sorrento, and were locked in each other's arms.

"Yes, my child," said one of them, "your sleep has given an interpretation to all that has passed, and I understand all. Your honor cannot suffer, for you are chaste and pure."

"In your eyes, dear mother, I am; but in those of the world, which they tell me is so envious and malicious! Even last night, when every eye was fixed on me, I fancied that I read suspicion and contempt in the expression of more than one."

"No, my child," replied Signora Rovero, clasping her to her heart, "I saw almost all our guests this morning, immediately before they left. They had already heard of your somnambulism, and our servants had told how you suffered with it from your childhood. All are convinced of your innocence."

"Dear mother, do not think so. They spoke to you only with their lips, but believe me guilty."

"Mother," added she, with that strange emotion to which she was sometimes a victim, "I think that this unfortunate affair is but the beginning of the realization of the unfortunate fate which I know is reserved for me. It seems to me that on yesterday our evil days began."

She hid her head in her mother's bosom to conceal her tears, and to find a refuge against the misfortunes she feared.

A servant came in, and said, "The Marquis de Maulear wishes to wait on the ladies."

"Mother, mother," said Aminta, "how can I refrain from blushing before him?"

Signora Rovero bade the servant show the Marquis in. Then arranging Aminta's beautiful hair, she kissed her forehead, and said:

"Daughter, one never blushes in the presence of a husband."

Aminta, with great surprise, looked at her mother.

"Ah, ah!" said Madame Rovero, with a smile, "a parent's eyes see much."

Before Aminta had time to speak, the Marquis entered. He was pale and excited.

"Signora," said he to Aminta's mother, "I come to beg you to pardon me for a great fault."

"To what, Signor, do you refer?"

"Of the greatest of all faults, after the manner in which I have been received, and your kindness towards me—for not having confided in you, and said yesterday what I wish to say to-day. Yet only from you have I kept my secret. Yesterday, nothing obliged you to grant me the favor I am about to solicit: yesterday, you might have refused it. To-day, perhaps, it will be less difficult. A circumstance favorable only to myself," added he, with a timid glance at Aminta, "marks out my [Pg 502] conduct, which assumes now the aspect of an obligation. It fulfils all my wishes, and makes me the happiest of men. In one word, signora, I come to beg that you will suffer me to become allied to your family."

"Marquis," said Signora Rovero, "I expected to hear you speak thus, for I was sure of your honor. But far from wishing that now for the first time you had informed my daughter of the sentiments with which she has inspired you, I rejoice that your course has been different. Without this motive, signor, neither my daughter nor I would accept the alliance you wish to offer us. *No reparation can be exacted, where no fault has been committed.* I wish to strengthen your conscience, by assuring you, that in my opinion nothing obliges you to the course you have adopted, if it interferes with your prospects and success."

The last expressions of Signora Rovero produced a deep sensation on Maulear, and a shadow of uneasiness passed over his brow. She had ignorantly touched a sensitive chord of the heart of the young lover. Led astray by his heart, seduced invincibly by charms which were so new to him, Maulear, under the influence of passion, had entered on the flowery route, at the end of which he caught a glimpse of happiness. In the delirium of passion, he had forgotten that a severe judge, that the imperious master of his destiny, that a father, with principles eminently aristocratic, like all fathers in 1768, awaited to absolve or acquit him, to receive or repel him, to unite or to sever —in one word, to make him happy or miserable. All these important ideas were at once evoked in the mind of Maulear by the last sentence Signora Rovero had uttered. It was this hidden and sombre apparition which arose between Maulear and her he loved, the sinister aspect of which was reflected in a manner by the expression of Aminta's lover.

Signorina Rovero perceived it, and with the acute discrimination she possessed to so high a degree, said, in the melodious tones which touched all who heard them:

"Marquis, my mother has spoken for her family, I will speak for myself. You have informed us of the noble family to which you belong. I know that your wife one day will be a princess, and I wish

you to remember, that she, to whom you offer this title, is the daughter of 'a noble of yesterday;' the glory of whom is derived from her daughter's virtues. This, Marquis, I say not for you, but for others. Excuse me, too, for what you are about to hear. If I have need of courage to own it to you, perhaps you will require all your generosity to hearken to it." With a trembling voice she added: "As yet, I do not reciprocate the sentiments you have expressed. To the hope, though, which I permitted you to entertain yesterday, let me add, that I am additionally gratified by the offer of your hand; for in the eyes of many persons, signor, in the eyes of those who were witnesses of our presence together last night, you would not now marry her you were anxious to espouse yesterday.

"I shall marry an angel!" said Maulear, falling on his knees before Aminta, "an angel of candor and virtue. If your heart does not yet reciprocate the love you inspire, my care and tenderness will so delight you, that some day you will love me."

"Well, then," said she to Maulear, "grant me one favor. Suffer me to await that day. Take pity on a poor girl full of terror and apprehension, at a tie she has always feared. Grant her heart time to make itself worthy of you, Marquis, and remember that until then you are free. As my mother has told you, nothing binds you to me. Now you owe me nothing, nor will you, until I shall confide my destiny to your hands, when you will owe me the happiness you promise me."

"You do not consent? Then, Signorina, I will wait. Henceforth, however, I am pledged *to you*; and my hand and heart are yours."

Just then a servant told Maulear that a courier from Naples had brought him important letters. The Marquis bade adieu to the two ladies, and left.

"My child," said Signora Rovero, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "what must a man do to win your love?"

"I do not know; I am certainly foolish, but I am afraid!"

Maulear found the courier of the French embassy in his room. "An urgent letter from France," said he, to Maulear.

Henri read the direction and shuddered. It was from the Prince de Maulear. The Prince wrote rarely. What did he ask? The son who felt that he had acted incorrectly in disposing of his hand, without consulting the head of his family, trembled before he broke the seal. The character of Maulear was weak, as we have said, and, like people of this kind, the prospect of danger and misfortune annoyed him more than the reality itself. At last he resolved to know all, and with a trembling hand opened the letter. He read as follows:

"Paris, April 10, 1816.

"My Son:—I often hear of you, not through your own letters, for you write rarely, but through other friends, whom I have requested to keep me *au fait*. I know what kind of life you lead at Naples, and am dissatisfied with you. The son of a shop-keeper and a banker would act more like a gentleman than you. People talk of you here no better than they do of the deputy of the hangman. I had hoped the Marquis de Maulear would behave more correctly in a foreign country. I was no older than you are, when I went as secretary of legation to Madrid. Three months afterwards I was recalled. I had run away with three women, fought four duels, and lost at cards fifty thousand crowns. That was something to be recalled for. It was an assurance that in future I would be reasonable. When our youth reasons, and does not laugh, things go wrong. The King [Pg 503] spoke to me yesterday about you. He asked me, if you found any thing to amuse you at Naples. I replied that you found too much to amuse you. 'I am glad of it,' said the King, 'so our family honor at least is saved.' Since, however, you are most ignobly virtuous, I have tried to turn the affair to the best advantage. I have brought about a magnificent match for you, to supersede one I have heard you were making for yourself. The lady is rich, noble, and beautiful. She is the daughter of the Duke d'Harcourt, one of the gentlemen in waiting of his majesty. You may, perhaps, at Naples have seen René d'Harcourt, the brother of the lady. The marriage will take place three months hence. I trust I have surprised you not unpleasantly. Adieu, my son. Your aunt, the Countess, sends her love to you, and amuses herself with the preparation of your *corbeille*.

"Le Prince De Maulear.

"P.S. You have three months' more folly before you, and for the rest of your life you must be prudent. I have opened a credit of one hundred thousand livres in your favor, with the banker Antonio Lamberti."

The letter fell from the hands of the Marquis, and he sank on his chair completely overwhelmed. Like a thunder-bolt, it aroused him from a happy dream. There are, in fact, in all love matters, certain moments of intoxication, when men, ordinarily sensible, become blunderers. For a month the Marquis had been in this condition, half reasonable, half mad. Living with one thought prominent, all others were indistinct to him. To him love was every thing. His father, with his antiquated obstinacy, imbued with retrograde principles, disappeared like a ghost before the brilliant reality of passion. Besides, fear of a rival, dread of the brilliant Count Monte-Leone, who, full of love, as Henri had heard, aspired to nothing more than to become the husband of Aminta left him no other alternative, than to do what another was about to—make an offering of his hand and faith. Lovers, too, see nothing but the object of their passion; and Henri sometimes thought his father would agree with him. The strange epistle of the Prince had however reversed all his

dreams. The anger of the Prince when he should learn that a marriage had been contracted, contrary to his wishes, and in spite of his orders, might possibly exert a terrible influence on the fortune and future fate of the young couple; without regarding the chagrin and humiliation to which he would subject Aminta by bringing her into a family without the consent of its head.

Maulear passed three days in this cruel perplexity, sometimes hoping and then fearing that Aminta would yield to his prayer. His heart wished. His mind feared. If Signorina Rovero should accept his hand, it would be necessary for him to decide, to act; and then, from the weakness of his character, Maulear would be subjected to cruel uncertainty.

A few days after the scene which had occurred in his room, Maulear and the ladies sat together in a boudoir near the *salon*, which opened on the park, a view of which Aminta was taking. The Marquis had been reading to the ladies the trial of Count Monte-Leone from the *Diario di Napoli*. This curious story, full of surprises, the noble energy, the wonderful *sang-froid* of the Count, the remarks of the journalist on the character of the prisoner, and the unjust accusation to which he had been subjected, and which he had so completely refuted, and to which he had submitted with such nobleness and heroism, all was listened to with the greatest interest. Maulear had read all this much to his own dissatisfaction, because Signora Rovero had requested it. The praises of Monte-Leone were most unpleasant to him.

Aminta heard every word. Every detail of the Count's daring, every change of character in this judicial drama, awakened an inexplicable emotion in her. It seemed that Count Monte-Leone, to whose singular story she had listened, was a far different man from the one she had imagined him to be. His powerful mind, his exalted soul, all the powers of which had been developed by the trial, conferred on Monte-Leone new proportions hitherto not realized by her. Count Monte-Leone, whom she had seen at home, almost timid in the presence of her he adored, annoyed by his false position as a refugee, suffering from a passion he dared not own, was not the person of whom she had heard for the past month. Looking down on her drawing, which her increasing absence of mind made almost invisible to her, Aminta sought to recall the features of the Count which had been nearly effaced from her memory. Gradually, however, they arose before her. Had her mother then spoken, had her glances been diverted from the album on which they were fixed, a strange trouble and confusion would have been visible, when aroused from this meditation. The sound of wheels entering the court yard of the villa broke the charm which entranced Aminta, and made Signora Rovero utter a cry of joy.

"It is he," cried she. "It is he who returns, my son Taddeo. Daughter, let us hurry to meet him. Let us be the first to embrace him."

Accompanied by Maulear, the two ladies hurried into the vestibule, which they crossed, standing at the villa-door just as the carriage stopped. A man left it and bowed respectfully to Signora Rovero and her daughter. This man was MONTE-LEONE.

IV.—TWO RIVALS.

Much had passed since Count Barberini had told Monte-Leone of the love of Maulear for Aminta Rovero. Monte-Leone felt all the furies of hell glide into his heart at this revelation. The idea that Aminta could love any one had never entered his mind. Whether from confidence in her, or from that error so common to lovers that they are entitled to love because they love themselves, [Pg 504] Monte-Leone flattered himself that he had left a pleasant recollection in Aminta's mind. We may therefore imagine how painfully the Count was disturbed by the half-confidence of Barberini. Yet Taddeo, his friend, whom, he loved as a brother, could not have deceived him, and have concealed what had taken place at Sorrento, when he had received so cordially the hand of his sister. Taddeo, then, was ignorant of it. Monte-Leone, a prey to a thousand thoughts, left his box, forgetful of the opera, his friends and companions, with but one object and wish. He was determined to see Taddeo, to question him and find out who was the rival that menaced his happiness, and whom Aminta probably loved. The Count went to that part of the theatre in which he had seen Aminta. The second act, however, was about to begin; and the efforts of Monte-Leone to get near his friend created such murmurs, complaints, and anger, that he was obliged to wait for a more favorable opportunity. La Griselda was singing the *andante* of her cavatina, and the artist's magnificent, powerful, and tender voice, echoing through the vastness of the hall, fell in pearly notes like a shower of diamonds on the ears of the spectators. After the *andante* came the *caballeta*, and then the *coda-finale*. For a while one might have thought the four thousand spectators had but one breath, and were animated by a single heart, that they restrained the first to prevent the pulsations of the other from being disturbed. This gem of the opera was at last concluded, and mad applause rose from every part of the room. We are constrained, however, to say, that from this time the accents of La Felina were less passionate and brilliant, and that a veil, as it were, was extended over all the rest of the representation, so that a person who had heard only the second act of La Griselda would have asked with surprise, if it was really the wonderful prima donna, the songs of whom were purchased with gold, and the wonderful talent of whom, had enslaved the audiences of the great Italian theatres. The reason was, that, after the second act, the star which shone on La Felina had become eclipsed. Monte-Leone had left his box —the box which had been the source of Griselda's inspiration from the commencement of the first act. Hope had sustained the singer during the cavatina, at the beginning of the second act. She fancied that he whom she loved possibly heard her from the recess of some other box. When, however, she was satisfied that he was gone, despair took possession of her. "Nothing touches his heart," said she, with pain. "Neither my love nor my talent are able to captivate him—to

attach him to me for a time." Thenceforth, as she sang for him alone, she sang for no one. The holy fire was extinguished. Genius unfurled its wings and flew to the unknown regions of art, whence passion had won it. La Felina finished the opera, as a prima donna should, rendering the music precisely and distinctly, note for note, and as her score required. She neither added a single *fioritura* nor a single ornament which had not been noted by the composer. In one word, the audience at San Carlo on that day heard the opera of the *Maestro* Paër and not La Felina. During this, Monte-Leone, who had given up all hopes of reaching Taddeo, and whom Taddeo, paying attention only to the *artiste*, had neither heard nor seen, Monte-Leone walked in front of the opera-house, a prey to the greatest agitation, impatiently waiting for the conclusion of the representation, to see his friend and hear from him what he had to hope or fear at Sorrento.

The opera ended. The crowd slowly dispersed, and Monte-Leone, wrapped up in his cloak, watched with anxiety every spectator who left the theatre. Taddeo did not come. The doors of the theatre were closed, and the Count still waited. Surprised and impatient he went to his hotel, where Taddeo also lived, but he was not there. Night passed away, and he did not come. About three in the morning a stranger was shown in, and gave Monte-Leone three letters. One of them was addressed to the Count: he opened it anxiously.

"Excuse me, my dear friend, at quitting you thus. Excuse me, especially the uneasiness I have created in your mind"—wrote Taddeo—"I have learned that she left Naples to-night, and if I leave her I shall die. I will follow her by post and on horseback, without stopping, until I shall learn whither she has gone. What will I do then! I do not know,—but at least I will know where she is, and I will not fancy that she is lost to me for ever. 'To-morrow,' said she, when she left us, 'you will love me less.' She was mistaken, my friend, or she has deceived me; for to-day I love her better than I did yesterday. My heart suffers too much for me not to sympathize with yours, and I understand how impatient you are to go to Sorrento. I send a letter to my good mother—give it yourself to her. I beg her to receive you as a friend, and as she would receive a brother of mine. Stay with her until I come back. Say that in three days I will come back to ask her to give you Aminta's hand."

"Has the person who gave you these letters gone?" asked Monte-Leone of the messenger.

"He went an hour since from the post-house, on one of our best horses," said the messenger.

Monte-Leone gave him a piece of gold and dismissed him.

"Poor Taddeo!" said he, "to suffer as well as I do—no no, not so much as I do; for earthly love cannot be compared with heavenly passion. Jealousy such as I suffer can be compared to nothing; and all is derived from the serpent's stings, with which Barberini pricked my heart."

The time until day seemed interminable to Monte-Leone. It came at last. The Count rang for Giacomo and dressed himself elegantly. The old man on this occasion assisted him cheerfully and [Pg 505] zealously, as he had previously shown repugnance on the night of the terrible expedition at Torre-del-Greco. Monte-Leone ordered his handsomest equipage. A few minutes afterwards the horses pawed impatiently in the court-yard, so that the driver could with difficulty restrain them. When the Count came down, he found Giacomo standing in the door of the saloon so as to bar his egress. Pale and agitated, the old man restrained the Count, and in a stern, quarrelsome voice said:

"What is the matter now? what new folly are you about to commit?"

"What the devil do you mean?" asked the Count, taking hold of the intendant's hand.

"No, Monsignore, you shall not go," said Giacomo, extending his arms so as completely to shut the door, "unless you serve me as you did Stenio Salvatori. Is it not a shame that the noblest of the gentlemen of Naples, that the son of my master, should walk abroad armed like the bravo of Venice—with a sword, poniard and pistol in his bosom? What, if you please, was that box of pistols, placed by little Jack, your groom, as those animals are called in England, in your carriage?"

"What is it to you?" said the Count, impatiently.

"What is it to me?" asked the old man with tears in his eyes. "Are you not again about to risk your life against I know not whom nor why? What is it to me? That you may live, that my last days may not be passed in uneasiness and despair, like those which have gone by—for I love you. Count," said the old man, kneeling before his master, "I love you as a father loves his son. I held you in my arms when you were a child. For heaven's sake renounce your dangerous plans, renounce the acquaintance of those rascally mysterious looking men who come so often to see you. Have nothing to say to that rascally Signor Pignana, whom I would so gladly see hung. Be again happy, gay, and joyous, as you used to he. True, we were ruining ourselves, but we were not conspirators."

The Count gave his hand to Giacomo.

"Giacomo, my good fellow," said he, "I am about to engage in no conspiracy."

"What then?"

"I am about to marry," said Monte-Leone, with a smile.

"Marry! with a case of pistols as a wedding present?"

"Why!" said the Count, moodily, "I may perhaps meet enemies on the road. Now I have more than life to protect: I have my honor."

Monte-Leone, making an affectionate gesture to the old man, descended gayly and sprang into the coach, which bore him rapidly towards Sorrento, and stopped at the door of Signora Rovero's house, as we have previously said.

When she saw Monte-Leone, instead of Taddeo, Signora Rovero trembled.

"Signor," said she to the Count, "for heaven's sake tell me what evil tidings you bear. What misfortune has befallen Taddeo?"

"In two days, Signora, Taddeo will be here, and I have the difficult duty to excuse his absence. He has, however, asked me to deliver you his letter, which explains all."

Signora Rovero took the letter and opened it with eagerness.

"Excuse me, Signor," said she to the Count, "but you must make allowance for a mother's anxiety."

"So be it," she observed, after having read it. "Taddeo is in no danger if we except that his fortune may be bad. A hunting party in the mountains will detain him for two days from us."

"Count," said Signora Rovero, "my son speaks so affectionately of you that I am led to offer you my own love."

"I have the advantage in that respect, Signora, for the kindness with which you treated me while here, and the memories I bore away, have ever since inspired the deepest affection for you."

They entered the saloon, and Signora Rovero introduced Maulear to Monte-Leone. They saluted each other with the most exquisite politeness, but without exchanging a glance.

Between love and hate there is this in common: it sees without the eye; it hears without the ear. Love has a presentiment of love, and hatred of hatred.

Monte-Leone approached Aminta. All his power and energy were insufficient to triumph over the violent agitation which took possession of him when he spoke to the young girl. His loving heart offered but faint opposition to the torrent of passion, which had been so long repressed that it was ready to bear away every obstacle. Aminta blushed and became troubled when she recognized in the vibration of his voice all the emotion Monte-Leone experienced. The conversation became general. Signora Rovero spoke to the Count of his trial, the incidents of which the Marquis had been kind enough to read. The Count bowed to the Marquis as if to acknowledge a favor. Maulear looked away to avoid the necessity of acknowledging it. The Count seemed not to perceive it. Aminta became aware that if he kept silent longer the circumstance would be remarked.

"During your imprisonment, Count, in the Castle *Del Uovo*, I have heard that a terrible episode occurred, the details of which the *Diaro* does not give."

"The reason was the *Diario* did not know them. True, like other journalists he might have invented them, but he did not do so; and, perhaps, acted well, for his fancies could not have equalled the truth."

The Count then simply, without exaggeration, and especially without that petition for pity which is so frequently met with, told the story of the terrible scene in the prison.

Aminta listened to every word. She suffered with the prisoner, hoped with him, and followed all [Pg 506] the details of the story, exhibiting the most profound pity for the occurrence. Signora Rovero sympathized with her daughter, and, for the time, Monte-Leone was the hero of the villa. All the prejudices of Aminta disappeared in a moment in the presence of Monte-Leone, as the morning vapors are dispersed by the first rays of the sun.

Maulear, in icy silence, listened to the Count and looked at Aminta. As he did so, his brow became covered with clouds precisely as that of Aminta began to grow bright. The latter, perceiving the painful impressions of the Marquis, extended every attention to him, so that Monte-Leone began to grow moody. The two rivals passed the whole day in alternations of hope and fear, happiness and suffering. The state of things, however, was too tense to be of long duration. These few hours seemed centuries to the adorers of Aminta, and if any one had been able to look into the depths of their ulcerated hearts, he would have seen that a spark would have produced an explosion. Many of the neighbors of Signora Rovero, who had not visited her since the ball, ventured to return. Among others present was Gaetano Brignoli. All loved him for his frank and pleasant off-hand speeches, and all received him with good humor and confidence. Maulear, who had laid aside his dislike, received him kindly, as he had previously done distantly. The *Rose of Sorrento* reproached Gaetano with having forgotten his promise.

"You should yourself on the next day," said she, "have given me news of Taddeo and of Monte-Leone's trial. You, however, only wrote. Friends like you, and brothers like mine, are unworthy of the affection bestowed on them." Then, like a child *making friends* with a playmate, she took Gaetano into the embrasure of a meadow, and began to talk with him in a low tone. The night promised to be brilliant and serene, and the air to be soft and pleasant. The evening breeze penetrated into the saloon, refreshing the atmosphere with the respiration of the sea. "What a

magnificent evening, Marquis," said Monte-Leone to Maulear, as he approached him, and looked at the stars which had begun to dot the sky.

It was the first time the Count had spoken to the Marquis directly. The latter trembled as a soldier who hears the sound of the first battle signal. His emotion was short, and saluting the Count affably as possible, he replied:

"It, is a winter evening in Italy, Count, but in France it would be one of summer."

"Do you not think," said Monte-Leone, "that this is the proper hour for exercise, in this country? The complete repose of nature, the eloquent silence of night, all invite us to confidence, and make us wish for isolation and solitude—"

"Count," said Maulear, "do you wish for a half solitude; a desert inhabited by two persons?"

"Certainly, that is what I mean."

"So do I, and would participate in yours."

"Come, then, I never saw a more beautiful night, and I shall be charmed to enjoy it with you."

These two men, with rage in their hearts, each being an impregnable barrier to the happiness of the other, loving the same woman in the same way, resolved to contend for her, to their last breath;—these two men left the saloon, with smiles on their lips, like friends about to listen to the secret thoughts of each other beneath the shadow of some beautiful landscape, in happiness and pleasure.

Aminta saw them go out. She grew pale, and suffered so that she leaned against the window-case.

V. THREE RIVALS.

Count Monte-Leone and the Marquis de Maulear entered together a vast and beautiful avenue, silvered over by a brilliant moon.

"Signor," said the Count to Maulear, "do you ever have waking dreams? Can you, by the power of your imagination, transport yourself into the future, and, as it were, read your destiny, with all its prosperous and unfortunate incidents, its pleasures and chagrins? This often happens to me, especially by day and when I am unhappy. For a long time, too, I have been unhappy. For instance, not long ago, when shut up in a dark prison, with no prospect before me but that of an unjust death, and the headsman's axe bringing to a close my sad and eventful career, my good angel certainly, for I believe in such beings, sent, two hundred feet below the surface of the earth, a vision of dazzling light and beauty. I was transported beneath the green shadows of myrtles and orange-trees; I breathed an atmosphere impregnated with intoxicating and balsamic perfumes, while near me, with her hand in mine, and her heart beating on my bosom, was a young girl, destined to be my guide through this life of misery; the angel, in fact, of whom I spoke just now. Sorrows, suffering, injustice, the dungeon, and the executioner, all disappeared, and I enjoyed all the luxury of this heavenly revelation; and I said, for the realization of this heavenly revelation, the heart's blood would not be too dear a price. Do you not think so, Marquis?"

"I do, Count," said Maulear, "and especially so, because what your rich imagination has created for you, chance, or my good genius—for I too have faith in them—has displayed before me, not in the delirium of a dream, but in reality. I have seen the myrtle groves of which you dreamed: I have breathed the perfumes you describe so well: I have found the woman your imagination has shadowed to me. I found her one day when I did not expect to do so. I found one more beautiful than I had fancied woman could be, gifted with such charms, grace, and virtue, that I ask myself frequently whether such a being can belong to earth." [Pg 507]

"Marquis," said Monte-Leone, and as he spoke he led the Count towards a darker alley, lighted up only by a few rays of the moon, which penetrated the interstices of the branches, "would it not be best to conclude this conversation rather in the dark than in the light? Our words need not any light, and neither you nor I pay any attention to the expression of our faces."

"So be it," said Maulear, and they entered the dark alley.

"Marquis," said Monte-Leone, "the divinity of my dream and the object of your passion are so alike, that I am sure we worship the same idol, and kneel before the same altar. Fortune has led two men of soul and honor into the same route. We both struggle for an object which one only can reach. One of us must tread on a carcass, which must be either yours or mine."

"Count," said Maulear, "we understand each other. We adore the same idol, but you are not ignorant that our rights to offer it homage are different; that I have rights which you have not."

The Count trembled. A word might crush all his hopes. For a few moments he hesitated, and then in a calm voice said,

"Does she love you?"

Without replying to the question, the Marquis said,

"Signora Rovero, for her name is too deeply engraven on our hearts for it not to spring to our

lips, is aware of my sentiments, of which I have already told her."

"And has accepted them?" said Monte-Leone, in yet greater trouble.

"No," said the Marquis, honorably; "but bade me hope that some day she would."

"Then," said the Count, with joy, "nothing is lost. Marquis, the past is yours, but the future is mine. Had I the mind and grace of a French nobleman, I would, perhaps, propose to you a contest of courtesy, and might rely on my hope, my love, my attention, to triumph. But the contest must be of a different kind; for I will expose myself to no risks." Lowering his voice, he continued: "Not one and the other can present his love to the Signorina Rovero, but *one without the other*. You or I alone; and, as I told you just now, there is a life too many."

"Very well, signor,—you wage your life against mine. I consent,—but must observe that this duel should, at least, accrue to the interest of one or the other of us; and yet I do not think that Signorina Rovero would touch a blood-stained hand."

"Signor," said Monte-Leone, "from the moment you accept my challenge, the mystery and secrecy with which it must be shrouded shall be my affair; and, if you please, I will tell you of my plans."

"Do so, signor," said Maulear, coldly.

"Let us leave this alley, and go towards that group of trees in that direction."

He led Maulear towards the sea. When they stood on the shore, he said, "Below there is a kind of cove, and in it a gondola like those of Venice—a pleasure-skiff—built formerly by the minister Rovero for his family. At this hour to-morrow, we will meet in this wood and go to the boat-house. We will then put to sea, and with no witness but the sea and sky, we will settle our affair. Two men will steer the bark to sea, and one wilt guide it back——"

In spite of his courage, Maulear could not but shudder at one who detailed with such coolness so horrible a plan. The manner of death frequently enhances our terror, and he who in a forest would bare his bosom to his adversary's ball, would shrink from it on the immensity of the ocean.

"But," said Maulear, "is all this romantic preparation, is this naval drama in which you insist on appearing, necessary to our purpose? Any other secret encounter would have the same effect, and would eventuate equally satisfactorily. At the distance of a few days' travel, would we not be able to fight more safely than here?"

"No, Marquis, I must remain in this villa until Taddeo de Sorrento shall have returned. Neither I nor you can leave it without arousing suspicions, and in two days hence, we would no longer be equals; for honor compels me to say that Taddeo has promised me his sister's hand, and that the influence he exerts over his mother will without doubt induce her to decide in my favor. If, however, you prefer to run that risk, I will not oppose you."

"No no," said Maulear, who remembered what Taddeo had said to him in relation to his sister, "I will fight for her I love at the very foot of the altar—"

"Signor," said Monte-Leone, "let us avoid all scandal. The death of him who falls may be easily accounted for; and as you said, we must never suffer her we love to think that the happiness of one of us has cost the other his life."

"So be it," said Maulear, "I accept your offer."

"To-morrow we will meet," said the Count.

The two enemies returned to the villa calm, and apparently undisturbed, as if they had been the best friends possible. When they came into the room again, Aminta sat by her mother. The eyes of the young girl, however, turning constantly towards the door, seemed to expect the return of the two young men with anxiety. Her cheeks became slightly flushed when they entered. The Count approached her and besought her to sing as he had often heard her. Aminta sat at the piano. Scarcely, however, had she sung the first bar, than the door of the saloon opened and Scorpione glided in and sat at the feet of the young girl, where he laid down as he used to do; not, however, daring to look at her. Since the scandal he had caused, he had been in disgrace with all the family, and his mistress did not speak to him. The Count, who had become acquainted with Tonio during his first visit to Sorrento, could not repress a movement of horror at the [Pg 508] appearance of the wretch. Far, however, from being angry, Tonio seemed glad to see him, and testified his pleasure by various affectionate signs. Gaetano, who was absent from the room, just then returned, and at the request of Signora Rovero sang several duets with Aminta. An extraordinary feeling seemed to influence the young man, and only with the greatest difficulty could he get through his part. When the evening was over, all retired. The next day rolled by in embarrassing constraint to all the inhabitants of the villa. An atmosphere of sadness surrounded them, like the dark clouds which seem at the approach of a storm to overhang the earth. Count Monte-Leone alone seemed master of himself, and sought to cure the general *atony* in which even Maulear was involved. A sensible difference was remarked between the two men, each of whom loved the same woman, while one of them must lose her forever. The Count did not take his eyes from her, and seemed thus to lay in a provision of pleasure for eternity, which seemed ready to open before him. Maulear, on the other hand, was sad and pensive, and scarcely dared to lift his eyes to Aminta, fearing, beyond doubt, that he would thus increase his sorrow and distress, and diminish his courage when the crisis came. As the day wore on. Aminta, feeling

unwell, retired to her room. Signora Rovero, accustomed to see her daughter have similar attacks, sat to play *reversis* with Count Brignoli and two other persons. Monte-Leone and Maulear exchanged a mysterious sign and left the room nearly at the same time. The night was not so beautiful as the preceding one had been. The disk of the moon sometimes was clouded, and the wind whistled among the trees of the park; all nature, deeply agitated, seemed to sympathize with the thoughts which agitated the minds of the two enemies. The dark and cloudy sky was a meet back-ground for such a picture.

Nine o'clock was struck by the bell of the Church at Sorrento, when two men met at the cove we have described. One of them wrapped in a cloak had a case under his arm. They went towards the bank and found the gondola there. This boat was long, like those of Venice, in imitation of which it had been made—had a little cabin in its stern, which now was closed. In it the ladies used to take refuge when bad weather interfered with their pleasure. The two men used all their strength to detach the gondola from the shore. At last they succeeded. The most robust then took one of the oars and pushed the boat from the bank. Just as they were about to put off, a burst of demoniac laughter rung in their ears. A very demon, a breathing spirit of evil, had witnessed all their preparations, and had learned, from its shape, the contents of the box; the idea of what they meditated caused him to utter this shout of laughter. This demon was Scorpione. This deformity was the rival of Monte-Leone and Maulear.

The blue and azure waves of the sea of Naples on that night seemed dark as ink. The wind agitated them. Calm as they usually are, and like a vast cemetery, the tombs of which open to receive the dead, they opened before the prow of the boat like a grave, as they were intended to be. At a distance of about three hundred fathoms the two adversaries ceased to row and replaced the oars in the gondola. Without speaking, they took out the pistols, examined their locks, and opened them.

"Signor," said Monte-Leone, "I thank you for the honor you have done me in deigning to use my arms."

"The arms of Count Monte-Leone are not to be refused."

"A true hand gives them."

"A true hand receives them."

Nothing more was said. They then proceeded to place themselves at the several ends of the boat. The Count uncovered himself. Maulear did also. They let fall their cloaks and opened the linen which covered their bosoms. They raised their pistols, took aim, and were about to fire.

The door of the cabin was thrown open, and Aminta rushed to the centre of the gondola. Gaetano followed her. The weapons fell from the hands of the rivals; and in terror and surprise they looked on this apparition. Not a cry escaped from their lips. Pale and motionless, they looked at each other without, at first, recognizing Aminta. Not a word passed their lips. Terror-stricken, they fancied themselves in the presence of some heavenly being, sent, like the angel of peace, to rescue them from death. The voice of Aminta, full of trouble and terror, echoed over the waves, like that of an angel, and alone aroused them from the ecstatic state in which they were plunged.

"Signori," said she, "I might sooner have put a stop to this atrocious duel, the very idea of which terrifies me; had it not have been so near its completion, you would, perhaps, have denied the intention to fight after all, within a few days. Thanks to the assistance of Gaetano, my childhood's friend, who yesterday evening became acquainted with your intention, I have by God's aid been able to prevent it. I wished my presence to be grave and solemn, that you might never renew the attempt; in order that, as it were, in the presence of God and of death, you might know my fixed determination. I would not be burdened with an existence which had cost the life of a fellow-being: you, Signor Monte-Leone, by the revered manes of your father; and you, Marquis de Maulear, by all you love, I conjure to swear that you will respect the life of him I shall accept as my husband."

"Impose no such oath on me," said Monte-Leone.

"Let me die first," said Maulear.

"Not you only, but I will die also. If I do not hear you swear, I will throw myself into the sea." [Pg 509]

She placed her foot on the gunwale of the boat.

"We swear," said the rivals, rushing towards her.

"Thanks, Signori, I will trust your oath. Count Monte-Leone," said she, "the Marquis de Maulear saved my life; you will also learn, hereafter, how generously he resolved to save my honor when it was compromised. My heart is de Maulear's, and I give him my hand."

The Marquis fell at Aminta's feet.

"To you," she continued, "Count Monte-Leone, I can offer only my respect and esteem."

"Signorina," said Monte-Leone, with a voice full of dignity and despair, "I accept even the boon

you offer me; and henceforth he whom you love is sacred to me."

By a violent effort over himself he extended his hand to Maulear. The waves had borne the bark towards the shore, and all who had participated in this scene returned safely to the villa. Signora Rovero, who did not know what had passed, on the next day received a letter from Monte-Leone, who, during the night, had left the villa.

VI.—MARRIAGE.

Nothing can describe the intensity of Count Monte-Leone's grief when he was again in the carriage, which, on the evening before, had borne him to happiness, and now took him back to Naples, sad and despairing. The Count had overcome his own nature, and this was a great victory to one who usually yielded to every prompting of passion. On this occasion he had restrained himself and overcome his rage at his rival's triumph. He overcame his agony at the wreck of his hopes. When he left Sorrento, and awoke, so to say, from the stupefaction into which he had plunged, the excitable brain and fiery heart again re-opened.

"I was a fool," said he, "I was a fool when I yielded my happiness to another. I was yet more mad when I swore to respect his life, when something far more violent than mine is wrested from me. Has he not crushed and tortured my heart? I regret even my place of imprisonment," continued he. "There I had dreams of love; and had death reached me in that abyss, I should have borne away hopes of the future which now are crushed for ever."

Two torrents of tears rolled down the cheeks of this iron-hearted man, over which they had rarely flown before.

On the morning after Monte-Leone's return to his hotel, he might have been observed sitting before the portrait of the victim of Carlo III., the holy martyr of conscience, as he called his father, looking on his noble brow with the most tender respect. We have spoken of the almost superstitious faith of the Count in the fact that his father protected him in all the events of his life. We have heard him call on his father when about to be buried in the waves of the sea, and then become resigned to death in the pious faith that his father waited for him. Whenever danger menaced Monte-Leone; whenever he was unexpectedly prosperous, or was involved in misfortune; whenever his life was lighted up with prosperity, or misfortune overwhelmed him, he always looked to this parent. He thought his pure spirit hovered above him; and encouraged by this celestial aid, he trusted to the mutations of fortune without fear or apprehension. When he looked at this adored image, consolation seemed always to descend on his soul. Overcome by the boundless love Aminta had inspired, he had forgotten the political duties to which he was devoted. It seemed to him that this cause, to which he had consecrated his life, had wonderfully diminished in importance since his trial.

"Can it be, oh my father, that you were unwilling for my love to interfere with the prospects of the duties imposed on me by your death? Or, is it that in your pity you have feared that, in my dangers, the angel to whom I have devoted my existence would be overwhelmed. If, oh my father, it be thy will that I suffer these cruel torments; if I am to reserve my energy for the cause I defend, be rejoiced at my sufferings, for I am able to bear them. Ere long I will again see those who have trusted me with their fate, and the suspicions of whom offend and wound me. They will know my resolutions, and I shall know whether I shall remain their leader or tread my weary way alone."

Just then the door of his cabinet opened, and a man appeared, or rather a spectre, so much had his appearance been changed by fatigue and suffering. He rushed into the arms of Monte-Leone.

"Taddeo," said he, "my God! what has happened? How pale you are! Why are these tears in your eyes."

"My friend, La Felina has deceived me only by a day. She was, however, mistaken herself. To-morrow, said she, you will *love me less*. To-day I love her no more. You see I have done better than she even hoped."

He fell, with his heart crushed, on a chair, and sobbed.

"Speak, speak to me," said Monte-Leone, forgetful of his friend's suffering in his own.

"As I wrote to you," said Taddeo, "I determined to follow her, and find out her retreat at all events. Had it been necessary, I would have followed her to the end of the world. Leaving the horse I had in a street near the theatre, I went to the door whence I supposed La Felina would come. I had been there an hour when I saw a post-carriage approach. A few moments had elapsed when a woman, accompanied by a servant, left the theatre, and after looking anxiously around, to be sure that she was unobserved, entered the carriage. The valet got up behind, and the postillion, who had not left the saddle, whipped up his horses and left in a gallop. I mounted my horse and followed the carriage, keeping just two hundred yards behind it. The carriage was driven towards Rome, and at every post-house the horses were changed, on which occasions I [Pg 510] kept out of sight, and then resumed my pursuit. Thus we travelled about fifteen leagues; when, however, we reached the eighth post-house, the carriage spring became broken and the body was thrown into a ditch. I rushed towards it, opened the door, and, in a fainting condition, received the person it contained. I bore her to the road, and, to give her air, threw aside her veil. I uttered a cry of rage and agony. The woman in my arms was not La Felina. The sound of my voice

aroused the stranger's attention, and she looked at me as if she were afraid. 'Who are you?' said she, trembling. 'What do you wish?' 'To save La Felina, whom I thought was here.' 'La Felina! You were in search of La Felina!' 'Certainly.' 'And you are the horseman whom Giuseppe, the courier, told me at the last relay, followed us, are you?' 'Certainly I am.' The woman examined her arms, etc., to see that she was not hurt, looked at me most ironically, and then bursting into laughter, said: 'Well, after all, the trick was well played.' 'What trick?' 'The one La Felina has played on all her lovers, the most ardent of whom you are.' I looked at the woman so earnestly, and sorrow seemed so deeply marked on my countenance, that I saw an expression of pity steal over her face. 'Poor young man!' said she, 'then you really loved her?' 'I did, and if I lose her I shall die.' 'Come,' said she, 'you will not die. If all who have told me the same thing died, Naples would be like the catacombs of Rome. Come with me,' she continued, 'to the post-house, for now I feel by the pain I suffer that my arm is out of place. There I will tell you all.' I went with the woman to the post-house, when a few drops of cordial soon invigorated her. 'This is the explanation of what is a matter of so much surprise to you. Perhaps I should be silent; but you seem to love La Felina so truly, and a young man who really loves is so interesting that I will tell you all.' The circumlocution of this woman almost ran me mad! She finally said: 'My mistress was afraid some of her lovers would follow her, and wishing to conceal the route she had gone, took the idea of substituting me for herself, and sent me to Rome, where she is to write me her destination. You followed me instead of her. She was right, and had good reason to act as she did.' 'Then she has not yet left,' asked I, thinking of a means to rejoin her. 'She was to leave Naples,' said the woman, 'an hour after me, and is, no doubt, now far from the city.' 'And does she travel alone on these dangerous roads?' said I. 'Oh, no, she travels with him.' 'With him! of whom, for heaven's sake, do you speak?' 'Ah,' said the woman, 'La Felina would never forgive me if I told you. He, too, might make me pay dearly for my indiscretion.' I begged, I besought the woman to conceal nothing from me, and gave her all the money I had, promising to increase the sum tenfold. She yielded at last, and told me that *La Felina* had left Naples with her lover. Her lover! do you hear?" continued Taddeo, in a delirium of rage, "and her lover is the minister of police, the Duke of Palma."

"More perfidious than the water!" said Monte-Leone, contemptuously. "Poor Taddeo!"

"Do not pity me," said the latter, in a paroxysm of terrible rage. "I was to be pitied when I loved her, when a divinity dwelt in my soul, when my love was ecstatic and endowed her with an innocence, which my reason told me she did not possess. I was fool enough to deceive myself. Now this woman to be sure is but a woman; she is less than feminine, as the mistress of a rich and powerful noble, the Duke of Palmo. Love might have killed me, but contempt has stifled love."

His head fell on his chest, and he wept. He wept as man weeps for a departed passion, which has vivified his heart, but which yields to death, or worse still, another passion.

"My friend," said Monte-Leone, "your grief is cruel, but I suffer more intensely!" Monte-Leone told Taddeo what had taken place at Sorrento.

The friends were again locked in the arms of each other, and mingled their tears—the one for the loss of an *earthly passion*, and the other for a *celestial affection*, as Monte-Leone characterized the two sentiments when he read a letter of Rovero's. Taddeo had appointed the following day for his return to Sorrento, and faithful to his promise he left Naples for the villa of his mother. The farewell of the two men was sad and touching, for a long time must elapse before they met again. Monte-Leone had resolved to leave Naples for some time. The proximity of Sorrento lacerated his heart, and to see her he loved the wife of another would to him be insupportable. Taddeo was aware of the reasons why the Count had determined to travel, and had he no mother he would also have been anxious to leave the country.

"Taddeo," said Monte-Leone to his friend, when the former was about to set out, "I have a favor to ask of you on which I place an immense estimate, and for which I must be indebted to your love. Here," said he, presenting the magnificent emerald wrought by Benvenuto Cellini, "take this ring, and beg your sister to accept it. Tell her, as she offered me her friendship, I have a right to send a testimonial to her of my devotion." Then with a voice trembling with emotion, he added, "Say this ring preserved my life. This will not add to its value in her eyes; but tell her in confidence the history of this ring, and some day," said he, with a bitter smile, "it may be looked on as a curious relic."

"Not so, not so," said Taddeo, kissing the ring. "To us it cannot but be a precious treasure."

Perhaps while he acted thus, Taddeo thought not only of his friend, but of the woman who had preserved him from death.

Taddeo left. [Pg 511]

Fifteen days after his reaching home, all Sorrento put on its holiday attire. The church of the town, splendidly decorated, the lighted torches, the people in their gala dresses, all announced that some remarkable event was about to take place in the village. The bells rung loud peals, and young girls dressed in white, with flowers in their hands, stood on the church portico. Certainly a great event was about to take place. The *White Rose of Sorrento* was about to be married to a French nobleman of high rank, *Henri Marquis de Maulear*.

