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PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

[Pg iii]

The INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE has now been published one year, with a constantly increasing sale, and, it is believed, with a constantly increasing good reputation. The publishers are satisfied with its success, and will apply all the means at their disposal to increase its value and preserve its position. They have recently made such arrangements in London as will insure to the editor the use of advance sheets of the most important new English publications, and besides all the leading miscellanies of literature printed on the continent, have engaged eminent persons as correspondents, in Paris, Berlin, and other cities, so that *The International* will more fully than hitherto reflect the literary movement of the world.

In wit and humor and romance, the most legitimate and necessary components of the popular magazine, as great a variety will be furnished as can be gleaned from the best contemporary foreign publications, and at the same time several conspicuous writers will contribute original papers. In the last year *The International* has been enriched with new articles by Mr. G. P. R. James, Henry Austen Layard, LL.D., Bishop Spencer, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. John R. Thompson, Mr. Alfred B. Street, Mr. W. C. Richards, Dr. Starbuck Mayo, Mr. John E. Warren, Mr. George Ripley, Mr. A. O. Hall, Mr. Richard B. Kimball, Mrs. E.

Oakes Smith, Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt, Miss Alice Carey, Miss Cooper (the author of "Rural Hours"), and many others, constituting a list hardly less distinguished than the most celebrated magazines in the language have boasted in their best days; this list of contributors will be worthily enlarged hereafter, and the Historical Review, the Record of Scientific Discovery, the monthly Biographical Notices of eminent Persons deceased, will be continued, with a degree of care that will render *The International* of the highest value as a repository of contemporary facts.

When it is considered that periodical literature now absorbs the best compositions of the great lights of learning and literary art throughout the world,—that Bulwer, Dickens, James, Thackeray, Macaulay, Talfourd, Tennyson, Browning, and persons of corresponding rank in France, Germany, and other countries, address the public through reviews, magazines, and newspapers—the value of such an "abstract and brief chronicle" as it is endeavored to present in *The International*, to every one who would maintain a reputation for intelligence, or who is capable of intellectual enjoyment, will readily be admitted. It is trusted that while these pages will commend themselves to the best judgments, they will gratify the general tastes, and that they will in no instance contain a thought or suggest a feeling inconsistent with the highest refinement and virtue.

NEW-YORK, July 1, 1851.

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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

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[Pg 1]



The readers of the *International* have in the above engraving, from a Daguerreotype by Brady, the best portrait ever published of an illustrious countryman of ours, who, as a novelist, take him all in all, is entitled to precedence of every other now living. "With what amazing power," exclaims Balzac, in the *Revue de Paris*, "has he painted nature! how all his pages glow with creative fire! Who is there writing English among our contemporaries, if not of him, of whom it can be said that he has a genius of the first order?" And the *Edinburgh Review* says, "The empire of the sea, has been conceded to him by acclamation;" that, "in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion. 'Within this circle none dares walk but he.'" And Christopher North, in the *Noctes*: "He writes like a hero!" And beyond the limits of his own country, every where, the great critics assign him a place among the foremost of the illustrious authors of the age. In each of the departments of romantic fiction in which he has written, he has had troops of imitators, and in not one of them an equal. Writing not from books, but from nature, his descriptions, incidents, and characters, are as fresh as the fields of his triumphs. His Harvey Birch, Leather Stocking, Long Tom Coffin, and other heroes, rise before the mind, each in his clearly defined and peculiar lineaments, as striking original *creations*, as actual persons. His infinitely varied descriptions of the ocean, ships gliding like beings of the air upon its surface, vast solitary wildernesses, and indeed all his delineations of nature, are instinct with the breath of poetry; he is both the Horace Vernet and the Claude Lorraine of novelists; and through all his works are sentiments of genuine courtesy and honor, and an unobtrusive and therefore more powerful assertion of natural rights and dignity.

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WILLIAM COOPER, the emigrant ancestor of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, arrived in this country in 1679, and settled at Burlington, New Jersey. He immediately took an active part in public affairs, and his name appears in the list of members of the Colonial Legislature for 1681. In 1687, or subsequent to the establishment of Penn at Philadelphia, he obtained a grant of land opposite the new city, extending several miles along the margin of the Delaware and the tributary stream which has since borne the name of Cooper's Creek. The branch of the family to which the novelist belongs removed more than a century since into Pennsylvania, in which state his father was born. He married early, and while a young man established himself at a hamlet in Burlington county, New Jersey, which continues to be known by his name, and afterward in the city of Burlington. Having become possessed of extensive tracts of land on the border of Otsego Lake, in central New-York, he began the settlement of his estate there in the autumn of 1785, and in the following spring erected the first house in Cooperstown. From this time until 1790 Judge Cooper resided alternately at Cooperstown and Burlington, keeping up an establishment at both places. James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington on the fifteenth of September, 1789, and in the succeeding year was carried to the new home of his family, of which he is now proprietor.

Judge Cooper being a member of the Congress, which then held its sessions in Philadelphia, his family remained much of the time at Burlington, where our author, when but six years of age, commenced under a private tutor of some eminence his classical education. In 1800 he became an inmate of the family of Rev. Thomas Ellison, Rector of St Peter's, in Albany, who had fitted for the university three of his elder brothers, and on the death of that accomplished teacher was sent to New Haven, where he completed his preparatory studies. He entered Yale College at the beginning of the second term of 1802. Among his classmates were John A. Collier, Judge Cushman, and the late Justice Sutherland of New-York, Judge Bissel of Connecticut, Colonel James Gadsden of Florida, and several others who afterwards became eminent in various professions. John C. Calhoun was at the time a resident graduate, and Judge William Jay of Bedford, who had been his room-mate at Albany, entered the class below him. The late James A. Hillhouse originally entered the same class with Mr. Cooper; there was very little difference in their ages, both having been born in the same month, and both being much too young to be thrown into the arena of college life. Hillhouse was judiciously withdrawn for this reason until the succeeding year, leaving Cooper the youngest student in the college; he, however, maintained a respectable position, and in the ancient languages particularly had no superior in his class.

In 1805 he quitted the college, and obtaining a midshipman's warrant, entered the navy. His frank, generous, and daring nature made him a favorite, and admirably fitted him for the service,

in which he would unquestionably have obtained the highest honors had he not finally made choice of the ease and quiet of the life of a private gentleman. After six years afloat—six years not unprofitably passed, since they gave him that knowledge of maritime affairs which enabled him subsequently, almost without an effort, to place himself at the head of all the writers who in any period have attempted the description of the sea—he resigned his office, and on the first day of January, 1811, was married to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the present Bishop of the Diocese of Western New-York, and a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America.

Before removing to Cooperstown he resided a short time in Westchester, near New-York, and here he commenced his career as an author. His first book was *Precaution*. It was undertaken under circumstances purely accidental, and published under great disadvantages. Its success was moderate, though far from contemptible. It is a ludicrous evidence of the value of critical opinion in this country, that *Precaution* was thought to discover so much knowledge of *English* society, as to raise a question whether its alleged author could have written it. More reputation for this sort of knowledge accrued to Mr. Cooper from *Precaution* than from his subsequent real work on England. It was republished in London, and passed for an English novel.

The Spy followed. No one will dispute the success of *The Spy*. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. The novelty of an American book of this character probably contributed to give it circulation. It is worthy of remark that all our own leading periodicals looked coldly upon it; though the country did not. The *North American Review*—ever unwilling to do justice to Mr. Cooper—had a very ill-natured notice of it, professing to place the *New England Tale* far above it! In spite of such shallow criticism, however, the book was universally popular. It was decidedly the best historical romance then written by an American; not without faults, indeed, but with a fair plot, clearly and strongly drawn characters, and exhibiting great boldness and originality of conception. Its success was perhaps decisive of Mr. Cooper's career, and it gave an extraordinary impulse to literature in the country. More than any thing that had before occurred, it roused the people from their feeling of intellectual dependence. The popularity of *The Spy* has been so universal, that there is scarcely a written language into which it is not translated. In 1847 it appeared in *Persian* at Ispahan.

In 1823 appeared *The Pioneers*. This book has passages of masterly description, and is as fresh as a landscape from another world; but it seems to me that it has always had a reputation partly factitious. It is the poorest of the Leather Stocking tales, nor was its success either marked or spontaneous. Still, it was very well received, though it was thought to be a proof that the author was written out. With this book commenced the absurdity of saying Mr. Cooper introduced family traits and family history into his novels. How little of truth there is in this supposition Mr. Cooper has explained in his revised edition, published the present year.

The Pilot succeeded. The success of *The Pilot* was at first a little doubtful in this country; but England gave it a reputation which it still maintains. It is due to Boston to say that its popularity in the United States was first manifested there. I say *due* to Boston, not from considerations of merit in the book, but because, for some reason, praise for Mr. Cooper, from New England, has been so rare. The *North American Review* took credit to itself for magnanimity in saying some of his works had been rendered into French, when they were a part of every literature of Europe. America, it is often said, has no original literature. Where can the model of *The Pilot* be found? I know of nothing which could have suggested it but the following fact, which was related to me in a conversation with Mr. Cooper. The *Pirate* had been published a short time before. Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New-York—a man of taste and judgment—our author heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea portions of *The Pirate* cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story which could be read by landsmen, while seamen should feel its truth. *The Pilot* was the fruit of that conversation. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and every where obtained instant and high applause.

Lionel Lincoln followed. This was a second attempt to embody history in an American work of fiction. It failed, and perhaps justly; yet it contains one of the nicest delineations of character in Mr. Cooper's works. I know of no instance in which the distinction between a maniac and an idiot is so admirably drawn; the setting was bad, however, and the picture was not examined.

In 1826 came *The Last of the Mohicans*. This book succeeded from the first, and all over Christendom. It has strong parts and weak parts, but it was purely original, and originality always occupies the ground. In this respect it is like *The Pilot*.