About noon there was a rumor among the crowd in front of the church that the bridal party were near. All hurried to meet them, and Aminta was seen leaning on her brother's arm, while the

Marquis escorted Signora Rovero.

The appearance of the beautiful young girl, whiter than her veil, paler than the flowers which adorned her brow, produced a general sensation of admiration. Mingled with this, however, was a kind of sadness, when the melancholy on her brow was observed. The Marquis seemed also to be ill at ease, and to suffer under the influence of feelings which on such a day were strange indeed. All care, all anxiety should be lost in the intoxication of love. Maulear had purchased his happiness by an error, and this oppressed him. After the noble decision of Aminta, and the preference she had so heroically expressed at the time of his purposed duel with Monte-Leone, Maulear had not dared to mention the letter of his father. He had simply told Signora Rovero, that he was master of his own actions, and sure of his father's consent and approbation to the marriage he was about to contract. The Signora, who was credulous, was confident that a brilliant match was secured for Aminta, and suffered herself to be easily persuaded. Maulear, too, became daily more infatuated; and, listening to passion alone, had informed his father, not that he was about to marry, but that when the letter reached him he would be married. Yet when he had sent the letter, and the time was come, all his fears were aroused, and he shuddered at the apprehension of the consequences of what he was about to do. In this state of mind he went to the altar, and nothing but the beauty of his bride and the solemnity of the ceremony could efface the sombre clouds which obscured his brow. The priest blessed the pair, and a few minutes after the young Marquis of Maulear, with his beautiful *Marquise*, left the village.

Just when the venerable village priest, in God's name, placed Aminta's hand in Henri's, the terrible cry we have already heard twice echoed through the arches of the church, and a man was seen to rush towards the sea. The shout, though it filled the church, was uttered in the portico, and had not interrupted the service. Thenceforth *Scorpione* was never seen at Sorrento.

FOOTNOTES:

[N] Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Stringer & Townsend, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

[O] *Anglice.* Good day, my dear Pignana.

[P] The original of this sentence is *Je vais vous donner la liste ... c'est a dire le compte de* NOS HOMMES ... *non de* NOS SOMMES, *etc., etc.* It is scarcely probably that MONTE-LEONE and Pignana, speaking Italian, indulged in French *jeux des môts*.

From Frazer's Magazine

THE ABBÉ DE VOISENON AND HIS TIMES.

The province of Brie, in France, divided and subdivided since the Revolution of 1789, into departments, arondissements, and cantons, is filled with châteaux, which, in the reign of Louis XV., were inhabited by those gold-be-spangled marquises, those idle, godless abbés, and those obese financiers, whom the secret memoirs of Grimm and Bachaumont, and the letters of the Marquis de Lauraguais, have held up to such unsparing ridicule and contempt. This milky and cheese-producing Brie, this inexhaustible Io, was, at the epoch of the regent Orleans and his deplorable successor, a literal cavern of pleasures, in the most impure acceptation of the term; every château which the Black Band has not demolished is, as it were, a half-volume of memoirs in which may be read the entire history of the times. Here is the spot where formerly stood the château of Samuel Bernard, the prodigal, it is true, of an anterior age, but worthy of the succeeding one; there is the pavilion of Bourei, another financier, another Jupiter of all the Danaës of the Théâtre Italien: on this side we see Vaux, the residence of that most princely of finance ministers, whose suddenly acquired power and wealth, and as sudden downfall, may surely point a moral for all ministers present and to come; on that side we have the château of Law, the trigonometrical thief; and Brunoy, the residence of the greatest eccentric perhaps in the annals of French history: in a word, wherever the foot is placed, there arises a sort of lamentation of the eighteenth century—that celebrated century, whose limits we do not pretend to circumscribe as the astronomers would, but whose beginning may be dated from the decline of the reign of Louis XIV., its career closing with Barras, whose immodest château still displays at the present day its restored foundations on the soil upon which Vaux, Brunoy, and Voisenon, shone so fatally.

It was in this last named little château that was born and educated the celebrated abbé, the friend of Voltaire, of Madame Favart, and of the Duc de la Valliére; and here it was, also, that in manhood its possessor would occasionally resort, though not the least in the world a man who could appreciate rural enjoyments, for the purpose of reposing from the fatigues of some of his epicurean pilgrimages to his friends at Paris or Montrouge, and which was his final sojourn when age and infirmities rendered it imperatively necessary for him to breathe the pure air of his native place, far away from the heating *petits soupers* of the capital, and the various other dearly cherished scenes of his earlier years.

Claude Henri Fusée de Voisenon, Abbé of Jard, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Prince-Bishop of Spire, was born at Voisenon on the 8th of June, 1708. Biographers have, perhaps, laid too much stress on the debility of constitution which he brought with him into the world, inherited, [Pg 512] they say, from his mother, an exceedingly delicate woman. Since the examples of longevity given by Fontenelle and Voltaire, of whom the first lived to the use of a hundred, and the second to upwards of four-score years, and yet both of whom came into the world with very doubtful chances of existence, it is become a very hazardous task to determine, or even to foretell, length of days by the state of health at birth. They add, that an unhealthy nurse, aggravating the hereditary weakness of the child, infused with her milk into his blood the germs of that asthma from which he suffered all his life, and of which he eventually died. These facts accepted—a delicate mother, an unhealthy nurse, an asthma, and constant spittings of blood—it follows that, even with these serious disadvantages to contend with, a man may live and even enjoy life up to the age of sixty-eight. How many healthy men there are who would be content to attain this age! And if the Abbé de Voisenon did not exceed the bounds of an age of very fair proportions, we must bear in mind that, though even an invalid, he constantly trifled with his health with the imprudence of a man of vigorous constitution; eating beyond measure, drinking freely, presiding at all the *petits soupers—petit* only in name—of the capital, passing the nights in running from *salon* to *salon*, and seldom retiring to rest before morning: a worthy pupil of that Hercules of debauchery, Richelieu, his master and his executioner. Terrified at the delicate appearance of his child, his father dared not send him to school, but had him brought up under his own eye, with all the patience of an indulgent parent and the solicitude of a physician. Five years' cares were sufficient to develop the intellectual capacities of a mind at once lively and clear, and marvellously fitted by nature to receive and retain the lessons of preceptors. At eleven years of age he addressed a rhyming epistle to Voltaire, who replied,—

"You love verses, and I predict that you will make charming ones. Come and see me, and be my pupil."

If Voisenon justified the prediction, he scarcely surpassed the favorable sense which it incloses. Verbose, incorrect, poor in form, pale and washy as diluted Indian ink, his verses occasionally display witty touches, because every one was witty in the eighteenth century; but to class them with the works of the poets of his day as *poetry* is impossible—they merit only being considered in the light of lemonade made from Voltaire's well-squeezed lemons.

In many respects the prose of the eighteenth century, not being an art, but rather the resource of unsuccessful poets, lent itself better than did the muse to the idle fantasies of the Abbé de Voisenon. His facetiæ, his historiettes, his Oriental tales, reunited later (at least in part) with the works of the Comte de Caylus, and with the libertine tales of Duclos and the younger Crébillon, prove the facility with which he could imitate Voltaire, while his lucubrations must be considered as far inferior to the short tales of the latter author. For the most part too free, too indecent, in short, to show their faces beside some elaborately serious fragments which form what are called his works, they figure in the work we have just named under the title of *Recueil de ces Messieurs; Aventures des Bals des Bois; Etrennes de la St. Jean; Les Ecosseuses; les Œufs de Pàques*, &c. We know, by the memoirs of the time, that a society of men of letters, formed by Mademoiselle Quinaut du Frêne, and composed of fourteen members chosen by her, had proposed to itself the high and difficult mission of supping well at stated intervals, and of being immensely witty and extravagantly gay. At the end of the half-year these effusions of wit and gayety were printed by the society at the mutual expense of its members, and given to the world under the title of *Recueil de ces Messieurs*.[Q] Deprived of the illusive accompaniments of the lights, the sparkling eyes, the tinkling glasses, and the indulgent good-nature engendered by an excellent dinner, good wines, and an ample dessert, these table libertinages, when read nearly a century afterwards, lose all their piquancy of flavor and become simply nauseous. The readings, and consequently the dinners, took place sometimes at the house of Mademoiselle Quinaut, sometimes at that of the Comte de Caylus.

Having conceived a disgust for the profession of arms—for which he had been originally intended—in consequence of having fought with and wounded a young officer in a duel, he determined upon embracing the ecclesiastical state; and shortly after taking orders was inducted by Cardinal Fleury to the royal abbey of Jard—an easy government, the seat of which was his own château of Voisenon.

As soon as he was actually a dignitary of the Church, he turned his thoughts entirely to the stage! In compliance with the request of Mademoiselle Quinaut, the new Abbé of Jard wrote a series of dramatic pieces, among which may be cited, *La Coquette fixée*, *Le Reveil de Thalie*, *Les Mariages assortis*, and *Le Jeune Grecque*, little drawing-room comedies, which have not kept possession of the stage, and to which French literature knows not where to give a place at the present day, so far are they from offering a single recommendable quality. The only style of composition in which the Abbé de Voisenon might have, perhaps, distinguished himself, had he been seconded by an intelligent musician, was the operatic. In this *baladin* talent of his there was something of the freedom and sparkle of the Italian abbés; and yet the Abbé de Voisenon enjoyed during his life-time a high degree of celebrity. Seeing the utter impossibility of justifying this celebrity by his works, we must presume that it proceeded chiefly from his amiable character, his pointed epigrammatical conversation, and in a great measure, also, from his brilliant position in the [Pg 513] world. And, after all, did celebrity require other causes at a time when a man's success was established, not by the publicity of the press, but from the words dropped from his lips in the "world," and from the occasional enunciation of a sparkling *bon mot* quickly caught up and for a

length of time repeated? Were we to protest against this species of *illustration*, as the French call it, we should be in the wrong: each epoch has its own; since then times are altered: now-a-days, in France, a man obtains celebrity through the medium of the press, formerly it was by the *salons*. In general, the French *littérateurs*, especially the journalists, may be said to write better now than they did then; but where, we should like to know, is there now to be found a young writer of thirty capable of creating and sustaining a conversation in a society consisting of upwards of a hundred distinguished persons? The lackeys of M. de Boufflers were, in all probability, more in their place in a *salon* than would be the most learned or witty writers of the present day.

If the Abbé de Voisenon was not exactly an eagle as regards common sense and intellectual attainments, what are we to think of M. de Choiseul, who wished to appoint him minister of France at some foreign court? The Abbé de Voisenon a minister! that man whom M. de Lauraguais called *a handful of fleas*! But if he became not minister of France, it was decreed by fate that he should be minister of somebody or other; he was too incapable to escape this honor. Some years after the failure of this ridiculous project of M. de Choiseul, the Prince-bishop of Spire appointed him his minister plenipotentiary at the Court of France. His admission into the bosom of the French Academy was all that was now required to complete his happiness, and this honor was shortly afterwards conferred upon him, for he was duly elected to the chair vacated by the death of Crébillon.

At the age of fifty-two, with the intention of getting rid of his asthma, his constant companion through life, he determined to try the effect of mineral waters upon his enfeebled constitution. His journey from Paris to Cautarets, and his sojourn in this head-quarters of bitumen and sulphur, as related by himself in his letters to his friends, may be considered as an historical portraiture of the method of travelling, as pursued by the grandees of the time, as well as being the truest pages of the idle, epicurean, pleasure-loving, yet infirm, existence of the narrator.

> "We passed through Tours yesterday (writes he to his friend Favart, in his first letter, dated from Chatelherault the 8th day of June, 1761), where Madame la Duchess de Choiseul received all the honors due to the *gouvernante* of the province: we entered by the Mall, which is planted with trees as beautiful as those of the Parisian Boulevards. Here we found a mayor, who came to harangue the duchess. It happened that M. Sainfrais, during the harangue, had posted himself directly behind the speaker, so that every now and then his horse, which kept constantly tossing its head, as horses will do, would give him a little tap on the back—a circumstance which cut his phrases in half in the most ludicrous manner possible; because at every blow the orator would turn round to see what was the matter, after which he would gravely resume his discourse, while I was ready to burst with laughter the whole time. Two leagues further on we had another rich scene; an ecclesiastic stopped the carriage, and commenced a pompous harangue addressed to M. Poisonnier, whom he kept calling *mon Prince*. M. Poisonnier replied, that he was more than a prince, and that in fact the lives of all princes depended upon him, for he was a physician. 'What!' exclaimed the priest, 'you are not M. le Prince de Talmont?' 'He has been dead these two years,' replied the Duchesse de Choiseul. 'But who, then, is in this carriage?' 'It is Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul,' replied some one. Forthwith, not a whit disconcerted, he commenced another harangue, in which he lauded to the skies the excellent education she had bestowed on her son. 'But I have no son, monsieur,' replied the duchess quietly. 'Ah! you have no son; I am very sorry for that;' and so saying his reverence put his harangue in his pocket, and walked off.
>
> "Adieu, my worthy friend. We shall reach Bordeaux on Thursday. I intend to feed well when I get there."

What an edifying picture of the state of the high and low clergy of France at this epoch is presented to us! The Abbé de Voisenon rolling along in his carriage, indulging in the anticipatory delights of some good 'feeds' when he shall get to Bordeaux; and a hungry priest haranguing right and left the first comers who may present themselves, in order to obtain the wherewithal to procure a dinner.

It is to Madame Favart that Voisenon writes from Bordeaux:—

> "We arrived here at ten o'clock yesterday evening, and found Marshal de Richelieu, who had crossed the Garonne to meet the Duchesse de Choiseul. This city is beautiful viewed at a distance—all that appertains to the exterior is of the best; but what afflicts me most of all, is the sad fact that there are no sardines to be had on account of the war. I was not aware that the sardines had taken part against; however, I revenged myself upon two ortolans, which I devoured for supper, along with a *paté* of red partridges *aux truffes*, which, though made as long back as November last—as Marshal de Richelieu assured me—was as fresh and as *parfumé* as if it had been made but the night before."

If the reader should feel astonished that an asthmatical patient could eat partridges and truffles without being horribly ill, his astonishment will not be of long continuance. The following day Voisenon wrote to Favart:—

> "Oh, my dear friend, I have passed a frightful night. I was obliged to smoke and

take my *kermès*. I shall not be able to see any of the 'lions' of the place. If I am three days following in this state after I get to Cauterets, you will have me back again with you by the end of the month."

One would suppose that after this gentle hint our abbé would be more prudent; not a bit of it. In the same letter he adds:— [Pg 514]

"The dinner-table yesterday was covered with sardines. At the very first start I eat six in as many mouthfuls—a truly delicious *morceau*; despite my *kermès*, I reckon upon eating as many to-day, along with my two ortolans. We leave to-morrow, and on Wednesday we shall reach Cauterets."

Thus, ill on the 11th in consequence of a monstrous supper taken on the 10th, we find him, for all that, on the following day devouring sardines by the half-dozen, and ortolans again! On the 18th he writes from Cauterets to his friend Favart:—

"I arrived yesterday in good health, but have slept badly, because the house in which I lodge is situated over a torrent, which makes a frightful noise. This country I can only compare to an icy horror, like the tragedy of *Terée*."

Twelve days afterwards, Voisenon writes to Madame Favart:—

"Madame de Choiseul's uncle, who paid you so many compliments in the green-room, arrived yesterday: he lodges in the same house with me.... I introduced him this morning into one of the best houses in Cauterets—indeed the very best house—where, I must confess, I myself spend three parts of the entire day; in a word, it is the pastry-cook's. This learned individual compounds admirable tartlets, as well as some little cakes of singular lightness; but above all, certain delicious little puffs composed of cream and millet-flour, which he calls *millassons*. I stuff them all day long. This makes the waters turn sour on my stomach, and myself turn very yellow; but I am tolerably well notwithstanding."

This gormandizing Abbé de Voisenon, ever hanging, as it were, between *pâtés* and his grave, becomes now a rather interesting subject of study. We begin to speculate upon what it is that will finally carry him off: his asthma, or the confectionary he daily swallows.

He writes to Favart:—

"I bathe every morning, and during this operation I bear a striking resemblance to a match dipped in sulphur. I keep my health, however, tolerably well, though still suffering from my asthma, of which I fear I shall never be cured."

It would be a wonder if he should be cured, with his unfortunate table excesses, which would have killed half-a-dozen healthy men. In vain do we seek in his correspondence with Favart and his wife, a single thought unconnected with the pleasures of the stomach. We have read with what delight he sings the praises of a pastry-cook established at Cauterets, famous for his millet-cakes and cream-puffs. His happiness did not stop here:—

"A second pastry-cook (he cries), upon my reputation, has set up here. There is a daily trial of skill between the two artists; I eat and judge, and it is my stomach that pays the cost. I go to the bath, and return to the oven. I shall come here again in the thrush season. We have red partridges, which are brought here from all parts; they are delicious."

In short, he remained so long stuffing confectionary at Cauterets, where he had gone solely to take care of himself, and to live with the strictest regularity, that on the eve of his departure he wrote sadly to Madame Favart:—'I am just the same as when you saw me last: sometimes asthmatical, and always gormandizing.' The sufferings which he experienced during his sojourn at, Barèges, previous to his final return to Paris, are proofs of the deplorable effects of the mineral waters upon his health:—

"I am suffering dreadfully; and am now, while I write, laboring under so violent an attack of asthma, that I cannot doubt but that the air of this country is as bad for me as that of Montrouge. If I am as bad to-morrow, I shall return to pass the week at Cauterets, and on Saturday go on to Pau, where I shall wait for the ladies who are to pass through on Monday, on their way to Bayonne. I know I shall be in a miserable state during the journey."

Such were the benefits derived by the Abbé de Voisenon from his four months' sojourn at the baths of Cauterets and Barèges. He returned to Voisenon infinitely worse than when he left it. On the eve of his departure for home, where, as he said some time afterwards, he wished *to be on the same floor with the tombs of his ancestors*, he devoured a monstrous dinner on the Barèges mountains.

Finding that the mineral waters of the Pyrenees had failed in reëstablishing his health—that is, if he ever had health—the Abbé de Voisenon abandoned physicians and their fruitless prescriptions, to seek elsewhere remedies for the cure of his asthma, which became more and more troublesome as he began to get into years. As he was constantly speaking of his disease to everybody, and as everybody—at least all those who wished to get into his good graces—spoke of it to him, he learned one day that there existed in some garret of Paris a certain abbé deeply learned in all the mysteries of occult chemistry, an adept of the great Albert, the master of

masters in empirical art. Like all sorcerers, and all *savants* of the eighteenth century, this abbé was represented as being in a state of frightful misery and destitution. He who possessed the secrets of plants and minerals, of fire and light, of the generation of beings, had not the wherewithal to procure himself a decent *soutane*, nor even a morsel of bread. Though, by the efforts of his magic, he had reached a dizzy height on the paths of knowledge, it was, alas! a fact but too true, that he was unable to maintain himself more than a month in the same apartment—perhaps on account of his indifference to the interests of his landlords. For all that he was a marvellous being, inventing specifics for the cure of all diseases, and consequently of asthma among the rest. It was even whispered, but secretly and mysteriously, and with a sort of awe—for they were very superstitious, though very atheistical, in the eighteenth century—that all these specifics were comprised in one remedy, namely, the celebrated AURUM POTABILE, or fluid gold. [Pg 515] Now every one knows, or at least ought to know, that potable gold, that is, gold in a cold and fluid state, like wine, triumphs over every malady to which the human frame is subject: it is health itself, perpetual youth, and would be no less than immortality had not Paracelsus, who, they say, also possessed the secret of potable gold, unfortunately died at the age of thirty-three, or thirty-five: thus establishing a fatal argument against its virtues in this respect. But one thought now possessed Voisenon—that of getting hold, somehow or other, of this magic abbé, and of enticing him to his château; but an insensate and monstrous desire was this—a desire almost impossible to be satisfied, for it was stated that this Prometheus repelled all advances. Persecuted by the faculty, censured by the ecclesiastical tribunal, maltreated by the police, who would not suffer anything in the shape of gold-making, he had, in his savage misanthropy, renounced all further thoughts of alleviating the pains of humanity at the cost of his repose and safety. Here was a terrible state of perplexity for our asthmatical abbé, who, for all that, did not lose courage, but set to work with all his might to discover the great physician.

But where, or how, was he to discover a sorcerer in Paris? To whom could he decently address himself? To what professional class? There are so many people in the world ready to ridicule even the most respectable things. Every time that Voisenon elbowed at the Tuileries, or in the Palais Royal, an individual in a seedy cassock, he fancied that he had discovered his man. Forthwith he would enter into conversation with him, his heart fluttering with hope, until the moment came which would convince him that he had been deceived. Though for the moment cast into despair, he did not lose hope, but would the next day recommence his voyages of discovery in search of potable gold. One morning he had a sudden illumination:—"Since the archbishop," thought he, "has censured the conduct of the abbé I have been so long in search of, the archbishop must know where he lodges." Just as if sorcerers had lodgings! That very day he repaired to the archbishop's court. If the reader wonders why our abbé did not give the clerks whom he interrogated the name of his mysterious priest, the answer is easy: it is simply because he did not know his name; magicians seldom make themselves known but by their works. This name, however, to his great and inexpressible joy, he was soon to learn. After some researches made in the register of the episcopal court, the clerk informed him that this abbé (a deplorable subject by all accounts) was called Boiviel, and, at the period when the acts of censure were passed upon him, lodged in the Rue de Versailles, Faubourg Saint Marceau. Voisenon was there almost as soon as the words were out of the clerk's mouth.

Voisenon knocked at every kennel of this deplorable street; not even a bark replied to the name of the Abbé Boiviel. At length, at a seventh floor above the mud, an old woman, who resided in a loft, to which access was obtained by means of a rope-ladder, informed him that the Abbé Boiviel had quitted the apartment about six months before, with the avowed intention of going to lodge at Menilmontant; she added, that this delay gave fair grounds for supposing that he must necessarily have changed his quarters at least five or six times in the course of these six months. Disappointed, but not discouraged, Voisenon descended from the dizzy height, reflecting upon the sad distress to which a man might be reduced, although possessing the secret of potable gold.

An almost incredible chance had so willed it, that the Abbé Boiviel had changed his abode but three times since his descent from the garret of the Rue de Versailles. From Menilmontant he had removed to Passy, and from Passy to La Chapelle, where he now resided.

At length the two abbés met; but to what delicate manœuvres the seigneur of Voisenon was obliged to have recourse in accosting his rugged *comfrére*, who was at that moment engaged in eating his breakfast off a chair. He had sense enough to put off as long as possible the true subject of his visit; besides, what cared he for delays? He had found him at last, he was face to face with the mysterious, infallible physician, the successor of the great Albert. Boiviel was even more savage and morose than the Abbé de Voisenon had anticipated. He spoke of offering his services to the Missionary Society in order to get appointed to preach the Gospel in Japan, although, to tell the truth, he did not believe over-much in Christianity. "And I do not believe in Japan," might have perhaps replied the Abbé de Voisenon, had he been in a joking humor: but the fact is, he was thunderstruck at the enunciation of such a project. It was too provoking, when he, had at length found the Abbé Boiviel, to hear that the Abbé Boiviel was going to immolate himself in Japan.

Inspired by circumstance, that tenth muse which is worth all the nine put together, Voisenon said to Boiviel, that he was aware of all the persecutions which the clergy of Paris had made him endure for causes which he did not desire to know; he refrained also from entering on the subject of fluid gold. Touched by the exhibition of so much constancy in misfortune, he had come, he said, to propose to the Abbé Boiviel to inhabit his château of Voisenon, where, in the calm and

repose of a peaceful existence, and with a mind freed from the harassing cares of the world, he would have leisure to meditate and write; that this proceeding of his, though strange in appearance, was excusable, and to be judged with an indulgent eye; he, the Abbé de Voisenon, was happy, rich, powerful even. The Abbé Boiviel would be quite at home at the château de [Pg 516] Voisenon; his feelings of independence would not be outraged; when he should be tired of sojourning there, he might quit the château, remain absent as long as it pleased him, and return when it suited his fancy. It is hardly necessary to say that the wild boar allowed itself to be muzzled; that very evening a hired carriage conducted the chemist, the sorcerer, the magician Boiviel, to the Château de Voisenon. "I shall have my potable gold at last," thought the triumphant Abbé, radiant with hope and exultation.

Installed at the château, the Abbé Boiviel conformed himself with a very good grace to the monachal existence led by its inmates. The good regimen of the house tended also to considerably soften the former asperities of his demeanor; he spoke no more of Japan, but neither did he speak of the potable gold, although Voisenon on several occasions endeavored to obtain from him an explanation on this essential point. Whenever our asthmatical abbé would lead the conversation towards subjects relating to chemistry or alchemy, Boiviel would either avoid a direct reply or else fall into a state of profound taciturnity: and yet all his debts had been paid, including the various outstanding accounts due to his numerous landlords, and his dinners at the Croix de Lorraine—that memorable tavern, where all the abbés who received fifteen sous for every mass said at St. Sulpice were accustomed to feed daily. Several cassocks had also been purchased for him, several pairs of stockings, and many shirts.

After a three months' residence at the château he had become fat, fresh, and rosy, such as he had never before been at any previous epoch of his life. Emboldened by the friendship he had shown to his guest, Voisenon ventured one day to say to the Abbé Boiviel, that, skeptical and atheistical as they falsely imagined him to be in the world, he possessed, nevertheless, an absolute faith in alchemy; he denied neither the philosopher's stone, nor the universal panacea, nor even the potable gold. Now did he, or did he not, believe in potable gold? This was a home-thrust Boiviel could no longer recoil; he *did* believe in it; but according to his idea the audacious chemist committed a great sin in composing it: it was, so to speak, as though attacking the decrees of creation to change into liquid what had been ordained a metal. A sorcerer troubled with religious scruples appeared a strange spectacle to the Abbé de Voisenon and one, too, that rather embarrassed him. He did not, however, entirely renounce his conquest of the potable gold; he waited three months longer, and during these three months fresh favors were lavished on Boiviel, who habituated himself to these proceedings with praiseworthy resignation.

Treated as a friend, called also by that title, Boiviel justified the Abbé de Voisenon in saying to him one day, that he had no longer a hope in any remedy whatsoever, save the potable gold, for the cure of his asthma. Without the specific, as much above other remedies as the sun is above fire, the only course left him was to die. Boiviel was moved, his iron resolves were shaken, and his qualms of conscience ceded to the voice of friendship. He warned his friend, however, that in order to compose a little fluid gold much solid gold would be required. The first essay would cost ten thousand livres at the very least. Voisenon, who would have given twenty thousand to be cured, consented to the sacrifice, thanking heartily his future liberator, who, on the following day, commenced the great work. What sage deliberation did he bring to the task! and how slowly did the work proceed! Day followed day, month followed month, but as yet no gold, except that which the Abbé de Voisenon himself contributed in pieces of twenty-four livres each. The day at length arrived in which, the ten thousand livres being exhausted, Boiviel informed his patient that the fluid gold was in flasks, and would be ready for use in a month.

It was during this month that the alchemist Boiviel took leave of the Abbé de Voisenon, on the pretext of going to see his old father, who resided in Flanders. Before two months were out he would return to the château, in order to observe the beneficial effects of the liquified metal. Warmly embraced by his friend, overwhelmed with presents, solicited to return as speedily as possible, Boiviel quitted the Château de Voisenon, where he had lived for nearly a year, and in what manner we have seen.

After the time allowed by Boiviel for the fluid gold to be fit for use had elapsed, the Abbé de Voisenon began his course of the medicine. He emptied the first, the second, and the third flask, awaiting the result with exemplary patience; but an asthma is not to be cured in a week, especially an asthma of forty years' standing.

Boiviel had not yet returned; he had now been four months in Flanders; to these four months succeeded another four, but no Boiviel; the year revolved, the flasks diminished, but still no Boiviel.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Abbé Boiviel never reappeared, and that he was nothing better than a charlatan and a thief. But the singular part of the matter is, that the Abbé de Voisenon found his asthma considerably relieved after a course of the fluid gold composed by Boiviel; and his sole regret at the end of his days was, not having foreseen the death, or disappearance—a matter quite as disastrous—of his alchemist, who could have furnished him with the means of compounding the elixir for himself as it might be wanted.

In order to show himself superior to the assaults of his enemy, our Abbé would often endeavor to persuade himself that he was every whit as active as he had formerly been; more active even than he had been in his youth. On these occasions he would jump up from his easy-chair, where [Pg 517] he had been sitting groaning under an attack of the asthma; he would cast his pillows on one

side, his night-cap on the other, would pitch his slippers to the other end of the room, and call loudly for his domestics. In one of these deceitful triumphs of his will over his feeble constitution, he rang one cold winter's morning for his *valet de chambre*.

"My thick cloth trousers!" cried he, "my thick cloth trousers!"

"Why, Monsieur l'Abbé," timidly objected his faithful servitor, "what can you be thinking of? you were very bad yesterday evening."

"That's very probable; I have nothing to do with what I was yesterday evening. My thick cloth trousers, I tell you—now, my furred waistcoat! Come, look sharp!"

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé, why quit your warm room, your snug arm-chair? You are so pale."

"Pale, am I! that's better than ever, for I have been as yellow as a quince all my life! Good, I have my trousers and waistcoat; fetch me my redingote!"

"Your redingote! that you only put on when you are going out?"

"And it is precisely because I am going out that I ask for it. You argue to-day like a true stage valet. Why should I not put on my redingote? Are you afraid of it becoming shabby? Do you wish to steal it from me while it is new?"

"I am afraid that you will increase your cough if you don't keep the house to-day. It is very cold this morning."

"Very cold, is it, eh? so much the better. I like cold weather."

"It snows even very much, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"In that case, my large Polish boots."

"Your large Polish boots! And for what purpose?"

"Not to write a poem in, probably; for if Boileau very sensibly remarked, that in order to write a good poem time and taste were necessary, he did not add that boots were indispensable. Once for all, I want my Polish boots to go out shooting in. Is not that plain enough, Monsieur Mascarille?"

"Cough shooting, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"*Maraud!* wolf-shooting—in the wood. Come, quick, my boots, and no chattering."

"Here are your boots, Monsieur l'Abbé. Truly you have no thought for your health."

"Have you a design upon my boots, also? Be so good, most discursive valet, as to fetch me my deer-skin gloves, my hat, and gun."

The Abbé de Voisenon was soon equipped with the aid of his valet, who, during the operation of dressing, never ceased repeating to him:

"It is fearfully cold this morning. Dogs have been found frozen to death in their kennels, fish dead in the fish-ponds, cattle dead in the stables, birds dead on the trees, and even wolves dead in the forest."

"My good friend," replied the Abbé de Voisenon, "you have said too much; your story of the wolves prevents me believing the rest: upon this I start. Now listen to me. On my return from shooting I expect to find my poultices ready, my asses-milk properly warmed, and my *tisanes* mixed; give directions about all this in the kitchen."

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé. He'll never return, that's certain," murmured the valet, as he packed up his master in his great-coat, and drew his fur cap well down over his ears.

Followed by three of his dogs, our abbé started on his shooting excursion. At the very first step he took on leaving the court-yard, he fell; but he was up in an instant, and brushed speedily along. It must have been a strange spectacle to see this old man, as black as a mute at a funeral, with his black gloves, black boots, black coat, all black in short, tripping gayly along over the snow with three dogs at his heels, sometimes whistling and shouting aloud, sometimes cracking his pocket-whip, and occasionally pointing his fowling-piece in the direction of a flight of crows.

He had passed through the village of Voisenon, and had just gained the open country, when he was stopped at the entrance of a lane of small cottages by a young girl, who, the instant she perceived him, cried out,

"Ah, monseigneur" (for many people styled him monseigneur), "it is surely Providence that has sent you to us!"

"What is the matter?" inquired the abbé.

"Our grandfather is dying, and he is unwilling to die without confession."

"But I have nothing to do with that, my child; that is the priest's business."

"But are you not a priest, monseigneur?"

"Almost," replied our abbé, rather taken aback by this home-thrust, and in a very bad humor besides at the interruption, "almost; but address yourself in preference to the prior of the convent. Run to the château, ring at the convent-gate; ring loudly, and reserve me for a better occasion."

"Monseigneur," repeated the girl, "our grandfather has not time to wait; he is dying—you must come."

"I tell you," replied the abbé, confused within himself at his refusal, "I cannot go. I am, as you see, out shooting: the thing is utterly impossible."

With these words he sought to pursue his way; but the young girl, who could not comprehend the bad arguments made use of by the abbé, clung obstinately to his coat skirts, and compelled him to turn round. Aroused by the noise of this altercation, a few of the male population appeared on the thresholds of their doors, others at their windows; and as a village resembles a bundle of dry hay, which a spark will set in a blaze, the wives joined their husbands, the children their mothers, and soon the entire population flocked into the street to see what was the matter. [Pg 518]

The Abbé du Jard, seigneur of Voisenon, king of the country, felt deeply humiliated amid the crowd which surrounded him, and which had already begun to murmur at this refusal, as irreligious as it was inhuman.

But our poor abbé was not inhuman. The fact was, he had completely forgotten the formula used on such occasions; and if the truth must be told, as he was careless and indifferent in religious matters, rather than hypocritical, his conscience reproached him for going to absolve or condemn a fellow-creature when he inwardly felt how utterly unworthy he was himself of judging others at the tribunal of the confessional.

Necessity, however, prevailed over his just scruples; which scruples, however, be it said, could not be made use of as excuses to his vassals: so, with downcast eyes and his reversed fowling-piece under his arm, he permitted himself to be led to the cottage where lay the old man, who was unwilling to render his last sigh without having made the official avowal of his sins.

The villagers knelt in a circle before the door, whilst the abbé seated himself by the side of the dying man, in order the better to receive his confession.

Since the unlucky moment in which the Abbé de Voisenon had been balked of his morning's sport, he had lost—for he had at times his intervals of superstitious terror—the proud determination he had formed of not believing himself ill on that day. But then, what signs of evil augury had greeted him! He had tripped and fallen on leaving home; he had seen flocks of crows; a weeping girl had dragged him to the bedside of a terrified sinner—even now they were repeating the prayers for the dying around him. The Abbé de Voisenon was overcome; his former temerity oozed palpably away, he felt sick at heart, his ears tingled, his asthma groaned within his chest.

"I am ill," thought he. "I was in the wrong to come out; why did I not take my old servant's advice, and remain at home?"

Finally he lent an ear to the old man's confession.

"You were born the same day as myself!" exclaimed the abbé, at the patient's first confidential communication; "you were born the same day as myself!"

The old man continued, and here a new terror arose for our abbé.

"You have never heard mass to the end! And I," thought he, "have never heard even the beginning for these last thirty years!"

The penitent continued:—

"I have committed, monseigneur, the great sin that you know."

"The great sin that I know! I know so many," thought the abbé. "What sin, my friend?"

"Yea, the great sin—although married—"

"Ah! I understand!" Then, *sotto voce*, "My great sin, although a priest."

A deplorable fatality, if it was a fatality, had so willed it that the vassal should have fallen into the same snares as had his lord, who was now called to judge him at his last hour.

When the confession was ended, the Abbé de Voisenon consulted his own heart with inward terror, and after some hesitation he remitted his penitent's sins, inwardly avowing to himself that the dying man ought, at least, out of gratitude, to render him the same service.

The ceremony over, the abbé rose to depart: but his limbs failed him, and they were actually obliged to carry him home, where he arrived in a state of prostration that seriously alarmed his household. During the remainder of that day he spoke to no one; wrapped up in the silence of his own melancholy thoughts, he opened his lips only to cough. The night was bad; icy shiverings passed over his frame: the image of this man, of the same age, and burdened with the same sins as he himself had committed, would not leave his memory. By daylight his trouble of mind and body was at its height; he desired his valet to summon his physician and the prior of the convent.

"And immediately," added he, "immediately."

Comprehending better this time the wishes of his master, the domestic hastened to arouse the prior, whose convent almost adjoined the château, and the physician, who had apartments in the château itself. This physician was a young man, chosen by the celebrated Tronchin from among his cleverest pupils at the express desire of the Abbé de Voisenon.

Seriously alarmed at the danger of the abbé, both prior and physician hastened to obey the summons. M. de Voisenon was so ill last night. Should they arrive in time? So equal and so prompt was their zeal that both reached the abbé's bedroom door together. But when they opened it, what was their astonishment to find that the bird had flown; our abbé had got over his little fright, and had gone out shooting again.

The end of that fatal eighteenth century was now approaching; undermined by years and debauchery, it was now like a ruined spend-thrift moving away from the calendar of the world in rags; it was hideously old, but its years inspired not respect. Old king, old ministers, old generals —if indeed there were generals,—old courtiers, old mistresses, old poets, old musicians, old opera dancers, broken down with *ennui*, pleasure, and idleness—toothless, faded, rouged, and wrinkled—were descending slowly to the tomb. Louis XV. formed one of the funeral procession; he was taken to St. Denis between two lines of *cabarets* filled with drunken revellers, madly rejoicing at being rid of this plague, which another plague had carried off to the grave. Crébillon was dead; the son of the great Racine, honored by the famous title of Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, was taken off by a malignant fever, and obtained from the [Pg 519] grateful publicity of the day the following necrological eulogium, as brief as it was eloquent: "M. Racine, last of the name, died yesterday of a malignant fever; as a man of letters he was long dead, having become stupefied by wine and devotion." Twelve days afterwards Marivaux followed Racine to the grave. The Abbé Prevost died of a tenth attack of apoplexy in the forest of Chantilly. In the following spring the celebrated Madame de Pompadour descended, at the age of forty-four, into the grave, after having exhaled a *bon mot* in guise of confession. Desirous, as it would appear, of leaving this world like the rest of his worthy *compères*, the composer Rameau cried furiously to his confessor, whose lugubrious note while intoning the service at his bedside offended the delicacy of his ear, 'What the devil are you muttering there, Monsieur le Curé? you are horribly out of tune!' And thereupon Master Rameau expired of a putrid fever. And what think you, worthy reader, occupied the public the day following the death of the most celebrated musician in Europe, the king of the French school? Why, nothing less than this wonderful piece of news: "Mademoiselle Miré, of the Opera, more celebrated as a courtesan than as a *danseuse*, has interred her lover; on his tomb are engraven these words:

MI RE LA MI LA."

A touching funeral oration, truly, for poor Rameau! Panard, the father of the French vaudeville, died some days after Rameau; and the Parisian public, with its national tenderness of heart, merely remarked, that "the words could not be separated from the accompaniment."

You see, reader, how the ranks were thinning, how all these old candles were expiring in their sockets, how the ball was approaching its end.

"Piron died yesterday," writes a journalist; and he adds, "They say he received the curé of St. Roche very badly." What an admirable piece of buffoonery! these curés going in turn to shrive the writers of the eighteenth century, and having flung at their heads epigrams composed for the occasion, perhaps, ten years before.

Louis XV. died soon after Piron. A few hours before his death he said to Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon: "Although the king is answerable to God alone for his conduct, you can say that he is sorry for having caused any scandal to his subjects, and that from henceforth he desires to live but for the support of faith and religion, and for the happiness of his people!"

Like Rameau, Piron, Helvetius, and Pompadour, this good little king Louis XV. must have his *bon mot*; he was sorry for having caused any scandal to his subjects, and at his last moment of existence would live from henceforth for the sole happiness of his people! "Can any thing be finer than this?"

Finally came the Abbé de Voisenon's turn. Witty to his last hour, when they brought home the leaden coffin, the exact form and dimensions of which he had himself arranged and ordered beforehand, he said to one of his domestics,—

"There is a great-coat, any how, that you will not be tempted to steal from me."

He died on the 22d of November, 1775, aged sixty-eight.

FOOTNOTES:

[Q] This was the celebrated society called the *Académie de ces Messieurs*: it numbered among its members all the more celebrated wits of the day.

From the London Times

IRELAND IN THE LAST AGE.

Recollections of Curran.

If the work of Mr. Charles Phillips were a description of the Roman bar in the time of Hadrian, it would scarcely be more completely than at present the picture of a time and system entirely passed away; yet he professes to give us—and performs his promise—a somewhat gossipping and very amusing description of the Irish bar, and the great men belonging to it, very little more than half a century since. But we travel and change quickly in these days of steam and railroads; even Time himself appears now to have attached his travelling carriage to a locomotive, and in the space of one man's life performs a journey that in staid and ancient days would have occupied the years of many generations, and, as if in illustration of the fleeting nature of men and things and systems at this time, here we find a contemporary (at this moment hardly past the prime of life) giving us portraits, and relating anecdotes of men with whom he, in his youth, lived in intimate and professional relations, but who seem now as absolutely to belong to a bygone order of things, as if they had wrangled before the Dikasts of Athens, or pleaded before the Prætor at Rome. Mr. Phillips seems to feel this, and, as the gay days of his sanguine youth flit by his memory, the retrospect brings, as it will ever bring, melancholy, and even sadness, with it. Yielding himself up to the dominion of feeling, in place of keeping his reason predominant, he mourns over the past, as if, in comparison with the present, it were greatly more worthy. Forgetting that there is a change also in himself; that the capacity for enjoyment is largely diminished; that hope has been fulfilled, or is for ever frustrate; he tests the present by his own emotions, instead of weighing with philosophic *indifference* the relative merits of the system that he describes, and of that in which he lives. We are told—

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

but, when age comes upon us, we must turn and look back, if we desire to enjoy this pleasing hallucination.

But in what is the present of Ireland so different from the past, in which our fathers lived? And what do these repinings mean? What is the charm that has for ever faded? The answer to this question, if complete, would occupy a volume, for the composition of which that of Mr. Phillips might well serve in the character of *une pièce historique*, abounding, as it does, in apt and instructive illustration, and giving, by its aggregation of anecdotes and descriptions, a somewhat confused but still interesting and lively picture of a very curious and stirring period. There lies, indeed, at the bottom of this inquiry a question with which the practical statesman has now little reason to trouble himself, but which, nevertheless, to the speculative philosopher, cannot fail to be a subject of never-failing interest. [Pg 520]

The great physical discoveries of modern times, by which the powers of nature are made to act in subservience to the use and comfort of mankind, steadily tend to one great political result, viz., the permanently uniting and knitting together of much larger numbers of men into one and the same community, and subjecting them to one and the same Government, and that Government one of law and not of force, than was ever known or possible during the early days of man's history. This result, as regards the peace of the world and all the material comforts of life, is highly favorable. Whether the same can be said, of the mental vigor and moral excellence of the human race is a question upon which men may speculate, but which time alone can satisfactorily answer.

The small, contentious, and active communities of Greece; the little, ill-governed, yet vigorous Republics of modern Italy, stand out in the history of mankind bright and illustrious beyond all hope of comparison; and, from the wondrous intellects that appeared among them, they have proved to all succeeding times a never-failing subject of admiration, envy, and despair. Just in proportion to our own advancement in art, literature, and science, is the intensity of our astonishment, of our envy, and of our despondency. We endeavor to compete with, but can never equal them; we imitate, but, like all imitators, we are condemned to mediocrity; it is only when we attempt to explore some new and untrod region of art or science that we can pretend to the dignity even of comparison. And these regions are rare indeed.