After the publication of *The Last of the Mohicans*, Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age, more prolific in men of genius than any other, had produced. The first of his works after he left his native country was *The Prairie*. Its success every where was decided and immediate. By the French and English critics it has been deemed the best of his stories of Indian life. It has one leading fault, however, that of introducing any character superior to the family of the squatter. Of this fault Mr. Cooper was himself aware before he finished the work; but as he wrote and printed simultaneously, it was not easy to correct it. In this book, notwithstanding, Natty Bumppo is quite up to his mark, and is surpassed only in *The Pathfinder*. The reputation of *The Prairie*, like that of *The Pioneers*, is in a large degree owing to the opinions of the reviews; it is always a fault in a book that appeals to human sympathies, that it fails with the multitude. In what relates to taste, the multitude is of no great authority; but in all that is connected with

feeling, they are the highest; and for this simple reason, that as man becomes sophisticated he deviates from nature, the only true source of all our sympathies. Our feelings are doubtless improved by refinement, and vice versa; but their roots are struck in the human heart, and what fails to touch the heart, in these particulars, fails, while that which does touch it, succeeds. The perfection of this sort of writing is that which pleases equally the head and the heart.

The Red Rover followed *The Prairie*. Its success surpassed that of any of its predecessors. It was written and printed in Paris, and all in a few months. Its merits and its reception prove the accuracy of those gentlemen who allege that "Mr. Cooper never wrote a successful book after he left the United States." It is certainly a stronger work than *The Pilot*, though not without considerable faults.

The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish was the next novel. The author I believe regards this and *Lionel Lincoln* as the poorest of his works. It met with no great success.

The Water Witch succeeded, but is inferior to any of the other nautical tales. It was the first attempt by Mr. Cooper—the first by any author—to lay the scene of a tale of witchcraft on the coast of America. It has more imagination than any other of Mr. Cooper's works, but the blending of the real with the ideal was in some parts a little incongruous. *The Water Witch* was written in Italy and first printed in Germany.

Of all Americans who ever visited Europe, Mr. Cooper contributed most to our country's good reputation. His high character made him every where welcome; there was no circle, however aristocratic or distinguished, in which, if he appeared in it, he was not observed of all observers; and he had the somewhat singular merit of *never forgetting that he was an American*. Halleck, in his admirable poem of *Red Jacket*, says well of him:

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind,
A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind.

After having been in Europe about two years he published his *Notions of the Americans*, in which he "endeavored to repel some of the hostile opinions of the other hemisphere, and to turn the tables on those who at that time most derided and calumniated us." It contained some unimportant errors, from having been written at a distance from necessary documentary materials, but was altogether as just as it was eloquent in vindication of our institutions, manners, and history. It shows how warm was his patriotism; how fondly, while receiving from strangers an homage withheld from him at home, he remembered the scenes of his first trials and triumphs, and how ready he was to sacrifice personal popularity and profit in defence of his country.

He was not only the first to defend and to praise America, but the first to whom appeals were made for information in regard to her by statesmen who felt an interest in our destiny. Following the revolution of the Three Days, in Paris, a fierce controversy took place between the absolutists, the republicans, and the constitutionalists. Among the subjects introduced in the Chambers was the comparative cheapness of our system of government; the absolutists asserting that the people of the United States paid more direct and indirect taxes than the French. La Fayette appealed to Mr. Cooper, who entered the arena, and though, from his peculiar position, at a heavy pecuniary loss, and the danger of incurring yet greater misfortunes, by a masterly *exposé* silenced at once the popular falsehoods. So in all places, circumstances, and times, he was the "*American* in Europe," as jealous of his country's reputation as his own.

Immediately after, he published *The Bravo*, the success of which was very great: probably equal to that of *The Red Rover*. It is one of the best, if not the very best of the works Mr. Cooper had then written. Although he selected a foreign scene on this occasion, no one of his works is more American in its essential character. It was designed not only to extend the democratical principle abroad, but to confirm his countrymen in the opinion that nations "cannot be governed by an irresponsible minority without involving a train of nearly intolerable abuses." It gave aristocracy some hits, which aristocracy gave back again. The best notice which appeared of it was in the famous Paris gazette entitled *Figaro*, before *Figaro* was bought out by the French government. The change from the biting wit which characterized this periodical, to the grave sentiment of such an article, was really touching, and added an indescribable grace to the remarks.

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The Heidenmaur followed. It is impossible for one to understand this book who has not some acquaintance with the scenes and habits described. It was not very successful.

The Headsman of Berne did much better. It is inferior to *The Bravo*, though not so clashing to aristocracy. It met with very respectable success. It was the last of Mr. Cooper's novels written in Europe, and for some years the last of a political character.

The first work which Mr. Cooper published after his return to the United States was *A Letter to his Countrymen*. They had yielded him but a hesitating applause until his praise came back from Europe; and when the tone of foreign criticism was changed, by acts and opinions of his which should have banded the whole American press for his defence, he was assailed here in articles which either echoed the tone, or were actual translations of attacks upon him by foreigners. The custom peculiar to this country of "quoting the opinions of foreign nations by way of helping to make up its own estimate of the degree of merit which belongs to its public men," is treated in

this letter with caustic and just severity, and shown to be "destructive of those sentiments of self-respect and of that manliness and independence of thought, that are necessary to render a people great or a nation respectable." The controlling influence of foreign ideas over our literature, fashions, and even politics, are illustrated by the manner in which he was himself treated, and by what he considers the English doctrines which have been broached in the speeches of many of our statesmen. It is a frank and honest book, which was unnecessary as a vindication of Mr. Cooper, but was called for by the existence of the abuse against which it was chiefly directed, though it seems to have had little effect upon it. Of the political opinions it contains I have no more to say than that I do not believe in their correctness.

It was followed by *The Monikins*, a political satire, which was a failure.

The next publications of Mr. Cooper were his *Gleanings in Europe. Sketches in Switzerland*, first and second series, each in two volumes, appeared in 1836, and none of his works contain more striking and vivid descriptions of nature, or more agreeable views of character and manners. It was followed by similar works on France, Italy, and England. All of these were well received, notwithstanding an independence of tone which is rarely popular, and some absurdities, as, for example, the imputations upon the American Federalists, in the Sketches of Switzerland. The book on England excited most attention, and was reviewed in that country with as much asperity as if its own travellers were not proverbially the most shameless libellers that ever abused the hospitality of nations. Altogether the ten volumes which compose this series may be set down as the most intelligent and philosophical books of travels which have been written by our countrymen.

The American Democrat, or Hints on the Social and Civil Relations of the United States of America, was published in 1835. The design is stated to be, "to make a commencement toward a more just discrimination between truth and prejudice." It is essentially a good book on the virtues and vices of American character.

For a considerable time Mr. Cooper had entertained an intention of writing *The History of the Navy of the United States*, and his early experience, his studies, his associations, and above all the peculiar felicity of his style when treating of nautical affairs, warranted the expectation that his work would be a solid and brilliant contribution to our historical literature. It appeared in two octavo volumes in 1839, and reached a second edition in 1840, and a third in 1846.^[A] The public had no reason to be disappointed; great diligence had been used in the collection of materials; every subject connected with the origin and growth of our national marine had been carefully investigated, and the result was presented in the most authentic and attractive form. Yet a warm controversy soon arose respecting Mr. Cooper's account of the battle of Lake Erie, and in pamphlets, reviews, and newspapers, attempts were made to show that he had done injustice to the American commander in that action. The multitude rarely undertake particular investigations; and the attacks upon Mr. Cooper, conducted with a virulence for which it would be difficult to find any cause in the History, assuming the form of vindications of a brave and popular deceased officer, produced an impression so deep and so general that he was compelled to defend the obnoxious passages, which he did triumphantly in a small volume entitled *The Battle of Lake Erie, or Answers to Messrs. Burgess, Duer, and Mackenzie*, published in 1843, and in the notes to the last edition of his Naval History. Those who read the whole controversy will perceive that Mr. Cooper was guided by the authorities most entitled to the consideration of an historian, and that in his answers he has demonstrated the correctness of his statements and opinions; and they will perhaps be astonished that he in the first place gave so little cause for dissatisfaction on the part of the friends of Commodore Perry. Besides the Naval History and the essays to which it gave rise, Mr. Cooper has published, in two volumes, *The Lives of American Naval Officers*, a work of the highest merit in its department, every life being written with conciseness yet fulness, and with great care in regard to facts; and in the Democratic Review has published an unanswerable reply to the attacks upon the American marine by James and other British historians.

The first novel published by Mr. Cooper after his return to the United States was *Homeward Bound*. The two generic characters of the book, however truly they may represent individuals, have no resemblance to classes. There may be Captain Trucks, and there certainly are Steadfast Dodges, but the officers of the American merchant service are in no manner or degree inferior to Europeans of the same pursuits and grade; and with all the abuses of the freedom of the press here, our newspapers are not worse than those of Great Britain in the qualities for which Mr. Cooper arraigns them. The opinions expressed of New-York society in *Home as Found* are identical with those in *Notions of the Americans*, a work almost as much abused for its praise of this country as was *Home as Found* for its censure, and most men of refinement and large observation seem disposed to admit their correctness. This is no doubt the cause of the feeling it excited, for a *nation* never gets in a passion at misrepresentation. It is a miserable country that cannot look down a falsehood, even from a native.

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The next novel was *The Pathfinder*. It is a common opinion that this work deserves success; more than any Mr. Cooper has written. I have heard Mr. Cooper say that in his own judgment the claim lay between *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer*, but for myself I confess a preference for the sea novels. Leather Stocking appears to more advantage in *The Pathfinder* than in any other book, and in *Deerslayer* next. In *The Pathfinder* we have him presented in the character of a lover, and brought in contact with such characters as he associates with in no other stages of his varied history, though they are hardly less favorites with the author. The scene of the novel being the great fresh water seas of the interior, sailors, Indians, and hunters, are so grouped together, that

every kind of novel-writing in which he has been most successful is combined in one complete fiction, one striking exhibition of his best powers. Had it been written by some unknown author, probably the country would have hailed him as much superior to Mr. Cooper.

Mercedes of Castile, a Romance of the Days of Columbus, came next. It may be set down as a failure. The necessity of following facts that had become familiar, and which had so lately possessed the novelty of fiction, was too much for any writer.

The Deerslayer was written after *Mercedes* and *The Pathfinder*, and was very successful. Hetty Hunter is perhaps the best female character Mr. Cooper has drawn, though her sister is generally preferred. *The Deerslayer* was the last written of the "Leather Stocking Tales," having come out in 1841, nineteen years after the appearance of *The Pioneers* in 1822. Arranged according to the order of events, *The Deerslayer* should be the first of this remarkable series, followed by *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*.

The Two Admirals followed *The Deerslayer*. This book in some respects stands at the head of the nautical tales. Its fault is dealing with too important events to be thrown so deep into fiction; but this is a fault that may be pardoned in a romance. Mr. Cooper has written nothing in description, whether of sea or land, that surpasses either of the battle scenes of this work; especially that part of the first where the French ship is captured. *The Two Admirals* appeared at an unfortunate time, but it was nevertheless successful.