But, if we compare our own social condition with that of the Greeks or the Italians—if we look into their houses, their cities, and their fields,—if we acquire an accurate and vivid conception of the insecurity of life, of property, and of peace among them,—and if we measure the happiness of life by the comforts of every day existence, then, indeed, the superiority belongs to ourselves; and we may be led to ask, whether the advantages of both conditions of political and social existence may not be united; and to that end seek to learn what it was that brought out into such vigorous relief the wonderful mental activity of the two periods, which form such peculiar and hitherto unequalled epocha in the history of mankind. We shall find, if we pursue this inquiry into other times and among other people, that there was one circumstance, among many others indeed, of peculiar weight and importance, which then exercised and has never failed to exercise, wheresoever it has existed, a vast influence upon the mental and moral character of the people—we mean a feeling of intense *nationality*. This feeling is not all that is required; without it no great originality or vigor in a people is probable, and where it has been strongly manifest, it has

generally led to great deeds, and much mental activity. The character of this manifestation will, indeed, greatly depend upon the natural character of the people—upon the peculiar state of their civilization, and upon their political condition. If these be all favorable, the spirit of nationality is divine, and manifest in great and ennobling deeds and thoughts; but, if adverse, then the spirit will be destructive, and vice will be quickened into fatal activity.

In Ireland, at the end of the eighteenth century, a remarkable series of events cherished, if it did not indeed produce, this sentiment of a separate nationality and independence. Conquerors and conquered, in spite of social and religious distinctions, had long since coalesced into one people; and the successful revolt of our American colonies, induced the people of Ireland to demand for themselves freedom and independence also. With arms in their hands the Volunteers wrung from England an independent Parliament in 1782; and in the eighteen years which followed, all that is really great in the history of Ireland, is comprised. The Volunteers, indeed, obtained independence, but that was all. The constitution of the Irish was, as before, narrow and mischievous, oppressive and corrupt; but it was Irish, and independent of the Parliament of England. And the struggles of an independent people, endeavoring, by their own efforts, to reform their own institutions, led to the rising of that brilliant galaxy of statesmen, orators, wits, and lawyers, to which Irishmen of the present day, almost without exception, refer with grief and despondency, not unmixed with indignation, when wishing to make the world appreciate the evils their country has suffered in consequence of its union with England. But, unhappily, the great spirit of freedom was awakened in evil times. Great, vigorous, and almost glorious was this wonderful manifestation of its power; but eventually the horrible corruption and vice of the period bore all before it, and extinguished every chance of benefit from the acquisition of independence. Great men appeared, but they were powerless. Of the remarkable period in which they lived, however, every memorial is of interest. With the society of which they formed a part, so different from our own—with the character and manners of the men themselves, their history, their good sayings and wild deeds, every student of history wishes to become acquainted, and seizes with avidity upon every piece of evidence from which authentic information respecting them may be gathered—and, as a portion of this evidence, the work of Mr. Phillips deserves consideration.

Among the most remarkable of the many distinguished characters of this stirring period was John Philpot Curran,—among Irish advocates, as was Erskine among those of England, *facile princeps*. [Pg 521] With him, when on the bench as Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Mr. Phillips, himself then a junior at the Irish bar, became acquainted. Acquaintance became intimacy, and intimacy led to friendship, which lasted without interruption to the day of Curran's death. Admiration and affection induced Mr. Phillips to gather together memorials of his deceased friend, round whose portrait he has grouped sketches of many of his celebrated cotemporaries. He says in his preface —

"My object has been, touching as lightly as possible on the politics of the time, to give merely personal sketches of the characters as they appeared upon the scene to me. Many of them were my acquaintances—some of them my intimates; and the aim throughout has been a verisimilitude in the portraiture;—in short, to make the reader as familiar with the originals as I was myself."

And a more curious collection of likenesses was never crowded into one canvas. They all, indeed, have a strong family resemblance, but certainly they are like nothing else in nature; and to us, living in grave, and possibly dull and prosaic England—and in this our matter of fact and decorous age—the doings of the society which they have made illustrious, appear more like a mad *saturnalia* than the sober and commonplace procedure of rational men. The whole people—every class, profession, and degree—seemed to consider life but a species of delirious dance, and a wild and frantic excitement the one sole pleasure. Repose, thoughtfulness, and calm, they must have considered a premature death. Every emotion was sought for in its extreme, and a rapid variation from merriment to misery, from impassioned love to violent hate, was the ordinary (if in such an existence any thing could be deemed ordinary)—the common and ordinary condition of life. Laughter, that was ever on the brink of tears—a wild joy, that might in an instant be followed by hopeless despondency—alternations from sanguine and eager hope to blank and apparently crushing despair,—such was Irish life, in which every one appeared to be acting a part, and striving to appear original by means of a strained and laborious affectation. Steady, continued, and rational industry, was either unknown or despised; economy was looked upon as meanness—thrift was called avarice—and the paying a just debt, except upon compulsion, was deemed conduct wholly unworthy of a gentleman. Take the account Mr. Phillips himself gives. He speaks of the Irish squire; but the Irish squire was the raw material out of which so-called Irish gentlemen were made. "The Irish squire of half a century ago *scorned* not to be in debt; it would be beneath his dignity to live within his income; and next to not incurring a debt, the greatest degradation would have been voluntarily to *pay one*." And yet was there great pretension to *honor*, but a man of honor of those days would in our time be considered a ruffian certainly, and probably a blackleg or a swindler. "It was a favorite boast of his (the first Lord Norbury) that he began life with fifty pounds, and a pair of hair-trigger pistols." "They served his purpose well.... The luck of the hair-triggers triumphed, and Toler not only became Chief Justice, but the founder of two peerages, and the testator of an enormous fortune. After his promotion, the code of honor became, as it were, engrafted on that of the Common Pleas; the noble chief not unfrequently announcing that he considered himself a judge only while he wore his robes." The sort of law dispensed by this fire-eating judge might be easily conceived even without the aid of such an anecdote as the following: "A nonsuit was never heard of in his time. Ill-natured people said it was to draw suitors to his court." Toler's reason for it was that he was too *constitutional* to

interfere with a jury, Be that as it may, a nonsuit was a nonentity, 'I hope, my Lord,' said counsel in a case actually commanding one, 'your Lordship will, for once, have the courage to nonsuit? In a moment the hair-triggers were uppermost. 'Courage! I tell you what, Mr. Wallace, there are two sorts of courage—courage to shoot, and courage to nonshoot—and I have both; but nonshoot now I certainly will not; and argument is only a waste of time.' "I remember well," says Mr. Phillips, when speaking of another judge, Mr. Justice Fletcher, "at the Sligo summer assizes for 1812, being counsel in the case of 'The King *v.* Fenton,' for the murder of Major Hillas in a duel, when old Judge Fletcher thus capped his summing up to the jury: 'Gentlemen, it's my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says, the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you at the same time, a *fairer duel* than this I never heard of in the whole *coorse* of my life.' It is scarcely necessary to add that there was an immediate acquittal." By way of giving some idea of the character of society then, the following enumeration is supplied by the memory of Mr. Phillips:—

> "Lord Clare, afterwards Lord Chancellor, fought Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls. So much for equity; but common law also sustained its reputation. Clonmel, afterwards Chief Justice, fought two Lords and two Commoners,—to show his impartiality, no doubt. Medge, afterwards Baron, fought his own brother-in-law, and two others. Toler, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three persons, one of whom was Fitzgerald, even in Ireland the 'fire-eater,' *par excellence*. Patterson, also afterwards Chief Justice of the same court, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with guns, another with swords, and wounded them all! Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, fought Mr. Grattan. The Provost of Dublin University, a Privy Councillor, fought Mr. Doyle, a Master in Chancery, and several others. His brother, collector of Customs, fought Lord Mountmorris. Harry Deane Grady, counsel to the Revenue, fought several duels; and 'all hits,' adds Barrington, with unction. Curran fought four persons, one of whom was Egan, Chairman of Kilmainham; afterwards his friend, with Lord Buckinghamshire. A duel in these days was often a prelude to intimacy." [Pg 522]

In spite, nevertheless, of this rude, nay, almost wild condition of society,—in spite of a most fantastic affectation attending nearly every act and thought and word,—yet were Curran and his cotemporaries men of great and vigorous ability. Grattan, Curran, and Flood, deserve indeed to take rank among the foremost class of their own age,—among the men of genius of every age and country. If we speak of them as orators, and wish to judge of their excellence with relation to the great orators of our own country, we must bear in mind the character of the society in which they lived, and of the assemblies they addressed. It would be unjust to try them by the rules of our fastidious taste and undemonstrative manners. They addressed Irishmen, and Irishmen just when most excited, and indulging in all the wild sallies of a dearly-prized and lately acquired independence. What to us would appear offensive rant and disgusting affectation, would, in the Irish House of Commons, have been but the usual manifestation of strong feeling, and was absolutely required, if the speaker desired to move as well as convince his auditory.

If, however, we seek to know what was the virtue of these men, more especially that of Curran, we must probe to the bottom the corruptions and baseness of that society, which deserves to be branded as among the most base and the most corrupt that history has hitherto described. The temptations which England employed, the horrible corruption and profligacy she fostered, must be fully known, if we desire to do justice to the men who came out undefiled from that filthy ordeal.

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

THE LOST LETTER.

I.

One night, between twenty and thirty years ago, a party were assembled in the drawing-rooms of a house situated in one of the most spacious squares of the great metropolis. The brightly lighted lamps lent an additional lustre to yet brighter eyes, and the sprightly tones of various instruments accompanied the graceful evolutions of the dancers, as they threaded the mazes of the country-dance, cotillon, or quadrille; for waltz, polka, and schottish, were then unknown in our ball-rooms. Here and there sat a couple in a quiet corner, evidently enjoying the pleasures of a flirtation, while one pair, more romantic or more serious than the others, had strayed out upon the balcony, to indulge more unrestrainedly in the conversation, which, to judge by their low and earnest tones, and abstracted air, seemed deeply interesting to both.

It was now long past the hour 'of night's black arch, the keystone,' and the early dawn of a midsummer morning was already bestowing its first calm sweet smile on the smoke-begrimed streets and world-worn thoroughfares of mighty London, as well as on the dewy hay-fields, shady lanes, green hedgerows, and quiet country homes of rural England. The morning star, large, mild, and lustrous, was declining in the clear sky; and on the left of the lovely planet lay a soft purple cloud, tinged on the edge with the lucid amber of the dawning day. A light breeze just

stirred the leaves of the trees in the square garden, and fanned the warm cheeks of the two spectators, as, suddenly silent, they stood feasting their eyes and hearts on the surpassingly beautiful scene before them, and marvelling at the remarkable purity of the atmosphere, which, in the foggy metropolis of Britain, seemed almost to realize the Venetian transparency of the pictures of Canaletti. Perhaps it may be as well to take advantage of the pause to describe the two lovers, for that they were lovers you have of course already guessed.

A handsomer pair, I am sure, you would never wish to see! The well-knit, well-proportioned figure of the gentleman bespoke at once activity and ease, while the spirited, intelligent expression of his countenance—dark-complexioned as that of an Andalusian—would have given interest to far plainer features. The glance of his dark eye, as it rested fondly on his fair companion, or was turned abroad on the world, told alternately of a loving heart and a proud spirit. Philip Hayforth was one who would have scorned to commit an ignoble action, or to stain his soul with the shadow of a falsehood for all the treasures and the blessings the earth has to bestow; but he was quick to resent an injury, and slow to forget it, and not for all the world would he have been the first to sue for a reconciliation. Like many other proud people, however, he was open-hearted and generous, and ready to forgive when forgiveness was asked; the reason of which might be, that a petition for pardon is, to the spirit of a proud man, a sort of homage far more gratifying than the most skilful flattery, since it establishes at once his own superiority. But to his Emily, Philip was all consideration and tenderness, and she, poor girl, with the simple faith of youth and love, believed him to be perfection, and admired even his pride. A very lovely girl was Emily Sherwood —gifted with a beauty of a rare and intellectual cast. As she now stood leaning on the arm of her companion, her tall yet pliant and graceful figure enveloped in the airy drapery of her white dress, with her eyes turned in mute admiration towards the dawning day, it would have required but a slight stretch of the imagination to have beheld in her a priestess of the sun, awaiting in reverent adoration the appearance of her fire-god. Her complexion and features, too, would have helped to strengthen the fantasy, for the one was singularly fair, pale, and transparent, and the other characterized by delicacy, refinement, and a sort of earnest yet still enthusiasm. Her hair, of the softest and palest brown, was arranged in simple yet massive plaits around her finely- [Pg 523] shaped head, and crowned with a wreath of 'starry jessamine.' From the absence of color, one might have imagined that her beauty would have been cold and statue-like; but you had only to glance at her soft, intellectual mouth, or to look into her large, clear, hazel eyes, which seemed to have borrowed their sweet, thoughtful, chastened radiance from the star whose beams were now fast paling in the brightening sky, to learn that Emily Sherwood could both think and love.

"Dear Philip," she said at last, in that low tone which is the natural expression of all the finer and deeper emotions, "is it not beautiful? I feel at this moment as if I were almost oppressed with happiness—as if this were but an intense dream of love and beauty, that must, as sentimental people say, 'be too bright to last.' I never felt as I do now in all my life before."

"Nor I neither, my Emily, my sweet little poetess; but I suppose it is because we love, for love intensifies all the feelings."

"All the best feelings."

"The whole nature, I think. It is, for instance, more difficult to bear a slight from those we love than from a comparatively indifferent person."

"A slight! but there can be no such thing as a slight between those who love perfectly—as we do. Are we not all in all to each other? Is not our happiness indivisible?"

"It is my pride and joy to believe so, my sweet Emily. I know in my own heart that the needle is not more true to the magnet than my thoughts and feelings are to you. It shall be the chief care of my life to save you from all uneasiness; but, Emily, I expect the same devotion I give: unkindness from you, of all the world, I could not and would not endure."

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she said, half tenderly, half reproachfully, "why should you say this? I do not doubt *you*, dear Philip, for I judge your love by my own."

He looked into the truthful and affectionate eyes which were raised so trustingly to his face, and replied, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Forgive me, Emily. I trust you entirely; but I had started an idea, the barest contemplation of which was insupportable—maddening, because of the very excess of my affection. In short, Emily, I know—that is, I suspect—your father looked for a higher match for you than I am. Report says that his prejudices are strong in favor of birth, and that he is very proud of his ancient blood; and the idea did cross me for a moment, that when you were with him he might influence you to despise me."

"My father *is* proud; but, dear Philip, is nobody proud but he? And notwithstanding his prejudices, as you call them, I can assure you, you are not more honorable yourself in every act and thought than he is. He has consented to our marriage, and therefore you need not fear him, even if you cannot trust me alone."

"Oh, Emily, pardon me! And so you think me proud. Well, perhaps I am; and it is better that you should know it, as you will bear with it, I know, for my sake, my best, my truest Emily; and I shall repay your goodness with the most fervent gratitude. Yes, I feel with you that no cloud can ever come between us two."

Emily Sherwood was the eldest daughter of Colonel Sherwood, a cadet of one of the proudest families in England; and which, though it had never been adorned with a title, looked down with

something like contempt on the abundant growth of mushroom nobility which had sprung up around it, long after it had already obtained the dignity which, in the opinion of the Sherwoods, generations alone could bestow. Colonel Sherwood inherited all the pride of his race—nay, in him it had been increased by poverty; for poverty, except in minds of the highest class—that rare class who estimate justly the true value of human life, and the true nature of human dignity—is generally allied either with pride or meanness. Of course when I speak of poverty I mean comparative poverty—I allude to those who are poorer than their station. In a retired part of one of the eastern counties, Colonel Sherwood struggled upon his half-pay to support a wife and seven children, and as far as possible to keep up the appearance he considered due to his birth and rank in society. Emily had been for two seasons the belle of the country balls; and the admiration her beauty and manners had everywhere excited, had created in the hearts of her parents a hope that she was destined to form an alliance calculated to shed a lustre on the fading glory of the Sherwoods. But, alas! as Burns sings—

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft ajee."

During a visit to some relatives in London, Emily became acquainted with Philip Hayforth; and his agreeable manners and person, his intelligent conversation and devotion to herself, had quickly made an impression upon feelings which, though susceptible, were fastidious, and therefore still untouched. Then, too, the romantic ardor with which his attachment was expressed, the enthusiasm he manifested for whatever was great, good, or beautiful, aroused in Emily all the latent poetry of her nature. Naturally imaginative, and full even of passionate tenderness, but diffident and sensitive, she had hitherto, from an instinctive consciousness that they would be misunderstood or disapproved, studiously concealed her deeper feelings. Hence had been generated in her character a degree of thoughtfulness and reserve unusual in one of her years. Now, however, that she beheld the ideas and aspirations she had so long deemed singular, perhaps reprehensible, shadowed forth more powerfully and definitely by a mind more mature and a spirit more daring than her own, her heart responded to its more vigorous [Pg 524] counterpart; and at the magic touch of sympathy, the long pent-up waters flowed freely. She loved, was beloved, and asked no more of destiny. It was not, it may be supposed, without some reluctance that Colonel Sherwood consented to the demolition of the aerial castles of which his beautiful Emily had so long been the subject and the tenant, and made up his mind to see her the wife of a man who, though of respectable parentage, could boast neither title nor pedigree, and was only the junior partner in a mercantile firm. But then young Hayforth bore the most honorable character; his prospects were said to be good, and his manners unexceptionable; and, above all, Emily was evidently much attached to him; and remembering the days of his own early love, the father's heart of the aristocratic old colonel was fairly melted, and he consented to receive the young merchant as his son-in-law. The marriage, however, was not to take place till the spring of the following year. Meanwhile the lovers agreed to solace the period of their separation by long and frequent letters. Philip's last words to Emily, as he handed her into the postchaise in which she was to commence her homeward journey, were, "Now write to me very often, my own dearest Emily, for I shall never be happy but when hearing from you or writing to you; and if you are long answering my letters, I shall be miserable, and perhaps jealous." She could only answer by a mute sign, and the carriage drove away. Poor, agitated Emily, half happy, half sad, leaned back in it, and indulged in that feminine luxury—a hearty fit of tears. As for Philip, he took a few turns in the park, walking as if for a wager, and feeling sensible of a sort of coldness and dreariness about every object which he had never remarked before. Then he suddenly recollected that he must go to the counting-house, as he was "very busy." He did not, however, make much progress with his business that day, as somehow or other he fell into a reverie over every thing he attempted.

Nothing could exceed the regularity of the lovers' correspondence for the first two or three months, while their letters were written on the largest orthodox sheets to be had from the stationer's—post-office regulations in those days not admitting of the volumes of little notes now so much in vogue. At last Emily bethought herself of working a purse for Philip, in acknowledgment of a locket he had lately sent her from London. Generally speaking, Emily was not very fond of work; but somehow or other no occupation, not even the perusal of a favorite poem or novel, had ever afforded her half the pleasure that she derived from the manufacture of this purse. Each stitch she netted, each bead she strung, was a new source of delight—for she was working for Philip. Love is the true magic of life, effecting more strange metamorphoses than ever did the spells of Archimago, or the arts of Armida—the moral alchemy which can transmute the basest things into the most precious. It is true of all circumstances, as well as of personal qualities, that

"Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity."

The purse was quickly finished, and dispatched to Philip, together with a letter. Emily was in high spirits at the prospect of the answer. She danced about the house, singing snatches of songs and ballads, and displaying an unusual amount of gayety; for, though generally cheerful, she was of too thoughtful a disposition to be often merry. Philip, she was sure, would write by return of post. How she wished the time were come! She knew pretty well, to be sure, what he would say; but what did that signify? She longed to feast her eyes on the words his hand had traced, and to fancy the tones and the looks which would have accompanied them had they been spoken instead of written. The expected day came at last, but the post-bag contained no letter for Emily. At first

she could hardly believe it; her countenance fell, and for a few minutes she seemed much disappointed; but never mind, the letter would come to-morrow, and she soon began to trip about and to sing almost as gayly as before. But another day passed, and another and another, and still no letter! Poor Emily's blithe voice was mute now, and her light step rarely heard. Sometimes she tried to read, or to play on the piano, but without much success; while her anxious looks, and the tear which occasionally might be seen to glisten in her eye, betrayed the trouble within. A whole week elapsed, a longer period than had ever passed before without a letter from Philip Hayforth —a fortnight—a month—and the poor girl's appetite failed, her nights were sleepless, and her drooping figure and pining looks told of that anxious suffering, that weary life-gnawing suspense, which is ten times more hard to bear than any evil, however great, of which we can ascertain the nature and discern the limits. Could Philip be ill? Could he—No, he could not be inconstant. Ought she to write to him again? But to this question her parents answered "No. It would be unfeminine, unladylike, undignified. If Mr. Hayforth were ill, he would doubtless write as soon as he was able; and if he were well, his conduct was inexcusable, and on Emily's part rendered any advance impossible." Poor Emily shrank from transgressing what her parents represented as the limits due to delicacy and decorum, and she would have died rather than have been guilty of a real impropriety, or have appeared unfeminine in the eyes of Philip Hayforth; and yet it did often suggest itself to her mind—rather, however, in the shape of an undefined feeling than of a conscious thought—that the shortest, best, most straight-forward way of proceeding, was to write at once to Mr. Hayforth, and ask an explanation. She could not herself see clearly how this could be wrong; but she supposed it must be so, and she acknowledged her own ignorance and [Pg 525] inexperience. Emily was scarcely twenty; just at the age when an inquiring and thoughtful mind can no longer rely with the unquestioning faith of childhood on assertions sanctioned merely by authority, and when a diffident one is too timid to venture to trust to its own suggestions. It is only after much experience, or one of those bitter mistakes, which are the great lessons of life, that such a character learns that self-reliance, exercised with deliberation and humility, is the only safeguard for individual rectitude. Emily, therefore, did not write, but lived on in the silent, wasting agony of constant expectation and perpetual disappointment. Her mother, in the hope of affording her some relief, inquired in a letter she was writing to her relative in London, if the latter had lately seen Mr. Hayforth. The answer was like a death-blow to poor Emily. Her mother's correspondent had "met Mr. Hayforth walking with a lady. He had passed her with a very stiff bow, and seemed inclined to avoid her. He had not called for a long time. She could not at all understand it." Colonel Sherwood could now no longer contain his indignation. He forbade the mention of Philip Hayforth's name, declaring that "his Emily was far too good and beautiful for the wife of a low-born tradesman, and that he deserved the indignity now thrown upon his family for ever having thought of degrading it by the permission of such a union. And his darling child would, he knew, bear up with the spirit of the Sherwoods." Poor Emily had, it is to be feared, little of the spirit of the Sherwoods, but she tried to bear up from perhaps as good a motive. But it was a difficult task, for she was well-nigh broken-hearted. She now never mentioned Philip Hayforth, and to all appearance her connection with him was as if it had never been; but, waking or sleeping, he was ever present to her thoughts. Oh! was it indeed possible that she should never, *never* see him again? No, it could not be; he would seek her, claim her yet, her heart said; but reason whispered that it was madness to think so, and bade her at once make up her mind to her inevitable fate. But this she could not do—not yet at all events. Month after month of the long dreary winter dragged slowly on; her kind parents tried to dissipate her melancholy by taking her to every amusement within reach, and she went, partly from indifference as to what became of her, partly out of gratitude for their kindness. At last the days began to lengthen, and the weather to brighten; but spring flowers and sunny skies brought no corresponding bloom to the faded hopes and the joyless life of Emily Sherwood. The only hope she felt was "the hope which keeps alive despair."

One May morning, as she was listlessly looking over in a newspaper the list of marriages, her eye fell upon a well-known name—the name of one who at that very time ought to have knelt at the altar with her. She uttered neither scream nor cry, but clasping her hands with one upward look of mute despair, fell down in a dead faint. For many days she was very ill, and sometimes quite delirious; but her mother tended her with the most assiduous affection, while her comfort and recreation seemed her father's sole care. They were repaid at last by her recovery, and from that time forth she was less miserable. In such a case as Emily's, there is not only the shock to the affections, but the terrible wrench of all the faculties to be overcome, which ensues on the divorce of the thoughts from those objects and that future to which they have so long been wedded. There is not only the breaking heart to be healed, but the whole mental current to be forcibly turned into a different channel from that which alone habit has made easy or pleasant. "The worst," as it is called, is, however, easier to be endured than suspense; and if Emily's spirits did not regain their former elasticity, she ere long became quite resigned, and comparatively cheerful.

More than a year had elapsed since that bright spring morning on which she had beheld the irrefragable proof of her lover's perfidy, when she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman, of good family and large property. He had been struck by her beauty at a party where he had seen her; and after a few meetings, made formal proposals to her father almost ere she was aware that he admired her. Much averse to form a new engagement, she would at once have declined receiving his addresses, had her parents not earnestly pressed the match as one in every respect highly eligible. Overcome at last by their importunities, and having, as she thought, no object in existence save to give pleasure to them, she yielded so far to their wishes as to consent to receive Mr. Beauchamp as her future husband, on condition that he should be made

acquainted with the history of her previous engagement, and the present state of her feelings. She secretly hoped that when he learned that she had no heart to give with her hand, he would withdraw his suit. But she was mistaken. Mr. Beauchamp, it is true, knew that there was such a word as *heart*, had a notion that it was a term much in vogue with novel-writers, and was sometimes mentioned by parsons in their sermons; but that *the heart* could have any thing to do with the serious affairs of life never once entered into his head to suppose. He therefore testified as much satisfaction at Emily's answer, as if she had avowed for him the deepest affection. They were shortly afterwards married, and the pensive bride accompanied her husband to her new home—Woodthorpe Hall; an ancient, castellated edifice, situated in an extensive and finely-wooded park on an estate in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

But I have too long neglected Philip Hayforth—too long permitted a cloud to rest upon his honor and constancy. He was not, in truth, the heartless, light-minded wretch that I fear you may think him. Pride, not falsehood or levity, was the blemish in his otherwise fine character; but it was a very plague-spot, tainting his whole moral nature, and frequently neutralizing the effect of his best qualities. He had been quite as much charmed with Emily's present and Emily's letter, as she had ever ventured to hope, and had lost not a moment in writing to her in return a long epistle full of the fervent love and gratitude with which his heart was overflowing. He had also mentioned several affairs of mutual interest and of a pressing nature, but about which he was unwilling to take any steps without the concurrence of "his own dearest and kindest Emily." He therefore entreated her to write immediately; "to write by return of post, if she loved him." But this letter never reached its destination: it was lost—a rare occurrence certainly, but, as most of us are aware from our own experience, not unknown. And now began with Philip Hayforth the same agony which Emily was enduring—nay, a greater agony; for there was not only the same disappointed affection, the same heart-sickness, the same weary expectation, but there was the stronger suffering of a more passionate and less disciplined temper; and, above all, there was the incessant struggle between pride and love—the same fearful strife which, we are told, once made war in Heaven. [Pg 526]

Sometimes he thought that Emily might be ill; but then that did not seem likely, as her health was generally good; and she was, when she had last written, perfectly well, and apparently in excellent spirits. Should he write to her again? No, she owed him a letter, and if she loved him, would doubtless answer it as soon as circumstances would permit; and he 'would let that haughty old aristocrat, her father, see that Philip Hayforth, the merchant, had more of the spirit of a man in him than to cringe to the proudest blood in England. And as for Emily, she was his betrothed bride—the same as his wife; and if he was not more to her than any father on earth, she was unworthy of the love he had given her. Let her only be true to him, and he was ready to devote his life to her—to die for her.' As the time wore slowly away, he became more and more exasperated, fevered, wretched. Sometimes it seemed to him that he could no longer endure such torment; that life itself was a burthen too intolerable to be borne. But here pride came to the aid of a better principle. His cheek tinged at the thought of being spoken of as the slighted lover, and his blood boiled at the bare idea of Colonel Sherwood's contemptuous pity for the vain plebeian who had dared to raise his thoughts to an alliance with his beautiful, high-born daughter. He 'would show the world that he was no love-sick, despairing swain; and Miss Sherwood's vanity should never be gratified by the display of the wounds her falsehood had inflicted. He would very soon, he knew, forget the fair coquette who had trampled thus upon his most sacred feelings.' So he tried to persuade himself, but his heart misgave him. No: he could not forget her—it was in vain to attempt it; but the more his feelings acknowledged her power, even the more the pride she had wounded in its tenderest point rose up in wrath against her; and he chafed at his own powerlessness to testify towards her his scorn and contempt. At such times as these he seemed even to himself on the verge of madness. But he had saner moments—moments when his better nature triumphed, and pride resigned for a brief space her stormy empire to the benigner sway of the contending passion.

In the midst of those terrific tornados, which in the West Indies and elsewhere carry in their path, over immense districts, ruin and desolation, there is a pause, often of considerable duration, caused, the scientific inform us, by the calm in the centre of the atmospheric vortex of which they are composed. Such a calm would occasionally rest upon the mind of Philip Hayforth, over the length and breadth of which the whirlwind of passion had lately been tearing. One night, after one of those hidden transports, which the proud man would have died rather than any mortal eye should have scanned, he threw himself upon his bed (for he rarely *went to bed* now, in the accepted sense of the phrase) in a state approaching exhaustion, mental and bodily. By degrees a sort of dream-like peace fell upon his spirit; the present vanished away, and the past became, as it were, once more a living reality. He thought of Emily Sherwood as he had first seen her—a vision of loveliness and grace. He thought of her as he had beheld her almost the last time on that clear summer morning, and like refreshing dew on his scorched and desolated heart fell the remembrance of her gentle words and loving looks. Could they have deceived? Ah no! and his whole nature seemed suddenly softened. He seemed to see her before him now, with her angel face and her floating white robes; he seemed even yet to be looking into those soft, bright eyes, and to read there again, as he had read before, love unspeakable, truth unchangeable. His heart was filled with a yearning tenderness, an intense and longing fondness, and he extended his arms, as if to embrace that white-robed image of truth and gentleness: but she was not there; it was but her spirit which had come to still his angry passions with the calm of trust and love. And in the fond superstition that so it was, he sprang from his couch, seized a pen, and wrote to her a passionate, incoherent epistle, telling her that she had tried him almost beyond his strength, but that he loved and believed in her still, and if she answered immediately, that he was ready to

forgive her for all the pain she had caused him. This letter finished, he threw himself upon his bed once again, and after a space, slept more soundly than he had done for many a long night before. When he rose in the morning he read over his letter, and felt, as he read, some faint misgivings; but these were put to flight by the recollection of Emily, as she had appeared to him in the vision of the previous night. As the post, however, did not go out till evening, he would keep the letter till then. Alas for the delay! It changed for ever his own fate and that of Emily Sherwood. It chanced that very afternoon that, taking up a provincial newspaper in a coffee-room into which he had strolled, on his way to the post-office, the following paragraph met his eye: —'We understand that there is a matrimonial alliance in contemplation between J—— R——, Esq., eldest son of Sir J—— R——, Bart., and the lovely and accomplished Miss Sherwood, daughter of Colonel Sherwood, late of the —th dragoons, and granddaughter of the late R. Sherwood, Esq., of —— Park.' On reading this most unfounded rumor, Philip Hayforth waited not another moment, but rushed home as if driven by the furies; and tearing his letter in a thousand pieces, threw it and the purse, Emily's gift, into the fire, and vowed to bestow not another thought on the heartless woman who had perjured her own faith and sold his true and fervent love for riches and title. Oh how he scorned her! how he felt in his own true heart that all the wealth and grandeur of the earth would have been powerless to tempt one thought of his from her! [Pg 527]

To conceal all suspicion of his sufferings from the world, and, if possible, banish their remembrance from his own mind, he now went even more than formerly into society; and when there, simulated a gayety of manner that had hitherto distinguished his most vivacious moments. He had always been a general favorite, and now his company was more sought after than ever. Among the young persons of the opposite sex with whom his engagements most frequently brought him in contact, was a young girl of the name of Fanny Hartley, pretty, gentle, excessively amiable, but without much mind, and with no literary taste whatever. She had nothing to say, but she listened to him, and he felt in her society a sort of repose, which was at present peculiarly grateful to his angry, troubled spirit. Her very silence soothed him, while the absorbing nature of his own feelings prevented him at first from thinking of hers. Philip Hayforth had certainly not more than an average share of human vanity, but he did at last suspect, partly from an accidental circumstance which had first drawn his attention to the subject, that he had created in the heart of the innocent Fanny a deeper interest than he had ever intended. He was touched, grateful, but at first grieved, for *he* "could never love again." But the charm of being loved soon began to work: his heart was less desolate, his feelings were less bitter, when he thought of Fanny Hartley, and began to ask himself if he were wise to reject the consolation which Providence seemed to offer him in the affection of this amiable and artless young creature. And when he thought of the pain she might perchance be suffering on his account, all hesitation upon the subject was removed at once. If she loved him, as he believed, his conduct, it seemed to his really kind heart, had already been barbarous. He ought not to delay another day. And accordingly that very evening he offered his hand to Fanny Hartley, and was accepted with trembling joy.

Their marriage proved a happy one. Fanny was as amiable as she had appeared, and in the conduct of the commoner affairs of life, good-feeling with her supplied in a great measure any deficiency of strong sense. Philip did perhaps occasionally heave a gentle sigh, and think for a moment of Emily Sherwood, when he found how incapable his wife was of responding to a lofty or poetic thought, or of appreciating the points of an argument, unless it were upon some such subject as the merits of a new dress or the seasoning of a pudding. But he quickly checked the rising discontent, for Fanny was so pure in heart, and so unselfish in disposition, that it was impossible not to respect as well as to love her. In short, Philip Hayforth was a fortunate man, and what is more surprising, knew himself to be so. And when, after twenty years of married life, he saw his faithful, gentle Fanny laid in her grave, he felt bereaved indeed. It seemed to him then, as perhaps, at such a time, it always does to a tender heart, that he had never done her justice, never loved her as her surpassing goodness deserved. And yet a kinder husband never lived than he had been; and Fanny had died blessing him, and thanking him, as she said, "for twenty years of happiness." "How infinitely superior," he now daily and hourly thought, "was her sweet temper and loving disposition to all the intellect and all the poetry that ever were enshrined in the most beautiful form." And yet Philip Hayforth certainly was not sorry that his eldest daughter—his pretty, lively Fanny—should have turned out not only amiable and affectionate, but clever and witty. He was, in truth, very proud of Fanny. He loved all his children most dearly; but Fanny was the apple of his eye—the very delight of his existence. He had now almost forgotten Emily Sherwood; but when he did think of her, it was with indifference rather than forgiveness. He had not heard of her since his marriage, having, some time previous to that event, completely broken off the slight acquaintance he had formed with her relations; while a short absence abroad, at the time of her union with Mr. Beauchamp, had prevented him from seeing its announcement in the papers.

Meanwhile poor Emily's married life had not been so happy as that of her former lover. Mr. Beauchamp was of a pompous, tyrannical disposition, and had a small, mean mind. He was constantly worrying about trifles, perpetually taking offence with nothing, and would spend whole days in discussing some trivial point of etiquette, in the breach of which, he conceived himself aggrieved. A very miserable woman was his wife amid all the cold magnificence of her stately home. Often, very often, in her hours of loneliness and depression, her thoughts would revert to the brief, bright days of her early love, and her spirit would be rapt away by the recollection of that scene on the balcony, when Philip Hayforth and she had stood with locked hands and full hearts gazing at the sinking star and the sweetly breaking day, and loving, feeling, thinking, as if they had but one mind between them, till the present seemed all a fevered dream, and the past alone reality. She could not have been deceived then: then, at least, he had loved [Pg 528]

her. Oh, had she not wronged him? had there not been a mistake—some incident unexplained? He had warned her that his temper was proud and jealous, and she felt now that she ought to have written and asked an explanation. She had thrown away her happiness, and deserved her fate. Then she recollected that such thoughts in her, the wife of Mr. Beauchamp, were worse than foolish—they were sinful; and the upbraidings of her conscience added to her misery.

But Emily had a strong mind, and a lofty sense of right; and in those solitary struggles was first developed the depth and strength of her character. Partly to divert her thoughts from subjects dangerous to her peace, and partly from the natural bent of her inclinations, she sought assiduously to cultivate the powers of her mind, while her affections found ample scope for their exercise in the love of her infant son, and in considerate care for her many dependants, by all of whom she was loved and reverenced in no common degree. She learned thus the grand lessons —'to suffer and be strong,' and to make the best of destiny; and she felt that if she were a sadder woman, she was also a wiser one, and at any price wisdom, she knew, is a purchase not to be despised.

Mrs. Beauchamp had been married little more than five years when her husband died. His will showed, that however unhappy he had made her during his life, he had not been insensible to her merit, for he left her the sole guardian of their only son, and, while she should remain unmarried, the mistress of Woodthorpe Hall. In the childish affection and opening mind of her little boy poor Emily at last found happiness—unspeakable happiness, although it was of course qualified by the anxiety inseparable from parental love. She doted upon him; but her love was of too wise and unselfish a nature to permit her to spoil him, while her maternal affection furnished her with another motive for the cultivation of her own mind and the improvement of her own character. She was fired with the noble ambition of being the mother of her child's mind, as well as of that mind's mere perishable shrine.

II.

Twenty-five years have passed away, with all their changes—their many changes; and now,

> 'Gone are the heads of silvery hair,
> And the young that were have a brow of care:'

And the babe of twenty-five years ago is now a man, ready to rush into the thickest and the hottest of the great battle of life.

It was Christmas time; the trees were bare on Woodthorpe Chase; the lawns were whitened by a recent shower of snow, and crisped by a sharp frost; the stars were coming out in the cold cloudless sky; and two enormous fires, high piled with Christmas logs, blazed, crackled, and roared in the huge oaken chimneys of the great oak hall. Mrs. Beauchamp and her son sat together in the drawing-room, in momentary expectation of the arrival of their Christmas guests —a party of cousins, who lived at about ten miles' distance from Woodthorpe Hall. Edmund Beauchamp was now a very promising young man, having hitherto fulfilled the hopes and answered the cares of his fond and anxious mother. He had already reaped laurels at school and college, and his enlightened and liberal views, and generous, enthusiastic mind, gave earnest of a career alike honourable and useful. In person and features, though both were agreeable, he did not much resemble his mother; but he had the same large, soft, thoughtful eyes, the same outward tranquillity of demeanour hiding the same earnest spirit. At present he was silent, and seemed meditative. Mrs. Beauchamp gazed at him long and fondly, and as she gazed, her mother's heart swelled with love and pride, and her eyes glistened with heartfelt joy. At last she remarked, "I hope the Sharpes's new governess is as nice a person as the old one."

"Oh, much nicer!" cried Edmund suddenly, and as if awakening from a reverie.

"Indeed! I used to think Miss Smith a very nice person."

"Oh, so she was—very good-natured and obliging; but Miss Dalton is altogether a different sort of person."

"I wonder you never told me you found her so agreeable."

"I—Oh, I did not——That is, you never asked me."

"Is she young?"

"Yes—not much above twenty I should think."

"Is she pretty?"

"I—I don't exactly know," he said, hesitating and colouring; "I suppose—most persons——I should think she is." "How foolish I am!" thought Edmund. "What will my mother think of all this?" He then continued in a more composed manner—"She is a very excellent girl at least. She is the daughter of a London merchant—a remarkably honourable man—who has been ruined by these bad times; and though brought up in luxury, and with the expectation of large fortune, she has conformed to her circumstances in the most cheerful manner, and supports, it seems, with the fruits of her talents and industry, two little sisters at school. The Sharpes are all so fond of her, and she is the greatest favorite imaginable with the children." Edmund spoke with unwonted warmth. His mother looked at him half-sympathisingly, half-anxiously. She seemed about to

speak, when the sound of carriage wheels, and the loud knock of a footman at the hall-door, announced the arrival of the Sharpes, and Mrs. Beauchamp and her son hastened into the hall to welcome their guests. Mrs. Beauchamp's eye sought for the stranger, partly because she was a stranger, and partly from the interest in her her son's conversation had created. But Miss Dalton was the last to enter.

Edmund had not erred in saying she was a pretty girl. Even beneath the cumbrous load of cloaks and furs in which she was now enveloped, you could detect the exquisite proportions of her *petite* figure, and the sprightly grace of her carriage; while a pretty winter bonnet set off to advantage a face remarkable for the intelligence and vivacity of its expression. Her features, though not regular, were small, while the brilliancy of her colour, though her complexion was that of a brunette, lent a yet brighter glow to her sparkling dark eyes, and contrasted well with the glossy black ringlets which shaded her animated countenance. At this moment, however, her little head was carried somewhat haughtily, and there was a sort of something not unlike bashfulness or awkwardness in her manner which seemed hardly natural to it. The truth was, Miss Dalton had come very unwillingly to share in the festivities of Woodthorpe Hall. She was not acquainted with Mrs. Beauchamp, and report said she was a very dignified lady, which Fanny Dalton interpreted to mean a very proud one; and from her change of circumstances, rendered unduly sensitive, she dreaded in her hostess the haughty neglect or still haughtier condescension by which vulgar and shallow minds mark out their sense of another's social inferiority. And therefore it was that she held her head so high, and exhibited the constraint of manner to which I have alluded. But all her pride and shyness quickly melted before the benign presence and true heart-politeness of Mrs. Beauchamp. Dignified the latter certainly was; but her dignity was tempered with the utmost benevolence of expression, and the most winning sweetness of manner; and when she took the hand of her little stranger-guest between both of hers, and holding it kindly, said, "You are the only stranger here, Miss Dalton; but for my sake you must try to feel at home," an affection for Mrs. Beauchamp entered into the heart of the young girl, which has continued ever since steadily to increase. That she should conceive such an affection was not unnatural, for there was something in the appearance and manners of Mrs. Beauchamp, combined with her position in life, calculated to strike the imagination and touch the feelings of a warm-hearted and romantic girl such as Fanny Dalton, more especially one circumstanced as she was. Even her previous prejudice, with the reaction natural to a generous mind, was likely to heighten her subsequent admiration. But it is not so easy to account for the sudden interest the pretty governess created at first sight in the heart of her hostess. Many girls as pretty and as intelligent looking as Miss Dalton she had seen before, without their having inspired a spark of the tenderness she felt towards this unknown stranger. She could not comprehend it herself. She was not prone "to take fancies," as the phrase is; and yet, whatever might be the case, certain it was that there was a nameless something about this girl, which seemed to touch one of the deepest chords of her nature, and to cause her heart to yearn towards her with something like a mother's love. She felt that if Miss Dalton were all that she had heard, and that if she should really prove her son's choice, he should not be gainsaid by her.

The Christmas party at Woodthorpe Hall was generally a merry one; and this year it was even merrier than usual. Fanny Dalton was the life of the party; her disposition was naturally a lively one, and this hour of sunshine in her clouded day called forth all its vivacity. But Fanny was not only clever, lively, and amiable; her conduct and manners occasionally displayed traits of spirit—nay, of pride; the latter, however, of a generous rather than an egotistical description. Nothing was so certain to call it forth as any tale of meanness or oppression. One morning Miss Sharpe had been relating an anecdote of a gentleman in the neighborhood who had jilted (odious word!) an amiable and highly estimable young lady, to whom he had long been engaged, in order to marry a wealthy and titled widow. There were many aggravating circumstances attending the whole affair, which had contributed to excite still more against the offender the indignation of all right-thinking persons. The unfortunate young lady was reported to be dying of a broken heart.