Wing-and-Wing, or Le Feu Follet, was published in 1842. The interest depends chiefly upon the manœuvres by which a French privateer escapes capture by an English frigate. Some of its scenes are among Mr. Cooper's best, but altogether it is inferior to several of his nautical novels.

Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll, in its general features resembles *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer*. The female characters are admirable, and but for the opinion, believed by some, from its frequent repetition, that Mr. Cooper is incapable of depicting a woman, Maud Meredith would be regarded as among the very first class of such portraitures.

Next came the *Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief*, in one volume. It is a story of fashionable life in New-York, in some respects peculiar among Mr. Cooper's works, and was decidedly successful. It appeared originally in a monthly magazine, and was the first of his novels printed in this manner.

Ned Myers, in one volume, which followed in the same year, is a genuine biography, though it was commonly regarded as a fiction.

In the beginning of 1844 Mr. Cooper published *Ashore and Afloat*, and a few months afterward *Miles Wallingford*, a sequel to that tale. They have the remarkable minuteness yet boldness of description, and dramatic skill of narration, which render the impressions he produces so deep and lasting. They were as widely read as any of his recent productions.

The extraordinary state of things which for several years has disgraced a part of the state of New-York, where, with unblushing effrontery, the tenants of several large proprietors have refused to pay rents, and claimed, without a shadow of right, to be absolute possessors of the soil, gave just occasion of alarm to the intelligent friends of our institutions; and this alarm increased, when it was observed that the ruffianism of the "anti-renters," as they are styled, was looked upon by many persons of respectable social positions with undisguised approval. Mr. Cooper addressed himself to the exposure and correction of the evil, in a series of novels, purporting to be edited from the manuscripts of a family named Littlepage; and in the preface to the first of these, entitled *Satanstoe, a Tale of the Colony*, published in 1845, announces his intention of treating it with the utmost freedom, and declares his opinion, that the "existence of true liberty among us, the perpetuity of our institutions, and the safety of public morals, are all dependent on putting down, wholly, absolutely, and unqualifiedly, the false and dishonest theories and statements that have been advanced in connection with this subject." *Satanstoe* presents a vivid picture of the early condition of colonial New-York. The time is from 1737 to the close of the memorable campaign in which the British were so signally defeated at Ticonderoga. *Chainbearer*, the second of the series, tracing the family history through the Revolution, also appeared in 1845, and the last, *The Red Skins*, story of the present day, in 1846. "This book," says the author, in his preface, "closes the series of the Littlepage manuscripts, which have been given to the world as containing a fair account of the comparative sacrifices of time, money, and labor, made respectively by the landlord and the tenants, on a New-York estate, together with the manner in which usages and opinions are changing among us, and the causes of these changes." These books, in which the most important practical truths are stated, illustrated and enforced, in a manner equally familiar and powerful, were received by the educated and right-minded with a degree of favor that showed the soundness of the common mind beyond the crime-infected districts, and their influence will add to the evidences of the value of the novel as a means of upholding principles in art, literature, morals and politics.

The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak, followed in 1847. It is a story of the Pacific, embracing some of Mr. Cooper's finest sea pictures, but altogether is not so interesting as the average of his nautical tales.

Oak Openings, or the Bee-Hunter, came next. It has the merits characteristic of his Indian novels, masterly scene-painting, and decided individuality in the persons introduced.

Jack Tier, or the Florida Reef, appeared in 1848, and is one of the best of the sea stories. The

chief character is a woman, deserted by a half smuggler, half buccaneer, whom she joins in the disguise of a sailor, and accompanies undiscovered during a cruise. In vividness of painting and dramatic interest it has rank with the *Red Rover* and *The Pilot*.

The Sea Lions, or the Lost Sealers, was published in 1849. It deals to some extent in metaphysics, and its characters are for the most part of humble conditions. It has more of domestic life than any of the other nautical pieces.

In the spring of 1850 came out *The Ways of the Hour*, the last of this long series of more than thirty novels, and like the *Littlepage MSS.* it was devoted to the illustration of social and political evils, having for its main subject the constitution and office of juries. In other works Mr. Cooper appears as a conservative; in this as a destructive. The book is ingenious and able, but has not been very successful.

In 1850 Mr. Cooper came out for the first time as a dramatic writer, in a comedy performed at Burton's theatre in New-York. A want of practice in writing for the stage prevented a perfect adaptation of his piece for this purpose, but it was conceded to be remarkable for wit and satirical humor. He has now in press a work illustrative of the social history and condition of New-York, which will be published during the summer by Mr. Putnam, who from time to time is giving to the public the previous works of Mr. Cooper, with his final revisions, and such notes and introductions as are necessary for the new generation of readers. The *Leather Stocking Tales*, constituting one of the great works to be ranked hereafter with the chief masterpieces of prose fiction in the literature of the world, are among the volumes now printed.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Cooper is personally unpopular, and the fact is suggestive of one of the chief evils in our social condition. In a previous number of this magazine we have asserted the ability and eminently honorable character of a large class of American journals. The spirit of another class, also in many instances conducted with ability, is altogether bad and base; jealous, detracting, suspicious, "delighting to deprave;" betraying a familiarity with low standards in mind and morals, and a consciousness habituated to interested views and sordid motives; degrading every thing that wears the appearance of greatness, sometimes by plain denial and insolent contempt, and sometimes by wretched innuendo and mingled lie and sophistry; effectually dissipating all the romance of character, and all the enthusiasm of life; hating dignity, having no sympathies with goodness, insensible to the very existence of honor as a spring of human conduct; treating patriotism and disinterestedness with an elaborate sneer, and receiving the suggestions of duty with a horse-laugh. There is a difference not easily to be mistaken between the lessening of men which is occasioned by the loftiness of the platform whence the observation is made, and that which is produced by the malignant envy of the observer; between the gloomy judicial ferocity of a Pope or a Tacitus, and the villain levity which revels in the contemplation of imputed faults, or that fiendishness of feeling which gloats and howls over the ruins of reputations which itself has stabbed.

For a few years after Mr. Cooper's return from Europe, he was repeatedly urged by his friends to put a stop to the libels of newspapers by an appeal to the law; but he declined. He perhaps supposed that the common sense of the people would sooner or later discover and right the wrong that was done to him by those who, without the slightest justification, invaded the sacrest privacies of his life for subjects of public observation. He finally decided, at the end of five years after his return, to appeal to the tribunals, in every case in which any thing not by himself submitted to public criticism, in his works, should be offensively treated, within the limits of the state of New-York. Some twenty suits were brought by him, and his course was amply vindicated by unanimous verdicts in his behalf. But the very conduct to which the press had compelled him was made a cause of ungenerous prejudices. He has never objected to the widest latitude or extremest severity in criticisms of his writings, but simply contended that the author should be let alone. With him, individually, the public had nothing to do. In the case of a public officer, slanders may be lived down, but a literary man, in his retirement, has no such means of vindication; his only appeal is to the laws, and if they afford no protection in such cases, the name of law is contemptible.

I enter here upon no discussion of the character of the late Commander Slidell Mackenzie, but observe simply that no one can read Mr. Cooper's volume upon the battle of Lake Erie and retain a very profound respect for that person's sagacity or sincerity. The proprietors of the copyright of Mr. Cooper's abridged *Naval History* offered it, without his knowledge, to John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the State of New-York, for the school libraries of which that officer had the selection. Mr. Spencer replied with peculiar brevity that he would have nothing to do with such a partisan performance, but soon after directed the purchase of Commander Mackenzie's *Life of Commodore Perry*, which was entirely and avowedly partisan, while Mr. Cooper's book was rigidly impartial. Commander Mackenzie returned the favor by hanging the Secretary's son. A circumstance connected with this event illustrates what we have said of obtaining justice from the newspapers. A month before Commander Mackenzie's return to New-York in the *Somers*, Mr. Cooper sent to me, for publication in a magazine of which I was editor, an examination of certain statements in the *Life of Perry*; but after it was in type, hearing of the terrible mistake which Mackenzie had made, he chose to suffer a continuation of injustice rather than strike a fallen enemy, and so directed the suppression of his criticism. Nevertheless, as the statements in the *Life of Perry* very materially affected his own reputation, in the following year, when the natural excitement against Mackenzie had nearly subsided, he gave his answer to the press, and was immediately accused in a "leading journal of the country" of having in its preparation devoted himself, from the date of that person's misfortune, to his injury. The reader supposes, of course,

that the slander was contradicted as generally as it had been circulated, and that justice was done to the forbearance and delicacy with which Mr. Cooper had acted in the matter; but to this day, neither the journal in which he was assailed, nor one in a hundred of those which repeated the falsehood, has stated these facts. Here is another instance: The late William L. Stone agreed with Mr. Cooper to submit a certain matter of libel for amicable arbitration, agreeing, in the event of a decision against him, to pay Mr. Cooper two hundred dollars toward the expenses he must incur in attending to it. The affair attracted much attention. Before an ordinary court Mr. Cooper should have received ten thousand dollars; but he accepted the verdict agreed upon, the referees deciding without hesitation that he had been grossly wronged by the publication of which he had complained. After the death of Mr. Stone one of the principal papers of the city stated that his widow was poor, and had appealed to Mr. Cooper's generosity for the remission of a fine, which could be of no importance to a gentleman of his liberal fortune, but had been answered with a rude refusal. The statement was entirely and in all respects false, and it was indignantly contradicted upon the authority of President Wayland, the brother of Mrs. Stone; but the editors who gave it currency have never retracted it, and it yet swells the tide of miserable defamation which makes up the bad reputations of so many of the purest of men. Numerous other instances might be quoted to show not only the injustice with which Mr. Cooper has been treated, but the addiction of the press to libel, and its unwillingness to atone for wrongs it has itself inflicted.

It used to be the custom of the *North American Review* to speak of Mr. Cooper's works as "translated into French," as if thus giving the highest existing evidence of their popularity, while there was not a language in Europe into which they did not all, after the publication of *The Red Rover* appear almost as soon as they were printed in London. He has been the chosen companion of the prince and the peasant, on the borders of the Volga, the Danube, and the Guadalquivir; by the Indus and the Ganges, the Paraguay and the Amazon; where the name even of Washington was never spoken, and our country is known only as the home of Cooper. The world has living no other writer whose fame is so universal.

Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity than they are in poetical interest to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness, and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained. They evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character. He treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion: the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth of outline, a glow and strength of coloring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted with pen or pencil to paint the ocean. The same vigorous originality is stamped upon his nautical characters. The sailors of Smollett are as different in every respect as those of Eugene Sue and Marryat are inferior. He goes on board his ship with his own creations, disdaining all society and assistance but that with which he is thus surrounded. Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn, the boisterous Nightingale, the mutinous Nighthead, the fierce but honest Boltrope, and others who crowd upon our memories, as familiar as if we had ourselves been afloat with them, attest the triumph of this self-reliance. And when, as if to rebuke the charge of envy that he owed his successes to the novelty of his scenes and persons, he entered upon fields which for centuries had been illustrated by the first geniuses of Europe, his abounding power and inspiration were vindicated by that series of political novels ending with *The Bravo*, which have the same supremacy in their class that is held by *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover* among stories of the sea. It has been urged that his leading characters are essentially alike, having no difference but that which results from situation. But this opinion will not bear investigation. It evidently arose from the habit of clothing his heroes alike with an intense individuality, which under all circumstances sustains the sympathy they at first awaken, without the aid of those accessories to which artists of less power are compelled to resort. Very few authors have added more than one original and striking character to the world of imagination; none has added more than Cooper; and his are all as distinct and actual as the personages that stalk before us on the stage of history.

To be American, without falling into Americanism, is the true task that is set before the native artist in literature, the accomplishment of which awaits the reward of the best approval in these times, and the promise of an enduring name. Some of our authors, fascinated very excusably with the faultless models of another age, have declined this condition, and have given us Spectators and Tattlers with false dates, and developed a style of composition of which the very merits imply an anachronism in the proportion of excellence. Others have understood the result to be attained better than the means of arriving at it. They have not considered the difference between those peculiarities in our society, manners, tempers, and tastes, which are genuine and characteristic, and those which are merely defects and errors upon the English system; they have acquired the force and gayety of liberty, but not the dignity of independence, and are only provincial, when they hoped to be national. Mr. Cooper has been more happy than any other writer in reconciling these repugnant qualities, and displaying the features, character, and tone of a great rational style in letters, which, original and unimitative, is yet in harmony with the ancient models.

FOOTNOTES:

- [A] The first and second editions appeared in Philadelphia, and the third in Cooperstown. It was reprinted in 1830 in London, Paris, and Brussels: and an abridgment of it, by the author, has been largely introduced into common schools.



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STATUE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, BY HIRAM POWERS.

The above engraving of the statue of JOHN C. CALHOUN is from a daguerreotype taken in Florence immediately after the work was completed, and therefore presents it as it came from the hand of the sculptor, unmutilated by the accidents to which it was subjected in consequence of the wreck of the Elizabeth. The statue of Mr. Calhoun was contracted for, we believe, in 1845, and completed in 1850. It is the first draped or historical full-length by Mr. Powers, and it amply justifies the fame he had won in other performances by the harmonious blending of such particular excellences as he had exhibited in separation. It indeed illustrates his capacities for the highest range of historical portraiture and characterization, and will occasion regrets wherever similar subjects have in recent years been confided to other artists. We have heard that it is in contemplation to place in the park of our own city a colossal figure of Mr. Webster, by the same great sculptor. It is fit that while Charleston glories in the possession of this counterfeit of her dead Aristides (for in the indefectable purity of his public and private life Mr. Calhoun was surpassed by no character in the temples of Grecian or Roman greatness), New-York should be able to point to a statue of the representative of those ideas which are most eminently national, and of which she, as the intellectual and commercial metropolis of the whole country, is the centre. For plastic art, Mr. Webster may be regarded as perhaps the finest subject in modern history, and the head which Thorwaldsen thought must be the artist's ideal of the head of Jove, when modelled to the size of life, in the fit proportions of such a statue as is proposed, would be more imposing than any thing that has appeared in marble since the days of Praxitiles.

This figure of Mr. Calhoun is considerably larger than that of the great senator. The face is represented with singular fidelity as it appeared ten years ago. The incongruous blending of the Roman toga with the palmetto must be borne: civilization is not sufficiently advanced for the historical to be much regarded in art; and our Washingtons, Hamiltons, Websters and Calhouns, must all, like Mr. Booth and Mr. Forrest, come before us in the character of Brutus. With this exception as to the design, every critic must admit the work to be faultless; and Charleston may well be proud of a monument to her legislator, which illustrates her taste while it reminds her of his purity, dignity, and watchful care of her interests.

By the wreck of the ship Elizabeth, the left arm of the statue was broken off, and the fragment has not been recovered.

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NELL GWYNNE.



The above picture is from Sir Peter Lely's portrait, copied in the *Memoirs of Grammont*. Nell Gwynne has been the heroine of a dozen books, in the last ten years, and a very interesting work respecting her life and times is now being published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. We copy the following article, with its illustrations, from the *Art Journal*, in which it appears as one of Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines."

There may be some who will object to the application of so honored a term to the dwelling of an actress of lost repute; but surely that may be a "shrine" where consideration can be taught—where mercy is to be learned—and—that which is "greater" than even faith and hope—charity!

However agreeable may be the present, and we have no reason to complain of it in any way, there is inexhaustible delight in reverting to the past. We do not mean living over again our own days; for though, if we could "pick and choose," there are sundry portions of our lives we might desire to repeat, yet, beginning from the beginning, taking the bad and the good "straight on," there can be few, men or women, who would willingly pass again through the whole of a gone-by career. And this, properly considered, is one of our greatest blessings; stifling much of vain regret, and teaching us to "look forward" to the future. We have always had, if we may so call it, a domestic rambling propensity; a desire to see "dwellings," not so much for their pictorial as their, so to say, personal celebrity: and sometimes, as on our visit to Barley Wood, this longing comes upon us at the wrong season, when a cheerful fire at "home" would be a meet companion. It is now six years ago—six years, last month—that, pacing along Pall Mall, we paused, and turned to the left hand corner of St. James's Square, full of painful and un-English memories of the Asiatic court of the second Charles; the sovereign who had endured adversity without discovering that "sweet are its uses," who had "suffered tribulation" without "learning mercy"—the king who makes us doubt if, as a people, we have any claim to what is called "national character"—for the change that came over England, within a few brief years, from gloomy fanaticism to reckless license, is one of the marvels that give to history the aspect of romance.

We had been walking round Whitehall,^[B] recalling the change that had swept away nearly all relics of the past in that quarter, and strolled so far out of our home-ward path to look at the house in Pall Mall (recently removed from its place) which tradition says was the dwelling of Nell Gwynne, besides her apartment at Whitehall, to which she was entitled by virtue of her office as lady of the bed-chamber to a most outraged queen. One of our friends remembers supping in the back room on the ground-floor of that very house, the said room being called "the Mirror Chamber," because the walls were panelled with looking-glass^[C]. There are others who affirm that Nelly lodged at the *opposite* side of Pall Mall, because Evelyn gossips of her leaning from her window, "talking to the king," who was lounging in St. James's Park, thereby wounding the propriety of many, who think vice only vice when it becomes notorious. Evelyn was always sadly perplexed by his faithful and high devotion to Charles, the king, and his abhorrence of the vices of Charles, the man; while Pepys jogged on, sometimes in the royal seraglio, sometimes at church, sometimes with my Lady Castlemaine, sometimes with "Knip" at the "king's house," seeing, admiring, and repeating—his morality held in abeyance; and yet always, even to the kissing of "Mistress Nelly," "a sweet pretty soul," companioned by his wife. If Pepys was a curiosity, what must Madame Pepys have been!^[D] What must the "court set" of those days have been, when we are absolutely refreshed by turning from them to the uneducated but frank-hearted and generous woman,—tainted as she is to all history by the worse than imperfections arising out of her position, yet redeemed in a degree, by virtues, which, in that profligate court, were entirely her own!



WHITEHALL.

The scene in St. James's Park to which Evelyn refers, was an index to the age^[E].

Blessed as we are in the knowledge that nowhere in England are the domestic virtues better cultivated or more truly flourishing than in our own pure and high-souled court, we are almost inclined to treat as a mythological fable, the history of Whitehall during the reign of Charles the Second. No one trait of the father's better nature redeems that of the son. His life was indeed

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"a sad epicure's dream,"

and worse. He was not worthy even of the earnest devotion which the poor orange-girl, of all his favorites, alone manifested to the last.

Poor Nell! the sympathy which every right-thinking woman feels it a Christian duty to give to her and her class, far from extenuating vice, is only a call upon the virtuous to be more virtuous, and to the pure to be more pure. No one would plunge into crime, merely for the sake of being redeemed therefrom; no one take the sin, who looked first at the shame, hideous and enduring as it must be—however overshadowed by the broad wings of mercy; the burn of the brand can never be effaced, however skilfully healed. And when the wit, the loveliness, the generosity, the fidelity of "Madame Ellen," when the memory of the well-spent evening of her checkered life, and the allowance we make for the early impressions of a young creature, called upon to sing her first songs in a tavern, and sell oranges in the depraved and depraving saloon of "the King's House;"—when all these aids are exerted to excite our sympathy, we only accord the sentiment of pity to "poor Nell Gwynne!"

While looking at the house said to have been inhabited by this "*femme d'esprit par la grace de Dieu!*" we vowed a pilgrimage to Sandford Manor House, at Sandy End, Fulham,—to the dwelling where there is no doubt she spent many summer months. Near as it is to our own, we were doubtful of the way, and determined to inquire of our opposite neighbor, who keeps the old Brompton tollbar.

"Sandford Manor House," repeated he, "I never heard tell of such a place in these parts. Whereabouts is it?"

"Exactly what we want to know. It is a very old dilapidated house, by the side of a little stream that runs into the Thames somewhere by Old Chelsea. I think you must have heard of it. It was once inhabited by the famous Nell Gwynne." I might almost as well have talked Hebrew to our neighbor, who seemed born to lay in wait for market-carts, and pounce upon them for toll.



SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE.

"Old house! Nell Gwynne!" he again repeated, and something like an expression of life and interest moved his features while he added—"It's the Nell Gwynne public-house you're after, I'm thinking; that was in Chelsea; but whether it's there now or not, is more than I can tell."

"No, no," we answered, perhaps, sharply, "it is the house she lived in we want to see—Sandford Manor House."