Fanny, who had been all along listening to the narration with an eager and interested countenance, now exclaimed—"Dying of a broken heart! Poor thing! But if I were she, *I* would not break my heart—I would scorn him as something far beneath me, poor and unimportant as I am. No, I might break my heart for the loss of a true lover, but never for the loss of a false one!" As Fanny's eyes shone, and her lip curled with a lofty contempt, as her naturally clear, merry tones grew deeper and stronger with the indignation she expressed, a mist seemed suddenly to be cleared away from the eyes of Mrs. Beauchamp, and in that slight young girl she beheld the breathing image of one whom she had once intimately known and dearly loved—in those indignant accents she seemed to recognize the tones of a voice long since heard, but the echoes of which yet lingered in her heart. Why she had so loved Fanny Dalton was no mystery now—she saw in her but the gentler type of him whom she had once believed the master of her destiny—even of Philip Hayforth, long unheard of, but never forgotten. But what connection could there be between Philip Hayforth and Fanny Dalton? and whence this strange resemblance, which lay not so much in form or in feature, as in that nameless, intangible similarity of expression, gesture, manner, and voice, so frequently exhibited by members of the same family. [Pg 530]

As soon as Mrs. Beauchamp could quit the table, she withdrew to her own room, where she remained for some time in deep meditation, the result of which was a determination to fathom the mystery, if mystery there was. It was just possible, too, that the attempt might assist her to find a key to the riddle of her own destiny.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the same day, she took an opportunity of being alone with Miss

Dalton and her son, to say to the former—"I think you told me, my dear, that your father was alive?"

"Oh yes, thank God, *he* is alive! How I wish you knew him, Mrs. Beauchamp! I think you would like him, and I am *sure* he would like and admire you."

"Does your father at all resemble you in appearance?"

"I am not sure. I have been told that I was like him, and I always consider it a great compliment; for papa is still a very handsome man, and was of course even handsomer when he was young, and before his hair became grey. I have a miniature likeness of him, taken before his marriage, which I have with me, and will show you, if you will so far indulge my vanity."

Mrs. Beauchamp having replied that she should like exceedingly to see it, Fanny tripped away, and returned in a few minutes, carrying in her hand a handsome, but old-fashioned, morocco case. Mrs. Beauchamp had never seen it before, but she well remembered having given directions for the making of a case of that very size, shape, and color, for a miniature which was to have been painted for her. Her heart began to beat. She seemed upon the brink of a discovery. Fanny now opened the case, and placing it before Mrs. Beauchamp, exclaimed, "Now, isn't he a handsome man?" But Mrs. Beauchamp could not answer. One glance had been sufficient. A cold mist gathered before her eyes, and she was obliged to lean for support, upon the back of a chair.

"Dear Mrs. Beauchamp, are you ill?"

"My dear mother!" cried Edmund.

"It is nothing," she answered, quickly recovering herself; "only a little faintness." And then with the self-command which long habit had made easy, she sat down and continued with her usual calm sweetness—"I could almost fancy I had seen your father; but I do not remember ever knowing any one of the name of Dalton but yourself."

"Oh, but perhaps you might have seen him before he changed his name; and yet it seems hardly likely. His name used to be Hayforth; but by the will of his former partner, who, dying without near relations, left papa all his money, he took the name of Dalton. The money is all gone now, to be sure," she continued with the faintest possible sigh; "but we all loved the dear old man, and so we still keep his name."

Fanny had seated herself beside Mrs. Beauchamp, and as she finished speaking, the latter, obeying the impulse of her heart, drew her towards her and kissed her. Fanny, whose feelings were not only easily touched, and very strong, but even unusually demonstrative, threw her arms round Mrs. Beauchamp, and cried, with tears in her eyes, "How kind you are to me, Mrs. Beauchamp! You could hardly be kinder, if you were my mother."

"Dear Fanny," she answered in a low and affectionate tone, "I wish, indeed, I were your mother!"

As she spoke, Edmund, who had been standing in a window apart, made a sudden movement towards the two ladies, but as suddenly checked himself. At this moment his eyes encountered those of his mother, and colouring violently, he abruptly quitted the room. This little scene passed quite unnoticed by Fanny, who at the instant was thinking only of Mrs. Beauchamp, and of her own gentle mother, now beneath the sod.

The daughter of Philip Hayforth became a frequent guest at Woodthorpe Hall, spending most of her Sundays with Mrs. Beauchamp, who would frequently drive over to the Sharpes's for her of a Saturday afternoon, and send her back on the Monday morning. She was invited to spend the Easter holidays at the Hall—a most welcome invitation, as she was not to return home till the midsummer vacation. A most agreeable time were these Easter holidays! Never had Fanny seemed more bright and joyous. Her presence operated as perpetual sunshine on the more pensive natures of the mother and son. It was therefore a great surprise to Mrs. Beauchamp when, one day at luncheon, about a week before the time fixed for the termination of her visit, Fanny announced her intention of leaving Woodthorpe that afternoon, if her friend could spare her the carriage.

"I can certainly spare it, Fanny; but I should like to know the reason of this sudden determination?"

"You must excuse my telling you, Mrs. Beauchamp; but I hope you will believe me when I say that it is from a sense of duty." As she spoke, she raised her head with a proud look, her eyes flashed, and she spoke in the haughty tone which always brought before Mrs. Beauchamp the image of her early lover; for it was in her proud moments that Fanny most resembled her father.

"Far be it from me, Fanny," she replied, with her wonted sweetness and benignity, "to ask any one to tamper with duty; but, my child, our faults, our *pride* frequently mislead us. You shall go to-night, if you please; but I wish, for my sake, you could stay at least till to-morrow morning. I have not offended you, Fanny?"

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Beauchamp!" and the poor girl burst into tears. "I wish—I *wish* I could only show you how I love you—how grateful I am for all your goodness; but you will never, never know." [Pg 531]

Mrs. Beauchamp looked anxiously at her, and began, "Fanny"——But suddenly stopped, as if she knew not how to proceed. Immediately afterwards the young girl left the room, silently and

passionately kissing Mrs. Beauchamp's hand as she passed her on her way to the door.

A few hours later in the day, as Mrs. Beauchamp sat reading in her boudoir, according to her custom at that particular hour, Edmund abruptly entered the little room in a state of agitation quite foreign to his ordinary disposition and habits.

"Mother!" he cried.

"My love! what is the matter?"

"Mother! I love Fanny Dalton—I love her with all my soul. I think her not only the loveliest and most charming of women, but the best and truest! I feel that she might make my life not only happier, but better. Oh, mother! is not love as real a thing as either wealth or station? Is it not as sufficient for all noble works? Is it not in some shape the only motive for all real improvement? It seems to me that such is the lesson I have been learning from you all my life long."

"And in that you have learned it I am deeply grateful, and far more than repaid for all my care and anxiety on your account; and now thank you for your confidence, my dear Edmund, though I think you might have bestowed it after a calmer fashion. It would have been better, I think, to have said all those violent things to Fanny than to me."

"I *have* said more than all these to Fanny, and—she has rejected me!"

"Rejected you! my dearest Edmund! I am grieved indeed; but I do not see how I can help you."

"And yet I should not be quite hopeless if you would plead my cause. Miss Dalton says that you have loaded her with kindness which she can never repay; that she values your affection beyond all expression; and that she is determined not to prove herself unworthy of it by being the means of disappointing the expectations you may have formed for your son, for whom, she says, she is no match either in wealth or station. She would not listen to me when I attempted to speak to her but this instant in the Laurel Walk, but actually *ran* away, positively commanding me not to follow; and yet, I do think, if she had decidedly disliked me, she would have given me to understand so at once, without mentioning you. Mother! what do *you*—what *do* you think?"

"You shall hear presently, Edmund; but in the first place let us find Miss Dalton."

They went out together, and had not sought her long, when they discovered her pacing perturbedly up and down a broad walk of closely-shaven grass, inclosed on both sides by a tall impenetrable fence of evergreens. As soon as she saw them, she advanced quickly to meet them, her face covered with blushes, but her bearing open and proud. Ere Mrs. Beauchamp had time to speak, she exclaimed, "Mrs. Beauchamp, I do not deserve your reproaches. Never till this morning was I aware of Mr. Beauchamp's sentiments towards me. Dear, kind friend, I would have suffered any tortures rather than that this should have happened."

Fanny was violently agitated; while Mrs. Beauchamp, on the contrary, preserved a calm exterior. She took one of the young girl's hands between both of hers, and answered soothingly, "Compose yourself, my dear Fanny, I entreat you. Believe me, I do not blame you for the affection my son has conceived for you."

"Oh thank you! Indeed you only do me justice."

"But, Fanny, I blame you very much for another reason."

"For what reason, then, madam?"

"For the same reason which now causes your eye to flash, and makes you call your friend by a ceremonious title. I blame you for your *pride*, which has made you think of me harshly and unjustly. Unkind Fanny! What reason have I ever given you to think me heartless or worldly? Do you not know that those who love are equals? and that if it be a more blessed thing to give, yet to a generous heart, for that very reason, it ought to be a pleasure to receive? Are you too proud, Fanny, to take any thing from us, or is it because my son's affection is displeasing to you that you have rejected him?"

Fanny was now in tears, and even sobbing aloud. "Oh, forgive me," she cried, "forgive me! I acknowledge my fault. I see that what I believed to be a sense of duty was at least partly pride. Oh, Mrs. Beauchamp, you would forgive me if you only knew how miserable I was making myself too!"

"Were you—were you indeed making *yourself* miserable?" cried Edmund. "Oh say so again, dearest Fanny; and say you are happy now!"

Mrs. Beauchamp smiled fondly as she answered, "I will do more than forgive you, my poor Fanny, if you will only love my son. Will you make us both so happy?"

Fanny only replied by a rapid glance at Edmund, and by throwing herself into the arms of Mrs. Beauchamp, which were extended to receive her. And as she was pressed to that fond, maternal heart, she whispered audibly, "My mother!—our mother!"

Mrs. Beauchamp then taking her hand, and placing it in that of her son, said with evident emotion, "Only make Edmund happy, Fanny, and all the gratitude between us will be due on my side; and oh, my children, as you value your future peace, believe in each other through light and darkness. And may Heaven bless you both!" She had turned towards the house, when she looked

back to ask, "Shall I countermand the carriage, Fanny?" And Edmund added, half-tenderly, half-slyly, "Shall you go to-morrow?" [Pg 532]

Fanny's tears were scarcely dry, and her blushes were deeper than ever, but she answered immediately, with her usual lively promptitude, "That depends upon the sort of entertainment you may provide as an inducement to prolong my visit."

And Edmund, finding that he had no chance with Fanny where repartee or badinage was in question, had recourse again to the serious vein, and rejoined, "If my power to induce you to prolong your visit were at all equal to my will, you would remain for ever, my own dearest Fanny."

We must now pass over a few months. The early freshness and verdure of spring had passed away, and the bloom and the glory of summer had departed. The apple-trees were now laden with their rosy treasures, the peach was ripe on the sunny wall, and the summer darkness of the woods had but just begun to be varied by the appearance of a few yellow leaves. It was on a September afternoon, when the soft light of the autumn sunset was bathing in its pale golden rays the grey turrets of Woodthorpe Hall, and resting like a parting smile on the summits of the ancestral oaks and elms, while it cast deep shadows, crossed with bright gleams, on the spreading lawns, or glanced back from the antlers of the deer, as they ever and anon appeared in the hollows of the park or between the trees, that a travelling carriage passed under the old Gothic archway which formed the entrance to Woodthorpe Park, and drove rapidly towards the Hall. It contained Edmund and Fanny, the newly-married pair, who had just returned from a wedding trip to Paris. They were not, however, the only occupants of the carriage. With them was Mr. Dalton, whom we knew in former days as Philip Hayforth, and who had been specially invited by Mrs. Beauchamp to accompany the bride and bridegroom on their return to Woodthorpe Hall.

And now the carriage stops beneath the porch, and in the arched doorway stands a noble and graceful figure—the lady of the mansion. The slanting sunbeams, streaming through the stained windows at the upper end of the oak hall, played upon her dress of dark and shining silk, which was partly covered by a shawl or mantle of black lace, while her sweet pale face was lighted up with affection, and her eyes were full of a grave gladness. Her fair hair, just beginning to be streaked with silver, was parted over her serene forehead, and above it rested a simple matronly cap of finest lace. Emily Beauchamp was still a beautiful woman—beautiful even as when in the early prime of youth and love she had stood in the light of the new-born day, clad in her robes of vestal whiteness. The change in her was but the change from morning to evening—from spring to autumn; and to some hearts the waning light and the fading leaves have a charm which sunshine and spring-time cannot boast. Having fondly but hastily embraced her son and daughter, she turned to Mr. Dalton, and with cordial warmth bade him welcome to Woodthorpe Hall. He started at the sound of the gentle, earnest tones which, as if by magic, brought palpably before him scenes and images which lay far remote, down the dim vista of years, obscured, almost hidden, by later interest and more pressing cares. He looked in Mrs. Beauchamp's face, and a new wonder met him in the glance of her large brown eyes, so full of seriousness and benignity, while the smooth white hand which yet held his in its calm friendly clasp seemed strangely like one he had often pressed, but which had always trembled as he held it. What could all this mean? Was he dreaming? He was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the same voice which had at first arrested his attention.

"We must try to become acquainted as quickly as possible, Mr. Dalton," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "and learn to be friends for our children's sake."

Bowing low, he replied, "I have already learned from my daughter to know and to esteem Mrs. Beauchamp."

The more Mr. Dalton saw of Mrs. Beauchamp, the more bewildered he became. He fancied what appeared to him the strangest impossibilities, and yet he found it impossible to believe that there was no ground for his vague conjectures. His life had been one of incessant toil, lately one of heavy distress and anxious cares, which had frequently sent him to a sleepless pillow; but never had he spent a more wakeful night than this, his first under the stately roof which his daughter—his darling Fanny—called that of her home. He felt that he could not endure another day of this uncertainty. He must be satisfied at all hazards, and he resolved to make an opportunity, should such not spontaneously present itself. But he was spared the necessity; for after breakfast the following morning his hostess offered to show him the grounds—an offer which, with his desired end in view, he eagerly accepted. They commenced their walk in silence, and seemed as if both were suddenly under the influence of some secret spell. At last, in a hoarse voice and a constrained manner, Mr. Dalton abruptly inquired, "Pray, madam, may I ask—though I fear the question may seem an unceremonious, perhaps a strange one—if you have any relations of the name of Sherwood?"

He saw her start, as she answered with forced composure, "Yes, Mr. Dalton, I have. It was indeed my own name before I married."

As she made this avowal, both stood still, it would seem by a sort of tacit, mutual consent, and earnestly looked at each other.

Philip Hayforth Dalton was now a man past the meridian of life; his once handsome and still striking countenance was deeply marked with lines of sorrow and care, and his dark luxuriant locks were thinned and grizzled, while his features, which had long been schooled to betray no

sign of emotion of a transient or superficial nature, were now, as his eyes met those of Mrs. Beauchamp's, convulsed as by the working of a strong passion. A slight blush tinged Emily's usually pale cheek; she drew a rapid breath, and her voice faltered perceptibly as she said at last, "Yes, Philip Hayforth, I am Emily Sherwood!" [Pg 533]

Not immediately did he reply either by word or look—not till she had asked somewhat eagerly, "We are friends, Mr. Dalton—are we not?"

Pride wrestled for a minute with the better nature of Philip Hayforth; but whether it were that his self-command was now greater than in the fiery and impassioned season of youth, or that it was difficult to maintain anger and resentment in the gentle, soothing, and dignified presence in which he now found himself, I undertake not to tell; but certain it is that this time at least he crushed the old demon down, and forced himself to answer, though with a formal manner and somewhat harsh tone, "Friends, Mrs. Beauchamp! Certainly, we are friends, if *you* wish it. Your goodness to my poor motherless Fanny has completely cancelled all wrongs ever done to Fanny's father. Let the past be forgotten!"

"Not so, if you please," she answered gently, "rather let it be explained. Mr. Dalton, we are neither of us young now, and have both, I trust, outlived the rashness of youth. Never till our mutual truth is made mutually clear, can we be the friends we ought to be—the friends I wish we were for Edmund's and Fanny's sake. Let us both speak plainly and boldly, and without fear of offence on either side. I promise, on mine, to take none at the truth, whatever it may be."

Mr. Dalton, as she spoke, regarded her earnestly and wonderingly, saying, as she finished, half in reverie, half addressing her, it would seem, "The same clear good sense, the same sweet good temper, which I had persuaded myself was but the effect of a delusive imagination! But I entreat your pardon, madam, and I promise as you have done."

"Tell me then, truly, Mr. Dalton, why you never answered the last letter I wrote to you, or acknowledged the receipt of the purse I sent?"

He started, as if he had received a pistol-shot; the formal, distant Mr. Dalton had disappeared, and the eager, vehement Philip Hayforth stood before her once more. "I did answer it, Emily. Out of the fulness of my heart—and how full it was I cannot tell you now—I answered your letter; but you, Emily, you never answered mine."

"Indeed I never received it."

It was some minutes after this announcement ere either was able to speak, but at last Mr. Dalton exclaimed, "Oh how I have wronged you? Emily, at this instant I catch, as it were, at the bottom of a dark gulf a glimpse of the evil of my nature. I begin to believe that I have cherished a devil in my bosom, and called it by the name of a good angel. Emily, if I am not too old to improve, you will have been the instrument of my improvement. I do not ask you to forgive me, generous woman, because I feel that you have already done so."

Mrs. Beauchamp felt what it must have cost the proud man to make this acknowledgment, and she honored him for the effort. "We have both been to blame," she said, "and therefore stand in need of mutual forgiveness. But it would be idle now to lament the past; rather let us rejoice that our friendship, re-established on the firm basis of perfect confidence, is cemented by the union of our dear children."

Mr. Dalton only answered by offering her his arm, with the kind and familiar politeness of an old friend, as she looked a little fatigued, and they walked together some distance in silence. At last Mrs. Beauchamp inquired, "Was Fanny's mother like herself?"

"No, Emily. My poor dead Fanny," and his voice trembled slightly, "was very sweet and amiable, but not at all like my living one."

"Your marriage was happy then? I am glad of that."

"I should have been the most ungrateful of men had it not been so; and yours too, Emily I hope"——

He stopt, he hardly knew why, while, with her eyes fixed on the ground, she answered slowly, "I am happy, very happy now!"

A feeling of profound respect and admiration held Mr. Dalton silent for a few seconds, and then he said, in the tone of one who expresses an earnest conviction, "You are the most noble minded woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Beauchamp made no answer, and it was not till they stood together in the hall, that she said in her natural tone of kind and calm cheerfulness, "And now, Mr. Dalton, let us look for Edmund and Fanny; and if you please, in order that they may learn of our mistakes that trust is the nobler part of love, we shall tell them this story of The Lost Letter."

From Frazer's Magazine.

LIFE AT A WATERING-PLACE.

THE LIONNE.

By Charles Astor Bristed.

One day at Oldport Springs went off pretty much like another. There was the same continual whirl, and flurry, and toiling after pleasure—never an hour of repose—scarcely enough cessation for the two or three indispensable meals. When they had walked, and flirted, and played ten-pins, and driven, and danced all day, and all night till two in the morning, the women retired to their rooms, and the men retired to the gambling-house (which being an illegal establishment had, on that account, a greater charm in their eyes), and kept it up there till broad daylight; notwithstanding which, they always contrived to appear at breakfast a few hours after as fresh as ever, and ready to begin the same round of dissipation. Indeed it was said that Tom Edwards and his most ardent followers among the boys never went to bed at all, but on their return from [Pg 534] "fighting the tiger," bathed, changed their linen, and came down to the breakfast-room, taking the night's sleep for granted. It was a perpetual scene of excitement, relieved only by the heavy and calm figure of Sumner, who, silent and unimpassioned, largely capacious of meat and drink, a recipient of every diversion, without being excited by any, went through all the bowling, and riding, and polking, and gambling, with the gravity of a *commis* performing the national French dance at the Mabille. There was much rivalry in equipages, especially between Ludlow, Benson, and Löwenberg, who drove the three four-in-hands of the place, and emulated one another in horses, harness, and vehicles—even setting up attempts at liveries, in which they found some imitators (for you can't do any thing in America, however unpopular, without being imitated): and every horse, wagon, man-servant, and livery, belonging to every one, was duly chronicled in the Oldport correspondence of the *Sewer* and the *Jacobin*, which journals were wont one day to Billingsgate the "mushroom aristocracy of wealth," and the next to play Jenkins for their glorification. Le Roi, who owned no horses, and had given up dancing as soon as he found that there were many of the natives who could out-dance him, and that the late hours were bad for his complexion, attached himself to any or every married lady who was at all distinguished for beauty or fortune; and then went about asking, with an ostentatious air of mystery,—*"Est-ce qu' on parle beaucoup de moi et Madame Chose?"* Sometimes he deigned to turn aside for an heiress; and as he was a very amusing and rather ornamental man, the girls were always glad to have his company; but the good speculations took care not to fall in love with him, or to give him sufficient encouragement (although a Frenchman does not require a great deal) to justify a declaration on his part. Perhaps the legend about the mutual-benefit subscription club hurt his prospects, or it may have been his limited success in dancing. The same reason—as much, at least, as the assumed one of their vulgarity—kept Mr. Simpson, and other "birds" of his set, out of the exclusive society. For dancing was the one great article in the code of the fashionables to which all other amusements or occupations were subordinate. There was a grand dress-ball once a week at one or other of the hotels, and two undress-balls—*hops* they were called: but most of the exclusives went to these also in full dress, and both balls and hops usually lasted till three or four in the morning. Then on the off-nights "our set" got up their own little extempore balls in the large public parlor, to the music of some volunteer pianist, and when the weather was bad they danced in the same place all day; when it was good these informal *matinées* did not generally last more than two or three hours. Then there were serenades given about day-break, by young men who were tired of "the tiger"—nominally to some particular ladies, but virtually, of course, to the whole hotel, or nearly so—and the only music they could devise for these occasions were waltzes or polkas. Ashburner made a calculation that, counting in the serenades, the inhabitants of Oldport were edified by waltz, polka, and redowa music (in those days the *Schottisch* was not), eleven hours out of the twenty-four, daily. And at last, when Mr. Monson, the Cellarius of New-York, came down with various dancing-girls, native and imported, to give lessons to such aspiring young men as might desire it, first Mrs. Harrison and other women, who, though wealthy and well-known, were not exactly "of us," used to drop in to look at the fun; and, finally, all the exclusives, irresistibly attracted by the sound of fiddles and revolving feet, thronged the little room up-stairs, where the dancing class was assembled, and from looking on, proceeded to join in the exercises. Ladies, beaux, and dancing-girls, were all mingled together, whirling and capering about in an apartment fifteen feet square, which hardly gave them room to pass one another. Benson was the only person who entered his protest against the proceeding. He declared it was a shame that his countrywomen should degrade themselves so before foreigners; but his expostulations were only laughed at: nor could he even persuade his wife and sister-in-law to quit the place, though he stalked off himself in high dudgeon, and wrote a letter to the *Episcopal Banner*, inveighing against the shameless dissipation of the watering-places. For Harry was on very good terms with the religious people in New-York, and was professedly a religious man, and had some sort of idea that he mixed with the fashionables to do them good; which was much like what we sometimes hear of a parson who follows the hounds to keep the sportsmen from swearing, and about as successful. Trying with all his might to serve God, and to live with the exclusives, he was in a fair way to get a terrible fall between two stools.

Talking of religion brings us naturally to Sunday, which at Oldport was really required as a day of rest. But whether it would have been so or not is doubtful, only that the Puritan habits of the country made dancing on that day impossible. It was a violation of public opinion, and of the actual law of the land, which no one cared to attempt. The fashionables were thus left almost without resource. The young men went off to dine somewhere in the vicinity, not unfrequently

taking with them some of Mr. Monson's dancing-girls; the wearied men, and the women generally, were in a sad state of listlessness. Some of them literally went to bed and slept for the rest of the week; others, in very despair of something to do, went to church and fell asleep there. Ashburner took advantage of the lull to fill up his journal, and put down his observations on the society about him, in which he had remarked some striking peculiarities, apart from the dancing [Pg 535] mania and other outward and open characteristics.

The first thing that surprised him was the great number of misunderstandings and quarrels existing among the not very large number of people who composed the fashionable set. They seemed to quarrel with their relatives in preference, as a matter of course; and to admit strangers very readily to the privilege of relatives. The Robinsons were at feud with all their cousins: Benson with most of his, except Ludlow. Ludlow, White, Sumner, every man he knew, had his set of private enemies, with whom he was not on speaking or bowing terms. Mrs. Harrison, who was very friendly to most of the men, scarcely spoke to a single woman in the place; but this was, perhaps, only carrying the war into Africa, as the ladies of "our set" generally had intended not to recognize her as one of them. These numberless feuds made it very difficult to arrange an excursion, or to get up a dinner at the *restaurant* of a "colored gentleman," whose timely settlement in Oldport had enabled Mr. Grabster's guests to escape in some measure the pangs of hunger. On studying the cause of these disagreeable hostilities, he found that, among relatives, they were often caused by disputes upon money matters; that between persons not related they frequently sprung from the most trivial sources—frivolous points of etiquette, petty squabbles at cards, imaginary jealousies—but that in both cases the majority of them could be traced to the all-pervading spirit of scandal. His purely intellectual education, if it had not made him somewhat of a misogynist, had at least prevented him from gaining any accurate knowledge or appreciation of women: he set them down *en masse* as addicted to gossip, and was not surprised to find in the American ladies what he assumed as a characteristic of the whole sex. But he was surprised to find the same quality so prevalent among the men. Not that they were in the habit of killing reputations to give themselves *bonnes fortunes*, as Frenchmen might have done under similar circumstances; their defamatory gossip was more about men than about women, and seemed to arise partly from a general disbelief in virtue, and partly from inability to maintain an interesting conversation on other than personal topics. And though much of this evil speaking was evidently prompted by personal enmities, much also of it seemed to originate in no hostile feeling at all; and it was this that particularly astonished Ashburner, to find men speaking disparagingly of their friends—those who were so in the real sense of that much-abused term. Thus there could be no reasonable doubt that the cousins, Benson and Ludlow, were much attached to each other, and fond of each other's society; that either would have been ready to take up the other's quarrel, or endorse his notes, had circumstances required it. Yet Harry could never refrain from laughing before third parties at Gerard's ignorance of books, and making him the hero of all the Mrs. Malaprop-isms he could pick up or invent; or, as we have seen, speaking very disrespectfully of the motives which had led him to commit matrimony; and Gerard was not slow to make corresponding comments on various foibles of Harry. But the spirit of detraction was most fully developed in men who were not professionally idle, but had, or professed to have, some little business on hand. Of this class was Arthur Sedley, an old acquaintance and groomsman of Benson, and a barrister—(they are beginning to talk about barristers now in New-York, though it is a division of labor not generally recognized in the country)—of some small practice. Really well educated, well read, and naturally clever, his cleverness and knowledge were vastly more disagreeable than almost any amount of ignorance or stupidity could have been. When he cut up right and left every man or woman who came on the *tapis*, his sarcasms were so neatly pointed that it was impossible to help laughing with him; but it was equally impossible to escape feeling that, as soon as your back was turned, he would be laughing at you. Riches and rich people were the commonest subject of his sneers, yet he lost no opportunity of toadying a profitable connection, and was always supposed to be on the look-out for some heiress.

The next thing which made Ashburner marvel was the extreme youth of the fashionable set, particularly the male portion of it; or, to speak more critically, the way in which the younger members of the set had suppressed their elders, and constituted themselves *the* society. A middle-aged man, particularly if, like Löwenberg, he happened to be rich, might be admitted to terms of equality, but the papas and mammas were absolutely set aside, and became mere formulas and appendages. The old people were nowhere; no one looked after their comfort in a crowd, or consulted them about any arrangement till after the arrangement was made. They had no influence and no authority. When Miss Friskin rode a wild colt bareheaded through the streets of Oldport, or danced the Redowa with little Robinson in so very *château-rouge* a style that even Mrs. Harrison turned away, poor Mrs. Friskin could interpose no impediment to the young lady's amusement; and even her father, the respected senior of the wealthy firm, Friskin & Co., who must have heard from afar of his daughter's vagaries (for all these things were written in the note-book of the *Sewer*), seemed never to have dreamed of the propriety or possibility of coming up to Oldport to put a stop to them. When Tom Edwards was squandering his fortune night after night at the faro-table, and his health day after day in ceaseless dissipation, there was no old friend of his family who dared to give him advice or warning, for there was none to whose advice or warning he would have listened. Once when Ashburner was conversing with Benson on some subject which brought on a reference to this inverse order of things, the latter gave his [Pg 536] explanation of it, which was to this effect:—

"The number of foreigners among us, either travelling for pleasure or settled for purposes of business, is so great that they become an appreciable element in our society. It is, therefore,

requisite that a fashionable should be able to associate easily with foreigners; and for this it is necessary that he or she should have some knowledge of foreign customs and languages, and, in the first place, of the French language. Now, if we go back a generation, we shall find that the men of that day were not educated to speak French. Go into the Senate Chamber at Washington, for instance, and you will not meet with many of the honorable senators who can converse in the recognized language of courts. Many of our most distinguished statesmen and *diplomats* can speak no tongue but their own. And to descend to private life, with which we have more particularly to do, when a foreigner presents himself with his letters at the dwelling of an old city merchant or professional man, it is generally the younger branches of the family who are called on to amuse him and play interpreters for the rest. This gives the young people a very decided advantage over their elders, and it is not surprising that they have become a little vain of it. And similarly with regard to foreign dresses, dances, cookery, and habits generally. The young men, having been the latest abroad, are the freshest and best informed in these things. It does not require any great experience or wisdom to master them, only some personal grace and aptitude for imitation to start with, and an *à plomb* to which ignorance is more conducive than knowledge. Hence the standard of excellence has become one of superficial accomplishment, and the man of matured mind who enters into competition with these handsome, showy, and illiterate boys, puts himself at a discount. Look at Löwenberg. All his literary acquirements and artistic tastes (and he really has a great deal of both) go for nothing. The little beaux can speak nearly as many languages as he can, and dance and dress better. The only thing they can appreciate about him is his money, and the horses and dinners consequent thereon. If little Robinson, there, with his *ne plus ultra* tie and varnished shoes, were to have the same fortune left him to-morrow, he would be the better man of the two, because he can polk better, and because, being neither a married man nor the agent of a respectable house, he can gamble and do other things which Löwenberg's position does not allow him to do."

This was a great confession for Benson to make against the country; nevertheless, it was not perfectly satisfactory to Ashburner, who thought that it did not explain all the phenomena of the case. It seemed to him that there was at work a radical spirit of insubordination, and a principle of overturning the formerly recognized order of domestic rule. The little children ate and drank what they liked, went to bed when they liked, and altogether were very independent of their natural rulers. Benson's boy rode rough-shod over his nurse, bullied his mother, and only deigned to mind his father occasionally. The wives ruled their husbands despotically, and acted as if they had taken out a patent for avenging the inferiority of their sex in other parts of the world. Benson did not like dancing: he only danced at all because he thought it his business to know a little of every thing, and because society thought it the duty of every young man who was not lame to understand the polka. But his wife kept him going at every ball for six hours, during five of which he was bored to death. Ludlow, whose luxurious living made violent exercise necessary for his health, and who, therefore, delighted in fencing, boxing, and "constitutionals" that would have tired a Cantab, was made to drive about Mrs. Ludlow all day till he hated the sight of his own horses. As to Mrs. Harrison, she treated her husband, when he made his appearance at Oldport (which was not very often) as unceremoniously as one would an old trunk, or any other piece of baggage which is never alluded to or taken notice of except when wanted for immediate use.

Ashburner first met this lady a very few days after his arrival at Oldport; indeed, she was so conspicuous a figure in the place that one could not be there long without taking notice of her. About mid-day there was usually a brief interval between the ten-pin bowling and the informal dance; and during one of these pauses he perceived on the smoking-piazza where ladies seldom ventured, a well-dressed and rather handsome woman smoking a cigarette, and surrounded by a group of beaux of all sizes, from men like White and Sumner to the little huge-cravated boys in their teens. She numbered in her train at least half-a-dozen of these cavaliers, and was playing them off against one another and managing them all at once, as a circus-rider does his four horses, or a juggler his four balls. In a country where beauty is the rule rather than the exception, she was not a remarkable beauty—at least, she did not appear such to Ashburner, from that distance; nor was her dress, though sufficiently elegant and becoming, quite so artistically put on as that of Mrs. Benson and the other belles of the set; still there was clearly something very attractive and striking about her, and he was immediately induced to inquire her name, and, on learning that she was a real lady (though not of "our set" of ladies), to request an introduction to her. But Benson, to whom he first applied, instead of jumping at the opportunity with his usual readiness to execute or anticipate his friend's wishes, boggled exceedingly, and put off the introduction under frivolous and evidently feigned pretences. It was so uncommon for Benson to show any diffidence in such matters, and his whole air said so plainly, "I will do this out of friendship for you if you wish it, but for my own part I would rather not," that Ashburner saw there was something in the wind, and let the subject drop. Ludlow, to whom he next had [Pg 537] recourse, told him, with the utmost politeness but in very decided terms, that "his family" (he was careful not to insist on his own personality in the affair) "had not the honor of Mrs. Harrison's acquaintance." The next man who happened to come along was Mr. Simpson, and to him Ashburner made application, thinking that, perhaps, the fair smoker might more properly belong to the "second set," though so surrounded by the beaux of the first. But even Simpson, though the last man in the world to be guilty of any superfluous delicacy, hesitated very much, and made some allusion to Mrs. Simpson; and then Ashburner began to comprehend the real state of the case,—that most of the married women had declared war against Mrs. Harrison, that she had retaliated upon them all, and that the husbands were drawn into their wives' quarrels, and obliged to fight shy of her before strangers. It was clear, then, that he must apply to a bachelor; and accordingly he waylaid Sumner, who "was too happy" to introduce him at once in due form.

As Ashburner came up to Mrs. Harrison she began to play off her eyes at him, and he then perceived that they constituted her chief beauty. They were of that deep blue which, in certain lights, passes for black,—large, expressive, and pleasing; the sort of eyes that go right through a man and look him down to nothing. Indeed, they had such effect on him that he lost all distinctive idea of her other features. Her manner, too, had something very attractive, though he could not have defined wherein it consisted. She did not exhibit the *empressement* with which most of her countrywomen seek to put a stranger at his ease at once; or the *exigence* of a spoiled lady waiting to be amused; or the haughtiness of a great lady, who does not care if she is amused herself and deigns no effort to amuse others. Neither did she attack him with raillery and irony, as Mrs. Benson had done on their first meeting. But she behaved as if she were used to seeing men like Ashburner every day of her life, and was willing to meet them half-way and be agreeable to them, if they were so to her, without taking any particular trouble, for there was no appearance of effort to please, or even of any strong desire to please, in her words and gestures; yet she *did* please and attract very decidedly.

"So I saw you in Mrs. Harrison's train!" said Benson, when they next met.

"Yes, and I fancy I know why you hesitated to introduce me."

As Ashburner spoke he glanced towards the parlor, where "our set"—Mrs. Benson, of course, conspicuous among them—were engaged in their ordinary occupation of dancing.

"Oh, I assure you, *madame* is not disposed to be jealous, nor am I a man to take part in women's quarrels. I don't like the lady myself, to begin with; and were I a bachelor, should have as little to say to her as I have now. In the first place she is too old——"

"Too old! she cannot be thirty."

"Of course a lady never *is* thirty, until she is fifty, at least; but at any rate I may say, without sacrilege, that Mrs. H. is pretty high up in the twenties. Now, at that age a woman ought—not to give up society, that would be an absurdity in the other extreme, but—to leave the romping dances and the young men to the girls, who want them more and whom they become better. Then I don't like her face. You must have taken notice that all the upper part of it is fine and intellectual, and she has glorious eyes——"

"Yes," said Ashburner.

"But all the lower part is heavy and over-sensuous. Now, not only does this, in my opinion, entirely disfigure a woman's looks, but it suggests unpleasant ideas of her character. A man may have that ponderous chin and voluptuous mouth, without their disturbing the harmony of an otherwise handsome face. I do not think a woman can; and as in the physical so in the moral. A man can stand a much greater amount of sensuousness in his composition than a woman. I do not mean to allude to the different standards of morality for the two sexes admitted by society; for I don't admit it, and think it very unjust; and I am proud to say that our people generally entertain more virtuous as well as more equitable views on this point than the Europeans. I mean literally that a man having so many opportunities for leading an active life, and being able to reason himself into or out of a great many things to or from which a woman's only guide is her feelings, may be very sensuous without its doing any positive harm to himself or others; but with a woman, who is compelled to lead a comparatively idle life, such an element predominating in her character is sure to bring her into mischief."

"Do you mean to say, then, that——" and Ashburner stopped short, but his look implied the remainder of his interrupted question.

"Do you ask me from a personal motive?"

Ashburner colored, and was proceeding to disclaim any such motive with an air of injured innocence.

"No, I don't mean any thing of the sort," said Benson, who felt that he had gone rather too far, and might unintentionally have slandered his countrywoman. "I believe the lady is as pure as—as my wife, or any one else. The number of her beaux, and the equality with which she treats them, prove conclusively to my mind that her flirting never runs into any thing worse. I don't think a woman runs any danger of that kind when she has such a lot of cavaliers; they keep watch on her and on one another. I remember when my brother lived in town, he once was away from home for two or three weeks, and when he came back an old maid who lived in his street, and used to keep religious watch over the goings-out and comings-in of every one in the vicinity, said to him, "How very gay your wife is, Mr. Benson! she has been walking with a different gentleman every day since you were gone.' 'Dear me!' says Carl; 'a different man every day! How glad I am! If you had told me she was walking with the *same* man every day I might have been a little scared.' But a woman may be perfectly chaste herself, and yet cause a great deal of unchasteness in other people. Here is this Mrs. Harrison, smoking cigarettes—and cigars, too, sometimes, in the open air; drinking grog at night, and sometimes in the morning; letting Tom Edwards and the foolish boys who imitate him talk slang to her without putting them down; always ready for a walk or drive with the last handsome young man who has arrived; and utterly ignoring her husband, except when she makes some slighting mention of him for not sending her money enough: what is the effect of all this upon the men? The foreigners; there are plenty of them here every season; I wonder there are so few this time: instead of one decent Frenchman like Le Roi, you usually find half-a-dozen disreputable ones; Englishmen many, not always of the best sort; Germans,

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Russians, and Spaniards, occasionally: they all are inclined to look upon her—especially considering her belligerent attitude towards the rest of the female population—as something *très légère*, and to attempt to go a little too far with her. Then she puts them down fast enough, and they in spite say things about her, the discredit of which extends to our ladies generally—in short, she exposes the country before foreigners. Then for the natives, she catches some poor boy just loose upon the world, dances with, flatters him—for she has a knack of flattering people without seeming to do so, especially by always appearing to take an interest in what is said to her,—keeps him dangling about her for a while; then some day he says or does something to make a fool of himself, and she extinguishes him. The man gets a check of this sort at his entry into society that is enough to make him a misogynist for life. And the little scenes that she used to get up last summer with married men, just to make their wives jealous!"

"Which, I suppose, is the reason none of your wives will let you speak to her?" said Ashburner, who began to feel, he hardly knew why, a sentiment of partisanship for Mrs. Harrison. "But granting that her face, as you describe it, is an index of her character, I should draw from that exactly the opposite inference. I believe that the women who make mischief in the way you mention are your unsensuous and passionless ones—that the perfect flirt, single or married, must be a perfectly cold woman, because it is only one of such a temperament who can thus trifle with others without danger to herself. I speak hesitatingly, for all women are a mystery, and my experience is as yet very limited; but such opportunities of observation as have fallen to my lot confirm me in the theory."

Somewhat to Ashburner's surprise his friend made no attempt to controvert his argument. He only turned it aside, saying,——

"Well, I don't like her, at any rate. If I had no other reason, the way she talks of her husband would be enough to make me."

"Oh, there *is* a Mr. Harrison, then? One hears so little of him——"

"And sees so nothing of him, you may say."

"Exactly—that I took him for a mythological personage—a cousin of our Mrs. Harris."

"Nevertheless I assure you Mr. Harrison exists very decidedly—a Wall-street speculator, and well known as such by business people, a capital man behind a trotter, an excellent judge of wine. Probably he will come here from the city once or twice before we leave, and I shall find an opportunity to introduce you to him, for he is really worth knowing and considerable of a man, as we say—no fool at all, except in the way he lets his wife bully him."

"If he made an unsuitable match that does not show his wisdom conspicuously."

"It was an unsuitable match enough, Heaven knows! But when he proposed he was in the state of mind in which sensible people do the most foolish things. He was a great man in stocks—controlled the market at one time—had been buying largely just before the election of '44, when we all expected Henry Clay would get in with plenty to spare. When Polk was elected, great was the terror of all respectable citizens. My brother caught such a fright then that I don't think he has fairly recovered from it to this day. How the stocks did tumble down! Harrison had about nine millions on his hands; he couldn't keep such a fund, and was forced to sell at any price, and lost just one third. Just as he was beginning to pick himself up after the shock and wonder, like the sailor whom the conjurer blew up, what was to come next? Mr. Whitey of the *Jacobin*, now the honorable Pompey Whitey—and one doesn't see why he shouldn't be, for after all an editor is not, generally speaking, a greater blackguard than most of our Congressmen—Whitey, I say, who for our sins is nominally attached to the Conservative party, conceived the bright idea of overbidding the enemy for popular favor, and proposed—no, he didn't actually propose in so many words, but only strongly hinted at the desirableness of the measure—that there should be no more paying rent, and a general division of property. I am not sure but there were some additional suggestions on the expediency of abolishing the Christian religion and the institution of matrimony, but that has nothing to do with politics. This last drop in the bucket quite overflowed poor Harrison; so, as if he had said to himself, "Let us eat and drink and get married, for to-morrow we shall have a proscription and *novæ tabulæ*," he rushed off and proposed to Miss Macintyre."

"Then, if she accepted him after he lost his fortune, it shows she did not marry for money, at any rate." [Pg 539]

"There you have missed it. He lost the whole of *a* fortune, but not the whole of *his*. He must have a million of dollars left, and a man with that is not poor in any country—certainly it was a great catch for Miss Macintyre, without a red cent of her own. She jilted a Frenchman for him: the unfortunate, or fortunate cast-off had ordered much jewelry and other wedding presents, and when left in the lurch he quietly proposed that, as he had no longer any use for the articles, Harrison, who had, should take them off his hands; and this offer was accepted. Very French in him to make it—don't you think so?—and rather American in the other to take it. Well, I hope Harrison will come this way soon; I should really like you to know him."

One or two days after this conversation Ashburner met his friend walking up and down the interminable piazza of the Bath Hotel, arm-in-arm with a middle-aged man, who presented as great a contrast to Benson's usual associates, and to Benson himself, as could well be imagined. The new-comer was short of stature and square-built, rather ugly, and any thing but graceful; he

wore very good clothes, but they were badly put on, and looked as if they had never undergone the brush since leaving the tailor's hands; he wore no gloves, and in short had altogether an unfashionable appearance. But though indubitably an unfashionable man, he did not give you the impression of a vulgar one; there was nothing snobbish or pretentious in his ugliness, and his cavernous black eye could have belonged only to an intelligent and able man. Benson was joking or pressing upon him some matter which he seemed unwilling to explain.

"But do tell me," said Harry, as they passed Ashburner, "what *have* you been doing to yourself? Sprained your finger by working too hard the night before last packet day? or tumbled down from running too fast in Wall-street, and not thinking which way you were going?" And he took in his own delicate white hand the rough paw of the stranger, which was partly bound up as if suffering from some recent injury.

"If you must know," said the other, stopping short his walk, "I broke my knuckles on an Irish hackman's teeth. Last week the fellow drove me from the North River boat to my house in Union Square, and I offered him seventy-five cents. He was very insolent and demanded a dollar. If I had had a dollar-note about me I might have given it to him, but it happened that I had only the six shillings in change; and so, knowing that was two shillings more than his legal fare, I became as positive as he. At last he seized my trunk, and then I could not resist the temptation of giving him a left-hander that sent him clean down the steps into the gutter."