"Perhaps it's the madhouse," he suggested. We walked on. "Please," said a little rosy-faced boy, "if you want to find out any thing about old houses, Hill, the rat-catcher, knows them all, as he hunts up the rats and sparrows about; and you have only to go down Thistle Grove, into the Fulham road—straight on. His is a low house, ma'am—his name in the window—you can't pass it, for the birds and white mice."

And is there no one left, we thought, to tell where the witty, light-hearted, true-hearted Nelly lived—she who was the friend of Dryden and Lee, the favorite of Lord Buckhurst, the rival of the Duchess of Cleveland, the protector of the soldiers of England—the one unselfish friend of the selfish Charles? Is there no one in a district that once echoed with the praise of her charities—no one to tell where she resided, but Hill, the old rat-catcher? We proceeded through the prettily-built, but gangrened-looking, cottages located in Thistle Grove, once called Brompton Heath, (or Marsh, we forget which,) until the sounds of traffic reminded us that we were in the Fulham road. Presently the sharp voice of a starling, just above us, attracted our attention.

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"Poor Tom!" said the bird—"Tom!—poor Tom!"

The old rat-catcher invited us to enter. He is a man of powerful frame, with a massive head, fringed round with an abundance of gray hair, with deep well-set eyes, and a quiet smile. Two sharp, bitter-looking, wiry-haired terriers began smelling, casting their sly eyes upwards, to see if we feared them or were friendly to their advances, and, after a moment or two, seemed sufficiently satisfied with the scrutiny to warrant their wagging their short stumpy tails in rude welcome. The room was hung round with cages of the songbirds of England—some content with their captivity, others restless, and passing to and fro in front of the wires, eager for escape. Strong inclosures, containing both rats and ferrets, were ranged along the sides of the small room; the latter, long, yellow, pink-eyed, and pink-nosed creatures, lithe as a willow wand, courting notice; while the rats, on the contrary, moved their whiskers in defiance, and, with bright, black, determined eyes, sat lumped up in the distant corners of their dens, ready 'to die game,' if die they must. Gay-colored finches, the gold and the green, graced the window in little brown bob cages; while mice of all colors, from the burnt sienna-colored dormouse, who was more than half asleep within the skin of an apple which it had scooped out, to the matronly white mouse, who was sitting composedly amid a progeny of thirteen young ones, attracted groups of little gazers, every now and then dispersed by the larger terrier, who ran out amongst them, snarling and threatening, but doing them no harm. "Come in, old chap; that will do, old fellow," said his master, adding, "I would not keep a dog that would hurt any thing but a *varmint*."

"Oh, oh! Nell's old house," he replied to our inquiries; "Nell Gwynne's house at Sandy End, where runs the little river they deepened into a canal—the stream I mean that divides Chelsea from Fulham—Sandford Manor House! Ay, that I do, and I'd match it against any house in the county for rats!—terrible place—I lost two ferrets there, this time two years, and one of them was found t'other side of the canal; it must have been a pleasant place in those days, when the king was making his private road through the Chelsea fields, and the stream was as clear as a thrush's eye, and birds of all sorts were so tamed by Madame Ellen, that they'd come when she'd call them. Ah, a pretty woman might catch a king, but it's only a kind one that could tame the wild birds of the air; I know that; I'll show you the way with pleasure." "Poor Tom," sung out the starling. "Your bird is calling you," we observed, after he had told his wife not to let the jay pick "the splints" off his broken leg, and we were leaving the door. "It's not me he's calling," answered the old man, with a heavy sigh. "Now that's a bit of nature, ma'am. A bird, I'm thinking, remembers

longer than a Christian does. Poor Tom's wife is married again, but the starling still calls for its master. It's hard to say, what they do or do not know; the bird often wrings my heart; but for all that, I could not part with him." At any other time we would have asked him the reason, but just then we were thinking more of Nell Gwynne than of our guide. We walked on, until we came to the "World's End." "It is nothing but a common public-house now," observed our companion, who had not spoken again, except to his dog: "but I remember when it was more than that; and, moreover, in Nell's time, it was a place of great resort for noblemen and fine ladies—a royal tea-garden, they say—filled with the best of good company; they liked the country and the open air in those days." We continued silent, until at last our guide called "Stop!" so suddenly, as to make us start. "Do you see that bank just under the arch of the bridge we stand on? The hardest day's work I ever had was digging an old rat out of that bank. This is Sandy End; and that house opposite is Sandford Manor House^[F]."

There was nothing in the sight of those green, grim walls to excite any feeling of romance. Yet positively our heart beat more rapidly than usual for a minute or two—"a way it has" when we are at all interested. We turned down a lane seamed with ruts, by the side of a paling black with gas tar. We passed two or three exceedingly old houses, and one in particular with three windows in front. It was evident that the paling had been run across the garden, which must have been very extensive. After waiting a few minutes for permission from the master of the gas-works, to whom the Manor House belonged, to enter, an elderly man of respectable appearance opened the gate, and told us he resided there, and that the servant would show us all over the house. The rat-catcher commenced poking his stick into the various mounds of earth wherever there was the appearance of a hole, and his dogs became at once busy and animated. There was but one of the three walnut trees said to have been planted by royal hands, remaining, and that stood gnarled, and thick, and stunted, close to the present entrance—bent it was, like a thing whose pleasantest days are gone, and which cares not how soon it may be gathered into the garner. A circular plot of thick green grass was directly opposite the hall door, and in its centre grew a young golden holly, some of the turf being cleared away from round its root. This was encircled by a fair gravel walk, leading to the house, which was entered through a rustic porch, covered with ivy; very old and rampant it was, and its deep heavy foliage, so densely green, had a pall-like look, as it rustled and sighed in the sharp keen air. It was flanked by two cypress trees, well-shaped and well-grown. Dank ivy and deep cypress where the living Nell would have twined roses and passion-flowers! You see the old door-way when under the porch; it is of no particular order, but massive and pointed,—the hall is like the usual entrance to old-fashioned country-houses, panelled with oak. The staircase is very remarkable, as Mr. Fairholt's sketch will show; broad twisted iron rods, of great thickness, springing from the oak square pillars which flank the turnings, and assisting to support the flight above. The room on the right is large, the ceiling low, the windows deep set in the thick walls. A very gentle looking little maid was nursing a pretty white cat by the fire; her young fresh face and bright smile were like sunbeams in a tomb; what did she there? We could fancy old withered crones in such a dwelling, rather than a fair tender child, and yet she looked so happy, and so full of joy! The opposite room had been fitted up as a kitchen, and was clean and cold. We paced up the stairs so often trodden by Nell's small feet, when they descended briskly to meet the lounging heavy footfalls of her royal master, whom she loved for himself, and careless of her own future, as she was of her own person, cared more for the honor of the indolent Charles, than ever he cared for his own! In nature, in feeling, in all honors *save the one*, how superior was the poor orange-girl to her rivals; they envied and slandered each other, disdaining no article to fix the fancy of the king, who desired nothing more than that they should all live peaceably together, and was not able to comprehend why they did not agree when he endeavored to please them; they copied each other—but Nell resembled only herself. Instead of going like the generality of her sex from bad to worse, the more her opportunities of evil increased, the better she became. The ladies of the court swore, drank, and gambled; it was the fashion to be coarse and vicious, and the more coarse they were, the better they pleased the English Sultan; and if the poor orange-girl endeavored to keep her lover by what bound him to others,—where's the wonder? Her manners had their full taste of the time; but we look in vain elsewhere for the generous bravery, the kind thoughts, the disinterested acts, which have retained her in our memories. "Poor Nell!" we said aloud, "poor, poor Nell!" "Please, if you will only go on, I will show you her bed-room and dressing-room, them's little more than closets; but this was her bed-room, and that, the madam's dressing-room," said the servant, a little impatient of delay. Both rooms were furnished, but cold and gloomy; the floor of what the girl called her dressing-room was chippy and worm-eaten. "And there," persisted the servant, "in that corner just by, if not in that little cupboard, the money was found." "What money?" "The money the madam, or some one about her, forgot, fifteen thousand good pounds, I am told; and a gentleman came here once, who told me he had some of the coins that were discovered there." "That must be a mistake," we said. "Oh, there's no knowing. Why should the gentleman tell a story?" We saw the girl was determined we should believe her, contrary both to our knowledge and reason, so we made no further observation, while she muttered that she would "just go and put her own room straight a bit." We were left alone in Nell's dressing-chamber! She never bestowed much time upon her toilet; and Burnet, who was particularly hard upon her at all times, says that, after her "elevation," she continued "to *hang* on her clothes with the same slovenly negligence;" and, truly, Sir Peter Lely, would make it appear that all the "ladies" of the court, however rich the materials that composed their dresses, and well assorted the colors, "hung" them full carelessly over their persons; nay, it would be difficult to imagine how they could stand up without their dresses falling off; they certainly have a most uncomfortable look^[G]. However she dressed, she certainly succeeded in winning, and even keeping, the *fancy* (for we may doubt if he had any *affection* for the ministers of his vices) of Charles until the end. And although Burnet was marvellously angry

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that at such a time the thought of such a "creature" should find its way into the mind when it was about to lay aside the draperies of royalty for the realities of eternity—yet the only little passage in the life of the voluptuary that ever touched us was, his entreaty to his brother James, "Not to let poor Nelly starve!" We closed our eyes in reverie, and endeavored to picture the "beauties" upon whom the licentious king conferred a shameful immortality. Unfortunately the most powerful female influence in the Cabinet has generally been exercised by worthless women; an argument, if one were needed, to prove that a woman is little tempted to interfere with State affairs if her mind is untainted, and directed to the source of woman's legitimate power.



STAIRCASE, SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE.

How loathsome was the King's subjection to the abandoned vixen, my Lady Castlemaine! And yet how powerful must have been her beauty! Can we not, in fancy, see her now,—stepping out of her carriage at Bartholomew Fair, whither she had gone to view the rare puppet-show of "Patient Grizzle," hissed when recognized by the honest mob; yet upon turning the light of her radiant and beautiful face towards them, they exchange their jibes and curses for admiration and hurras.

"Poor Nelly" was no proficient in pen-craft, for she could only sign with the initials—E. G.