"And then?

"He made a great bawling, and was beginning to draw a crowd about the house, when I walked off to the nearest police-station; and as it turned out that my gentleman was known as a troublesome character, they threatened to take away his license and have him sent to Blackwell's Island if he didn't keep quiet; so he was too glad to make himself scarce."

"By Jove, you deserve a testimonial from the city! I once got twenty dollars damages from an omnibus-driver for running into my brougham, knocking off a wheel, and dumping my wife and child into the street; and I thought it was a great exploit, but this performance of yours throws me into the shade."

Just then Benson caught sight of Ashburner, and excusing himself to the other, rushed up to him.

"Let me tell you now, before I forget it. We are going over to the glen to-morrow to dine, and in fact spend the day there. You'll come, of course?"

"With great pleasure," said Ashburner; "but pray don't let me take you away from your friend."

"Oh, that's only Harrison."

We meant, of course, our set, with such foreign lions as the place afforded, foremost among whom stood Ashburner and Le Roi. Benson, Ludlow, and some of the other married men undertook to arrange it, always under the auspices of the Robinsons.

These Robinsons were evidently the leaders in every movement of the fashionables, but why they were so was not so clear—at least, to Ashburner, though he had abundant opportunities of studying the whole family. There was a father in some kind of business, who occupied the usual position of New-York fathers; that is to say, he made the money for the rest of the family to spend, and showed himself at Oldport once a fortnight or so—possibly to pay the bills. There was a mother, stout and good-humored, rather vulgar, very fussy, and no end of a talker: she always reminded Ashburner of an ex-lady-mayoress. There were three or four young men, sons and cousins, with the usual amount of white tie and the ordinary dexterity in the polka; and two daughters, both well out of their teens. The knowing ones said that one of these young ladies was to have six thousand a year by her grandfather's will, and the other little or nothing; but it was not generally understood which was the heiress, and the old lady manœuvred with them as if *both* were. This fact, however, was not sufficient to account for their rank as *belles*, since there were several other girls in their circle quite as well, or better off. Nor had their wit or talent any share in giving them their position; on the contrary, people used to laugh at the *bêtises* of the Robinsons, and make them the butt of real or imaginary good stories. And, in point of birth, they were not related to the Van Hornes, the Bensons, the Vanderlyns, or any of the old Dutch settlers; nor like White Ludlow, and others of their set, sprung from the British families of long standing in the city. On the very morning of the proposed excursion Sedley was sneering at them for *parvenus*, and trying to amuse Ashburner at their expense with some ridiculous stories about them. [Pg 540]

"And yet," said the Englishman, "these people are your leaders of fashion. You can't do any thing without them. They are the head of this excursion that we are just going upon." Benson tells me "the Robinsons are to be there," as if that settled the propriety and desirability of my being there also."

"As to that," replied Sedley, "fashionable society is a vast absurdity anywhere, and it is only natural that absurd people should be at the head of it. The Robinsons want to be fashionable—it is their only ambition—they try hard for it; and it is generally the case that those who devote themselves to any pursuit have some success in it, and only right that it should be so. Then they are hopelessly good-natured folks, that you can't insult or quarrel with." Sedley had so little of this quality himself that he looked on the possession of it as a weakness rather than a virtue. "Then they are very fond of good living."

"Yes, I remember hearing Benson say that he always liked to feed Mrs. Robinson at a ball,—it was a perfect pleasure to see her eat; and that when Löwenberg, in the pride of his heart, gave a three-days' *déjeûner*, or lunch, or whatever it was, after his marriage, she was seen there three times each day."

"And he might have told you that they are as liberal of their own good things as fond of those of others. Old Robinson has some first-rate Madeira, better by a long chalk than that Vanderlyn Sercial that Harry Benson is always cramming down your throat—metaphorically, I mean, not literally. The young men like to drop in there of an evening, for they are sure to find a good supper and plenty of materials ready for punch and polka. Then they always manage to catch the newest lions. When I first saw you in their carriage along-side of Miss Julia, I said to myself, "That Englishman must be somebody, or the Robinsons would not have laid hold of him so soon." But their two seasons in Paris were the making of them,—and the unmaking, too, in another sense; for they ate such a hole in their fortune—or, rather, their French guests did for them—that it has never recovered its original dimensions to this day. They took a grand hotel, and gave magnificent balls, and filled their rooms with the Parisian aristocracy. My uncle, who is an *habitué* of Paris, was at the Jockey Club one day, and heard two exquisites talking about them. "*Connaissez-vous ce Monsieur Robinson?*" asked one. "*Est-ce que je le connais!*" replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. "*Je mange ses dîners, je danse à ses bals; v'la tout.*" *Voilà tout*, indeed! That is just all our people get by keeping open house for foreigners."

Just then Benson and Ludlow came up, the former under much excitement, and the latter in a sad state of profanity. As they both insisted on talking at once, it was some time before either was intelligible; at length Ashburner made out that the excursion had met with a double check. In the first place, all the bachelors had demanded that Mrs. Harrison should be of the party, in which they were sustained by Löwenberg, who, though partly naturalized by his marriage, still considered himself sufficiently a stranger to be above all spirit of clique. All the other married men had objected, but the Harrisonites ultimately carried their point. Of the two principal opponents, Ludlow was fairly talked off his feet by the voluble *patois* of Löwenberg, and Benson completely put down by the laconic and inflexible Sumner. So far so bad, but worse was to follow; for after the horses had been ordered, and most of the ladies, including the Robinsons, bonneted and shawled for the start, the *lionne*, who had, doubtless, heard of the unsuccessful attempt to blackball her, and wished to make a further trial of her power, suddenly professed a headache, whereupon her partisans almost unanimously declared that, as she couldn't go, they didn't want to go; and thus the whole affair had fallen through. Such was the substance of their melancholy intelligence, which they had hardly finished communicating when a *dea ex machina* appeared in the person of Mrs. Benson. She declared that it was "a shame," and "too bad," and she "had never," &c.; and brought her remarks to a practical conclusion by vowing that *she* would go, at any rate, whoever chose to stay with that woman; "and if no one else goes with us I'm sure Mr. Ashburner will:" at which Ashburner was fain to express his readiness to follow her to the end of the world, if necessary. Then she followed up her advantage by sending a message to Sumner, which took him captive immediately; and as she was well seconded by the Robinsons, who on their part had brought over Le Roi, the party was soon reorganized pretty much on its original footing. When the cause of all the trouble found herself likely to be left in a minority her headache vanished immediately, in time for her to secure beaux enough to fill her barouche, and Mr. Harrison was put into a carriage with the musicians. Mrs. Benson's vehicle was equally well filled; and Harry, who, by his wife's orders, and much against his own will, had lent his wagon and ponies to a young Southerner that was doing the amiable to Miss Vanderlyn, had nothing left for it but to go on horseback; in which Ashburner undertook to join him, having heard that there was a good bit of turf on the road to the glen.

"If you go that way," said Mrs. Robinson, when he announced his intention, "you will have another companion. Mr. Edwards means to ride."

Ashburner had seen Edwards driving a magnificent trotter about Oldport, but could not exactly fancy him outside of a horse, and conjectured that he would not make quite so good a figure as when leading the redowa down a long ball-room. But the hero of the dance was not forthcoming [Pg 541] for some time, so they mounted, Benson his pet Charlie, and the Englishman the best horse the stables of Oldport could furnish, which it is hardly necessary to say was not too good a one, and were leaving the village leisurely to give the carriages a good start of them, when they heard close behind the patter of a light-stepping horse, and the next moment Tom Edwards ranged up along side. The little man rode a bright bay mare, rising above fifteen hands, nearly full-blooded, but stepping steadily and evenly, without any of that fidget and constant change of gait which renders so many blood-horses any thing but agreeable to ride, and carrying her head and tail to perfection. He wore white cord trousers, a buff waistcoat, and a very natty white hair-cloth cap. His coat was something between a summer sack and a cutaway,—the color, a rich green of some peculiar and indescribable shade. His spurs were very small, but highly polished; and, instead of a whip, he carried a little red cane with a carved ivory head. In his marvellously fitting white buckskin glove he managed a rein of some mysterious substance that looked like a compound of india-rubber and sea-weed. He sat his mare beautifully—with a little too much aim at effect, perhaps; but gracefully and firmly at the same time. Ashburner glanced at his own poor beast and wished for Daredevil, whose antics he had frequently controlled with great success at Devilshoof; and Benson could not help looking a little mortified, for Charlie was not very well off for tail, and had recollections of his harness days, which made him drop his head at times and pull like a steam engine; besides which, Harry—partly, perhaps, from motives of economy, partly, as he said, because he thought it snobbish to ride in handsome toggery—always mounted in the

oldest clothes he had, and with a well-used bridle and saddle. But there was no help for it now, so off the three went together at a fair trot, and soon overtook most of the party, Edwards putting his spurs into the bay mare and showing off her points and his horsemanship at every successive vehicle they passed.

The piece of turf which Benson had promised his friend was not quite so smooth as Newmarket heath, but it was more than three-quarters of a mile long, and sufficiently level to be a great improvement on the heavy and sandy road. So unaccustomed, however, are Americans to "riding on grass," that Edwards could not be persuaded to quit the main path until Benson had repeatedly challenged him to a trot on the green. As soon as the two horses were fairly along-side they went off, without waiting the signal from their riders, at a pace which kept Ashburner at a hand-gallop. For awhile they were neck-and-neck, Benson and Charlie hauling against each other, the rider with his weight thrown back in the stirrups and laboring to keep his "fast crab" from breaking, while the mare struck out beautifully with a moderate pull of the rein. Then as Benson, who carried no whip, began to get his horse more in hand, he raised a series of yells in true jockey fashion, to encourage his own animal and to break up Edwards's. The mare skipped—Tom caught her in an instant, but she fell off in her stroke from being held up, and Charlie headed her a length; then he gave her her head, and she broke—once, twice, three times; and every time Benson drew in his horse, who was now well settled down to his work, and waited for Edwards to come on. At last, his mare and he both lost their tempers at once. She started for a run, and he dropped the reins on her back and let her go. At the same instant Benson stuck both spurs into Charlie, who was a rare combination of trotter and runner, and away went the two at full gallop. Ashburner's hack was left behind at once, but he could see them going on close together, tooling their horses capitally; Edwards's riding, being the more graceful, and Benson's the more workmanlike; the mare leading a trifle, as he thought, and Charlie pressing her close. Suddenly Edwards waved his cane as in triumph, but the next moment he and his mare disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed them up, while Benson's horse sheered off ten feet to the left.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO ONE IN AFFLICTION.

By John R. Thompson.

Dear friend! if word of mine could seal
  The bitter fount of all thy tears,
  And, through the future's cloudy years,
Some glimpse of sunshine yet reveal—

That word I might not dare to speak:
  A father's sorrow o'er his child
  So sacred seems and undefiled,
To bid it cease we may not seek.

Thy little boy has passed away
  From mortal sight and mortal love,
  To join the shining choir above
And dwell amid the perfect day;

All robed in spotless innocence,
  And fittest for celestial things,
  O'ershadowed by her rustling wings
The angel softly led him hence:

As pure as if the gentle rain
  Of his baptismal morn had sought
  His bosom's depths, and e'ery thought
Had sweetly cleansed from earthly stain:

Such blest assurance brings, I know,
  To bleeding hearts but sad relief—
  The dark and troubled tide of grief
Must have its ebb and flow—

And most of all when thou dost plod,
  Alone, upon these wintry days,
  Along the old familiar ways
Wherein *his* little feet have trod.

And thou dost treasure up his words,
  The fragments of his earnest talk,
  On some remembered morning walk,
When, at the song of earliest birds,

He'd ask of thee, with charméd look,
  And smile upon his features spread,
  Whose careful hand the birds had fed,
And filled the ever-running brook?

Or viewing, from the distant glade,
  The dim horizon round his home,
  With simplest speech and air would come
And ask why were the mountains made?

Be strong, my friend, these days of doom
  Are but the threads of darkest hue,
  That daily enter to renew
The warp of the Eternal Loom.

And when to us it shall be given
  In joy *to see the other side*
  These threads the brightest shall abide
In the fair tapestries of Heaven!

From Blackwood's Magazine [Pg 542]

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

By Pisistratus Caxton.

Continued from page 421.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XIII.

Whatever may be the ultimate success of Miss Jemima Hazeldean's designs upon Dr. Riccabocca, the Machiavellian sagacity with which the Italian had counted upon securing the services of Lenny Fairfield was speedily and triumphantly established by the result. No voice of the Parson's, charmed he ever so wisely, could persuade the peasant boy to go and ask pardon of the young gentleman, to whom, because he had done as he was bid, he owed an agonizing defeat and a shameful incarceration. And, to Mrs. Dale's vexation, the widow took the boy's part. She was deeply offended at the unjust disgrace Lenny had undergone in being put in the stocks; she shared his pride, and openly approved his spirit. Nor was it without great difficulty that Lenny could be induced to resume his lessons at school; nay, even to set foot beyond the precincts of his mother's holding. The point of the school at last he yielded, though sullenly; and the Parson thought it better to temporize as to the more unpalatable demand. Unluckily Lenny's apprehensions of the mockery that awaited him in the merciless world of his village were realized. Though Stirn at first kept his own counsel, the Tinker blabbed the whole affair. And after the search instituted for Lenny on the fatal night, all attempt to hush up what had passed would have been impossible. So then Stirn told his story, as the Tinker had told his own; both tales were very unfavorable to Leonard Fairfield. The pattern boy had broken the Sabbath, fought with his betters, and been well mauled into the bargain; the village lad had sided with Stirn and the authorities in spying out the misdemeanors of his equals; therefore Leonard Fairfield, in both capacities of degraded pattern boy and baffled spy, could expect no mercy;—he was ridiculed in the one, and hated in the other.

It is true that, in the presence of the schoolmaster, and under the eye of Mr. Dale, no one openly gave vent to malignant feelings; but the moment those checks were removed, popular persecution began.

Some pointed and mowed at him; some cursed him for a sneak, and all shunned his society; voices were heard in the hedgerows, as he passed through the village at dusk, "Who was put in the stocks?—baa!" "Who got a bloody nob for playing spy to Nick Stirn?—baa!" To resist this species of aggression would have been a vain attempt for a wiser head and a colder temper than our poor pattern boy's. He took his resolution at once, and his mother approved it; and the second or third day after Dr. Riccabocca's return to the Casino, Lenny Fairfield presented himself on the terrace with a little bundle in his hand. "Please, sir," said he to the Doctor, who was sitting cross-legged on the balustrade, with his red silk umbrella over his head.

"Please, sir, if you'll be good enough to take me now, and give me any hole to sleep in, I'll work for your honor night and day; and as for the wages, mother says 'just suit yourself, sir.'"

"My child," said the Doctor, taking Lenny by the hand, and looking at him with the sagacious eye of a wizard, "I knew you would come! and Giacomo is already prepared for you! As to wages, we'll talk of them by-and-by."

Lenny being thus settled, his mother looked for some evenings on the vacant chair, where he had so long sate in the place of her beloved Mark; and the chair seemed so comfortless and desolate, thus left all to itself, that she could bear it no longer.

Indeed the village had grown as distasteful to her as to Lenny—perhaps more so; and one morning she hailed the Steward as he was trotting his hog-maned cob beside the door, and bade him tell the Squire that "she would take it very kind if he would let her off the six months' notice for the land and premises she held—there were plenty to step into the place at a much better rent."

"You're a fool," said the good-natured Steward; "and I'm very glad you did not speak to that fellow Stirn instead of to me. You've been doing extremely well here, and have the place, I may say, for nothing."

"Nothin' as to rent, sir, but a great deal as to feeling," said the widow. "And now Lenny has gone to work with the foreign gentleman, I should like to go and live near him."

"Ah, yes—I heard Lenny had taken himself off to the Casino—more fool he; but, bless your heart, 'tis no distance—two miles or so. Can't he come home every night after work?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the widow almost fiercely; "he shan't come home here, to be called bad names and jeered at!—he whom my dead good man was so fond and proud of. No, sir; we poor folks have our feelings, as I said to Mrs. Dale, and as I will say to the Squire hisself. Not that I don't thank him for all favors—he be a good gentleman if let alone; but he says he won't come near us till Lenny goes and axes pardin. Pardin for what, I should like to know? Poor lamb! I wish you could ha' seen his nose, sir—as big as your two fists. Ax pardin! If the Squire had had such a nose as that, I don't think it's pardin he'd been ha' axing. But I let's the passion get the better of me—I humbly beg you'll excuse it, sir. I'm no scollard, as poor Mark was, and Lenny would have been, if the Lord had not visited us otherways. Therefore just get the Squire to let me go as soon as may be; and as for the bit o' hay and what's on the grounds and orchard, the new-comer will no doubt settle that."

The Steward, finding no eloquence of his could induce the widow to relinquish her resolution, took her message to the Squire. Mr. Hazeldean, who was indeed really offended at the boy's [Pg 543] obstinate refusal to make the *amende honorable* to Randal Leslie, at first only bestowed a hearty curse or two on the pride and ingratitude both of mother and son. It may be supposed, however, that his second thoughts were more gentle, since that evening, though he did not go himself to the widow, he sent his "Harry." Now, though Harry was sometimes austere and *brusque* enough on her own account, and in such business as might especially be transacted between herself and the cottagers, yet she never appeared as the delegate of her lord except in the capacity of a herald-of-peace and mediating angel. It was with good heart, too, that she undertook this mission, since, as we have seen, both mother and son were great favorites of hers. She entered the cottage with the friendliest beam in her bright blue eye, and it was with the softest tone of her frank cordial voice that she accosted the widow. But she was no more successful than the Steward had been. The truth is, that I don't believe the haughtiest duke in the three kingdoms is really so proud as your plain English rural peasant, nor half so hard to propitiate and deal with when his sense of dignity is ruffled. Nor are there many of my own literary brethren (thin-skinned creatures though we are) so sensitively alive to the Public Opinion, wisely despised by Dr. Riccabocca, as the same peasant. He can endure a good deal of contumely sometimes, it is true, from his superiors, (though, thank Heaven! *that* he rarely meets with unjustly;) but to be looked down upon, and mocked, and pointed at by his own equals—his own little world—cuts him to the soul. And if you can succeed in breaking his pride, and destroying this sensitiveness, then he is a lost being. He can never recover his self-esteem, and you have chucked him half way—a stolid, inert, sullen victim—to the perdition of the prison or the convict-ship.

Of this stuff was the nature both of the widow and her son. Had the honey of Plato flowed from the tongue of Mrs. Hazeldean, it could not have turned into sweetness the bitter spirit upon which it descended. But Mrs. Hazeldean, though an excellent woman, was rather a bluff, plain-spoken one—and, after all, she had some little feeling for the son of a gentleman, and a decayed fallen gentleman, who, even by Lenny's account, had been assailed without any intelligible provocation; nor could she, with her strong common sense, attach all the importance which Mrs. Fairfield did to the unmannerly impertinence of a few young cubs, which she said truly, "would soon die away if no notice was taken of it." The widow's mind was made up, and Mrs. Hazeldean departed—with much chagrin and some displeasure.

Mrs. Fairfield, however, tacitly understood that the request she had made was granted, and early one morning her door was found locked—the key left at a neighbor's to be given to the Steward; and, on farther inquiry, it was ascertained that her furniture and effects had been removed by the errand-cart in the dead of the night. Lenny had succeeded in finding a cottage, on the road-side, not far from the Casino; and there, with a joyous face, he waited to welcome his mother to breakfast, and show how he had spent the night in arranging her furniture.

"Parson!" cried the Squire, when all this news came upon him, as he was walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Dale to inspect some proposed improvement in the Alms-house, "this is all your fault. Why did not you go and talk to that brute of a boy, and that dolt of a woman? You've got 'soft sawder enough,' as Frank calls it in his new-fashioned slang."

"As if I had not talked myself hoarse to both!" said the Parson in a tone of reproachful surprise at

the accusation. "But it was in vain! O Squire, if you had taken my advice about the stocks—*quieta non movere*!"

"Bother!" said the Squire. "I suppose I am to be held up as a tyrant, a Nero, a Richard the Third, or a Grand Inquisitor, merely for having things smart and tidy! Stocks indeed!—your friend Rickeybockey said he was never more comfortable in his life—quite enjoyed sitting there. And what did not hurt Rickeybockey's dignity (a very gentlemanlike man he is, when he pleases) ought to be no such great matter to Master Leonard Fairfield. But 'tis no use talking! What's to be done now? The woman must not starve; and I'm sure she can't live out of Rickeybockey's wages to Lenny—(by the way, I hope he don't board him upon his and Jackeymo's leavings: I hear they dine upon newts and sticklebacks—faugh!) I'll tell you what, Parson, now I think of it—at the back of the cottage which she has taken there are some fields of capital land just vacant. Rickeybockey wants to have 'em, and sounded me as to the rent when he was at the Hall. I only half promised him the refusal. And he must give up four or five acres of the best land round the cottage to the widow—just enough for her to manage—and she can keep a dairy. If she want capital, I'll lend her some in your name—only don't tell Stirn; and as for the rent—we'll talk of that when we see how she gets on, thankless obstinate jade that she is! You see," added the Squire, as if he felt there was some apology due for this generosity to an object whom he professed to consider so ungrateful, "her husband was a faithful servant, and so—I wish you would not stand there staring me out of countenance, but go down to the woman at once, or Stirn will have let the land to Rickeybockey, as sure as a gun. And hark ye, Dale, perhaps you can contrive, if the woman is so cursedly stiff-backed, not to say the land is mine, or that it is any favor I want to do her—or, in short, manage it as you can for the best." Still even this charitable message failed. The widow knew that the land was the Squire's, and worth a good £3 an acre. "She thanked him humbly for that and all favors; but she could not afford to buy cows, and she did not wish to be beholden to any one for her living. And Lenny was well off at Mr. [Pg 544] Rickeybockey's, and coming on wonderfully in the garden way—and she did not doubt she could get some washing; at all events, her haystack would bring in a good bit of money, and she should do nicely, thank their honors."

Nothing farther could be done in the direct way, but the remark about the washing suggested some mode of indirectly benefiting the widow. And a little time afterwards, the sole laundress in that immediate neighborhood happening to die, a hint from the Squire obtained from the landlady of the inn opposite the Casino such custom as she had to bestow, which at times was not inconsiderable. And what with Lenny's wages, (whatever that mysterious item might be,) the mother and son contrived to live without exhibiting any of those physical signs of fast and abstinence which Riccabocca and his valet gratuitously afforded to the student in animal anatomy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilization of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumbed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples—as that necessary of social commerce called "an apology!" If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas, in the matter of apology, it is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, niggardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor humanity is hurried off to the Styx! How many times does a life depend on the exact proportions of an apology! Is it a hairbreadth too short to cover the scratch for which you want it? Make your will—you are a dead man! A life do I say?—a hecatomb of lives! How many wars would have been prevented, how many thrones would be standing, dynasties flourishing—commonwealths brawling round a *bema*, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plagy, jealous, suspicious, old vinegar-faced Honor, and her partner Pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as herself—have the monopoly of the article. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting in the precise shelf for the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be Apothecary's weight or Avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullaboloo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money,—I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses temper and patience, and sends Pride, Honor, and Apology, all to the devil. Aristophanes, in his "Comedy of *Peace*" insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a mute. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter. Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by bawling out for an apology!

CHAPTER XV.

But the Squire and his son, Frank, were large-hearted generous creatures in the article of apology, as in all things less skimpingly dealt out. And seeing that Leonard Fairfield would offer no plaister to Randal Leslie, they made amends for his stinginess by their own prodigality. The Squire accompanied his son to Rood Hall, and none of the family choosing to be at home, the Squire in his own hand, and from his own head, indited and composed an epistle which might

have satisfied all the wounds which the dignity of the Leslies had ever received.

This letter of apology ended with a hearty request that Randall would come and spend a few days with his son. Frank's epistle was to the same purport, only more Etonian and less legible.

It was some days before Randall's replies to these epistles were received. The replies bore the address of a village near London, and stated that the writer was now reading with a tutor preparatory to entrance at Oxford, and could not, therefore, accept the invitation extended to him.

For the rest, Randall expressed himself with good sense, though not with much generosity, he excused his participation in the vulgarity of such a conflict by a bitter but short allusion to the obstinacy and ignorance of the village boor; and did not do what you, my kind reader, certainly would have done under similar circumstances—viz. intercede in behalf of a brave and unfortunate antagonist. Most of us like a foe better after we have fought him—that is, if we are the conquering party; this was not the case with Randal Leslie. There, so far as the Etonian was concerned, the matter rested. And the Squire, irritated that he could not repair whatever wrong that young gentleman had sustained, no longer felt a pang of regret as he passed by Mrs. Fairfield's deserted cottage.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lenny Fairfield continued to give great satisfaction to his new employers, and to profit in many respects by the familiar kindness with which he was treated. Riccabocca, who valued himself on penetrating into character, had from the first seen that much stuff of no common quality and texture was to be found in the disposition and mind of the English village boy. On farther acquaintance, he perceived that, under a child's innocent simplicity, there were the workings of [Pg 545] an acuteness that required but development and direction. He ascertained that the pattern boy's progress at the village school proceeded from something more than mechanical docility and readiness of comprehension. Lenny had a keen thirst for knowledge, and through all the disadvantages of and circumstance, there were the indications of that natural genius which converts disadvantages themselves into stimulants. Still, with the germs of good qualities lay the embryos of those which, difficult to separate, and hard to destroy, often mar the produce of the soil. With a remarkable and generous pride in self-repute, there was some stubbornness; with great sensibility to kindness, there was also strong reluctance to forgive affront.

This mixed nature in an uncultivated peasant's breast interested Riccabocca, who, though long secluded from the commerce of mankind, still looked upon man as the most various and entertaining volume which philosophical research can explore. He soon accustomed the boy to the tone of a conversation generally subtle and suggestive; and Lenny's language and ideas became insensibly less rustic and more refined. Then Riccabocca selected from his library, small as it was, books that, though elementary, were of a higher cast than Lenny could have found within his reach at Hazeldean. Riccabocca knew the English language well, better in grammar, construction, and genius than many a not ill-educated Englishman; for he had studied it with the minuteness with which a scholar studies a dead language, and amidst his collection he had many of the books which had formerly served him for that purpose. These were the first works he had lent to Lenny. Meanwhile Jackeymo imparted to the boy many secrets in practical gardening and minute husbandry, for at that day farming in England (some favored counties and estates excepted) was far below the nicety to which the art has been immemorially carried in the north of Italy—where, indeed, you may travel for miles and miles as through a series of market-gardens—so that, all these things considered, Leonard Fairfield might be said to have made a change for the better. Yet in truth, and looking below the surface, that might be fair matter of doubt. For the same reason which had induced the boy to fly his native village, he no longer repaired to the church of Hazeldean. The old intimate intercourse between him and the Parson became necessarily suspended, or bounded to an occasional kindly visit from the father—visits which grew more rare, and less familiar, as he found his former pupil in no want of his services, and wholly deaf to his mild entreaties to forget and forgive the past, and come at least to his old seat in the parish church. Lenny still went to church—a church a long way off in another parish—but the sermons did not do him the same good as Parson Dale's had done; and the clergyman, who had his own flock to attend to, did not condescend, as Parson Dale would have done, to explain what seemed obscure, and enforce what was profitable, in private talk, with that stray lamb from another's fold.

Now I question much if all Dr. Riccabocca's sage maxims, though they were often very moral, and generally very wise, served to expand the peasant boy's native good qualities, and correct his bad, half so well as the few simple words, not at all indebted to Machiavelli, which Leonard had once reverently listened to when he stood by his father's chair, yielded up for the moment to the good Parson, worthy to sit in it; for Mr. Dale had a heart in which all the fatherless of the parish found their place. Nor was this loss of tender, intimate, spiritual love so counterbalanced by the greater facilities for purely intellectual instruction, as modern enlightenment might presume. For, without disputing the advantage of knowledge in a general way, knowledge, in itself, is not friendly to content. Its tendency, of course, is to increase the desires, to dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and, in that progress, what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall, baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realize, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise! *Allons!* one is viewing the dark side of the question. It is all the fault of that confounded Riccabocca, who

has already caused Lenny Fairfield to lean gloomily on his spade, and, after looking round and seeing no one near him, groan out querulously—

"And am I born to dig a potato ground?"

Pardieu, my friend Lenny, if you live to be seventy, and ride in your carriage;—and by the help of a dinner-pill digest a spoonful of curry, you may sigh to think what a relish there was in potatoes, roasted in ashes after you had digged them out of that ground with your own stout young hands. Dig on, Lenny Fairfield, dig on! Dr. Riccabocca will tell you that there was once an illustrious personage[R] who made experience of two very different occupations—one was ruling men, the other was planting cabbages; he thought planting cabbages much the pleasanter of the two!

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Riccabocca had secured Lenny Fairfield, and might therefore be considered to have ridden his hobby in the great whirligig with adroitness and success. But Miss Jemima was still driving round in her car, bundling the reins, and flourishing the whip, without apparently having got an inch nearer to the flying form of Dr. Riccabocca.

Indeed, that excellent and only too susceptible spinster, with all her experience of the villany of man, had never conceived the wretch to be so thoroughly beyond the reach of redemption as when Dr. Riccabocca took his leave, and once more interred himself amidst the solitudes of the [Pg 546] Casino, without having made any formal renunciation of his criminal celibacy. For some days she shut herself up in her own chamber, and brooded with more than her usual gloomy satisfaction on the certainty of the approaching crash. Indeed, many signs of that universal calamity which, while the visit of Riccabocca lasted, she had permitted herself to consider ambiguous, now became luminously apparent. Even the newspaper, which during that credulous and happy period had given half a column to births and marriages, now bore an ominously long catalogue of deaths; so that it seemed as if the whole population had lost heart, and had no chance of repairing its daily losses. The leading articles spoke, with the obscurity of a Pythian, of an impending Crisis. Monstrous turnips sprouted out from the paragraphs devoted to general news. Cows bore calves with two heads, whales were stranded in the Humber, showers of frogs descended in the High-street of Cheltenham.

All these symptoms of the world's decrepitude and consummation, which by the side of the fascinating Riccabocca might admit of some doubt is to their origin and cause, now, conjoined with the worst of all, viz.—the frightfully progressive wickedness of man—left to Miss Jemima no ray of hope save that afforded by the reflection that she could contemplate the wreck of matter without a single sentiment of regret.

Mrs. Dale, however, by no means shared the despondency of her fair friend, and, having gained access to Miss Jemima's chamber, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in her kindly attempts to cheer the drooping spirits of that female philanthropist. Nor, in her benevolent desire to speed the car of Miss Jemima to its hymenial goal, was Mrs. Dale so cruel towards her male friend, Dr. Riccabocca, as she seemed to her husband. For Mrs. Dale was a woman of shrewdness and penetration, as most quick-tempered women are; and she knew that Miss Jemima was one of those excellent young ladies who are likely to value a husband in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining him. In fact, my readers of both sexes must often have met, in the course of their experience, with that peculiar sort of feminine disposition, which requires the warmth of the conjugal hearth to develop all its native good qualities; nor is it to be blamed over-much if, innocently aware of this tendency in its nature, it turns towards what is best fitted for its growth and improvement, by laws akin to those which make the sun-flower turn to the sun or the willow to the stream. Ladies of this disposition, permanently thwarted in their affectionate bias, gradually languish away into intellectual inanition, or sprout out into those abnormal eccentricities which are classed under the general name of "oddity" or "character." But, once admitted to their proper soil, it is astonishing what healthful improvement takes place—how the poor heart, before starved and stinted of nourishment, throws out its suckers, and bursts into bloom and fruit. And thus many a belle from whom the beaux have stood aloof, only because the puppies think she could be had for the asking, they see afterwards settled down into true wife and fond mother, with amaze at their former disparagement, and a sigh at their blind hardness of heart.

In all probability, Mrs. Dale took this view of the subject; and certainly, in addition to all the hitherto dormant virtues which would be awakened in Miss Jemima when fairly Mrs. Riccabocca, she counted somewhat upon the mere worldly advantage which such a match would bestow upon the exile. So respectable a connection with one of the oldest, wealthiest and most popular families in the shire, would in itself give him a position not to be despised by a poor stranger in the land; and though the interest of Miss Jemima's dowry might not be much, regarded in the light of English pounds, (not Milanese *lire*,) still it would suffice to prevent that gradual process of dematerialization which the lengthened diet upon minnows and sticklebacks had already made apparent in the fine and slow-evanishing form of the philosopher.

Like all persons convinced of the expediency of a thing, Mrs. Dale saw nothing wanting but opportunities to insure success. And that these might be forthcoming, she not only renewed with greater frequency, and more urgent instance than ever, her friendly invitations to Riccabocca to drink tea and spend the evening, but she artfully so chafed the Squire on his sore point of hospitality, that the doctor received weekly a pressing solicitation to dine and sleep at the Hall.

At first the Italian pished and grunted, and said *Cospetto*, and *Per Bacco*, and *Diavola*, and tried to creep out of so much proffered courtesy. But, like all single gentlemen, he was a little under the tyrannical influence of his faithful servant; and Jackeymo, though he could bear starving as well as his master when necessary, still, when he had the option, preferred roast beef and plum-pudding. Moreover, that vain and incautious confidence of Riccabocca, touching the vast sum at his command, and with no heavier drawback than that of so amiable a lady as Miss Jemima—who had already shown him (Jackeymo) many little delicate attentions—had greatly whetted the cupidity which was in the servant's Italian nature? a cupidity the more keen because, long debarred its legitimate exercise on his own mercenary interests, he carried it all to the account of his master's!

Thus tempted by his enemy, and betrayed by his servant, the unfortunate Riccabocca fell, though with eyes not unblinded, into the hospitable snares extended for the destruction of his—celibacy! He went often to the parsonage, often to the Hall, and by degrees the sweets of the social domestic life, long denied him, began to exercise their enervating charm upon the stoicism of our poor exile. Frank had now returned to Eton. An unexpected invitation had carried off Captain Higginbotham to pass a few weeks at Bath, with a distant relation, who had lately returned from [Pg 547] India, and who, as rich as Croesus, felt so estranged and solitary in his native isle, that, when the Captain "claimed kindred there," to his own amaze "he had his claims allowed;" while a very protracted sitting of Parliament still delayed in London the Squire's habitual visitors in the later summer; so that—a chasm thus made in his society—Mr. Hazeldean welcomed with no hollow cordiality the diversion or distraction he found in the foreigner's companionship. Thus, with pleasure to all parties, and strong hopes to the two female conspirators, the intimacy between the Casino and Hall rapidly thickened; but still not a word resembling a distinct proposal did Dr. Riccabocca breathe. And still, if such an idea obtruded itself on his mind, it was chased therefrom with so determined a *Diavolo*, that perhaps, if not the end of the world, at least the end of Miss Jemima's tenure in it, might have approached, and seen her still Miss Jemima, but for a certain letter with a foreign postmark that reached the doctor one Tuesday morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The servant saw that something had gone wrong, and, under pretence of syringing the orange trees, he lingered near his master, and peered through the sunny leaves upon Riccabocca's melancholy brows.

The doctor sighed heavily. Nor did he, as was his wont, after some such sigh, mechanically take up that dear comforter, the pipe. But though the tobacco pouch lay by his side on the balustrade, and the pipe stood against the wall between his knees, child-like lifting up its lips to the customary caress—he heeded neither the one nor the other, but laid the letter silently on his lap, and fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"It must be bad news indeed!" thought Jackeymo, and desisted from his work. Approaching his master, he took up the pipe and the tobacco pouch, and filled the bowl slowly, glancing all the while to that dark musing face on which, when abandoned by the expression of intellectual vivacity, or the exquisite smile of Italian courtesy, the deep downward lines revealed the characters of sorrow. Jackeymo did not venture to speak; but the continued silence of his master disturbed him much. He laid that peculiar tinder which your smokers use upon the steel, and struck the spark—still not a word, nor did Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

"I never knew him in this taking before," thought Jackeymo; and delicately he insinuated the neck of the pipe into the nerveless fingers of the hand that lay supine on those quiet knees—the pipe fell to the ground.

Jackeymo crossed himself, and began praying to his sainted namesake with great fervor.

The doctor rose slowly, and, as if with effort, he walked once or twice to and fro the terrace; and then he halted abruptly, and said—

"Friend!"

"Blessed Monsignore San Giacomo, I knew thou wouldst hear me!" cried the servant; and he raised his master's hand to his pipe, then abruptly turned away and wiped his eyes. "Friend," repeated Riccabocca, and this time with a tremulous emphasis, and in the softest tone of a voice never wholly without the music of the sweet South, "I would talk to thee of my child."——

CHAPTER XIX.

"The letter, then, relates to the Signorina. She is well?"

"Yes, she is well now. She is in our native Italy."

Jackeymo raised his eyes involuntarily towards the orange-trees, and the morning breeze swept by and bore to him the odor of their blossoms.

"Those are sweet even here, with care," said he, pointing to the trees. "I think I have said that before to the Padrone."

But Riccabocca was now looking again at the letter, and did not notice either the gesture or the

remark of his servant.

"My aunt is no more!" said he, after a pause.

"We will pray for her soul!" answered Jackeymo, solemnly. "But she was very old, and had been a long time ailing. Let it not grieve the Padrone too keenly, at that age, and with those infirmities, death comes as a friend."

"Peace be to her dust!" returned the Italian. "If she had her faults, be they now forgotten for ever; and in the hour of my danger and distress, she sheltered my infant! That shelter is destroyed. This letter is from the priest, her confessor. You know that she had nothing at her own disposal to bequeath my child, and her property passes to the male heir—mine enemy."

"Traitor!" muttered Jackeymo; and his right hand seemed to feel for the weapon which the Italians of lower rank often openly wear in their girdles.

"The priest," resumed Riccabocca, calmly, "has rightly judged in removing my child as a guest from the house in which my enemy enters as lord."

"And where is the Signorina?"

"With that poor priest. See, Giacomo—here, here—this is her handwriting at the end of the letter—the first lines she ever yet traced to me."

Jackeymo took off his hat, and looked reverently on the large characters of a child's writing. But large as they were, they seemed indistinct, for the paper was blistered with the child's tears, and on the place where they had *not* fallen, there was a round fresh moist stain of the tear that had dropped from the lids of the father. Riccabocca renewed,—"The priest recommends a convent."

"To the devil with the priest!" cried the servant; then crossing himself rapidly, he added, "I did not mean that, Monsignore San Giacomo—forgive me! But your excellency[S] does not think of making a nun of his only child!" [Pg 548]

"And yet why not?" said Riccabocca, mournfully; "what can I give her in the world? Is the land of the stranger a better refuge than the home of peace in her native clime?"

"In the land of the stranger beats her father's heart!"

"And if that beat were stilled, what then? Ill fares the life that a single death can bereave of all. In a convent at least (and the priest's influence can obtain her that asylum amongst her equals and amidst her sex) she is safe from trial and penury—to her grave."

"Penury! Just see how rich we shall be when we take those fields at Michaelmas."

"*Pazzie!*" (follies) said Riccabocca, listlessly. "Are these suns more serene than ours, or the soil more fertile? Yet in our own Italy, saith the proverb, 'he who sows land, reaps more care than corn.' It were different," continued the father after a pause, and in a more irresolute tone, "if I had some independence, however small, to count on—nay, if among all my tribe of dainty relatives there were but one female who would accompany Violante to the exile's hearth—Ishmael had his Hagar. But how can we two rough-bearded men provide for all the nameless, wants and cares of a frail female child? And she has been so delicately reared—the woman-child needs the fostering hand and tender eye of a woman."

"And with a word," said Jackeymo, resolutely, "the Padrone might secure to his child all that he needs, to save her from the sepulchre of a convent; and ere the autumn leaves fall, she might be sitting on his knee. Padrone, do not think that you can conceal from me the truth, that you love your child better than all things in the world—now the Patria is as dead to you as the dust of your fathers—and your heart-strings would crack with the effort to tear her from them, and consign her to a convent. Padrone, never again to hear her voice—never again to see her face! Those little arms that twined round your neck that dark night, when we fled fast for life and freedom, and you said, as you felt their clasp, 'Friend, all is not yet lost!'"

"Giacomo!" exclaimed the father, reproachfully, and his voice seemed to choke him. Riccabocca turned away, and walked restlessly to and fro the terrace; then, lifting his arms with a wild gesture as he still continued his long irregular strides, he muttered, "Yes, heaven is my witness that I could have borne reverse and banishment without a murmur, had I permitted myself that young partner in exile and privation. Heaven is my witness that, if I hesitate now, it is because I would not listen to my own selfish heart. Yet never, never to see her again—my child! And it was but as the infant that I beheld her! O friend, friend——" (and, stopping short with a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he bowed his head upon his servant's shoulder;) "thou knowest what I have endured and suffered at my hearth, as in my country; the wrong, the perfidy, the—the—" His voice again failed him; he clung to his servant's breast, and his whole frame shook.

"But your child, the innocent one—I think now only of her!" faltered Giacomo, struggling with his own sobs.

"True, only of her," replied the exile, raising his face—"only of her. Put aside thy thoughts for thyself, friend—counsel me. If I were to send for Violante, and if, transplanted to these keen airs, she drooped and died—look, look—the priest says that she needs such tender care; or if I myself were summoned from the world, to leave her in it alone, friendless, homeless, breadless perhaps at the age of woman's sharpest trial against temptation, would she not live to mourn the cruel

egotism that closed on her infant innocence the gates of the House of God?"

Giacomo was appalled by this appeal; and indeed Riccabocca had never before thus reverently spoken of the cloister. In his hours of philosophy, he was wont to sneer at monks and nuns, priesthood and superstition. But now, in that hour of emotion, the Old Religion reclaimed her empire; and the skeptical world-wise man, thinking only of his child, spoke and felt with a child's simple faith.

CHAPTER XX.

"But again I say," murmured Jackeymo, scarce audibly, and after a long silence, "if the Padrone would make up his mind—to marry!"

He expected that his master would start up in his customary indignation at such a suggestion—nay, he might not have been sorry so to have changed the current of feeling; but the poor Italian only winced slightly, and mildly withdrawing himself from his servant's supporting arm, again paced the terrace, but this time quietly and in silence. A quarter of an hour thus passed. "Give me the pipe," said Dr. Riccabocca, passing into the Belvidere.

Jackeymo again struck the spark, and, wonderfully relieved at the Padrone's return to his usual adviser, mentally besought his sainted namesake to bestow a double portion of soothing wisdom on the benignant influences of the weed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Riccabocca had been some little time in the solitude of the Belvidere, when Lenny Fairfield, not knowing that his employer was therein, entered to lay down a book which the Doctor had lent him, with injunctions to leave on a certain table when done with. Riccabocca looked up at the sound of the young peasant's step.

"I beg your honor's pardon—I did not know——" [Pg 549]

"Never mind; lay the book there. I wish to speak with you. You look well, my child; this air agrees with you as well as that of Hazeldean?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Yet it is higher ground, more exposed?"

"That can hardly be, sir," said Lenny; "there are many plants grow here which don't flourish at the Squire's. The hill yonder keeps off the east wind, and the place lays to the south."

"Lies, not *lays*, Lenny. What are the principal complaints in these parts?"

"Eh, sir?"

"I mean what maladies, what diseases?"

"I never heard tell of any, sir, except the rheumatism."

"No low fevers?—no consumption?"

"Never heard of them, sir."

Riccabocca drew a long breath, as if relieved.

"That seems a very kind family at the Hall."

"I have nothing to say against it," answered Lenny, bluntly. "I have not been treated justly. But as that book says, sir, 'It is not every one who comes into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth.'"

Little thought the Doctor that those wise maxims may leave sore thoughts behind them. He was too occupied with the subject most at his own heart to think then of what was in Lenny Fairfield's.

"Yes; a kind, English, domestic family. Did you see much of Miss Hazeldean?"

"Not so much as of the Lady."

"Is she liked in the village, think you?"

"Miss Jemima? Yes. She never did harm. Her little dog bit me once—she did not ask me to beg its pardon, she asked mine! She's a very nice young lady; the girls say she's very affable; and," added Lenny with a smile, "there are always more weddings going on when she's down at the Hall."

"Oh!" said Riccabocca. Then, after a long whiff, "Did you ever see her play with the little children? Is she fond of children, do you think?"

"Lord, sir, you guess every thing! She's never so pleased as when she's playing with the babies."

"Humph!" grunted Riccabocca. "Babies—well, that's womanlike. I don't mean exactly babies, but

when they're older—little girls."

"Indeed, sir, I dare say; but," said Lenny, primly, "I never as yet kept company with the little girls."

"Quite right, Lenny; be equally discreet all your life. Mrs. Dale is very intimate with Miss Hazeldean—more than with the Squire's lady. Why is that, think you?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard, shrewdly, "Mrs. Dale has her little tempers, though she's a very good lady; and Madam Hazeldean is rather high, and has a spirit. But Miss Jemima is so soft: any one could live with Miss Jemima, as Joe and the servants say at the Hall."

"Indeed! Get my hat out of the parlor, and—just bring a clothesbrush, Lenny. A fine sunny day for a walk."

After this most mean and dishonorable inquisition into the character and popular repute of Miss Hazeldean, Signore Riccabocca seemed as much cheered up and elated as if he had committed some very noble action; and he walked forth in the direction of the Hall with a far lighter and livelier step than that with which he had paced the terrace.

"Monsignore San Giacomo, by thy help and the pipe's, the Padrone shall have his child!" muttered the servant, looking up from the garden.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yet Dr. Riccabocca was not rash. The man who wants his wedding-garment to fit him must allow plenty of time for the measure. But, from that day, the Italian notably changed his manner towards Miss Hazeldean. He ceased that profusion of compliment in which he had hitherto carried off in safety all serious meaning. For indeed the Doctor considered that compliments, to a single gentleman, were what the inky liquid it dispenses is to the cuttle-fish, that by obscuring the water sails away from its enemy. Neither did he, as before, avoid prolonged conversations with that young lady, and contrive to escape from all solitary rambles by her side. On the contrary, he now sought every occasion to be in her society; and, entirely dropping the language of gallantry, he assumed something of the earnest tone of friendship. He bent down his intellect to examine and plumb her own. To use a very homely simile, he blew away that froth which there is on the surface of mere acquaintanceships, especially with the opposite sex; and which, while it lasts, scarce allows you to distinguish between small beer and double X. Apparently Dr. Riccabocca was satisfied with his scrutiny—at all events, under that froth there was no taste of bitter. The Italian might not find any great strength of intellect in Miss Jemima, but he found that, disentangled from many little whims and foibles—which he had himself the sense to perceive were harmless enough if they lasted, and not so absolutely constitutional but what they might be removed by a tender hand—Miss Hazeldean had quite enough sense to comprehend the plain duties of married life; and if the sense could fail, it found a substitute in good old homely English principles and the instincts of amiable kindly feelings.

I know not how it is, but your very clever man never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate. Your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state, are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum good sort of women, and apparently like them all the better for their deficiencies. Just see how happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays. Certainly Goethe never [Pg 550] troubled the lady who called him "Mr. Privy Councillor" with whims about 'monads,' and speculations on 'color,' nor those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust. Probably it may be that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts that could not but prove unsatisfactory, at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear—viz. the tough household bond between one human heart and another.

At all events, this, I suspect, was the reasoning of Dr. Riccabocca, when one morning, after a long walk with Miss Hazeldean, he muttered to himself—

"Duro con duro
Non fece mai buon muro."

Which may bear the paraphrase, "Bricks without mortar would make a very bad wall." There was quite enough in Miss Jemima's disposition to make excellent mortar: the Doctor took the bricks to himself.

When his examination was concluded, our philosopher symbolically evinced the result he had arrived at by a very simple proceeding on his part—which would have puzzled you greatly if you had not paused, and meditated thereon, till you saw all that it implied. *Dr. Riccabocca took off his spectacles!* He wiped them carefully, put them into their shagreen case, and locked them in his bureau:—that is to say, he left off wearing his spectacles.

You will observe that there was a wonderful depth of meaning in that critical symptom, whether it be regarded as a sign outward, positive, and explicit, or a sign metaphysical, mystical, and esoteric. For, as to the last—it denoted that the task of the spectacles was over; that, when a

philosopher has made up his mind to marry, it is better henceforth to be short-sighted—nay, even somewhat purblind—than to be always scrutinizing the domestic felicity to which he is about to resign himself, through a pair of cold, unillusory barnacles. And for the things beyond the hearth, if he cannot see without spectacles, is he not about to ally to his own defective vision a good sharp pair of eyes, never at fault where his interests are concerned? On the other hand, regarded positively, categorically, and explicitly, Dr. Riccabocca, by laying aside those spectacles, signified that he was about to commence that happy initiation of courtship, when every man, be he ever so much a philosopher, wishes to look as young and as handsome as time and nature will allow. Vain task to speed the soft language of the eyes through the medium of those glassy interpreters! I remember, for my own part, that once, on a visit to Adelaide, I was in great danger of falling in love—with a young lady, too, who would have brought me a very good fortune—when she suddenly produced from her reticule a very neat pair of No. 4, set in tortoise-shell, and, fixing upon me their Gorgon gaze, froze the astonished Cupid into stone! And I hold it a great proof of the wisdom of Riccabocca, and of his vast experience in mankind, that he was not above the consideration of what your pseudo sages would have regarded as foppish and ridiculous trifles. It argued all the better for that happiness which is our being's end and aim, that, in condescending to play the lover, he put those unbecoming petrifiers under lock and key.

And certainly, now the spectacles were abandoned, it was impossible to deny that the Italian had remarkably handsome eyes. Even through the spectacles, or lifted a little above them, they were always bright and expressive; but without those adjuncts, the blaze was softer and more tempered: they had that look which the French call *velouté*, or velvety; and he appeared altogether ten years younger. If our Ulysses, thus rejuvinated by his Minerva, has not fully made up his mind to make a Penelope of Miss Jemima, all I can say is, that he is worse than Polyphemus, who was only an Anthropophagos;——

He preys upon the weaker sex, and is a Gynopophagite!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"And you commission me, then, to speak to our dear Jemima?" said Mrs. Dale, joyfully, and without any bitterness whatever in that "dear."

Dr. Riccabocca.—"Nay, before speaking to Miss Hazeldean, it would surely be proper to know how far my addresses would be acceptable to the family."

Mrs. Dale.—"Ah!"

Dr. Riccabocca.—"The Squire is of course the head of the family."

Mrs. Dale (absent and *distrait*.)—"The Squire—yes, very true—quite proper." (Then looking up, and with *naïveté*)—"Can you believe me, I never thought of the Squire. And he is such an odd man, and has so many English prejudices, that really—dear me, how vexatious that it should never once have occurred to me that Mr. Hazeldean had a voice in the matter! Indeed, the relationship is so distant—it is not like being her father; and Jemima is of age, and can do as she pleases; and—but, as you say, it is quite proper that he should be consulted as the head of the family."

Dr. Riccabocca.—"And do you think that the Squire of Hazeldean might reject my alliance! Pshaw! that's a grand word, indeed;—I mean, that he might object very reasonably to his cousin's marriage with a foreigner, of whom he can know nothing, except that which in all countries is disreputable, and is said in this to be criminal—poverty."

Mrs. Dale (kindly.)—"You misjudge us poor English people, and you wrong the Squire, Heaven bless him! for we were poor enough when he singled out my husband from a hundred for the minister of his parish, for his neighbor and his friend. I will speak to him fearlessly——" [Pg 551]

Dr. Riccabocca.—"And frankly. And now I have used that word, let me go on with the confession which your kindly readiness, my fair friend, somewhat interrupted. I said that if I might presume to think my addresses would be acceptable to Miss Hazeldean and her family, I was too sensible of her amiable qualities not to—not to—"

Mrs. Dale (with demure archness.)—"Not to be the happiest of men—that's the customary English phrase, Doctor."

Riccabocca (gallantly.)—"There cannot be a better. But," continued he, seriously, "I wish it first to be understood that I have—been married before."

Mrs. Dale (astonished.)—"Married before!"

Riccabocca.—"And that I have an only child, dear to me—inexpressibly dear. That child, a daughter, has hitherto lived abroad; circumstances now render it desirable that she should make her home with me. And I own fairly that nothing has so attached me to Miss Hazeldean, nor so induced my desire for our matrimonial connection, as my belief that she has the heart and the temper to become a kind mother to my little one."

Mrs. Dale (with feeling and warmth.)—"You judge her rightly there."

Riccabocca.—"Now, in pecuniary matters, as you may conjecture from my mode of life, I have nothing to offer to Miss Hazeldean correspondent with her own fortune, whatever that may be!"

Mrs. Dale.—"That difficulty is obviated by settling Miss Hazeldean's fortune on herself, which is customary in such cases."

Dr. Riccabocca's face lengthened. "And my child, then?" said he, feelingly. There was something in that appeal so alien from all sordid and merely personal mercenary motives, that Mrs. Dale could not have had the heart to make the very rational suggestion—"But that child is not Jemima's, and you may have children by her."

She was touched, and replied, hesitatingly—"But, from what you and Jemima may jointly possess, you can save something annually—you can insure your life for your child. We did so when our poor child whom we lost was born," (the tears rushed into Mrs. Dale's eyes;) "and I fear that Charles still insures his life for my sake, though Heaven knows that—that.——"

The tears burst out. That little heart, quick and petulant though it was, had not a fibre of the elastic muscular tissues which are mercifully bestowed on the hearts of predestined widows. Dr. Riccabocca could not pursue the subject of life insurances further. But the idea—which had never occurred to the foreigner before, though so familiar to us English people when only possessed of a life income—pleased him greatly. I will do him the justice to say, that he preferred it to the thought of actually appropriating to himself and to his child a portion of Miss Hazeldean's dower.

Shortly afterwards he took his leave, and Mrs. Dale hastened to seek her husband in his study, inform him of the success of her matrimonial scheme, and consult him as to the chance of the Squire's acquiescence therein. "You see," said she, hesitatingly, "though the Squire might be glad to see Jemima married to some Englishman, yet, if he asks who and what is this Dr. Riccabocca, how am I to answer him?"

"You should have thought of that before," said Mr. Dale, with unwonted asperity; "and, indeed, if I had ever believed any thing serious could come out of what seemed to me so absurd, I should long since have requested you not to interfere in such matters. Good heavens!" continued the Parson, changing color, "if we should have assisted, underhand as it were, to introduce into the family of a man to whom we owe so much, a connection that he would dislike! how base we should be!—how ungrateful!"

Poor Mrs. Dale was frightened by this speech, and still more by her husband's consternation and displeasure. To do Mrs. Dale justice, whenever her mild partner was really either grieved or offended, her little temper vanished—she became as meek as a lamb. As soon as she recovered the first shock she experienced, she hastened to dissipate the Parson's apprehensions. She assured him that she was convinced that, if the Squire disapproved of Riccabocca's pretensions, the Italian would withdraw them at once, and Mrs. Hazeldean would never know of his proposals. Therefore, in that case, no harm would be done.

This assurance coincided with Mr. Dale's convictions as to Riccabocca's scruples on the point of honor, tended much to compose the good man; and if he did not, as my reader of the gentler sex would expect from him, feel alarm lest Miss Jemima's affections should have been irretrievably engaged, and her happiness thus put in jeopardy by the Squire's refusal, it was not that the Parson wanted tenderness of heart, but experience in woman-kind; and he believed, very erroneously, that Miss Jemima Hazeldean was not one upon whom a disappointment of that kind would produce a lasting impression. Therefore Mr. Dale, after a pause of consideration, said kindly——

"Well, don't vex yourself—and I was to blame quite as much as you. But, indeed, I should have thought it easier for the Squire to have transplanted one of his tall cedars into his kitchen-garden, than for you to inveigle Dr. Riccabocca into matrimonial intentions. But a man who could voluntarily put himself into the parish stocks for the sake of experiment, must be capable of any thing! However, I think it better that I, rather than yourself, should speak to the Squire, and I will go at once." [Pg 552]

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Parson put on the shovel hat, which—conjoined with other details in his dress peculiarly clerical, and already, even then, beginning to be out of fashion with churchmen—had served to fix upon him, emphatically, the dignified but antiquated style and cognomen of "Parson;" and took his way towards the Home Farm, at which he expected to find the Squire. But he had scarcely entered upon the village green when he beheld Mr. Hazeldean, leaning both hands on his stick, and gazing intently upon the parish stocks. Now, sorry am I to say that, ever since the Hegira of Lenny and his mother, the anti-stockian and revolutionary spirit in Hazeldean, which the memorable homily of our Parson had awhile averted or suspended, had broken forth afresh. For though, while Lenny was present to be moved and jeered at, there had been no pity for him, yet no sooner was he removed from the scene of trial, than a universal compassion for the barbarous usage he had received produced what is called "the reaction of public opinion." Not that those who had mowed and jeered repented them of their mockery, or considered themselves in the slightest degree the cause of his expatriation. No; they, with the rest of the villagers, laid all the blame upon the stocks. It was not to be expected that a lad of such exemplary character could be thrust into that place of ignominy, and not be sensible of the affront. And who, in the whole village, was safe, if such goings-on and puttings-in were to be tolerated in silence, and at the expense of the very best and quietest lad the village had ever known? Thus, a few days after the widow's departure, the stocks was again the object of midnight desecration: it was bedaubed

and bescratched—it was hacked and hewed—it was scrawled all over with pithy lamentations for Lenny, and laconic execrations for tyrants. Night after night new inscriptions appeared, testifying the sarcastic wit and the vindictive sentiment of the parish. And perhaps the stocks themselves were only spared from axe and bonfire by the convenience they afforded to the malice of the disaffected: they became the Pasquin of Hazeldean.

As disaffection naturally produces a correspondent vigor in authority, so affairs had been lately administered with greater severity than had been hitherto wont in the easy rule of the Squire and his predecessors. Suspected persons were naturally marked out by Mr. Stirn, and reported to his employer, who, too proud or too pained to charge them openly with ingratitude, at first only passed them by in his walks with a silent and stiff inclination of his head; and afterwards gradually yielding to the baleful influence of Stirn, the Squire grumbled forth that "he did not see why he should be always putting himself out of his way to show kindness to those who made such a return. There ought to be a difference between the good and the bad." Encouraged by this admission, Stirn had conducted himself towards the suspected parties, and their whole kith and kin, with the iron-handed justice that belonged to his character. For some, habitual donations of milk from the dairy, and vegetables from the gardens, were surlily suspended: others were informed that their pigs were always trespassing on the woods in search of acorns; or that they were violating the Game Laws in keeping lurchers. A beer-house, popular in the neighborhood, but of late resorted to over-much by the grievance-mongers, (and no wonder, since they had become the popular party,) was threatened with an application to the magistrates for the withdrawal of its license. Sundry old women, whose grandsons were notoriously ill-disposed towards the stocks, were interdicted from gathering dead sticks under the avenues, on pretence that they broke down the live boughs; and, what was more obnoxious to the younger members of the parish than most other retaliatory measures, three chestnut trees, one walnut, and two cherry trees, standing at the bottom of the park, and which had, from time immemorial, been given up to the youth of Hazeldean, were now solemnly placed under the general defence of "private property." And the crier had announced that, henceforth, all depredators on the fruit trees in Copse Hollow would be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. Stirn, indeed, recommended much more stringent proceedings than all these indications of a change of policy, which, he averred, would soon bring the parish to its senses—such as discontinuing many little jobs of unprofitable work that employed the surplus labor of the village. But there the Squire, falling into the department, and under the benigner influence of his Harry, was as yet not properly hardened. When it came to a question that affected the absolute quantity of loaves to be consumed by the graceless mouths that fed upon him, the milk of human kindness—with which Providence has so bountifully supplied that class of the mammalia called the "Bucolic," and of which our Squire had an extra "yield"—burst forth, and washed away all the indignation of the harsher Adam.

Still your policy of half measures, which irritates without crushing its victims, which flaps an exasperated wasp-nest with a silk pocket handkerchief, instead of blowing it up with a match and train, is rarely successful; and, after three or four other and much guiltier victims than Lenny had been incarcerated in the stocks, the parish of Hazeldean was ripe for any enormity. Pestilent jacobinical tracts, conceived and composed in the sinks of manufacturing towns—found their way into the popular beer-house—heaven knows how, though the Tinker was suspected of being the disseminator by all but Stirn, who still, in a whisper, accused the Papishers. And, finally, there [Pg 553] appeared amongst the other graphic embellishments which the poor stocks had received, the rude *gravure* of a gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat and top-boots, suspended from a gibbet, with the inscription beneath—"A warnin to hall tirans—mind your hi!—sighnde Captins Traw."

It was upon this significant and emblematic portraiture that the Squire was gazing when the parson joined him.

"Well, Parson," said Mr. Hazeldean, with a smile which he meant to be pleasant and easy, but which was exceedingly bitter and grim, "I wish you joy of your flock—you see they have just hanged me in effigy!"

The Parson stared, and, though greatly shocked, smothered his emotions; and attempted, with the wisdom of the serpent and the mildness of the dove, to find another original for the effigy.

"It is very bad," quoth he, "but not so bad as all that, Squire; that's not the shape of your hat. It is evidently meant for Mr. Stirn."

"Do you think so?" said the Squire softened. "Yet the top-boots—Stirn never wears top-boots."

"No more do you—except in hunting. If you look again, those are not tops—they are leggings—Stirn wears leggings. Besides, that flourish, which is meant for a nose, is a kind of a hook like Stirn's; whereas your nose—though by no means a snub—rather turns up than not, as the Apollo's does, according to the plaster cast in Riccabocca's parlor."

"Poor Stirn!" said the Squire, in a tone that evinced complacency, not unmingled with compassion, "that's what a man gets in this world by being a faithful servant, and doing his duty with zeal for his employer. But you see that things have come to a strange pass, and the question now is, what course to pursue. The miscreants hitherto have defied all vigilance, and Stirn recommends the employment of a regular nightwatch with a lanthorn and bludgeon."

"That may protect the stocks certainly; but will it keep those detestable tracts out of the beer-house?"

"We shall shut the beer-house up at the next sessions."

"The tracts will break out elsewhere—the humor's in the blood!"

"I've half a mind to run off to Brighton or Leamington—good hunting at Leamington—for a year, just to let the rogues see how they can get on without me!"

The Squire's lip trembled.

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said the Parson, taking his friend's hand, "I don't want to parade my superior wisdom; but if you had taken my advice, *quieta non movere*. Was there ever a parish so peaceable as this, or a country-gentleman so beloved as you were before you undertook the task which has dethroned kings and ruined states—that of wantonly meddling with antiquity, whether for the purpose of uncalled-for repairs or the revival of obsolete uses."

At this rebuke, the Squire did not manifest his constitutional tendencies to choler; but he replied almost meekly, "If it were to do again, faith, I would leave the parish to the enjoyment of the shabbiest pair of stocks that ever disgraced a village. Certainly I meant it for the best—an ornament to the green; however, now they are rebuilt, the stocks must be supported. Will Hazeldean is not the man to give way to a set of thankless rapscallions."

"I think," said the Parson, "that you will allow that the House of Tudor, whatever its faults, was a determined resolute dynasty enough—high-hearted and strong-headed. A Tudor would never have fallen into the same calamities as the poor Stuart did!"

"What the plague has the House of Tudor got to do with my stocks?"

"A great deal. Henry the VIII. found a subsidy so unpopular that he gave it up; and the people, in return, allowed him to cut off as many heads as he pleased, besides those in his own family. Good Queen Bess, who, I know, is your idol in history——"

"To be sure! she knighted my ancestor at Tilbury Fort."

"Good Queen Bess struggled hard to maintain a certain monopoly; she saw it would not do, and she surrendered it with that frank heartiness which becomes a sovereign, and makes surrender a grace."

"Ha! and you would have me give up the stocks?"

"I would much rather they had stayed as they were, before you touched them; but, as it is, if you could find a good plausible pretext—and there is an excellent one at hand;—the sternest kings open prisons, and grant favors, upon joyful occasions. Now a marriage in the royal family is of course a joyful occasion!—and so it should be in that of the King of Hazeldean." Admire that artful turn in the Parson's eloquence!—it was worthy of Riccabocca himself. Indeed, Mr. Dale had profited much by his companionship with that Machiavellian intellect.

"A marriage—yes; but Frank has only just got into long tails!"

"I did not allude to Frank, but to your cousin Jemima!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Squire staggered as if the breath had been knocked out of him, and, for want of a better seat, sat down on the stocks.

All the female heads in the neighboring cottages peered, themselves unseen, through the casements. What could the Squire be about?—what new mischief did he meditate? Did he mean to fortify the stocks? Old Gaffer Solomons, who had an indefinite idea of the lawful power of squires, and who had been for the last ten minutes at watch on his threshold, shook his head and said—"Them as a cut out the mon, a-hanging, as a put it in the Squire's head!"

"Put what?" asked his granddaughter. [Pg 554]

"The gallus!" answered Solomons—"he be a-goin' to have it hung from the great elm-tree. And the Parson, good mon, is a-quoting Scripter agin it—you see, he's a taking off his gloves, and a putting his two han's togither, as he do when he pray for the sick, Jeany."

That description of the Parson's mien and manner, which, with his usual niceness of observation, Gaffer Solomons thus sketched off, will convey to you some idea of the earnestness with which the Parson pleaded the cause he had undertaken to advocate. He dwelt much upon the sense of propriety which the foreigner had evinced in requesting that the Squire might be consulted before any formal communication to his cousin; and he repeated Mrs. Dale's assurance, that such were Riccabocca's high standard of honor and belief in the sacred rights of hospitality, that, if the Squire withheld his consent to his proposals, the Parson was convinced that the Italian would instantly retract them. Now, considering that Miss Hazeldean was, to say the least, come to years of discretion, and the Squire had long since placed her property entirely at her own disposal, Mr. Hazeldean was forced to acquiesce in the Parson's corollary remark, "That this was a delicacy which could not be expected from every English pretender to the lady's hand." Seeing that he had so far cleared ground, the Parson went on to intimate, though with great tact, that, since Miss Jemima would probably marry sooner or later, (and, indeed, that the Squire could not wish to prevent her,) it might be better for all parties concerned that it should be with some one who,

though a foreigner, was settled in the neighborhood, and of whose character what was known was certainly favorable, than run the hazard of her being married for her money by some adventurer or Irish fortune-hunter at the watering-places she yearly visited. Then he touched lightly on Riccabocca's agreeable and companionable qualities; and, concluded with a skilful peroration upon the excellent occasion the wedding would afford to reconcile Hall and parish, by making a voluntary holocaust of the stocks.

As he concluded, the Squire's brow, before thoughtful, though not sullen, cleared up benignly. To say truth, the Squire was dying to get rid of the stocks, if he could but do so handsomely and with dignity; and if all the stars in the astrological horoscope had conjoined together to give Miss Jemima "assurance of a husband," they could not so have served her with the Squire, as that conjunction between the altar and the stocks which the Parson had effected!

Accordingly, when Mr. Dale had come to an end, the Squire replied with great placidity and good sense, "That Mr. Rickeybockey had behaved very much like a gentleman, and that he was very much obliged to him; that he (the Squire) had no right to interfere in the matter, farther than with his advice; that Jemima was old enough to choose for herself, and that, as the Parson had implied, after all, she might go farther and fare worse—indeed, the farther she went, (that is, the longer she waited,) the worse she was likely to fare. I own, for my part," continued the Squire, "that, though I like Rickeybockey very much, I never suspected that Jemima was caught with his long face; but there's no accounting for tastes. My Harry, indeed, was more shrewd, and gave me many a hint, for which I only laughed at her. Still I ought to have thought it looked queer when Mounseer took to disguising himself by leaving off his glasses, ha—ha! I wonder what Harry will say; let's go and talk to her."

The Parson, rejoiced at this easy way of taking the matter, hooked his arm into the Squire's, and they walked amicably towards the Hall. But on coming first into the gardens, they found Mrs. Hazeldean herself, clipping dead leaves or fading flowers from her rose-trees. The Squire stole slily behind her, and startled her in her turn by putting his arm round her waist, and saluting her smooth cheek with one of his hearty kisses; which, by the way, from some association of ideas, was a conjugal freedom that he usually indulged whenever a wedding was going on in the village.

"Fie, William!" said Mrs. Hazeldean coyly, and blushing as she saw the Parson, "Well, who's going to be married now?"

"Lord, was there ever such a woman?—she's guessed it!" cried the Squire in great admiration. "Tell her all about it, Parson."

The Parson obeyed.

Mrs. Hazeldean, as the reader may suppose, showed much less surprise than her husband had done; but she took the news graciously, and made much the same answer as that which had occurred to the Squire, only with somewhat more qualification and reserve. "Signor Riccabocca had behaved very handsomely; and though a daughter of the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean might expect a much better marriage in a worldly point of view, yet as the lady in question had deferred finding one so long, it would be equally idle and impertinent now to quarrel with her choice—if indeed she should decide on accepting Signor Riccabocca. As for fortune, that was a consideration for the two contracting parties. Still, it ought to be pointed out to Miss Jemima that the interest of her fortune would afford but a very small income. That Dr. Riccabocca was a widower was another matter for deliberation; and it seemed rather suspicious that he should have been hitherto so close upon all matters connected with his former life. Certainly his manners were in his favor, and as long as he was merely an acquaintance, and at most a tenant, no one had a right to institute inquiries of a strictly private nature; but that, when he was about to marry a Hazeldean of Hazeldean, it became the Squire at least to know a little more about him —who and what he was. Why did he leave his own country? English people went abroad to save; [Pg 555] no foreigner would choose England as a country in which to save money! She supposed that a foreign doctor was no very great things; probably he had been a professor in some Italian university. At all events, if the Squire interfered at all, it was on such points that he should request information.

"My dear madam," said the Parson, "what you say is extremely just. As to the causes which have induced our friend to expatriate himself, I think we need not look far for them. He is evidently one of the many Italian refugees whom political disturbances have driven to our shore, whose boast is to receive all exiles of whatever party. For his respectability of birth and family he certainly ought to obtain some vouchers. And if that be the only objection, I trust we may soon congratulate Miss Hazeldean on a marriage with a man who, though certainly very poor, has borne privations without a murmur; has preferred all hardships to debt; has scorned to attempt betraying her into any clandestine connection; who, in short, has shown himself so upright and honest, that I hope my dear Mr. Hazeldean will forgive him if he is only a Doctor—probably of Laws—and not, as most foreigners pretend to be, a marquis, or a baron at least."

"As to that," cried the Squire, "'tis the best think I know about Rickeybockey, that he don't attempts to humbug us by any such foreign trumpery. Thank heaven, the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean were never turf-hunters and title-mongers; and if I never ran after an English lord, I should certainly be devilishly ashamed of a brother-in-law whom I was forced to call markee or count! I should feel sure he was a courier, or runaway valley-de-sham. Turn up your nose at a doctor, indeed, Harry!—pshaw, good English style that! Doctor! my aunt married a Doctor of Divinity—excellent man—wore a wig, and was made a dean! So long as Rickeybockey is not a

doctor of physic, I don't care a button. If he's *that*, indeed, it would be suspicious; because, you see, those foreign doctors of physic are quacks, and tell fortunes, and go about on a stage with a Merry-Andrew."

"Lord, Hazeldean! where on earth did you pick up that idea?" said Harry, laughing.

"Pick it up!—why, I saw a fellow myself at the cattle fair last year—when I was buying short-horns—with a red waistcoat and a cocked hat, a little like the Parson's shovel. He called himself Doctor Phoscophornio—wore a white wig and sold pills! The Merry-Andrew was the funniest creature—in salmon-colored tights—turned head over heels, and said he came from Timbuctoo. No, no; if Rickeybockey's a physic Doctor, we shall have Jemima in a pink tinsel dress, tramping about the country in a caravan!"

At this notion, both the Squire and his wife laughed so heartily that the Parson felt the thing was settled, and slipped away, with the intention of making his report to Riccabocca.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was with a slight disturbance of his ordinary suave and well-bred equanimity that the Italian received the information, that he need apprehend no obstacle to his suit from the insular prejudices or the worldly views of the lady's family. Not that he was mean and cowardly enough to recoil from the near and unclouded prospect of that felicity which he had left off his glasses to behold with unblinking naked eyes:—no, there his mind was made up; but he had met with very little kindness in life, and he was touched not only by the interest in his welfare testified by a heretical priest, but by the generosity with which he was admitted into a well-born and wealthy family, despite his notorious poverty and his foreign descent. He conceded the propriety of the only stipulation, which was conveyed to him by the Parson with all the delicacy that became a man professionally habituated to deal with the subtler susceptibilities of mankind—viz., that, amongst Riccabocca's friends or kindred, some one should be found whose report would confirm the persuasion of his respectability entertained by his neighbors;—he assented, I say, to the propriety of this condition; but it was not with alacrity and eagerness. His brow became clouded. The Parson hastened to assure him that the Squire was not a man *qui stupet in titulis*, (who was besotted with titles,) that he neither expected nor desired to find an origin and rank for his brother-in-law above that decent mediocrity of condition to which it was evident, from Riccabocca's breeding and accomplishments, he could easily establish his claim. "And though," said he, smiling, "the Squire is a warm politician in his own country, and would never see his sister again, I fear, if she married some convicted enemy of our happy constitution, yet for foreign politics he does not care a straw; so that if, as I suspect, your exile arises from some quarrel with your government—which, being foreign, he takes for granted must be insupportable—he would but consider you as he would a Saxon who fled from the iron hand of William the Conqueror, or a Lancastrian expelled by the Yorkists in our Wars of the Roses."

The Italian smiled. "Mr. Hazeldean shall be satisfied," said he simply. "I see, by the Squire's newspaper, that an English gentleman who knew me in my own country has just arrived in London. I will write to him for a testimonial, at least to my probity and character. Probably he may be known to you by name—nay, he must be, for he was a distinguished officer in the late war. I allude to Lord L'Estrange."

The parson started.

"You know Lord L'Estrange?—a profligate bad man, I fear."

"Profligate!—bad!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "Well, calumnious as the world is, I should never have thought that such expressions would be applied to one who, though I knew him but little—knew him chiefly by the service he once rendered to me—first taught me to love and revere the English name!" [Pg 556]

"He may be changed since——" The parson paused.

"Since when?" asked Riccabocca, with evident curiosity.

Mr. Dale seemed embarrassed. "Excuse me," said he, "it is many years ago; and, in short, the opinion I then formed of the gentleman in question was based upon circumstances which I cannot communicate."

The punctilious Italian bowed in silence but he still looked as if he should have liked to prosecute inquiry.

After a pause, he said, "Whatever your impressions respecting Lord L'Estrange, there is nothing, I suppose, which would lead you to doubt his honor, or reject his testimonial in my favor?"

"According to fashionable morality," said Mr. Dale, rather precisely, "I know of nothing that could induce me to suppose that Lord L'Estrange would not, in this instance, speak the truth. And he has unquestionably a high reputation as a soldier, and a considerable position in the world." Therewith the Parson took his leave. A few days afterwards Dr. Riccabocca inclosed to the Squire, in a blank envelope, a letter he had received from Harley L'Estrange. It was evidently intended for the Squire's eye, and to serve as a voucher for the Italian's respectability; but this object was fulfilled, not in the coarse form of a direct testimonial, but with a tact and delicacy which seemed to show more than the fine breeding to be expected from one in Lord L'Estrange's

station. It argued that most exquisite of all politeness which comes from the heart: a certain tone of affectionate respect (which even the homely sense of the Squire felt, intuitively, proved far more in favor of Riccabocca than the most elaborate certificate of his qualities and antecedents) pervaded the whole, and would have sufficed in itself to remove all scruples from a mind much more suspicious and exacting than that of the Squire of Hazeldean. But, lo and behold! an obstacle now occurred to the Parson, of which he ought to have thought long before—viz., the Papistical religion of the Italian. Dr. Riccabocca was professedly a Roman Catholic. He so little obtruded that fact—and, indeed, had assented so readily to any animadversions upon the superstition and priestcraft which, according to Protestants, are the essential characteristics of Papistical communities—that it was not till the hymeneal torch, which brings all faults to light, was fairly illumined for the altar, that the remembrance of a faith so cast into the shade burst upon the conscience of the Parson. The first idea that then occurred to him was the proper and professional one—viz., the conversion of Dr. Riccabocca. He hastened to his study, took down from his shelves long neglected volumes of controversial divinity, armed himself with an arsenal of authorities, arguments, and texts; then, seizing the shovel-hat, posted off to the Casino.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Parson burst upon the philosopher like an avalanche! He was so full of his subject that he could not let it out in prudent driblets. No, he went souse upon the astounded Riccabocca—

"Tremendo,
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu."

The sage—shrinking deeper into his arm-chair, and drawing his dressing-robe more closely round him—suffered the Parson to talk for three quarters of an hour, till indeed he had thoroughly proved his case; and, like Brutus, "paused for a reply."

Then said Riccabocca mildly, "In much of what you have urged so ably, and so suddenly, I am inclined to agree. But base is the man who formally forswears the creed he has inherited from his fathers, and professed since the cradle up to years of maturity, when the change presents itself in the guise of a bribe;—when, for such is human nature, he can hardly distinguish or disentangle the appeal to his reason from the lure to his interests—here a text, and there a dowry!—here Protestantism, there Jemima!—Own, my friend, that the soberest casuist would see double under the inebriating effects produced by so mixing his polemical liquors. Appeal, my good Mr. Dale, from Philip drunken to Philip sober!—from Riccabocca intoxicated with the assurance of your excellent lady, that he is about to be "the happiest of men," to Riccabocca accustomed to his happiness, and carrying it off with the seasoned equability of one grown familiar with stimulants—in a word, appeal from Riccabocca the wooer to Riccabocca the spouse. I may be convertible, but conversion is a slow process; courtship should be a quick one—ask Miss Jemima. *Finalmente*, marry me first, and convert me afterwards!"

"You take this too jestingly," began the Parson; "and I don't see why, with your excellent understanding, truths so plain and obvious should not strike you at once."

"Truths," interrupted Riccabocca profoundly, "are the slowest growing things in the world! It took 1500 years from the date of the Christian era to produce your own Luther, and then he flung his Bible at Satan, (I have seen the mark made by the book on the wall of his prison in Germany,) besides running off with a nun, which no Protestant clergyman would think it proper and right to do now-a-days." Then he added, with seriousness, "Look you, my dear sir,—I should lose my own esteem if I were even to listen to you now with becoming attention,—now, I say, when you hint that the creed I have professed may be in the way of my advantage. If so, I must keep the creed and resign the advantage. But if, as I trust—not only as a Christian, but a man of honor—you will defer this discussion, I will promise to listen to you hereafter; and though, to say truth, I believe [Pg 557] that you will not convert me, I will promise you faithfully never to interfere with my wife's religion."

"And any children you may have?"

"Children!" said Dr. Riccabocca, recoiling—"you are not contented with firing your pocket-pistol right in my face; you must also pepper me all over with small-shot. Children! well, if they are girls, let them follow the faith of their mother; and if boys, while in childhood, let them be contented with learning to be Christians; and when they grow into men, let them choose for themselves which is the best form for the practice of the great principles which all sects have in common."

"But," began Mr. Dale again, pulling a large book from his pocket.

Dr. Riccabocca flung open the window, and jumped out of it.

It was the rapidest and most dastardly flight you could possibly conceive; but it was a great compliment to the argumentative powers of the Parson, and he felt it as such. Nevertheless, Mr. Dale thought it right to have a long conversation, both with the Squire and Miss Jemima herself, upon the subject which his intended convert had so ignominiously escaped.

The Squire, though a great foe to Popery, politically considered, had also quite as great a hatred to turn-coats and apostates. And in his heart he would have despised Riccabocca if he could have thrown off his religion as easily as he had done his spectacles. Therefore he said simply—"Well, it

is certainly a great pity that Rickeybockey is not of the Church of England, though, I take it, that would be unreasonable to expect in a man born and bred under the nose of the Inquisition," (the Squire firmly believed that the Inquisition was in full force in all the Italian states, with whips, racks, and thumbscrews; and, indeed, his chief information of Italy was gathered from a perusal he had given in early youth to *The One-Handed Monk*;) "but I think he speaks very fairly, on the whole, as to his wife and children. And the thing's gone too far now to retract. It is all your fault for not thinking of it before; and I've now just made up my mind as to the course to pursue respecting those—d——d stocks!"

As for Miss Jemima, the Parson left her with a pious thanksgiving that Riccabocca at least was a Christian, and not a Pagan, Mahometan, or Jew!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There is that in a wedding which appeals to a universal sympathy. No other event in the lives of their superiors in rank creates an equal sensation amongst the humbler classes.

From the moment the news had spread throughout the village that Miss Jemima was to be married, all the old affection for the Squire and his house burst forth the stronger for its temporary suspension. Who could think of the stocks in such a season? They were swept out of fashion—hunted from remembrance as completely as the question of Repeal or the thought of Rebellion from the warm Irish heart, when the fair young face of the Royal Wife beamed on the sister isle.

Again cordial courtesies were dropped at the thresholds by which the Squire passed to his home farm; again the sunburnt brows uncovered—no more with sullen ceremony—were smoothed into cheerful gladness at his nod. Nay, the little ones began again to assemble at their ancient rendezvous by the stocks, as if either familiarized with the phenomenon, or convinced that, in the general sentiment of good-will, its powers of evil were annulled.

The Squire tasted once more the sweets of the only popularity which is much worth having, and the loss of which a wise man would reasonably deplore; viz., the popularity which arises from a persuasion of our goodness, and a reluctance to recall our faults. Like all blessings, the more sensibly felt from previous interruption, the Squire enjoyed this restored popularity with an exhilarated sense of existence; his stout heart beat more vigorously, his stalwart step trod more lightly; his comely English face looked comelier and more English than ever;—you would have been a merrier man for a week to have come within hearing of his jovial laugh.

He felt grateful to Jemima and to Riccabocca as the special agents of Providence in this general *integratio amoris*. To have looked at him, you would suppose that it was the Squire who was going to be married a second time to his Harry!

One may well conceive that such would have been an inauspicious moment for Parson Dale's theological scruples. To have stopped that marriage—chilled all the sunshine it diffused over the village—seen himself surrounded again by long, sulky visages,—I verily believe, though a better friend of Church and State never stood on a hustings, that, rather than court such a revulsion, the Squire would have found jesuitical excuses for the marriage if Riccabocca had been discovered to be the Pope in disguise! As for the stocks, their fate was now irrevocably sealed. In short, the marriage was concluded—first privately, according to the bridegroom's creed, by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who lived in a town some miles off, and next publicly in the village church of Hazeldean.

It was the heartiest rural wedding! Village girls strewed flowers on the way;—a booth was placed amidst the prettiest scenery of the park, on the margin of the lake—for there was to be a dance later in the day; an ox was roasted whole. Even Mr. Stirn—no, Mr. Stirn was *not* present, so much happiness would have been the death of him! And the Papisher too, who had conjured Lenny out of the stocks; nay, who had himself sat in the stocks for the very purpose of bringing them into contempt—the Papisher! he had as lief Miss Jemima had married the devil! Indeed, he was persuaded that, in point of fact, it was all one and the same. Therefore Mr. Stirn had asked leave [Pg 558] to go and attend his uncle the pawnbroker, about to undergo a torturing operation for the stone! Frank was there, summoned from Eton for the occasion—having grown two inches taller since he left—for the one inch of which nature was to be thanked, for the other a new pair of resplendent Wellingtons. But the boy's joy was less apparent than that of others. For Jemima was a special favorite with him, as she would have been with all boys—for she was always kind and gentle, and made many pretty presents whenever she came from the watering-places. And Frank knew that he should miss her sadly, and thought she had made a very queer choice.

Captain Higginbotham had been invited; but, to the astonishment of Jemima, he had replied to the invitation by a letter to herself, marked "*private and confidential*." "She must have long known," said the letter, "of his devoted attachment to her; motives of delicacy, arising from the narrowness of his income and the magnanimity of his sentiments, had alone prevented his formal proposals; but now that he was informed (he could scarcely believe his senses, or command his passions) that her relations wished to force her into a BARBAROUS marriage with a foreigner of MOST FORBIDDING APPEARANCE, and most *abject circumstances*, he lost not a moment in laying at her feet his own hand and fortune. And he did this the more confidently, inasmuch as he could not but be aware of Miss Jemima's SECRET feelings towards him, while he was *proud* and *happy* to say, that his dear and distinguished cousin, Mr. Sharpe Currie, had honored him with a warmth of regard,

which justified the most *brilliant* EXPECTATIONS—likely to be *soon* realized—as his eminent relative had contracted a *very bad liver complaint* in the service of his country, and could not last long!"

In all the years they had known each other, Miss Jemima, strange as it may appear, had never once suspected the Captain of any other feelings to her than those of a brother. To say that she was not gratified by learning her mistake, would be to say that she was more than woman. Indeed, it must have been a source of no ignoble triumph to think that she could prove her disinterested affection to her dear Riccabocca, by a prompt rejection of this more brilliant offer. She couched the rejection, it is true, in the most soothing terms. But the Captain evidently considered himself ill used; he did not reply to the letter, and did not come to the wedding.

To let the reader into a secret, never known to Miss Jemima, Captain Higginbotham was much less influenced by Cupid than by Plutus in the offer he had made. The Captain was one of that class of gentlemen who read their accounts by those corpse-lights, or will-o'-the-wisps, called *expectations*. Ever since the Squire's grandfather had left him—then in short clothes—a legacy of £500, the Captain had peopled the future with expectations! He talked of his expectations as a man talks of shares in a Tontine; they might fluctuate a little—be now up and now down—but it was morally impossible, if he lived on, but that he should be a *millionaire* one of these days. Now, though Miss Jemima was a good fifteen years younger than himself, yet she always stood for a good round sum in the ghostly books of the Captain. She was an *expectation* to the full amount of her £4000, seeing that Frank was an only child, and it would be carrying coals to Newmarket to leave *him* any thing.

Rather than see so considerable a cipher suddenly spunged out of his visionary ledger—rather than so much money should vanish clean out of the family, Captain Higginbotham had taken what he conceived, if a desperate, at least a certain, step for the preservation of his property. If the golden horn could not be had without the heifer, why, he must take the heifer into the bargain. He had never formed to himself an idea that a heifer so gentle would toss and fling him over. The blow was stunning. But no one compassionates the misfortunes of the covetous, though few perhaps are in greater need of compassion. And leaving poor Captain Higginbotham to retrieve his illusory fortunes as he best may among "the expectations" which gathered round the form of Mr. Sharpe Currie, who was the crossest old tyrant imaginable, and never allowed at his table any dishes not compounded with rice, which played Old Nick with the Captain's constitutional functions,—I return to the wedding at Hazeldean, just in time to see the bridegroom—who looked singularly well on the occasion—hand the bride (who, between sunshiny tears and affectionate smiles, was really a very interesting and even a pretty bride, as brides go) into a carriage which the Squire had presented to them, and depart on the orthodox nuptial excursion amidst the blessings of the assembled crowd.