Until the publication of Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties," there existed a popular fallacy, that every one of Sir Peter Lely's portraits, represented a woman of tainted reputation; this was any thing but true; however poisonous a *malaria* may be, there are always some who escape its influence, and the pure and high-souled Lady Ossory, and the noble Countess de Grammont would adorn even a court such as our own; we wish that Evelyn or Pepys had recorded how those ladies treated "Nell," for they must have met her during their attendance on the outraged Queen, and hardly less insulted Duchess of York; they must have encountered her at Whitehall, and noted her dimpled cheeks, and small bright laughing eyes; and contrasted her unaffected child-like bearing, with the boisterous arrogance of the Duchess of Cleveland, and the cat-like cunning of the French *courtezan*, (the Duchess of Portsmouth,) who could not with all her arts detach the sovereign from poor Nell, whose genuine wit, generosity of mind, as well as purer life, and careless buoyant humor, were reliefs to the caprices and eternal French cabals,—which troubled his unenergetic nature, in the gorgeous *salon* of the most extravagant of his favorites. From such women as Madame de Grammont and Lady Ossory the untitled actress could have met no offence; for women of high virtue are merciful; women who affect it, are not.



Another View of the Manor House.

We could fancy Nell's silver laugh, passing along those damp walls of Sandford Manor House; we could imagine her leaning from that window, conversing with, and rallying, her royal "lover," who stands beneath, amid the flowers, once so bright and abundant, where only weeds and stinging thistles were to be seen this winter-time. As for him, wisdom came not with years; "consideration" never whipped the offending Adam out of him—in his character there was no "nettle," but there was no "strawberry." What does he reply to her merrie rallying as she dallies with her looking-glass? He leans his white and jewelled hand upon his hip, and, with a faded smile, listens to her mingled love and reproof. She talks of the old soldiers, and wonders why the builders pause in the erection of the Hospital, for lack of cash, when certain ladies sport new diamonds, and glitter in fair coaches; and he tells her he will take her, if she likes, from where she is, and give her the palace by the water-side, in exchange for her sweet words and sweeter smiles. She will none of this, but answers she would rather content her in the humblest house in his dominions, so that the soldiers who fought his battles should be worthily lodged in their old age. He repeats to her the last bit of Sedley, and diverts her with news of a new play, for well he knows those who once lived by the buskin love the buskin still:^[H] and she listens, and is pleased, but returns to her first theme; and, provoked at last by an indifference she cannot understand, she becomes bitter, and then Charles laughs at "little pig-eyed Nelly." "Ah, Nell, Nell!" he says, stroking, at the same time, the fair tresses that grace the head of a pretty boy, her son, "you are like the fruit that will come of yonder trees, a rough and bitter outside, but a sweet and pleasant soul within."

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We composed our thoughts, or rather we aroused from those waking dreams in which all indulge sometimes—more or less. The house contains fourteen rooms—and must have been pleasant, long ago, as a retreat where poor Nell could bring her titled children—whom she doubtless loved with all the enthusiasm of her ardent nature. We crossed the garden, but could find no trace of the pond in which tradition reports Madam Ellen's mother to have been drowned. Not long ago, a very old woman resided in Chelsea, whose grandmother, it was said, was Nell's stage-dresser; this was before old Ranelagh was built over, and when the site of Eaton Square was intersected by damp pathways and nursery-gardens. We entered the meadows at the back, to see how the house looked from thence, which greatly delighted the rat-catcher's terriers.

Modern "improvement" long spared this locality. When we knew and loved it first, we could see the Thames from our windows in one direction, and Kensington Gardens in another. But old houses, standing within their own park-like inclosures, and old trees and green fields, are nearly all gone.^[I] We used to have the nightingales in the elm-avenue leading to Hereford Lodge, but the only nightingale we had last spring was one who came from the FAR NORTH. Many hereafter will do pilgrimage to her shrine with a far deeper feeling of respect, than, with all our charity, we can bestow upon Sandford Manor House.

If the women of England could forget this period of our history, which, as Mrs. Jameson truly and beautifully observes, "saw them degraded from objects of adoration to servants of pleasure, and gave the first blow to that chivalrous feeling with which their sex had hitherto been regarded, by levelling the distinction between the unblemished matron and her 'who was the ready spoil of opportunity'"—if this were possible, it might be well, like Claire, when she threw the pall over the perishing features of Julie, to exclaim—

"Maudite soit l'indigne main qui jamais soulevera ce voile,"

but so it is not; and it becomes our duty to look on Charles, and those who were corrupted by his example and his influence, as plague-spots upon the fair brow of our beloved country. We should learn to speak of him, not as distinguished for "gallantry," but as the monarch who reduced those he insulted by his love below the level of the poor Georgian slave, who knows no higher destiny than to glitter for a few short moons as the star of the harem. But if some of the women of that court were deeply degraded—if the termagant and imperious Castlemaine; the lovely and intriguing Denham; the coquettish, cold, and cunning Richmond; the innately-dissipated and unrestrainable Southesk; the equivocal Middleton; the rapacious, prodigal, and insinuating Querouaille,—are rendered infamous in our national history—let us not confound the innocent with the guilty. We can point out to our daughters, for admiration and example, the patient, affectionate, and enduring Lady Northumberland, the beloved sister of Lady Rachel Russel; the beautiful Miss Hamilton; the peerless Lady Ossory; the matchless Jennings;—women passing through the ordeal of the Whitehall court, at such a time, with unstained repute, may be well believed to have possessed innate virtue and true feminine dignity.

We have not classed Nell Gwynne among the court profligates; nor can we so describe her. She was most unfortunate, but not innately vicious; we may say so without danger to others. Neither the circumstances of her life or death hold out temptations to follow her example. She endured vexation and contumely enough, during the most brilliant period of her life, to embitter even a less sensitive spirit than hers. The deep and earnest love she bore the worthless king, must have been a sore scourge to her own heart. The very piety of her nature, overcome as it was by circumstances, and the lack of those virtues which, slow of growth, only attained strength during the last seven years of her life, and were not deemed unworthy the Christian forbearance and even commendation of Doctor Tennison,^[J] whose funeral sermon preached in memory of the poor orange-girl, proves that she must have suffered much from the reproofs of conscience, even when her sin to all appearance most revelled in its "glory." The canker eat into the rose—soiled and marred its perfectness—chipped and wasted its beauty—but could not destroy its perfume!

That there must have been great good, and great fascination, in Nell Gwynne, is proved by the kind of memory in which her name is enshrined. While we say "Poor Nell!" we shake our heads—the sigh and the smile mingle together—we regret and pity her. We wonder she was so good—we sorrow at the impurity,—not so much of the beset actress, as of her position. We know that, though fallen, she was not depraved. She was not avaricious, nor intriguing, nor ill-tempered, nor unjust. Her regard for literature (though she could hardly sign her own name) proved the up-looking of her better nature; and her charity was unbounded. Shall we—reared and instructed in all righteous ways—shall we show less charity to the memory of one who in her latter days rose out of the slough into which circumstance—not vice—had plunged her? Shall we be less charitable than the bishop who honored her memory and his own character by recording her benevolence, her penitence, her exemplary end? The good bishop's testimony renders it needless that we "point a moral." There was "joy in heaven" over one sinner that repented. Who but One can judge the heart? Let charity hold up her warning finger, often, when we "think evil:" and consideration, "like an angel" come, when harsh judgment dooms an "erring sister." Above all, let us adopt the sentiment of the poet (and our pilgrimage to Sandford Manor House will not be in vain):

"If thy neighbor should sin, old Christoval said,
Never, never, unmerciful be!
For remember it is by the mercy of God,
Thou art not as wicked as he!"^[K]

FOOTNOTES:

- [B] The appearance of Whitehall from the Thames in the reign of Charles II. may be seen in our woodcut. The beautiful Banqueting-house of Inigo Jones was crowded among a heterogeneous mass of ugly buildings connected with the exigencies of the court. Beside the houses, to the spectator's left, was a large garden extending to the river, with fountains and parterres. A small garden also projected into the river in front of the buildings; and here Charles used to view the civic processions of the Lord Mayor, who on the day of his taking the oaths at Westminster, generally gratified the sovereign and other sight-seers with a pageant on the Thames, in some degree adulatory of the monarch. The king resided here so constantly, that the most striking pictures of his private manners are recorded to have happened at Whitehall, and for which the graphic pages of Pepys, Evelyn, and De Grammont may be consulted. Whitehall, indeed, has obtained its chief interest from its connection with the Stuarts. The Banqueting-house, erected by James I., in front of which his unfortunate son was executed; the residence of Cromwell here in a quietude, strangely contrasted with the voluptuousness of the Restoration; the flight of James II., and his queen's escape with her infant son by the water-gate, shown in our cut, closes the history of the Stuart family in this country of sovereigns; and the history also of the palace; for, on the 10th April, 1691, the greater part was burnt by a fire, which was succeeded by another in 1698, which destroyed nearly every building but the Banqueting-house, and Whitehall ceased to be the residence of royalty.
- [C] Nell's "town-house" was in Pall Mall. Pennant says, "it was the first good one on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall Mall. The back room on the second floor was (within memory) entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister was in a third room." At this house she died in 1691, and was pompously interred in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, leaving that parish a handsome sum yearly, that every Thursday evening there should be six men employed for the space of one hour in ringing, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings for beer.
- [D] Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty, and it was he who published, from the king's dictation, the minute and interesting account of his escape from the Battle of Worcester, and adventures a Boscobel, and in the "Royal Oak." He kept a very minute and amusing diary, in which he neglected not to enter the most trivial matters, even the purchase of a new wig, or a new riband for his wife. This very littleness of detail has made his Memoirs the most extraordinary picture we possess of the times. He appears to have been a coarse but shrewd man, and fully alive to the faults of his master.
- [E] Previous to the restoration of Charles II., the park of St. James's appears to have attracted little attention, and to have been left to the guidance of nature alone. Charles seems to have had Versailles in view when he laid it out from Le Notre's design. A long straight canal was formed in its centre from a square pond which existed at its foot near the Horse Guards. Rows of elm and lime trees were planted on each side of it, an aviary was formed in that place still called the "Bird Cage Walk;" and in the large space between this walk and the canal, and nearest the Abbey, an extensive decoy for wild fowl was constructed, popularly termed "Duck Island," and of which the famous St. Evremond was appointed a salaried governor. Charles, who was exceedingly fond of walking, and who tired out many a courtier who tried to keep up with his quick pace, was continually seen here amusing himself with the birds, playing with the dogs, or feeding the ducks. On the opposite side of the canal, three broad walks were constructed and shaded with trees, one for coaches, the other for walking, and the central one for the game of "Pall Mall," an athletic exercise of which the king and the gentlemen of the day were fond. The game consisted in driving a ball through a ring at the extremity of the walk, which had a narrow border of wood on each side of it to keep the ball within bounds. The floor of this portion of the park was made of mixed earth, covered with sea-sand and powdered shells as at Versailles. The park was much secluded, except on this side, which

was that only accessible to the public in general. There, Spring Gardens, with its bowling-greens and gaming-tables, seduced the idle and dissipated, until the Mulberry Garden (which stood on the site of Carlton Gardens) put forth its attractions; and which, as Evelyn says, became "the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." The plays of the period abound with intrigue and adventure carried on at both places. The Mall ceased to be the resort of royalty at the death of Charles, but it continued to be the fashionable promenade until the close of the last century.