It may be thought strange by the unreflective that these rural spectators should so have approved and blessed the marriage of a Hazeldean of Hazeldean with a poor, outlandish, long-haired foreigner; but, besides that Riccabocca, after all, had become one of the neighborhood, and was proverbially 'a civil-spoken gentleman,' it is generally noticeable that on wedding occasions the bride so monopolizes interest, curiosity, and admiration, that the bridegroom himself goes for little or nothing. He is merely the passive agent in the affair—the unregarded cause of the general satisfaction. It was not Riccabocca himself that they approved and blessed—it was the gentleman in the white waistcoat who had made Miss Jemima—Madam Rickeybocky!

Leaning on his wife's arm, (for it was a habit of the Squire to lean on his wife's arm rather than she on his, when he was specially pleased; and there was something touching in the sight of that strong sturdy frame thus insensibly, in hours of happiness, seeking dependence on the frail arm of woman),—leaning, I say, on his wife's arm, the Squire, about the hour of sunset, walked down to the booth by the lake. [Pg 559]

All the parish—young and old, man, woman, and child—were assembled there, and their faces seemed to bear one family likeness, in the common emotion which animated all, as they turned to his frank fatherly smile. Squire Hazeldean stood at the head of the long table: he filled a horn with ale from the brimming tankard beside him. Then he looked round, and lifted his hand to request silence; and, ascending the chair, rose in full view of all. Every one felt that the Squire was about to make a speech, and the earnestness of the attention was proportioned to the rarity of the event; for (though he was not unpractised in the oratory of the hustings), only thrice before had the Squire made what could fairly be called 'a speech' to the villagers of Hazeldean—once on a kindred festive occasion, when he had presented to them his bride—once in a contested election for the shire, in which he took more than ordinary interest, and was not quite so sober as he ought to have been—once in a time of great agricultural distress, when, in spite of reduction of rents, the farmers had been compelled to discard a large number of their customary laborers; and when the Squire had said,—"I have given up keeping the hounds, because I want to make a fine piece of water (that was the origin of the lake), and to drain all the low lands round the park. Let every man who wants work come to me!" And that sad year the parish rates of Hazeldean were not a penny the more.

Now, for the fourth time, the Squire rose, and thus he spoke. At his right hand, Harry; at his left, Frank. At the bottom of the table, as vice-president, Parson Dale, his little wife behind him, only obscurely seen. She cried readily, and her handkerchief was already before her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SQUIRE'S SPEECH.

"Friends and neighbors:—I thank you kindly for coming round me this day, and for showing so much interest in me and mine. My cousin was not born amongst you as I was, but you have known her from a child. It is a familiar face, and one that never frowned, which you will miss at your cottage doors, as I and mine will miss it long in the old hall——"

Here there was a sob from some of the women, and nothing was seen of Mrs. Dale but the white handkerchief. The Squire himself paused, and brushed away a tear with the back of his hand. Then he resumed, with a sudden change of voice that was electrical—"For we none of us prize a blessing till we have lost it! Now, friends and neighbors,—a little time ago, it seemed as if some ill-will had crept into the village—ill-will between you and me, neighbors!—why, that is not like Hazeldean!"

The audience hung their heads! You never saw people look so thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Squire proceeded—"I don't say it was all your fault; perhaps it was mine."

"Noa-noa-noa," burst forth in a general chorus.

"Nay, friends," continued the Squire humbly, and in one of those illustrative aphorisms which, if less subtle than Riccabocca's, were more within reach of the popular comprehension; "nay—we are all human; and every man has his hobby; sometimes he breaks in the hobby, and sometimes the hobby, if it is very hard in the mouth, breaks in him. One man's hobby has an ill habit of always stopping at the public house! (Laughter.) Another man's hobby refuses to stir a peg beyond the door where some buxom lass patted its neck the week before—a hobby I rode pretty often when I went courting my good wife here! (Much laughter and applause.) Others, have a lazy hobby, that there's no getting on;—others, a runaway hobby that there's no stopping: but to cut the matter short, my favorite hobby, as you well know, is always trotted out to any place on my property which seems to want the eye and hand of the master. I hate (cried the Squire warming), to see things neglected and decayed, and going to the dogs! This land we live in is a good mother to us, and we can't do too much for her. It is very true, neighbors, that I owe her a good many acres, and ought to speak well of her; but what then? I live amongst you, and what I take from the rent with one hand, I divide amongst you with the other, (low, but assenting murmurs.) Now the more I improve my property, the more mouths it feeds. My great-grandfather kept a Field-Book, in which were entered not only the names of all the farmers and the quantity of land they held, but the average number of the laborers each employed. My grandfather and father followed his example: I have done the same. I find, neighbors, that our rents have doubled since my great-grandfather began to make the book. Ay—but there are more than four times the number of laborers employed on the estate, and at much better wages too! Well, my men, that says a great deal in favor of improving property, and not letting it go to the dogs. (Applause.) And therefore, neighbors, you will kindly excuse my hobby: it carries grist to your mill. (Reiterated applause.) Well—but you will say, 'What's the Squire driving at?' Why this, my friends: There was only one worn-out, dilapidated, tumble-down thing in the Parish of Hazeldean, and it became an eyesore to me; so I saddled my hobby, and rode at it. O ho! you know what I mean now! Yes, but neighbors, you need not have taken it so to heart. That was a scurvy trick of some of you to hang me in effigy, as they call it." [Pg 560]

"It warn't you," cried a voice in the crowd, "it war Nick Stirn."

The Squire recognized the voice of the tinker; but though he now guessed at the ringleader,—on that day of general amnesty, he had the prudence and magnanimity not to say, "Stand forth, Sprott: thou art the man." Yet his gallant English spirit would not suffer him to come off at the expense of his servant.

"If it was Nick Stirn you meant," said he gravely, "more shame for you. It showed some pluck to hang the master; but to hang the poor servant, who only thought to do his duty, careless of what ill-will it brought upon him, was a shabby trick—so little like the lads of Hazeldean, that I suspect the man who taught it to them was never born in the parish. But let bygones be bygones. One thing is clear, you don't take kindly to my new pair of stocks! They have been a stumbling-block and a grievance, and there's no denying that we went on very pleasantly without them. I may also say that in spite of them we have been coming together again lately. And I can't tell you what good it did me to see your children playing again on the green, and your honest faces, in spite of the stocks, and those diabolical tracts you've been reading lately, lighted up at the thought that something pleasant was going on at the Hall. Do you know, neighbors, you put me in mind of an old story which, besides applying to the Parish, all who are married, and all who intend to marry, will do well to recollect. A worthy couple, named John and Joan, had lived happily together many a long year, till one unlucky day they bought a new bolster. Joan said the bolster was too hard, and John that it was too soft. So, of course, they quarrelled. After sulking all day, they agreed to put the bolster between them at night." (Roars of laughter amongst the men; the women did not know which way to look, except, indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean, who, though she was more than usually rosy, maintained her innocent genial smile, as much as to say, "There is no harm in the Squire's jests.") The orator resumed—"After they had thus lain apart for a little time, very silent and sullen, John sneezed. 'God bless you!' says Joan over the bolster. 'Did you say God bless me?' cries John;—'then here goes the bolster!'"

Prolonged laughter and tumultuous applause.

"Friends and neighbors," said the Squire when silence was restored, and lifting the horn of ale, "I have the pleasure to inform you that I have ordered the stocks to be taken down, and made into a bench for the chimney nook of our old friend Gaffer Solomons yonder. But mind me, lads, if ever

you make the Parish regret the loss of the stocks, and the overseers come to me with long faces and say, 'the stocks must be rebuilded,' why—" Here from all the youth of the village rose so deprecating a clamor, that the Squire would have been the most bungling orator in the world if he had said a word further on the subject. He elevated the horn over his head—"Why, that's my old Hazeldean again! Health and long life to you all!"

The Tinker had sneaked out of the assembly, and did not show his face in the village for the next six months. And as to those poisonous tracts, in spite of their salubrious labels, "the Poor Man's Friend," or "the Rights of Labor," you could no more have found one of them lurking in the drawers of the kitchen-dressers in Hazeldean, than you would have found the deadly nightshade on the flower-stands in the drawing-room of the Hall. As for the revolutionary beer-house, there was no need to apply to the magistrates to shut it up; it shut itself up before the week was out.

O young head of the great House of Hapsburg, what a Hazeldean you might have made of Hungary! What a "*Moriamur pro rege nostro*" would have rang in your infant reign,—if you had made such a speech as the Squire's!

FOOTNOTES:

[R] The Emperor Diocletian.

[S] The title of Excellency does not, in Italian, necessarily express any exalted rank: but it is often given by servants to their masters.

Historical Review of the Month.

In this number of the *International*, copying the example of the oldest magazine in the world, *The Gentleman's*, which for a hundred years has found its account in such a department, we present a carefully prepared and succinct summary of the history of the world, as it has come to our knowledge during the past month. It is intended hereafter to continue this feature in the *International*, devoting to it such attention that our pages shall always be deserving of consultation as an authority in regard to contemporary events. In the general characteristics of this department we shall offer nothing very original; the examples of our English contemporaries will be generally adhered to; but the utmost care and candor will be evinced in every *resumé* of affairs or opinions admitted to our pages.

THE UNITED STATES.

As the session of Congress draws near to its close, its proceedings become more animated and interesting. It is already evident, however, that but few of the questions recommended for its consideration can be disposed of before its adjournment. One of its most important acts was the passage of the Cheap Postage Bill, in the House, on the seventeenth of January, by a vote of 130 to 75. This bill provides for a uniform rate of three cents per half-ounce, on letters, and a material reduction in the rates charged for newspapers and periodicals. The Senate Committee to whom the bill was referred, have reported amendments raising the postage to five cents on unpaid letters, striking out the provision allowing newspapers to go free within thirty miles of their place of publication, and reducing postage on magazines fifty per cent when prepaid. The French Spoliation Bill, after considerable discussion, passed the Senate on Friday, January 24th. The bill provides for the payment of claims based on the detention of vessels in the port of Bordeaux, the forcible capture and detention of American citizens, and depredations on American commerce in the West Indies, to the amount of $5,000,000. [Pg 561]

The bill to ascertain and settle Private Land Claims in California, introduced by Mr. Fremont towards the close of last session, was called up by Mr. Gwin, his colleague, on the twenty-seventh of January. Mr. Gwin offered a substitute, which was agreed to in Committee of the Whole, when the bill was reported to the Senate. After a most animated debate, in which the bill was strongly opposed by Mr. Benton, it finally passed the Senate on the sixth of February.

The bill introduced in the House for the establishment of Branch Mints in New-York and San Francisco gave rise to an exciting debate. The bill was discussed for several days, the Pennsylvania members opposing it in a body. Its defeat was finally accomplished on Wednesday, February 5th. Since then Mr. Gwin has introduced in the Senate a separate bill for the establishment of a Branch Mint in San Francisco. A joint resolution, reported to the Senate by Mr. Rusk, providing that dead letters remaining in the post-offices of California and Oregon shall be opened at the post-office in San Francisco, under care of a special agent, was adopted.

In the Senate, February 5th, the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which Mr. Foote is chairman, reported a resolution that in all future treaties by the United States, provisions should be made for settling difficulties by arbitration, before resorting to war. The Judiciary Committee also reported in favor of Messrs. Winthrop and Ewing (senators appointed by the governors of Massachusetts and Ohio to fill vacancies) holding their seats till their regularly-elected successors appear to claim their places. Mr. Winthrop, however, on Friday, February 7th,

presented the credentials of his successor, Mr. Rantoul, (who had not yet arrived,) and vacated his seat. The credentials of Mr. Bright, as senator from Indiana for the ensuing term, were presented on the twenty-eighth of January.

A bill for the relief of Mrs. Charlotte Lynch, mother of Miss Anne C. Lynch, the poetess, passed the House by a majority of 11. It had previously passed the Senate. Mrs. Lynch is the only surviving child of Colonel Ebenezer Gray, of the Connecticut line, who served in the army of the Revolution. The bill provides five years' full pay, as an equivalent for the losses sustained by him through the substitution of the commutation certificates issued in 1783.

The American Minister at Rio Janeiro has transmitted some important information to the Government in regard to the Brazilian traffic in slaves under the American flag. A considerable portion of the infamous trade, by which from forty to fifty thousand negroes are annually imported into Brazil, is carried on in American-built vessels, under the protection of our flag. It has been found impossible to enforce the Brazilian statutes on the subject, the authorities charged with their execution, almost without exception, conniving at the traffic. In spite of the exertions of the American Minister, our flag is still used as a protection, and its influence is given to the support of the slave-dealer. The communications of the American Minister have been referred by the Senate to the Committee on Commerce. Mr. Clay spoke at some length in favor of adopting more efficient measures to prevent American vessels and seamen from engaging in the slave-trade.

The project of establishing a line of steamers between several American ports and the coast of Africa, Gibraltar, and England,—familiarly known as the "Ebony Line,"—has been strongly recommended to Congress by petitions from all quarters. The Legislature of Virginia, and the Constitutional Convention of the same State, now in session, have both passed resolutions in its favor. Several other States have done, or are about to do the same thing. The session is already so far advanced, however, that the subject will probably be left without action for the next Congress.

The Senate Committee on the Post-office has reported in favor of granting to a company the right of way and subscription to the stock of an Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company.

Mr. Kaufman, a member of the House, from Texas, died very suddenly on the thirty-first of January. His funeral took place on the Monday following, February 3d. Mr. Kaufman was born in Pennsylvania in 1813, graduated in Princeton College in 1833, practiced law in Louisiana, and removed to Texas in 1835.

The subject of most general interest in the political world is the election of United States Senator, in a number of the States, for the term commencing on the 4th of March. Several elections have taken place, and others have not been accomplished in spite of repeated ballots. In New-York, the Constitution provides for an election on the first Wednesday of February. On that day the Whig candidate, ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, received a majority of 37 in the House: the Senate, after two ineffectual ballots, adjourned. A special law will therefore be required to elect a senator. In Massachusetts, the Democratic candidate, Robert Rantoul, Jr., was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Webster's acceptance of a place in the Cabinet. All attempts to elect a senator for the ensuing term have failed up to this period. Mr. Sumner, the Free Soil candidate, lacked but two votes of an election on the twelfth ballot, but afterwards lost. It was finally postponed to the twenty-seventh of February. In the Ohio Legislature, ten successive ballots were cast without arriving at an election, after which the subject was indefinitely postponed. In Rhode Island, General Charles T. James, the Democratic candidate, was elected; in Florida, Stephen R. Mallory, in place of Hon. D. L. Yulee, both Democrats; and in Delaware, James A. Bayard, Democrat, in the place of Mr. Wales, the present Whig senator. Hon. Henry Dodge was reelected by the Legislature of Wisconsin, by a majority of one, on the fifth vote. In Pennsylvania, Hon. Richard Brodhead was elected in place of Mr. Sturgeon, both members of the Democratic party. Henry S. Geyer, Whig, has been elected by the State of Missouri, as United States Senator, in place of Col. Thomas H. Benton, who is superseded after an uninterrupted service of thirty years.

William H. Ross, the new Governor of Delaware, was inaugurated at Dover, on the twenty-first of January. The most important feature of his address was the recommendation of a revision of the State Constitution. George F. Fort, the new Governor of New Jersey, has been inaugurated. His address takes ground in favor of the compromise measures passed by Congress. He also advocates the Free School System, and the election of Judges by the people. Governor French, of Illinois, in his annual message, represents the State as being in a prosperous condition, the [Pg 562] revenue being sufficient to meet the demands upon the treasury. He recommends a geological survey of the State, and the passage of a Homestead Exemption Law. The schools of the State are in a flourishing condition. The message of Governor Dewey, of Wisconsin, also shows an improved condition of State affairs. The finances are represented as being sound, and the credit of the State relieved from all fear of bankruptcy. Apprehensions of danger to the citizens residing north of Wisconsin river, from the return of the Winnebagoes, have been quieted by the appointment of an agent to confer with that tribe. The message of Governor Ramsey to the second Legislative Assembly of Minnesota Territory is an interesting document. Among other subjects recommended to the attention of the Assembly are the agricultural interests of the Territory, and the improvement of the Mississippi river, both above and below the Falls of St. Anthony. The extinction of the Indian title at Pembina will admit of the laws of the Territory being extended over the half-breeds at that place. It is said that there are hundreds of half-breed hunters on the British side of the line, who are only waiting the extinction of the Indian title to

change their homes and allegiance. The assessed value of property in the five principal counties of Minnesota is $805,417.48.

The returns of the Seventh Census will shortly be completed. A number of States have recently sent in their full reports, among which are the following: New-York 3,099,000, being an increase of 670,029 since 1840; Virginia 1,428,863, an increase of 189,066; Maryland 580,633, an increase of 111,401; New Hampshire 317,999, an increase of 33,425; Missouri 681,547, an increase of 297,845; Ohio 1,981,940, an increase of 462,473; Kentucky 993,344, an increase of 213,516; Indiana, 990,000; New Jersey 490,763, an increase of 117,874; and Wisconsin, 305,556. The entire population of the United States in 1850 is estimated at 23,500,000.

A warrant for the arrest of Governor Quitman of Mississippi, for participation in the Cuban Expedition, was issued by Judge Gholson in New Orleans, early in January. Governor Quitman at first resisted the authority, but afterwards resigned his office as Governor, and on the seventh of February reached New Orleans, under arrest. He appeared in court, and gave bail for future appearance, asking a speedy trial.

Several diplomatic appointments have recently been made. Hon. Richard H. Bayard, who was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Belgium, has departed for his mission. Hon. Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, has been appointed Minister to Brazil, and Hon. J. S. Pendleton, of Virginia, Chargé d'Affaires to New Grenada. The Chevalier Gomez, Special Envoy to Rome from the states of Guatemala and San Salvador, has arrived at Washington, and assumed, provisionally, the office of Chargé from those states. He has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State in relation to the present condition of the Central American States.

General Mosquera, ex-President of New Grenada, is now travelling in this country, and was lately in Washington, where he received distinguished attentions. General Paez, the distinguished exile from Venezuela, is also in Washington. Dr. Frank Taylor, of Pennsylvania, who has recently returned from Constantinople and Asia Minor, has received letters from the illustrious Kossuth, addressed to the Secretary of State, and soliciting the intervention of the United States with the Turkish Government, to procure the release of himself and his compatriots, and their transportation to the United States. Mr. Webster immediately complied with the request, and has dispatched instructions to Mr. Marsh, the American Minister at Constantinople, to procure from the Turkish Government the release of the Hungarians.

The frigate St. Lawrence has sailed from New-York for Southampton, with articles for the World's Fair. She carries out between four and five hundred articles, embracing nearly all branches of manufacture, and the principal mineral and agricultural productions of the country. The contributions are in charge of Charles F. Stansbury, Esq., agent of the Central Committee of Washington. The tender of the authorities of Southampton, offering the use of that port, with free transportation of the goods to Vauxhall, London, has been accepted by the Secretary of State.

There have been several serious wrecks, with loss of life, on the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi river. The steamboat America, which left Wilmington, N.C., on the fourteenth of January, for Mobile, foundered on the 29th. The schooner Champion, of Boston, picked up one boat's crew, containing six men. A second boat, containing ten men, was picked up by the schooner Star, and taken to Washington. A third boat, containing six men, has not been heard from. The steamer John Adams, on her way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, struck on a snag in the Mississippi river, on the morning of January 27th. The cabin parted from the hull, which went down in sixty feet water. Out of 230 cabin and deck passengers, firemen, and crew, 123 were lost, of whom 82 were German and Irish emigrants, and returning Californians. On the ninth of February, the steamer Autocrat, from New Orleans to Memphis, came in contact with the steamer Magnolia, coming down the river, and sank instantly. Thirty lives were lost.

A calamitous fire took place at New Orleans, on the eighteenth of January, destroying the magnificent St. Charles Hotel, together with two churches and several other buildings. The total loss is about $500,000, less than half of which was covered by insurance. Jenny Lind arrived at New Orleans from Havana on the 8th of February. Her reception was in the highest degree enthusiastic. Her first concert took place on the 10th, the receipts therefrom amounting to $20,000. The first ticket was purchased for $240 by a New Orleans hatter, the fortunate drawer of Powers' Greek Slave in the Cincinnati Art Union.

Two more of the unfortunate Hungarian refugees have reached this city: Captain Eduard Becsey, who served during the war as adjutant to General Bern, and Lieutenant Aurel Kiring. Captain Becsey was taken prisoner by the Russians, and carried to Kiev, on the Dneiper, where he was detained a year. After being released, he made his way to the Mediterranean, and obtained a passage to New-York.

Our latest news from Eagle Harbor, the port of the mining region on Lake Superior, state that the propeller Independence, which had just taken on board her last cargo of copper for the season, was blown on shore by a heavy gale, and imbedded in the sand, where she must remain till Spring. The Napoleon had arrived from Saut St. Mary, with provisions and stores for the winter. [Pg 563]

Texas papers of the thirty-first of January state that Judge Rollins, the United States Agent, had effected a treaty with the Indians, providing for a cessation of hostilities, and the restoration of all stolen property and prisoners. Lieuts. Smith and Mechler had completed a survey of the Rio Grande from its mouth to a point about four hundred and fifty miles above Camargo. They report that the river can be made navigable for boats of light draught to a short distance above Loredo

for several months in the year. Col. Anderson, of the corps of Topographical Engineers has received orders to make a survey of the Brazos and Guadalupe rivers. A fight had occurred between Lieutenant King, with seven men, of the Texan volunteers, and a body of Indians, who were driving off a number of stolen horses. They were pursued for fifteen or twenty miles, when they abandoned the horses, and escaped with the loss of three or four of their number. The total vote on the Pierce Boundary Bill, as officially reported, is 9,250 ayes, 3,366 noes.

On the eighteenth of December the whole of the American Boundary Commission had arrived at Paso del Norte, with the exception of an ox-train carrying supplies. The military escort, under the command of Col. Craig, was encamped on the American side of the Rio del Norte, but was soon to start for the copper-mines near the headwaters of the Gila. The Mexican Commissioner, General Conde, with his escort, was quartered in the town of El Paso. Several conferences took place between the Commissioners before they could agree on the starting-point for the boundary, the existing maps being as inconsistent with the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo as with the topography of the country itself. The winter, throughout the valley of the Del Norte has been very severe. The thermometer fell to six degrees at El Paso on the sixth of December, and the Rio Grande was frozen over for the first time in the memory of the inhabitants.

The settlements of New Mexico are threatened with scarcity. On the tenth of January corn was selling at three dollars the bushel, and vegetables not to be had at any price. The appearance of the agents for taking the census of New-Mexico had occasioned great alarm among the pueblos or villages. They feared that the account of their property was taken by the Government for the purpose of extortion and seizure. The Apaches have committed no depredations of late, but the Navajoes have broken their treaty by stealing several thousand sheep from the settlements on the Rio del Norte.

In the Utah Territory the Mormons have temporarily settled the question of slavery, by leaving it to the choice of the slaves themselves. If the slave chooses to leave his master, there is no power to retain him; if he chooses to stay, no one is allowed to interfere.

Our news from California is to the first of January. The steamers Carolina and Columbus sailed from San Francisco on that day, with 330 passengers and about $1,500,000 in gold dust. Business was very dull, both in the ports and inland towns of California, and the trading communities among the mines. The immense shipments of goods which had arrived from the Atlantic States had produced a complete stagnation in the market, bringing many kinds of merchandise below cost prices. After the first showers of the rainy season, early in December, the miners withdrew to the dry diggings, when the rains ceased, and three or four weeks of clear and delightful weather left them without employment. The richest localities are very thickly populated, the miners having built themselves log-cabins and organized communities for the winter. On parts of Feather river, the American Fork, and the Mokelumne, Tuolumne, and Mariposa rivers, the diggings were still yielding a good return. New discoveries of rich veins of quartz-bearing gold continue to be made. A mine of silver ore, of a very rich quality, is reported to have been discovered in the neighborhood of Monterey. A company is being formed at that place for the purpose of working the mine upon an extensive scale. The Sacramento papers state that a large mine of lead, in an almost pure state, exists near Johnson's Ranche, about thirty miles from that city. The ore is represented to lie on the surface of the earth, in heavy masses, so that vast quantities could be obtained without sinking a shaft.

On the evening of December 14th another fire broke out in San Francisco, in a large zinc building owned by Cooke, Baker & Co. By the exertions of the firemen and the citizens the conflagration was subdued, after consuming this building and three or four others of less value. The large building belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was in the utmost danger, having been greatly scorched by the flames. The total loss by this fire was $75,000. The city, on the first of January, was fully prepared for the rainy season. By the enterprise of the inhabitants, upward of seven and a half miles of street had been graded and four miles planked, while capacious piers and wharves were built far out into the bay, so that vessels were enabled to load and unload without the use of lighters. The cholera had entirely disappeared, not only from San Francisco, but from all parts of California. Its ravages have been much lighter than was anticipated, a fact which speaks well for the health of the country.

The *Pacific News* contains some interesting statistics of the condition of San Francisco at the close of the year 1850. The population of the city is estimated at 35,000. One hundred and seven miles of street are already laid out, one quarter of which is built upon and occupied. The business streets are substantially built of brick or iron. In addition to seventeen large auction firms and eight express companies, the city boasts of ten first class hotels and seven daily papers. The amount of gold-dust regularly shipped and entered for exportation during the year 1850 was $30,000,000; the estimated amount taken away by passengers, $12,000,000. The amount of bullion received was $1,722,600. The number of vessels which arrived during the year was 1,743 bringing 35,333 male and 1,248 female passengers; the number of clearances amounts to 1,461 vessels, carrying away 26,593 male and eight female passengers. The total value of the merchandise received by foreign and domestic vessels during the year was between four and five millions of dollars. In addition to 14 steamers running regularly between San Francisco and Panama, and three on the Oregon route, there are 45 steamers and 270 other craft of various kinds on the bay and inland streams. [Pg 564]

We have news from Oregon to the middle of December, at which time the Legislature was in session. The message of Governor Gaines recommends the establishment of a liberal system of

education, and asks for the passage of a law for protection against the Indian tribes. It also maintains the importance of a liberal policy on the part of the General Government in the donation of lands to actual settlers. The country appears to be in a highly prosperous condition; all the towns on the Columbia and its tributaries are growing rapidly. The news from the gold placers on the Klamath and Umpqua rivers, near the borders of California, is encouraging as to the yield of dust, but the Oregonians place their main reliance on their agricultural interests. The yield of wheat is said to be not only double per acre that of the Atlantic States, but it is a never-failing crop. The people in Oregon City are agitating the subject of a railroad to connect the Willamette Valley with the Columbia river, at some point accessible to large vessels. It is estimated that the whole cost will only be about $500,000, which it is proposed to raise in one thousand shares of $500 each. Twelve months, it is believed, will complete the work.

EUROPE.

On the first of February, England was in a tranquil condition, the anti-Papal agitation having almost entirely subsided. The journals were engaged in discussing law reform, the New-York Revised Code being commended as a model in many quarters. In the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament—an advance copy having been forwarded to this country—a thorough reform of the Equity courts is recommended, as well as the introduction of an act for the registration of deeds, equally applicable to each of the three kingdoms. Her Majesty alludes in terms of comparative mildness to the Wiseman affair, commending the question to the attention of Parliament. Public opinion is strongly in favor of a large reduction in taxation, and it is anticipated that the window tax will be abolished. The quarterly returns of the revenue have been highly satisfactory, since, notwithstanding the abolition of the tax on bricks and the reduction of the stamp duty, the income exceeds that of the previous year by about £165,000.

The great crystal palace in Hyde Park is rapidly advancing towards its completion. The immense structure is exciting the wonder and admiration of the metropolis, and the opening of the fair is anticipated with great interest. The strength of the building has been amply tested by a severe storm of hail and wind, which passed over without breaking a pane of glass. All quarters of the world are sending specimens of their manufactures and natural productions. South Africa, Australia, and the islands of the sea will be represented, while Cashmere shawls, robes of pearl, and Runjeet Singh's golden saddle, will be sent from India.

The U.S. Mail steamer Atlantic, which sailed from Liverpool on the twenty-eighth of December, arrived in the harbor of Cork on the twenty-second of January, having been at sea twenty-five days. When in lat. 46° 12', lon. 41° 30', about midway between Cape Clear and New-York, her main shaft broke, rendering the engines useless. After running westward two days under sail, a heavy gale arose, when Captain West put her head about, and made for Cork, a distance of 1400 miles, which she made in eleven days. The steamer Cambria was instantly chartered to take her place, but most of her passengers left Liverpool in the Africa, on February 1st. It is stated on the authority of Earl Monteagle, that the British Government have resolved to make Holyhead the port of arrival and departure for the transatlantic mail steamers.

In France, a ministerial revolution has taken place, resulting in widening the breach between President Napoleon and the National Assembly. Several general orders of General Changarnier to the army of Paris having been published in one of the journals, in which he commands the troops to pay no attention to any orders but those of the Lieutenant-General. Changarnier was called upon in the Assembly for explanation. He denied that these instructions were meant to be permanent, but only to be put in force when an emeute was apprehended. His conduct was approved by the Assembly, but Louis Napoleon, who had long regarded Changarnier with fear and jealousy, withdrew from him the command of the army at Paris, which he divided between two or three generals of lower rank. This gave rise to a most excited debate in the National Assembly, in which Lamartine made a speech in the President's defence. Baroche, Minister of the Interior, General Changarnier, M. Thiers, and General Cavaignac followed, the three latter speakers taking strong ground against the ministry. After several days of stormy discussion, the resolution of M. de St. Beuve, that the Assembly "declares that it has no confidence in the ministry," was carried by a majority of 139. The ministers tendered their resignation to the President the same evening. A ministerial interregnum followed, which was terminated on the twenty-fourth of January by a message of the President, appointing a "transition ministry," composed of employées from the different departments, not one of them having a seat in the Assembly. The following is the list, as given in the *Moniteur*:

Public Instruction	M. Giraud, (de l'Institute.)
Interior	M. Vaisse.
Foreign Affairs	M. Brennier.
War	General Randon.
Marine	Admiral Levaillant.
Commerce	M. Schneider.
Finances	M. de Germiny.
Public Works	M. Magne.
Justice	M. de Royer.

Lamartine, it is stated, was urged by Louis Napoleon to accept an appointment in the ministry,

but declined on account of his being bound to furnish his publishers with two volumes a month, under heavy penalties.

The Conference of the German States at Dresden was opened with much ceremony early in January. All the states were represented, but the negotiations were kept profoundly secret. It has transpired, however, that the formation of the new Diet agreed upon gives two votes to Prussia, two to Austria, one each to Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, and three more portioned among the smaller principalities, making eleven in all. It is also understood that a Provisional Central Power will be proclaimed, Prussia and Austria retaining to themselves exclusively the right of deciding for the Confederation all questions of peace and war. [Pg 565]

Austria still labors under financial embarrassments of an almost hopeless character. As a measure of temporary relief, the Government has contracted two loans, one from Russia, of fifty millions of florins, and the other, of one hundred millions, on state obligations, at six per cent. The manufacturers of Austria strongly oppose the proposed compromise of the Zollverein, and advocate a tariff of a decidedly protective character. Great dissatisfaction has been manifested in Hungary, on account of the newly imposed tax on tobacco, which is one of the principal productions of the country. In consequence of this opposition the excise corps has been greatly enlarged, and serious difficulties are apprehended.

The smaller German states are now completely overruled by the Austrian and Prussian troops. The Elector of Hesse Cassel has returned to his Capital, with his Prime Minister, Hassenpflug, under their protection. The Constitution is virtually abolished by their presence, and those who supported it are subjected to the most shameful persecutions. Many of the best citizens are obliged to leave the country. Schleswig Holstein has been 'pacified' in a similar manner. Through the instrumentality of the Austrian and Prussian Commissioners, backed by a military force, the army of Schleswig Holstein has been disbanded, and the country occupied by the troops of Denmark. On the sixteenth of January, the proclamation of the King of Denmark, administering the oath of fidelity to the military, was read in the marketplace of Rendsburg. Hamburgh has been occupied by 4000 Austrian troops.

A treaty of amity and commerce has been concluded with the Swiss Diet, by Mr. Dudley Mann, Diplomatic Agent of the United States. Its provisions are of the most liberal and friendly character. The entire reciprocity and equality of the citizens of both countries, is guaranteed, so far as the right of establishment is concerned; a citizen of the United States being allowed to settle in one of the Swiss Cantons upon the same conditions as a citizen born in another Canton. Entire and unconditional liberty in disposing of property is mutually stipulated, as well as equal taxation of the individuals established, their exemption from military duties, and the grant of indemnity for damages in case of war. The commercial intercourse of the two countries is also arranged upon the most liberal and advantageous basis. Switzerland has remained tranquil, with the exception of a riot in the Canton of Berne, occasioned by the attempted extradition, on the part of the Government, of a Prussian Jew, a noted socialist, residing at St. Imier. This person was very popular among the poor, who resisted the authorities, whereupon the troops were ordered to be in readiness to support them. The Swiss Government has determined to forward a beautiful stone from the Alps, to be placed in the National Monument to Washington.

ITALY is still in an unquiet state. There seems to be a growing apprehension and uneasiness among all classes in the Papal States, and it is rumored that Pope Pius, wearied with the anxieties of his situation, wishes to resign the Pontificate, and retire to a Convent.

In NAPLES, the Government, alarmed by rumors of Mazzini's revolutionary designs, has made many arrests, and instituted a more vigorous police system. All cafes and places of public amusement are strictly watched. The army is to be increased by 18,000 men, and as English opinions are assigned to be dangerous, those Neapolitans who intended to visit the Great Exhibition in London, have been refused their passports.

AUSTRIAN ITALY is even in a worse condition. Several conspiracies have been discovered, and a large number of arrests made in consequence. A large number of persons have been executed, in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces.

The most interesting news from SPAIN is that of another resignation of the Ministry. The resignation of General Narvaez was not accepted by the Queen, whereupon that gentleman assembled his colleagues, and commissioned them to inform the Queen that unless she released him at once from his office, he should blow his brains out! This threat had the desired effect, and the following Cabinet was then appointed:

President of the Council and Minister of Finance	Bravo Murillo.
Foreign Office	Bertran de Lys.
Grace and Justice	Gonzales Romero.
Home Department	Arteta.
War	Count Mirasol.
Marine	Bustillos.
Commerce, &c.	Fernandez Negrete.

The project of a revision of the Constitution, which has been so warmly agitated in Sweden, has entirely failed. The proposition of the King has been rejected by two of the four chambers

constituting the Legislative Assembly, three being required in its favor, to form a constitutional majority. Sweden will therefore preserve her present system of a separate representation of the nobility, clergy, citizens, and peasants.

In TURKEY, the subjection of the rebellious Bosnians was consummated on the seventeenth of December, when Omar Pasha made his triumphal entry into Bosna Serai. The captive Pashas and Cadis marched on foot in the procession. It is rumored that the Porte has at length agreed to accept the offer of the British and American Governments to transport the Hungarian refugees to America, and will order their immediate release. Three hundred Polish refugees, who arrived at Constantinople from Varna, on the thirty-first of December, were to be sent to Liverpool at the expense of the Turkish Government. Two Commissioners, Ismet Pasha and Sami Pasha, have been appointed to travel through Asiatic and European Turkey, for the purpose of noting whether the new reforms in favor of the Christians have been carried out.

There is nothing from GREECE, but accounts of the depredations of the robbers which now infest all parts of the country. In the provinces of Acarnania, Levadia and Attica, several villages have been sacked, and the inhabitants put to the torture.

MEXICO

The Mexican Congress assembled in the Capital on the first of January, when General Herrera, the President, made his annual address. He dwelt with satisfaction on the relations existing between the United States and Mexico, considering them much more harmonious and mutually advantageous than was anticipated at the close of the war. The financial condition of the country has been somewhat improved by the retrenchment of the Government expenses and the consolidation of the Interior Debt: a revision of the Revenue Laws is strongly advocated as a still [Pg 566] further reform in this direction. President Herrera favors the colonization of the public lands by immigrants from Europe; he also alludes with satisfaction to the increase of manufactures and the improved prospects of the silver mines, which last year yielded upwards of $30,000,000.

The two branches of Congress met on the eighth, to count the votes for the election of the President of the Republic. The votes of twelve States were found to be in favor of General Arista. He was consequently declared to be duly elected. On the fifteenth, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the presence of the Mexican Congress, he took the oath of office and made a short inaugural address, in which he alluded to the maintenance of the federal system as necessary to the prosperity of the country, and pledged himself to preserve peace and order at all hazards. The President of Congress, Don Mariano Yañez, replied in a short address of congratulation. Te Deum was chanted in the Cathedral in the presence of the new President, and in the evening the German residents honored him with a serenade and torch light procession. Arista's Cabinet is composed as follows: Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Mariano Yañez; Minister of Justice, Don Jose Maria Aguirre; Minister of Finance, Don Manuel Payno; Minister of War and Marine, Don Manuel Robles.

Early in January a rebellion broke out in the State of Guanajuato. The insurgents, headed by two brothers named Liceagas, obtained possession of the city of Guanajuato, with the Government arms and ammunition, but were defeated on the night of the 13th by the Government troops under Generals Bustamente and Uraga. Several of the chiefs were executed, and the movement, which was in favor of Santa Anna, was entirely crushed.

The Tehuantepec treaty was ratified on the 25th of January. On the following day, Mr. Letcher, the American Minister, left the capital for the United States, on leave of absence. Señor Lacunza, the Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Minister to England, and Señor Valdiviesco Minister to France. The Mexican Government has ceded in perpetuity to Don Gayetano Rubio, Don Eustace Barron, Señor Garay, and the firm of Yecker, Torre & Co., the whole of the public lands in the State of Sonora, including the mines, between lat. 30° N. and the Gila River. This grant embraces several millions of acres, and the richest mineral land of the Republic. It is said to have been intended to smooth the passage of a bill abolishing all tariff prohibitions, which have hitherto operated greatly to the advantage of the parties named.

Maj. Barnard's Company for surveying the Isthmus of Tehuantepec reached the town of Minatitlan, on the Coatzocoalcos River, in the steamer Alabama, on the 25th of December. At the last accounts, one party had penetrated a distance of sixty miles into the country, a second was engaged in an examination of the river, and a third had set out for Tehuantepec, on the Pacific Coast.

BRITISH AMERICA.

The lawyers in Lower Canada have been making strikes and holding meetings to protest against the imposition of the new tariff regulating their fees. The Bar of Quebec and of Trois Rivières have struck, declining to serve their clients until the legality of the tariff shall be decided by the Court of Appeals. It has been decided to admit American reprints of English copyright works into Canada, on paying 20 per cent. duty, which is to be paid over by the Custom House to the English authors or proprietors of copyright, who are required to furnish a list of their works. Under this law, American reprints will still be much cheaper than English editions, and popular English authors may therefore look forward to some increase of their revenue. The Imperial Cabinet has also assented to the Post-Office Law, enacted at the last Session of the Canadian Legislature, and

establishing a uniform rate of three pence for single letters throughout the British Provinces.

Meetings have been held in Toronto, protesting against the intended removal of the Seat of Government from that city, while, on the other hand, the French members have resolved not to vote the supplies unless it is removed to Quebec in the spring. Lord Elgin, however, has stated that the Seat of Government will be transferred to Quebec at the completion of its two years in Toronto.

THE WEST INDIES.

We have news from Havana to the 3d of February. The administration of Gen. Concha appears to be more liberal and energetic than that of his predecessor, and gives very general satisfaction.

Jenny Lind gave but four concerts in Havana, only the first and last of which were well attended. Her Italian songs produced much more effect than her Swedish ballads. The proceeds of the last concert, amounting to $5000, was devoted to objects of charity. A grand ball was given in her honor by the Count de Peñalver, after which she visited Matanzas and the extensive sugar plantations in its neighborhood. Señor Salvi, the great tenor, was engaged by Mr. Barnum to sing at her concerts in New-York, in April. On the 1st February, Frederika Bremer reached Havana, and the two renowned Swedes met, for the first time in the new world.

News from Jamaica to the 1st of February state that the cholera was still prevailing in many localities, although it had decreased in some and entirely disappeared in others.

CENTRAL AMERICA—THE ISTHMUS.

In the State of Nicaragua, the elections have taken place and Don José Sacasa has been chosen Director, from the 1st of May, on which the term of Director Raminez expires. The National Convention of Delegates from the States of Nicaragua, Honduras and San Salvador, met at Chinandega on the 21st of December, and organized by choosing as President Don José Barrundia, the author of the Central-American Constitution of 1820. The little steamer Director, belonging to the Nicaraguan Company, passed the rapids of Machuca, on San Juan River, and entered Lake Nicaragua on the 1st of January. She is now running between Granada and San Carlos, a distance of 95 miles, at $20 a passenger. The engineers employed to survey the route of the proposed ship canal, were at work between Granada and San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific. By the 1st of January, upwards of four thousand returning Californians had passed through Nicaragua, on their way to the United States.

Disturbances have broken out in some of the mountain provinces of Guatemala, growing out of the refusal of the inhabitants to concur in the policy adopted by the Government at the instance [Pg 567] of the English consul, Mr. Chatfield. The insurgents declared in favor of a Federal Union of all the Central-American States. The Government troops, under Gen. Carrera, in attempting to put down this opposition, were defeated at Chiquimula. A blockade of the ports of San Salvador has been ordered by Mr. Chatfield, who threatens Honduras and Nicaragua with a similar blow, unless they accede to certain demands. In a letter to the Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Affairs, he arbitrarily lays down the boundary line between Honduras, Nicaragua and Musquitia—an assumed kingdom, under cover of which the British authorities have taken possession of the port of San Juan. Mr. Chatfield states that unless these boundaries are accepted, no canal or other improved method of transit across the Isthmus can be established. There is much excitement in Central America, on account of his arbitrary course.

The winter rains are at an end on the Isthmus of Panama, and the roads are in good condition. Upwards of 800 workmen are employed on the Panama Railroad, and the track is already prepared for the rails from Navy Bay, the Atlantic terminus, to Gatun, on the Chagres River, a distance of three and a half miles.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Congress of Venezuela met on 20th of January, all the members being present. It had previously been feared that the Executive Power would be violently seized by Guzman, Vice-President of the Republic, who was one of the unsuccessful candidates in the electoral colleges, in case there should not be a quorum in Congress. Gen. Monagas, brother of the present Executive, lacked only two or three votes of the two-thirds required by the Constitution in the electoral colleges, and having received sixty-five out of the eighty votes of Congress, was declared elected President of Venezuela. Guzman, who had used all his power to defeat Monagas, notwithstanding he was indebted to the latter for his life, met him upon the steps of the Government House after the election, and begged pardon, in tears, for the injuries he had done him. Monagas forgave him, and the happiest results for Venezuela are anticipated from an administration commenced under such circumstances.

The Presidential Election in Peru took place on the 20th of December. The prominent candidates were Generals Echinique and San Ramon, and at the last accounts it was believed the former was elected.

Bolivia is entirely tranquil, the health of Gen. Belzu having been completely restored since his attempted assassination, and the conspirators against him, Ballivian and Linares, having fled

from the country. The partisans of Ballivian were totally routed in the southern provinces, where they attempted to make a stand, and their leader fled in disguise to Copiape, in Chili. Linares escaped into the Argentine Republic, and a requisition for his delivery was about to be issued.