- [F] The house at Sandy End has been altered within the last few years. The characteristic gables of the roof, which so well marked its age, and display the taste of the period when it was constructed, are removed, and the house is so much modernized as to lose the greater part of its interest, and at first sight induce a doubt of its antiquity. The extensive gardens still remain, and some very old houses beside it, with a characteristic old wall bounding the King's road, inclosing some venerable walnut trees. Three years ago, a pretty view of these old houses, with Nell's in the back-ground, might have been obtained from the adjacent bridge over the brook: but now a large public house, "the Nell Gwynne," obstructs the view, a row of small "Nell Gwynne cottages" effectually block the path, and the primitive character of the scene has passed away for ever.
- [G] In the History of Costume in England, by the author of these notes, it has been remarked that the freedom and looseness, as well as ease and elegance of female costume at this period is to be attributed to the taste of Sir Peter Lely, rather than to that exhibited by the *Beauties* of Charles's court. "It was to his taste, as it was to that of a later artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that we are indebted for the freedom which characterized their treatment of the rigid and somewhat ungraceful costumes before them." Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says, "Lely supplied the want of taste with *clinquant*; his nymphs trail fringes, and embroidery, through meadows and purling streams. Vandyke's habits are those of the times; Lely's, a sort of fantastic night-gown fastened with a single pin." Lely's ladies are not unfrequently *en masque*, and are habited in the conventional dresses adopted for goddesses in the court of Versailles.
- [H] Nell appears to have first fixed the attention of the King by appearing at the King's Theatre in an Epilogue written for her by Dryden; who, taking a *pique* at the rival theatre, when Nokes, the famous comedian, had appeared in a hat of large proportions, which mightily delighted the silly and volatile frequenters of the place, brought forward Nell in a hat as large as a coach-wheel, which gave her short figure so grotesque an air, that the very actors laughed outright and the whole theatre was in convulsions of merriment. His Majesty was nearly suffocated by the excess of his delight; and the *naïve* manner of the actress, her wit, archness, and beauty, received additional zest by the extravagance of "the broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt" in which Dryden had attired her, and which fixed her permanently in the memory of "the merry Monarch."
- [I] "Improvement" has extended far beyond Old Brompton. The little wooden house of the old rat-catcher has been swept away, and he is obliged to locate himself and his live stock in some back lane, where none but his friends can find him; and as he is disastrously poor, their number is very limited.
- [J] Then vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In that sermon he enlarged upon her benevolent qualities, her sincere penitence, and exemplary end. When, says Mrs. Jameson, this was afterwards mentioned to Queen Mary, in the hope that it would injure him in her estimation, and be a bar to his preferment, "And what then?" answered she, hastily. "I have heard as much; it is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the Doctor would never have been induced to speak well of her."
- [K] We have much yet to do for a class whom it is a shame to name, and that much *must be done by women*—by women, themselves *sans tache, sans reproche*. It is not enough that we repeat our Saviour's words, "Go and sin no more:" we must give the sinner a refuge to go to. Asylums calculated to receive such ought to be more sufficiently provided in England. One lady, as eminent for her rare mental powers as for her charity and great wealth, is now trying an experiment that does her infinite honor; she has set a noble example to others who are rich and ought to be considerate; safe in her high character, her self-respect, and her virgin purity, she has provided shelter for many "erring sisters,"—in mercy beguiling

"by gentle ways the wanderer back."

Of all her numerous charities, this is the truest and best; like the fair Sabrina she has heard and answered the prayers of those who seek protection from the most terrible of all dangers—

"Listen! for dear honor's sake
Listen—and save!"

MARY WOLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

The daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, and wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley, died at the age of fifty-three, in Chester Square, Pimlico, London, on the first day of February. What woman had ever before relations so illustrious! Daughter of Godwin and wife of Shelley! These

few words unfold a remarkable history, unparalleled, and unapproached in romantic dignity. In the dedication to her of the noble poem of *The Revolt of Islam*, Shelley says:

"They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring Child.
I wonder not—for One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst claim
The shelter, from thy Sire, of an immortal name."

In the introduction to one of her novels, she herself says of her youth:

"It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favorite pastime, during the hours given me for recreation, was to 'write stories.' Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought, which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done, than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood's companion and friend; but my dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest pleasure when free. I lived principally in the country as a girl, and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts; but my habitual residence was on the blank and dreary northern shores of the Tay, near Dundee. Blank and dreary on retrospection I call them: they were not so to me then. They were the eyry of freedom, and the pleasant region where unheeded I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I wrote then—but in a most common-place style. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near, that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tales. Life appeared to me too common-place an affair as regarded myself. I could not figure to myself that romantic woes or wonderful events would ever be my lot; but I was not confined to my own identity, and I could people the hours with creations far more interesting to me at that age, than my own sensations."

Her connection with Shelley commenced in 1815, and she gives this account of the following year, in which she wrote her famous novel, *Frankenstein*:

"After this my life became busier, and reality stood in place of fiction. My husband, however, was from the first, very anxious that I should prove myself worthy of my parentage, and enrol myself on the page of fame. He was for ever inciting me to obtain literary reputation, which even on my own part I cared for then, though since I have become infinitely indifferent to it. At this time he desired that I should write, not so much with the idea that I could produce any thing worthy of notice, but that he might himself judge how far I possessed the promise of better things hereafter. Still I did nothing. Travelling, and the cares of a family, occupied my time; and study, the way of reading, or improving my ideas in communication with his far more cultivated mind, was all of literary employment that engaged my attention. In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbors of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores: and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of *Childe Harold*, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him. But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the *History of the Inconstant Lover*, who when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in *Hamlet*, in complete armor, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday. 'We will each write a ghost story,' said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of *Mazeppa*. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole—what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to dispatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place

for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task.

"I busied myself *to think of a story*,—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look around, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. *Have you thought of a story?* I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative. Every thing must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindoos give the world an elephant to support it, but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it. Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin (I speak not of what the Doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him), who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be re-animated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth. Night waned upon this talk; and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head upon my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavor to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

"I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark *parquet*, the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story,—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night! Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. 'I found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.' On the morrow I announced that I had *thought of a story*. I began that day with the words, *It was on a dreary night of November*, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream."

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The next year Shelley and herself were in Buckinghamshire, where the great poet wrote *The Revolt of Islam*. In the spring of 1818, they quitted England for Italy, and their eldest child died in Rome. Soon after, they took a house near Leghorn—half way between the city and Monte Nero, where they remained during the summer.

"Our villa," she says, "was situated in the midst of a podere; the peasants sang as they worked beneath our windows, during the heats of a very hot season, and at night the water-wheel creaked as the process of irrigation went on, and the fire-flies flashed from among the myrtle hedges:—nature was bright, sunshiny, and cheerful, or diversified by storms of a majestic terror, such as we had never before witnessed."

The Cenci and several other poems were written here. The summer of 1818 they passed at the Baths of Lucca, and in the autumn went to a villa belonging to Lord Byron, near Venice, whence they proceeded to Naples, where the winter was spent; after which they visited Florence, and in the fall of 1820 took up their residence at Pisa. The next year—in July—Shelley's death occurred: he was drowned in the gulf of Lerici. The details must be familiar to all readers of literary history. Mrs. Shelley wrote of the time:

"This morn thy gallant bark
Sailed on a sunny sea,

'Tis noon, and tempests dark
Have wrecked it on the lee,
Ah woe! Ah woe!
By spirits of the deep
Thou'rt cradled on the billow,
To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore
Beside the knelling surge,
And sea-nymphs evermore
Shall sadly chant thy dirge.
They come! they come,
The spirits of the deep,
While near thy sea-weed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,
By echo's voice for thee,
From ocean's caverns sent.
O list! O list,
The spirits of the deep;
They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep."

Mrs. Shelley returned to England, and for nearly twenty years supported herself by writing. In the last ten years—more especially since 1844, when her son succeeded to the Shelley estates—she had no need to write for money, and it is understood that she devoted the time to the composition of *Memoirs of Shelley*.

The *Frankenstein, or Modern Prometheus*, of Mrs. Shelley,—a fearful and fantastic dream of genius—was never very much read; it was one of those books made to be talked of; her *Lodore* was more easily apprehended; it is a love story, from every-day life, but written with remarkable boldness and directness, and a real appreciation of the nature of both woman and man. The hero of this novel is the son of a gentleman ennobled for his services in the American war, and some of the scenes are in New-York. The *Last Man* has for its hero her husband, whose character is delineated in it with singular delicacy, but the book is in the last degree improbable and gloomy, while abounding in scenes of beauty and intense interest. She wrote also *Perkin Warbeck*, *Falkner*, *Walpurga*, and other novels, *Journal in Italy and Germany*, and *Lives of eminent French Writers*, besides editing the *Poems* and the *Letters* of Shelley—a labor which she performed judiciously, and with feeling and accuracy.

Mrs. Shelley's son succeeded to his grandfather's baronetcy on the 24th of April, 1844, and is the present Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart., of Castle Goring, in Sussex.

REV. H. N. HUDSON'S EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has been known among his friends for several years that the Rev. Henry N. Hudson was preparing for the press an edition of the works of Shakspeare. The office of a Shakspeare restorer and commentator at this time is one of the most ambitious in the republic of letters. More than any collection of works except the Holy Scriptures—to which only they are second in dignity and importance among books—the Works of Shakspeare demand for their fit illustration not only the most varied and profound scholarship but the most eminent qualities of mind and feeling. Mr. Hudson had vindicated his capacities for the noble service upon which he has entered in his Lectures upon Shakspeare, published about three years ago. The fame he then acquired will be increased by his present performance, of which, we understand, the initial volume will in a few days be published by James Munroe & Co., of Boston, who will issue at short intervals the other ten, the last of which will embrace a Life of the Poet by the editor. Some of the main characteristics of this edition may be inferred from these paragraphs, which we are enabled to make from an early copy of the preface.