In Chili, the extra session of Congress convened on the 16th of December. In his message calling the session, the President recommended to legislative attention, the subjects of reform in the customs and the coinage system, appropriations for the current year, the regulation of the standing army, and a revision of the taxes.

Early in December a destructive fire broke out in Valparaiso, which was finally quelled through the labors of the sailors from the English and French vessels of war lying in the harbor, after destroying $250,000 worth of property. On the 5th of the month, the volcano of Portillo, near Santiago, which had been quiet since 1845, suddenly broke out into violent eruption. The following day a very severe shock of an earthquake was felt, lasting twenty seconds, but fortunately doing little damage. Since then, however, a more violent earthquake has entirely destroyed the city of Conception, in the southern part of Chili.

Hon. Bailey Peyton, the American Minister, left Valparaiso on the 27th of December, in the U.S. Ship *Vincennes*, on a visit to Talcuhuana, the province of Conception and the island of Juan Fernandez. Henri Herz, the distinguished pianist, has been giving concerts in Santiago.

At the latest dates from Brazil, nothing of political importance had transpired. Accounts from Buenos Ayres to Dec. 12th, state that there was a prospect of an amicable settlement of the difficulties between that country and Brazil. There had been a conflict between the forces of Paraguay and those of Buenos Ayres, relative to the occupancy of some neutral lands, by the forces of the latter. The finances of the State were said to be in an encouraging condition.

AFRICA.

The Monitor, a paper published at Cape Town, South Africa, gives an account of a dreadful massacre committed by the noted Namagua chief, Yonker Afrikaner, on the neophytes of the German Missionary station at New-Barmen, in Damaraland, between South Africa and the Kingdom of Loango.

A curious piece of history has made its way to us from the island of Madagascar. Rainharo, the Prime Minister of the reigning Queen of the island, determined, in June last, to exterminate all the Christians in the province of Imirena. Accordingly, when they were all assembled one evening at their religious exercises, the various communities were suddenly arrested, to the number of eight thousand, and condemned to death. Eighteen of them had already been executed, when the rest escaped, and surrounding the palace of the young Prince, the heir to the throne of Madagascar, implored his protection. The Queen sent orders through the Prime Minister that they should be given up. The Prince refused, and in the dispute which followed, drew his sword and aimed a blow at the Minister's head, cutting off one of his ears. When the Queen heard of this, fearing a revolt in the province of Imirena, to sustain the Prince, she suffered the Christians to return to their homes and worship as usual. They have since been visited by the Prince, who declares his intention to protect them.

The Republic of Liberia was in a flourishing condition at the commencement of the year. Several explorations of the interior have been made, to the distance of two or three hundred miles from the coast. The parties brought back enthusiastic accounts of the richness and beauty of the country and the salubrity of the climate. President Roberts had sent his message to the Liberian Congress, giving a very favorable account of the condition and prospects of the country. The agricultural operations at Bassa Cove and Bexley have produced very satisfactory results. The slave trade is said to be almost destroyed in the neighborhood of Gallinas and Ambrize. [Pg 568]

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Walter Colton was born in Rutland, Vermont, about the year 1797. When sixteen years of age he determined to acquire a liberal education, and commenced with industrious energy his preparatory studies. In 1818 he entered Yale College, where he received the Berkleyan Prize in Latin and Greek, and delivered the valedictory poem, when he graduated, in 1822. He soon afterwards entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he remained three years, giving much of his tune to literature, and writing, besides various moral and critical dissertations, a *Sacred Drama*, which was acted by the students at one of their rhetorical exhibitions, and an elaborate poem pronounced when his class received their diplomas. On being ordained an evangelist, according to the usage of the Congregational Church, he became Professor of Moral Philosophy and Belles-Lettres in the Scientific and Military Academy at Middletown, then under the presidency of Captain Alden Partridge. Besides attending to the more immediate duties of his position, he wrote while here a prize *Essay on Duelling*; a *Discussion of the Genius of Coleridge*; *The Moral Power of the Poet, Painter, and Sculptor, contrasted*, and many contributions in verse and prose to the public journals, under the signature of "Bertram." In 1828 he resigned his professorship, and settled in Washington, as editor of the *American Spectator*, a weekly gazette which he conducted with industry, and such tact and temper, that he preserved the most intimate

relations with the leaders of the political party to which it was most decidedly opposed. He was especially a favorite with President Jackson, who was accustomed to send for him two or three times in a week to sit with him in his private chamber, and when Mr. Colton's health declined, so that a sea voyage was recommended by his physicians, the President offered him without solicitation a consulship or a chaplaincy in the Navy. The latter was accepted, and from 1830 till the end of his life, he continued as a chaplain in the naval service.

His first appointment was to the West India squadron, where his reputation was increased by several incidents illustrative of his personal character. On one occasion a murderous affray had taken place between a boat's crew of American sailors and a party of Spaniards belonging to Pensacola, in which several sailors were killed. Mr. Colton drew up the official report of the outrage, in which he handled the police with just severity. The mayor, himself a Spaniard, and a man of desperate character, was greatly enraged, and swore he would take ample vengeance. He watched his opportunity, and attempted to rush on the chaplain with his long knife before he could protect himself. But the latter, drawing his pistols at the instant, levelled one of them at his breast, and told the mayor if he stirred his hand except to return his knife to its belt, he would put a ball through his heart. The Spaniard hesitated for a few minutes, and reluctantly complied.

Returning from the West Indies Mr. Colton was appointed to the Constellation frigate, and sailed for the Mediterranean, and in the three years during which he was connected with this station, he travelled through Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; visited Constantinople, and made his way to Paris and London. The results of his observations he partially gave to the public in volumes entitled *Ship and Shore*, and *A Visit to Constantinople and Athens*. Soon after the publication of these works, he was appointed Historiographer to the South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition; but the ultimate reduction of the force designed for the Pacific squadron, and the resignation of his associates, induced him to forego the advantages of this office, for which he had made very careful preparations in ethnographical studies.

He was now stationed at Philadelphia, where he was chaplain successively of the Navy Yard and of the Naval Asylum. In this city we became acquainted with him, and for several years enjoyed his frequent society and intimate friendship, so that few have had more ample opportunities of judging of his character. In 1841 and 1842, with the consent of the Government, he added to his official duties the editorship of the Philadelphia *North American*, and in these and the following years he wrote much upon religious and literary subjects for other journals. We believe it was in 1844 that he delivered before the literary societies of the University of Vermont, a poem entitled *The Sailor*, which has not yet been published. In the summer of 1846 he was married, and we were selected by him for that occasion to fill the office commonly falling to the nearest friend. A few months afterward he was ordered to the Congress, the flag-ship of the Pacific squadron, in which he arrived off the western coast of America soon after the commencement of the late war with Mexico. The incidents of the voyage round Cape Horn are detailed with more than his usual felicity in his book, *Deck and Port*, published last summer in this city by Barnes & Co.

Soon after the arrival of the squadron at Monterey, he was appointed alcalde, or chief magistrate of that city, an office of difficult duties and large responsibilities, demanding the most untiring industry, zeal, and fortitude. These were discharged with eminent faithfulness and ability, so that he won as much the regard of the conquered inhabitants of the country, as the respect of his more immediate associates. In addition to the ordinary duties of his place, Mr. Colton established the first newspaper printed in California, *The Californian*, now published in San Francisco, under the title of the "Alta California;" he built the first *school-house* in California; and also a large hall for public meetings—said to be the finest building in the state, which the citizens called "Colton Hall," in honor of his public spirit and enterprise. It was during his administration of affairs at Monterey that the discovery of gold in the Sacramento Valley was first made; and, considering the vast importance which this discovery has since assumed, it may not be uninteresting to state that the honor of first making it publicly known in the Atlantic States, whether by accident or otherwise, belongs properly to him. It was first announced in a letter bearing his initials, which appeared in the Philadelphia *North American*, and the next day in a letter also written by him, in the New-York *Journal of Commerce*.

Mr. Colton returned to his home early last summer, with anticipations of years of undisturbed happiness. With a family deeply attached to him, a large circle of friends, good reputation, and a fortune equal to his desires, he applied himself leisurely to the preparation of his MS. journals for [Pg 569] the press, and the revision of his earlier publications. He had published, besides *Deck and Port*, already mentioned, *Three Years in California*, and had nearly ready for the printer a much enlarged and improved edition of *Ship and Shore*, which was to be followed by *A Visit to Constantinople, Athens, and the Ægean*, a collection of his *Poems*, and a volume of *Miscellanies of Literature and Religion*. His health however began to decline, and a cold, induced by exposure during a late visit to Washington, ended in granular dropsy, which his physician soon discovered to be incurable. Being in Philadelphia on the 22d of January, we left our hotel to pay him an early visit, and found the death signs upon his door; he had died at two o'clock that morning, surrounded by his relations, and in the presence of his friends the Rev. Albert Barnes and the Rev. Dr. Herman Hooker—died very calmly, without mortal enemies and at peace with God.

Mr. Colton was of an eminently genial nature, fond of society, and with such qualities as made him always a welcome associate. His extensive and various travel had left upon his memory a thousand delightful pictures, which were reflected in his conversation so distinctly and with such skilful preparation of the mind, that his companions lived over his life with him as often as he chose to summon its scenes before them. We believe him to have been very sincere in all the

professions of honor and religion, and fully deserving of the respectful regrets with which he will be remembered during the lives of his contemporaries.

Auguste d'Avezac, descended from an illustrious French family, was born in the island of St. Domingo, about the year 1787. He was educated at the celebrated college of La Flèche, in France; emigrated to the United States; studied medicine at Edenton, North Carolina; and on the acquisition of Louisiana removed to New Orleans. Here his sister was married to Chancellor Livingston, and he himself became a successful lawyer. When General Jackson arrived in New Orleans, d'Avezac became one of his aid-de-camps, and he served with him to the end of the war, and remained all his life among his most devoted friends. When General Jackson became President he appointed Major d'Avezac *Chargé d'Affaires to Naples*, and afterwards to the Netherlands, whence he was recalled by Mr. Van Buren, but under circumstances which did not prevent his hearty support of the President's administration. He then took up his residence in New-York, and in 1841 and 1843 was elected from this city to the Legislature. In 1845, he was appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Hague, and he remained there until superseded last year by Mr. Folsom, when he again returned to New-York, where he died on the 16th ultimo. He was an eminently agreeable man in society, and wrote in French and English with ease and vivacity, upon literature, art, politics, and history.

At the Hague, a *cortège* of upwards of three thousand persons have just accompanied to the grave, at the premature age of forty-two, M. Asser, a judge of high reputation in that city, and author of various works on comparative legislation.

France has lost one of her geographical celebrities, M. Pierre Lapie, from whose hand have issued a multitude of valuable maps.

Dr. Heinrich Frederick Link, Professor of Botany in the University of Berlin, and Director of the Royal Botanic Garden of that city, died on the first of January, in the eighty-second year of his age. His literary career extends back for more than half a century, his first botanical essay, consisting of some observations on the plants of the Botanic Garden at Rostock, having been published in 1795. He was contemporary with Linnæus, having been eighteen years old when the great author of the "Systema Naturæ" died, and, from his botanical tastes, was probably acquainted with that naturalist's writings long before his decease.

He graduated at Gottingen in 1789, having read on that occasion an inaugural thesis on the Flora of Gottingen, referring more particularly to those found in calcareous districts. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Professor of Botany at Rostock; subsequently he held the same chair at Breslau; but the latter and larger portion of his scientific life was spent at Berlin. He practised at Berlin as a physician among an extensive circle of friends, who had a high opinion of his medical skill. Although the name of Link fills a large space in the literature of botany, his mind was not of the highest order, and his contributions to science are not likely to make a very permanent impression. Still, he was an energetic, active man, with an observant mind, a retentive memory, and with considerable power of systematic arrangement. Hence his works, like those of Linnæus, have been among the most valuable of the contributions to the botany of the century in which he lived. Of these, his "Elementa Philosophiæ Botanicæ" may be quoted as the most useful. This work, which was published in 1824, has served as the basis of most of our manuals and introductions to botany since that period. He devoted considerable time and attention to the description of new species of plants, most of which he published in a continuation of Willdenow's "Species Plantarum." With Count Hoffmansegg, he commenced a Flora of Portugal, and he also published a memoir on the plants of Greece. He contributed several valuable papers on physiological botany to the Transactions of the Natural History Society of Berlin; but he has done more service for vegetable physiology in his annual reports than in any other of his writings. They comprise a summary of all that had been published in botany during the year, accompanied with many valuable remarks and sound criticisms of his own. In these reports he had to defend himself and others from the heavy artillery directed against them by Schleiden, who, whilst claiming for himself a large margin for liberty of opinion, is most unscrupulous and pertinaciously offensive towards those who differ from him. In these literary contests, however, Link showed that the experience of above fifty years had not been lost upon him, and he was not unfrequently more than a match for the vigor and logic of his youthful and more precipitate adversary. According to custom, a funeral oration was pronounced over his grave; but unfortunately the clergyman selected being a strictly orthodox person, and not being able to approve of the spirit of the whole of the writings of the deceased, censured them, it is said, in most unbecoming language, to the indignation of the numerous friends present.

The Italian poet LUIGI CARRER, died at Venice on the twenty-third of December. [Pg 570]

GENERAL DON JOSE DE SAN MARTIN, formerly the "Protector of Peru," and one of the most deservedly eminent of the public men of the Spanish American States, died in August, 1850, at Bologna, in the seventy-second year of his age. His death has but recently been announced, and we receive the information now, not from Europe or from South America, but by way of the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu *Polynesian* of December fourteenth, translating from the *Panameno*, gives us the following particulars of his life. General San Martin was a native of one of the Provinces of Buenos Ayres, but previous to the war of independence, passed over to Spain, where he entered into the army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Baylen. In the Spanish army, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. After his native country, Buenos Ayres, had declared itself independent of the mother country, he returned from Spain, and fought with great bravery, against Artigas, and in other military contests. He thereby gained so much reputation with his countrymen, that when an expedition to liberate Chile was determined upon, he was the chief chosen to organize and command it. He fulfilled that trust, in an admirable manner, at Mendoza —carried his small army successfully across the Andes, through an able piece of strategy, confided to a brave young Chilian, Don Manuel Rodriguez, at a point where the Spanish forces did not expect the invading army, and signally defeated them, on the plains of *Chacabuco*, near the Capital of Chile. The defeated Spaniards had to retire and concentrate themselves in the South. San Martin occupied the whole country and shut them up in *Talcachuano*. Expecting that the Spaniards would be soon reinforced from Peru, San Martin, with the aid of several foreign officers, French and English, recruited his forces in Chile, and raised his army to about 9000 men. A strong reinforcement having arrived from Peru, at Talcahuano, under the command of General Ossioro, the Spaniards regained possession of the Province of Concepcion, took the offensive, and advanced towards the Capital. San Martin, with forces numerically superior, advanced to drive them back. The two armies met at *"Cancha Rayada,"* where, on San Martin's birth day, in 1819, the Spaniards attacked his army at night, signally defeated and dispersed them. The only division that retired unbroken, was that commanded by General Don Gregorio de las Heras, and the army of the Andes left on the field its whole artillery, excepting only one piece which was saved by the personal exertions and cool intrepidity of Captain Miller, of that army, now H. B. M. Consul General for these Islands. After that unexpected defeat, the greatest consternation prevailed in the Capital of Chile, the cause of the Republic was considered desperate, but the Supreme Director, General Don Bernardo Ohiggins, made immense exertions to reunite the scattered army and to strengthen it, by new levies; the patriotism of the Chilians roused itself with an energy equal to the emergency; resident foreign merchants, wishing well to the country and alarmed by a report that it was the intention of the Spanish Commander in Chief to shoot them all and confiscate their property (it being then contrary to the laws of Spain that foreigners should reside in or trade with her Colonies without special license), supplied money, arms and accoutrements. An army was thus reformed with extraordinary expedition; its confidence was restored by a troop of cavalry sent to reconnoitre, headed by Major Vial, a brave French officer, who gallantly charged and routed a superior force of the enemy, and, under the command of General San Martin, on the 5th of April, 1850, on the plain of *Maypu*, it defeated the Spanish army so completely, that only a few of the fugitives reached Talcahuano.

But experience having shown that the independence of Chile could never be considered secure so long as the Spaniards retained their hold on Peru, it was resolved to make an attempt to liberate that Vice-Royalty. Colonel Miller, whose promotion after the affair of *Cancha Rayadu* had been rapid, was sent with a small but active force to land at *Arica* and operate in the Southern Provinces, where by astute strategy and several brilliant successes he confirmed his high reputation. San Martin soon after followed with the main army, escorted by the Chilian squadron under command of Lord Cochran; in running down the coast, he took in Colonel Miller with his troops, and knowing the powerful diversion that the latter had made in the South, he proceeded northward to Pisco, where a force was landed under the command of Colonel Charles and Colonel Miller, that made itself master of the place, after a bloody combat, in which the former gallantly fell while cheering on his troops, and the latter received several musket balls, one of which passed through his liver.

According to the plan of General San Martin, the force landed to the South of Lima, advanced into the interior to the silver mines of Pasco under the command of General Arenales, where it defeated the Spanish forces under General Oreilly, while San Martin himself, with the main body, effected his landing near Huacho to the North of Lima. By this plan, ably conceived and no less ably executed, the Spaniards were reduced to the Capital and Callao, which port at the same time was strictly blockaded by Lord Cochran's squadron. The fall of both Lima and Callao was only a question of time; it was retarded for some months owing to the great sickness that weakened San Martin's ranks; but these were filled up by desertions from the enemy; the whole regiment of *Numancia* passed over to the Patriot side, and at last San Martin entered the Capital at the head of his troops, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. He was soon after declared Protector of Peru, and General-in-Chief of the Army. Having now a Peruvian character, and having come to liberate—not to conquer the country, he considered it right to create a Peruvian Army. As a *nucleus* for its formation, the *Peruvian Legion* (intended to consist of several Batallions), was raised, and placed under the command of Colonel Miller. But Lima and its luxuries proved the *Capua* of San Martin's army—national jealousies arose between the Buenos Ayrean and the Chilian chiefs—San Martin's confidence in foreign officers and his endeavors to

create a national army in Peru gave great umbrage to both; a secret political Lodge was formed among the leading chiefs of corps, and he was openly charged with latent designs to make himself the King or Perpetual Dictator of Peru.

The Spanish army, which had evacuated the Capital unbroken, profiting by these dissensions and the delay of the Patriot army in the Capital, had largely recruited itself in the valley of Jauja; they [Pg 571] were every day gaining more strength, while the Patriot army was becoming daily weaker both physically and morally; under these circumstances General San Martin sought an interview with *Bolivar*, at Guayaquil, and shortly after his return to Lima, in 1822, he resigned his high post of Protector and General-in-chief, and embarked for Europe. On his arrival in Europe, after a short visit to the East of Fife, San Martin passed his time chiefly in Brussels and Paris, so much respected by all who knew him, and so esteemed for his probity, that *Sor Aguado*, the rich Spanish Banker, on his death-bed, named San Martin his Executor.

It is believed that he retired from Peru, disgusted with the false charges that were brought against him, and after having obtained a promise from his great rival, Bolivar, that he would finish the war, which it would have been much for San Martin's own glory to have concluded himself. If so, he had the *magnanimity* to prefer the good of Peru to his own glory, a virtue never found except amongst men of great nobleness of soul. San Martin may have even thought that under the circumstances, his great rival was fitter to conclude the war than he was himself; and if he did so, the result proved at once his modesty and the soundness of his judgment, for when the Peruvian Government had fairly intrusted their destinies to Bolivar, in rapid succession, he fought the bloody battles of Junin and Ayacucho, the result of which was the final and total liberation of Peru.

Nor was Bolivar less just to foreign officers of merit than San Martin. Amongst his Generals and Aid-de-camps ranked General Brawn, General Oleary, Colonel Wilson, and many others; and Colonel Miller (who had been raised to the rank of General), as the reward of his gallant conduct in the last hard-fought fields of Junin and Ayacucho, received the further honor of being declared a *Marescal de Agacucho*. To other officers of Peru, of Chile and of Buenos Ayres, Bolivar was equally just, thus showing that he was superior to any petty jealousy of those chiefs with whose aid San Martin, his illustrious predecessor, had made those great achievements which a weaker mind might have looked upon with envy as, in some respects, overwhelming his own.

Frederick Bastiat, the political economist, whose health had been very feeble for nearly a year, and of whose death last summer in Italy a report was copied into the *International*, died in Rome on the 24th of December. He was born at Bayonne in 1801, and after completing his education, he retired to a quiet village in the department of Landes, to pursue his favorite studies of trade and society. He was successively called to various offices of the department, and to the present National Assembly he was chosen by a vote of 56,000, being the second in the list of seven representing the Landes. His first book, we believe, was *Cobden et la Ligue*, published in 1844, from which period he was an industrious writer. Without being a discoverer of new truths, he possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of expanding, with clearness and vigor, the grounds and the effects of complex natural laws already developed by the technical processes of philosophy. His writings have been exceedingly popular. The whole or nearly the whole, of the tracts written by him under the generic title of 'Sophismes Economiques,' originally appeared in the *Journal des Economistes*—a periodical of which for the last six years he had been a principal supporter. The disease of which he died was a very painful and peculiar affection of the throat. He had suffered from it more or less, for some years; and the hard work of the last session of the Assembly brought the disorder to a crisis which the strength of the patient did not enable him to overcome. He may be regarded as the virtual leader of the Free Trade party in France. He aided with all his energies the Association Française pour la Liberté des Échanges, and he did his utmost to spread among his countrymen that new philosophy of trade. His last and most important work, *Les Harmonies Economiques*, we lately noticed in these pages. His *Sophismes Economiques* were translated a few years ago by a daughter of Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, and published in this city by Mr. Putnam. The extent to which M. Bastiat was indebted to our countryman, Henry C. Carey, may be inferred from a note in the February number of the *International*, page 402.

Benjamin W. Crowninshield, died in Boston, on Monday the 3d of February. He had left his carriage and entered a store, when he suddenly fell and expired, having previously suffered from a disease of the heart, which is supposed to have been the cause of his death, although he was about 77 years of age. He had been a resident of Boston nearly twenty years, during the greater part of which period he had been retired from public life. He had previously resided in Salem, where the Crowninshields were long distinguished for wealth and commercial enterprise. He was many years a prominent leader of the old democratic republican party. In December, 1814, he received, from President Madison, the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, which office he held (being continued by President Monroe) until he resigned, in November, 1818, when he was succeeded by Smith Thompson, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court. In 1823 he was chosen a member of Congress from Essex South District, and was continued by his constituents in that station until 1831—eight years. He was in Congress when John Quincy Adams was elected

President of the United States, by that body; he participated in that election by giving his vote for Mr. A., and was a zealous supporter of his administration, acting subsequently with the whig party. He was repeatedly, at different periods of his life, a member of the state legislature, and although not distinguished for eminent talents, in all the stations which he filled he enjoyed, in a high degree, the public confidence.

Professor Anstey, lately connected with St. Mary's College, at Wilmington, died in the early part of February. He was dismissed from his station on account of intemperate habits, but continued his dissipation until reduced to the utmost destitution, wandering about homeless and friendless. He was discovered at length in an almost frozen state, in an old hovel, with a bottle of whiskey by his side, and soon died from the effects of his suffering. Professor Anstey was a young man of fine classical attainments, and was the author of a work published a year or two since in Philadelphia, entitled, "Elements of Literature, or an introduction to the Study of Rhetoric and Belle Lettres." [Pg 572]

Donald McKenzie, born in Scotland, June 15, 1783, died on the 20th of January, at Mayville, in New-York. At the age of seventeen he came over to Canada and joined the North West Company, and continued eight years with them. In 1809 he became one of the partners with the late John Jacob Astor, in establishing the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains, and with Mr. Hunt, of St. Louis, made the overland route to the mouth of the Columbia River, a feat then rarely attempted, and full of perils, and remained at Astoria until it was surrendered by McDougal to the British. He converted every thing he could into available funds, which he carried safely through the wilderness to Mr. Astor. Washington Irving, in "Astoria," narrates a few of Mr. McKenzie's adventures on the frontiers, although the friends of McKenzie claim that injustice has been done him by Mr. Irving, relative to the betrayal of Astoria. They contend that to him alone was Mr. Astor indebted for all that was saved. After the restoration of peace, McKenzie exerted himself to secure for the United States the exclusive trade of Oregon, but after a long negotiation with Mr. Astor, and through him with Messrs. Madison, Gallatin, and other leading individuals in and out of office, the matter was abandoned, and McKenzie, in March, 1821, joined the Hudson Bay Company, and was immediately appointed one of the Council, and Chief Factor. In August, 1825, he was married to Adelegonde Humburt (who survives him), and was shortly after appointed Governor. At this time he resided at Fort Garry, Red River settlement, where he continued to reside until 1832, in active and prosperous business, in which he amassed a large fortune. In August of the following year he went to reside in Mayville, where he spent the rest of his life.

Horace Everett, LL.D., formerly a distinguished representative in Congress from Vermont, died at Windsor in that State on the 30th of January, in the seventy-second year of his age. Elected to Congress by the opponents of General Jackson, he entered the House of Representatives in 1829, and was continued by his constituents, inhabiting one of the strongest and most enlightened whig districts in the Union, for fourteen consecutive years—his last term expiring in March, 1843. During his career in Congress, he was one of the most prominent whigs of the House, occupying the front rank, as one of the most able of parliamentary debaters, distinguished also as much his good sense and acquirements, as for his eloquence. Among his best speeches, were several on the Indian Bill, so called, growing out of the difficulties between Georgia and the Cherokees.

The London *Morning Chronicle* has a brief notice of James Harfield, who was connected with that journal more than twenty years. His reading, in every department of literature, was prodigious, and his memory almost a phenomenon. On all matters connected with Parliamentary history, precedent, and etiquette in particular, Mr. Harfield was an encyclopædia of information, while the stores of his learning, in every department, were always freely at the command of his friends and colleagues. In early life, Mr. Harfield was a *protégé* of, and afterwards acted as secretary to, Jeremy Bentham, who acknowledged his sense of his young friend's services by bequeathing to him a magnificent library.

William Wilson, a painter of considerable reputation, died in Charleston, S. C, on the 28th of January. The Charleston *Evening News* says:—"He was a native of Yorkshire, England, but for the last twenty years has resided in this country, and during the last eleven, in Georgia and South Carolina. In all the relations of life, as husband, father, son, and brother, he was irreproachable, while his gentle and winning manners conciliated general esteem and regard. At his death Mr. Wilson had attained a distinguished reputation as a portrait painter, in which department he first attracted attention in 1836, by the exhibition of a portrait of an intimate friend at the first exhibition of the "American Art-Union," at the Apollo Gallery. In 1837 he exhibited several heads of the Academy of Design, which attracted much attention. In 1844 he exhibited a head of a

brother artist, which was more generally admired than any similar production for years. In 1846 Mr. W. received a commission from the State of Georgia to execute two portraits—one of William H. Crawford, former Secretary of the Treasury, and the other of Gen. Jackson. After a tedious and troublesome journey to the North, in search of Jarvis's portrait of Crawford, which could not be traced, he returned to Charleston, and while copying from Vanderlyn's portrait of Gen. Jackson in the City Hall, he was presented by Charles Fraser, Esq., with a proof engraving of Jarvis's Crawford, from which, on his return to Augusta, he produced a most striking portrait of Georgia's greatest statesman. These pictures of Jackson and Crawford, which adorn the State House at Milledgeville, will be lasting memorials of his excellence as an artist."

James Wallace, D.D., the distinguished Mathematician, several years Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, New-York, died in Lexington District, South Carolina, on the 15th of January. After completing his course of Theology, he was ordained a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, and was then appointed to the chair of Mathematics in Georgetown College, D.C. A few years later he removed to Columbia, S. C., and was appointed Professor of Mathematics in South Carolina College. While in New-York he published his justly celebrated "Treatise on Globes and Practical Astronomy," and had prepared materials for an entire course of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, but was compelled to relinquish his design on account of ill-health and advanced age. He was also the author of numerous scientific articles in the Southern Quarterly Review. He possessed one of the choicest and most extensive scientific libraries in the United States, which was almost entirely destroyed by the great conflagration of 1837: the remnant of it, with his scientific apparatus, was bequeathed to the Catholic Theological Seminary of Charleston. He was a resident of South Carolina during the last thirty-eight years.

Joshua Milne, the author of the celebrated treatise on "Annuities and Assurances," we see by the English papers died recently near London at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He is said to have left behind him the most complete collection extant on subjects connected with the statistics of vitality, of which a portion at least will probably be given to the public. [Pg 573]

The Hungarian General Bem, expired with the half-century. Born at Tarnon, a Pole, he died at Aleppo, a Turk. In early youth he served in the Russian army against Napoleon in his disastrous campaign. He was the friend, companion, and favorite of the Grand Duke Constantine, until certain indignities to himself and cruelties to his countrymen made him the implacable foe of Russia. He joined the Polish insurrection of 1831, and performed prodigies of valor at the battle of Ostrolenka. Like many others, he became a fugitive and a wanderer. Unsuccessful patriotism reduced the companion of royalty to be a pensioner on the charity of the friends of Poland in London. 1848 gave Bern once more a career. He went to Vienna, and when the people were in the ascendant, in October, he held a command. But the Viennese could not trust the Pole. Incompetent men were placed over him. Vienna fell before the artillery of Windischgratz and Jellachich in November. Slaughter, terror, violation reigned. Never will the Viennese forget the red cloaks of the Croats. The educated youth of Vienna were shot in clusters. Robert Blum was led out to perish. The Odeon, although used as an hospital, was laid in ashes, with the wounded in it. Great rewards were offered for the apprehension of the popular leaders and generals still alive. The search for Bem was vigilant. He doffed the costume of a hackney coachman, filled his vehicle with a Hungarian family of nurses and children, mounted the box under the eyes of spies and soldiers, laughed at inspection, and drove off to Hungary. For ten mouths he was victorious there over the Austrians. "Bem beat the Ban." Splinters from an old wound escaping from his leg all the time, and able only to sit on horseback.

T. S. Davies, F.R.S., F.A.S., and a Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, died on the 6th of January at Shooter's Hill, Kent, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Davies was a very distinguished mathematician, and the author of several works on mathematics. He possessed, also, extensive and varied acquirements in different branches of science and literature. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of the more humble aspirant to mathematical honors; his encouragement and advice were liberally bestowed, as many deserving young men could testify.

Henry Christian Schumacher, the celebrated Danish Astronomer, died at Altona on the 28th of December, aged about seventy years. He commenced his professional career at the age of twenty-five, as professor of astronomy in the University of Copenhagen. In 1822, his royal master, Frederic VI., caused to be built, expressly that Schumacher might be placed at the head of it, the Observatory of Altona. From 1820 to 1829 he published his "*Auxiliary Tables of*

Astronomy", in ten volumes, *quarto*. His *Astronomical Annals*, continued from 1830 to the date of his death, have, with his *Tables*, given him a high and wide reputation. In 1832 the King of Denmark established the reward of a golden medal for the discovery of new microscopic comets; and it was upon his favorite Schumacher exclusively that he devolved the duty of verifying the title of claimants and assigning the medal. Since 1847 Schumacher has been the correspondent of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

Maxwell, the Irish novelist, and author of innumerable humorous sketches in the periodical literature of the day, expired on the 29th of December, at Musselberge, near Edinburgh. His generally vigorous health had of late broken down, and he crept into the retirement of this sequestered village to die. He had been in early life a captain in the British army, and was of course the delight of the mess-room, and a general favorite in social circles. He subsequently entered the church, and was some years prebendary of Balla, a wild Connaught church living, without any congregation or cure of souls attached to it; though it afforded what he was admirably capable of dealing with, plenty of game. Of a warm-hearted, kind, and manly temperament, he made friends of all who came within the range of his wit or the circle of his acquaintance. He was the founder of that school which counts the "Harry Lorrequers" and others among its humble disciples; but the "Story of my Life," and "Wild Sports of the West," will not be easily surpassed in the peculiar qualities of that gay and off-hand style of which he was the originator. Among his other more successful works are "Stories of Waterloo," "Hector O'Halloran," and "Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune." Besides his novels, he wrote "Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany," "Victories of the British Armies," and a "Life of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington".

Alexander Macdonald, well known to the public as an antiquary, died early in January at Edinburgh. He was one of Mr. Thompson's earliest assistants in the publication of the "Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland," and other works, undertaken by the Record Commissioners. He was long a most active member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; and the library and museum of that body owe much to his industry and intelligence. He edited several volumes of the Maitland Club, to which he contributed "The Register of Ministers in the year 1567"—the earliest extant record of the ecclesiastical appointments of the Reformed Church in Scotland. Mr. Macdonald also largely supplied the materials of Sir Walter Scott's notes and illustrations of the "Waverley Novels." He held many years the office of Keeper of the Register of Deeds and Protests in Scotland.

Scientific Miscellanies

Mr. Walsh writes from Paris to the *Journal of Commerce*, in the last month, as follows:

The *Annuaire*, or Annual for the present year, has been issued by the Board of Longitude. M. Arago has appended to it nearly 200 pages on the Calendar in which he treats of all the divisions of time among the ancients and the moderns. This celebrated astronomer does not belie, in this notice, his reputation for handling scientific subjects so as to make them clear to common apprehension. He announces, in his second page, that he has completed and will soon publish a *Treatise of Popular Astronomy*; a desideratum for France. Sir John Herschel has supplied it for English readers, in his Outlines. The present history and explanations of the Calendar may be recommended, as material, to your Professor Loomis. In the section concerning the period at which the Paris clocks were first regulated on the mean or true time, Arago observes: "It will not [Pg 574] happen again that an astronomer shall hear for a half hour, the same hour struck by different clocks, as Delambre told me he had often experienced. M. Chabrol, the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, before he would introduce this useful change, required, as a guaranty for himself, a report from the Board of Longitude: he was fearful that the change might provoke the working population to insurrection; that they might refuse to accept a mid-day or noon which, by a contradiction in terms, would not correspond to the middle of the day; which would divide in two unequal portions the time comprised between the rising and the setting of the sun. But this sinister anticipation was not realized; the operation passed without being perceived." It is all important, on the railroads, that the clocks at the different stations should be so regulated. Arago remarks that among the ancients it would have been dangerous to announce the existence of more than seven planets, owing to the "mysterious virtues" ascribed to that number; to complete it the sun was counted among the planets. He discusses the point—which is the first day of the week, and decides for Sunday. He devotes a section to the question—"Will the period come when the days will be equal between themselves, and have the same temperature throughout the year?" He concludes, of course, in the negative. He decides, also, that the nineteenth century began only on the 1st of January, 1801. Particular interest may be attributed to the section on the long series of ages which the ancients invested with the title "The Great Year." The high names of Plato, Cicero, Seneca, Plutarch, should not prevent us from regarding the opinions of antiquity on the relations of the great year, with the events of every kind observable on the earth, as among

the crudest conceptions that have descended to the moderns.

At the sitting of the *Academy of Sciences* on the 24th ult., M. Augustin Cauchy read a memoir on the transversal vibrations of ether, and of the dispersion of colors. He furnished a simple, and easily intelligible mathematical theory of the various phenomena of light, and particularly, the theory of the dispersion of colors. Lord Brougham read a paper of his *Researches, Experimental and Analytical, on Light*. His Lordship's ambition is to shine in optics, as in every thing else; but you will see by a London paragraph that his researches have nearly cost him his eyesight. Dr. Aran submitted a Memoir, which seems to be quite important, on local anesthetic medication. "In the medical point of view," he remarks, "the number of cases in which local anesthetic applications may be employed, is truly immense. My experiments and researches, during many months, have conducted me to this practical result, which is worthy of all attention. Whenever an acute pain exists in any part of the animal economy, whether the pain constitute the malady in itself or be only an integral and principal part of it, the physician can relieve the patient of it for a longer or shorter time, by one or various local anesthetic applications. Great service, too, may be rendered by the precedent use of them in various surgical cases. The medication is wonderfully useful in articular acute rheumatism."

"Local anesthetic properties belong to all the agents in which the general have been found. They depend on the degree of fixity of the substance. A number of the anesthetics are irritating for the skin; chloroform in particular. According to Dr. Aran, the best agent for topical use is *éther chlorhydique chloré*. This is efficacious in a few minutes. Monsieur Recamier has submitted to the Academy of Medicine a *galvanic cataplasm*, by which, when it is applied to the skin, the benefit of electricity is fully conveyed, without the least pain. The reporter exclaims, 'Yes, who would have thought it? Electricity is transformed into cataplasm. This mysterious power, which, perhaps, is life itself, is reduced to an humble and common part in pharmaceutical science.'

"At the sitting of the *Academy of Sciences* on the 30th ult., a very interesting memoir (the 4th) was read by M.A. Masson, with the title, Studies of Electrical Photometry. He thinks that he has ascertained the cause of electrical light. He ascribes the Aurora Borealis to currents of great intensity situate in the higher regions of our atmosphere." The Report of Lieut. J.C. Walsh on his soundings, was referred for examination to Duperroy, the member most eminent in hydrography.

Monsieur Pouillet, the great Professor of Physics, has published in Paris a work entitled *General Notions of Natural Philosophy and Meteorology, for the use of young persons*; and Mr. Boussingault, eminent as a scientific agriculturist, the second edition of his *Rural Economy considered in its Relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Mineralogy*. The *Treatise of Mineralogy* by Dufresnoy, the celebrated Professor, who is of the Academy of Sciences, is complete, and at least equal to any other extant. There are four volumes octavo. The 22d volume of the memoirs of the Academy was ready in September last; the 23d is in the press; the 11th volume of Foreign Communications will appear this month. Twelve vacancies from death of foreign correspondents, are soon to be filled by election. All merit is ascribed to the work of Dr. Fairet, entitled *Clinical Instructions respecting Mental Maladies*. The author, pupil and successor of Pínel and Esquirol, is the physician of the Salpetriere. Along with the able Doctor Voison, he has a noble Lunatic Asylum of his own, not far from the capital.

Sir David Brewster, it seems, has become a convert to that part of Animal Magnetism called Electro Biology, and which consists in willing a person to be somebody else. After describing some wonderful experiments, made in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, by a Mr. Darling, he says, "they were all as convinced as I was, that the phenomena which we witnessed were real phenomena, and as well established as any other facts in physical science. The process by which the operator produces them—the mode by which that process acts upon the mind of the patient—and the reference of the phenomena to some general law in the constitution of man—may long remain unknown; but it is not difficult to see in the recent discoveries of M. Dubois Reymond and Matteucia, and in the laws which regulate the relative intensity of the external and internal impressions on the nerves of sensation, some not very indistinct indications of that remarkable process by which minds of peculiar sensibility are temporarily placed under the dominion of physical influences developed and directed by some living agent." [Pg 575]

Ladies' Fashions for Early Spring.

More attention than previously for many seasons appears to have been given this winter to ladies' fashions, and some that have come out are remarkably tasteful, while generally in fabric and manufacture they appear to be unusually expensive. We compile this month mainly from the London *World of Fashion*.

Bonnets are remarkable for a novel form, the front of the rims continuing large and open, the crowns round, low, and small. Of an elegant style are those made of Orient gray pearl, half satin, half *velours épinglé*, having a very rich effect, and decorated with *touffes Marquises*, composed of *marabouts*. Then, we see bonnets of green satin, ornamented at the edge, over the front, and upon the crown, with a stamped velvet imitating lace, and decorated upon the left side with a small *plumet* in a weeping feather, the ends of which are tied or knotted with green, of two different shades; this is a very favorite and *recherché* style. Also a bonnet of grayish green velvet, ornamented with a bunch of feathers composed of the *grèbe* and the ostrich. Drooping low feathers of every description are in request for decorating bonnets.

Ball Dresses of light materials are most in vogue, and are generally made of two and three skirts; as white *tulle*, with three skirts, trimmed all round with a broad, open-worked satin ribbon; the third skirt being raised on one side, and attached with a large bouquet of flowers, whilst the ribbon is twisted, and ascends to the side of the waist, where it finishes; the same kind of flowers serves to ornament the sleeves and centre of the corsage, which is also trimmed with a deep drapery of *tulle*. Feather trimmings are in vogue, disposed as fringes of *marabout*, and placed at the edges of the double skirts of *tulle*. Another pretty style, composed also of white *tulle*, and *à double jupes*, the under one having a border of white *marabout* fringe sprinkled with small golden grains falling over them in a perfect shower; the second *jupe* having attached to the edge of the hem a narrower fringe; the two sides of the upper skirt being open to the waist, is ornamented upon each side with an embroidery of gold and white silk, caught at regular distances with *nœuds* of white and gold gauze ribbon, the floating ends of which are edged with fringe; body *à la Grecque*.

Capotes of velvet are considerably lightened in appearance, by a novelty consisting of a kind of open stamped velvet, which is placed over satin; either a pretty contrast in color, or of the same hue; whilst those of plain velvet are relieved with trimmings of black lace, with *mancinis* formed of the convolvulus, made in green velvet. The form of the present style of *capotes* is very open in front, flat upon the top of the head, and shallow and sloping at the back. Some are of green satin, trimmed with ribbons of an open pattern in black and green. Others are decorated with rows of fancy ribbon-velvet, the interior having loops of narrow ribbon-velvet of two colors, charmingly blended.

I. A high dress of green silk, the body opening in front *à la demi cœur*; the waist is long and rounded in front; the sleeves, reaching a little below the elbow, are moderately wide, and finished either by a *rûche* or rich *guimpe* trimming; the skirt is plain, long, and full. *Pardessus manteau* of claret velvet, fastening to the throat; it is ornamented with a narrow silk trimming: this *manteau* is lined with white silk, quilted in large squares. Bonnet of green velvet, with feathers of the same color placed low at the left side.

II. *Robe* of blue *brocade*; the high body opens in the front nearly to the waist; the fronts of the skirt are lined with amber satin, and a fulling of the same is placed on the edge of the fronts, graduating in width towards the top; it is carried round the neck of the dress; the sleeves are very wide from the elbow, and lined with amber satin; the edge of the sleeve is left plain, but there is a *rûche* of satin round the middle of the sleeve, just above the elbow. Under dress of jaconet muslin, trimmed with lace or embroidery. Cap of *tulle*, with blue trimmings.

III. A dress of pink *tulle*, spotted and *brodé* in silver; the *jupe* composed of three skirts, each waved round the lower part; plain close-fitting body, made very low, and pointed at the waist; the upper part decorated with a narrow cape, descending in a point upon the front of the corsage, and decorated with a splendid bouquet of roses; a second row of frilling forms the loose short sleeve; the whole worn over a dress of pale pink satin; a narrow row of white blonde encircling the neck. The hair is arranged in a similar form to figure I; the only difference being that the *nœud* of ribbon is replaced by a beautiful drooping branch of pink shaded roses and light foliage; a spray of the three green leaves being placed upon the centre of the front, just over the parting of the hair.

IV. A dress of green satin; the skirt, long and full, has four rows of braid up the front; the body is high, open a little in the front, the braid being carried round it; it is plaited from the shoulder to the waist; wide sleeves, with broad cuffs turned back; they have three rows of braid on them. *Mantelot* of grey cachmere, the sleeves *à la Maintenon*; the edges are all scalloped and trimmed with braid. Bonnet of ultra marine velvet; a broad black lace is turned back over the edge; it has a deep curtain.

For a Young Lady's Dress, *Capote* formed of rows of narrow pink fancy ribbon. Frock of dark blue cachmere; the skirt trimmed with two rows of ribbon-velvet; the cape formed of narrow folds, open in the front, continued across with bands of velvet. Pantaloons of embroidered cambric.

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