"The celebrated Chiswick edition, of which this is meant to be as near an imitation as the present state of Shaksperian literature renders desirable, was published in 1826, and has for some time been out of print. In size of volume, in type, style of execution, and adaptedness to the wants of both the scholar and the general reader, it presented a combination of advantages possessed by no other edition at the time of its appearance. The text, however, abounds in corruptions introduced by preceding editors under the name of corrections. Of the number and nature of these corruptions no adequate idea can be formed but by a close comparison, line by line, and word by word, with the original editions.

"The Chiswick edition, though perhaps the most popular that has yet been issued, has never, strange to say, been reprinted in this country. For putting forth an American edition retaining the advantages of that, without its defects, no apology, it is presumed, will be thought needful. How

far those advantages are retained in the present edition, will appear upon a very slight comparison: how far those defects have been removed, we may be allowed to say that no little study and examination will be required to the forming of a right judgment. In all of the plays, the chief, and in many of them the only, basis and standard whereby to ascertain the true text, is the folio of 1623. In our preparing of copy we have this continually open before us, at the same time availing ourselves of whatsoever aid is to be drawn from earlier impressions, in case of such plays as were published during the author's life. So that, if a thorough revisal of every line, every word, every letter, and every point, with a continual reference to the original copies, be a reasonable ground of confidence, then we can confidently assure the reader that he will here find the genuine text of Shakspeare.

"The process of purification has been rendered much more laborious, and therefore much more necessary, by the mode in which it was for a long time customary to edit the poet's works. This mode is well exemplified in the case of Malone and Steevens, who, carrying on their editorial labors simultaneously, seem to have vied with each other which should most enrich his edition with textual emendations. Both of them had been very good editors, but for the unwarrantable liberty which they not only took, but gloried in taking, with the text of their author; and, even as it was, they undoubtedly rendered much valuable service. And the same work, though not always in so great a degree, has been carried on by many others: sometimes the alleged corrections of several editors have been brought together, that the various advantages of them all might be combined and presented in one. Thus corruptions of the text have accumulated, each successive editor adding his own to those of his predecessors. Many of these so-called improvements were thrown out by the editor of the Chiswick edition; but no decisive steps in the way of a return to the original text were taken till within a very limited period. Knight, Collier, Verplanck, and Halliwell, to all of whom this edition is under great obligations, have pretty effectually put a stop to the old mode of Shaksperian editing; nor is there much reason to apprehend that any one will at present venture upon a revival of it.

"Of the editions hitherto published in America, Mr. Verplanck's is the only one, so far as we know, that is at all free from the accumulated emendations of preceding editors. Adopting, in the main, the text of Mr. Collier, he brought to the work, however, his own excellent taste and judgment, wherein he as far surpasses the English editor as he necessarily falls short of him in such external advantages as the libraries, public and private, of England alone can supply. And Mr. Collier's text is indeed remarkably pure: nor, perhaps, can any other man of modern times be named, to whom Shaksperian literature is, on the whole, so largely indebted. How much he has done, need not be dwelt upon here, as the results thereof will be found scattered all through this edition. Yet it seems not a little questionable whether both he and Knight have not fallen into a serious error; though it must be confessed that such error, if it be one, is on the right side, inasmuch as their fidelity to the original text extends to the adopting, sometimes of probable, sometimes of palpable, or nearly palpable misprints. In these Mr. Verplanck has judiciously deviated from his English model, and his fine judgment appears to equal advantage in what he adopts and in what he rejects. Of his critical remarks it is enough at present to express the belief, that in this department he has no rival in this country, and will not soon be beaten. Further acknowledgments, both to him and to the other three editors named, will be duly and cheerfully made, as the occasions for them shall arise....

"In the Introductions our leading purpose is to gather up all the historical information that has yet been made accessible, concerning the times when the several plays were written and first acted, and the sources whence the plots and materials of them were taken. It will be seen that in the history of the poet's plays, the indefatigable labors of Mr. Collier and others, often resulting in important discoveries, have wrought changes amounting almost to a total revolution, since the Chiswick edition was published. And we dwell the more upon what Shakspeare seems to have taken from preceding writers, because it exhibits him, where we like most to consider him, as holding his unrivalled inventive powers subordinate to the higher principles of art. Besides, if Shakspeare be the most original of writers, he is also one of the greatest of borrowers; and as few authors have appropriated so freely from others, so none can better afford to have his obligations in this kind made known."...

THE STONES OF VENICE—RELIGION, GLORY, AND ART.

Mr. John Ruskin, the "Oxford Student," whose *Modern Painters* and *Seven Lamps of Architecture* have made for him the best fame in the literature of art, has just completed the most remarkable of his works, *The Stones of Venice*, and from advance sheets of it (for which we are indebted to Mr. John Wiley, his American publisher), we present some of his preliminary and more general observations, indicating his great argument that THE DECLINE OF THE POLITICAL PROSPERITY OF VENICE WAS COINCIDENT WITH THAT OF HER DOMESTIC AND INDIVIDUAL RELIGION. Popular as the previous works of Mr. Ruskin have been, we cannot doubt that this splendid performance will be the most read and most admired of all.

"Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied

destruction. The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the Fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once 'as in Eden, the garden of God.' Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet,—so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City, and which the Shadow. I would endeavor to trace the lines of this image before it be for ever lost, and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat, like passing bells, against the STONES OF VENICE.

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"It would be difficult to overrate the value of the lessons which might be derived from a faithful study of the history of this strange and mighty city: a history which, in spite of the labor of countless chroniclers, remains in vague and disputable outline,—barred with brightness and shade, like the far away edge of her own ocean, where the surf and the sandbank are mingled with the sky. The inquiries in which we have to engage will hardly render this outline clearer, but their results will, in some degree, alter its aspect; and, so far as they bear upon it at all, they possess an interest of a far higher kind than that usually belonging to architectural investigations. I may, perhaps, in the outset, and in few words, enable the general reader to form a clearer idea of the importance of every existing expression of Venetian character through Venetian art and of the breadth of interest which the true history of Venice embraces, than he is likely to have gleaned from the current fables of her mystery or magnificence.

"Venice is usually conceived as an oligarchy: she was so during a period less than the half of her existence, and that including the days of her decline; and it is one of the first questions needing severe examination, whether that decline was owing in any wise to the change in the form of her government, or altogether, as assuredly in great part, to changes in the character of the persons of whom it was composed. The state of Venice existed Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six years, from the first establishment of a consular government on the island of the Rialto, to the moment when the General-in-chief of the French army of Italy pronounced the Venetian republic a thing of the past. Of this period, Two Hundred and Seventy-six years were passed in a nominal subjection to the cities of old Venetia, especially to Padua, and in an agitated form of democracy, of which the executive appears to have been intrusted to tribunes, chosen, one by the inhabitants of each of the principal islands. For six hundred years, during which the power of Venice was continually on the increase, her government was an elective monarchy, her King or doge possessing, in early times at least, as much independent authority as any other European sovereign, but an authority gradually subjected to limitation, and shortened almost daily of its prerogatives, while it increased in a spectral and incapable magnificence. The final government of the nobles, under the image of a king, lasted for five hundred years, during which Venice reaped the fruits of her former energies, consumed them,—and expired.

"Let the reader therefore conceive the existence of the Venetian state as broadly divided into two periods: the first of nine hundred, the second of five hundred years, the separation being marked by what was called the 'Serrar del Consiglio; that is to say, the final and absolute distinction of the nobles from the commonalty, and the establishment of the government in their hands, to the exclusion alike of the influence of the people on the one side, and the authority of the doge on the other. Then the first period, of nine hundred years, presents us with the most interesting spectacle of a people struggling out of anarchy into order and power; and then governed, for the most part, by the worthiest and noblest man whom they could find among them, called their Doge or Leader, with an aristocracy gradually and resolutely forming itself around him, out of which, and at last by which, he was chosen; an aristocracy owing its origin to the accidental numbers, influence, and wealth, of some among the families of the fugitives from the older Venetia, and gradually organizing itself, by its unity and heroism, into a separate body. This first period includes the Rise of Venice, her noblest achievements, and the circumstances which determined her character and position among European powers; and within its range, as might have been anticipated, we find the names of all her hero princes,—of Pietro Urseolo, Ordalaf Falier, Domenico Michieli, Sebastiano Ziani, and Enrico Dandolo.

"The second period opens with a hundred and twenty years, the most eventful in the career of Venice—the central struggle of her life—stained with her darkest crime, the murder of Carrara—disturbed by her most dangerous internal sedition, the conspiracy of Falier—oppressed by her most fatal war, the war of Chiozza—and distinguished by the glory of her two noblest citizens (for in this period the heroism of her citizens replaces that of her monarchs), Vittor Pisani and Carlo Zeno. I date the commencement of the Fall of Venice from the death of Carlo Zeno, 8th May, 1418; the *visible* commencement from that of another of her noblest and wisest children, the Doge Tomaso Mocenigo, who expired five years later. The reign of Foscari followed, gloomy with pestilence and war; a war in which large acquisitions of territory were made by subtle or fortunate policy in Lombardy, and disgrace, significant as irreparable, sustained in the battles on the Po at Cremona, and in the marshes at Caravaggio. In 1454, Venice, the first of the states of Christendom, humiliated herself to the Turk: in the same year was established the Inquisition of State, and from this period her government takes the perfidious and mysterious form under which it is usually conceived. In 1477, the great Turkish invasion spread terror to the shores of the lagoons; and in 1508, the league of Cambrai marks the period usually assigned as the commencement of the decline of the Venetian power; the commercial prosperity of Venice in the

close of the fifteenth century blinding her historians to the previous evidence of the diminution of her internal strength.

"Now there is apparently a significant coincidence between the establishment of the aristocratic and oligarchical powers, and the diminution of the prosperity of the state. But this is the very question at issue; and it appears to me quite undetermined by any historian, or determined by each in accordance with his own prejudices. It is a triple question: first, whether the oligarchy established by the efforts of individual ambition was the cause, in its subsequent operation, of the Fall of Venice; or (secondly) whether the establishment of the oligarchy itself be not the sign and evidence rather than the cause, of national enervation; or (lastly) whether, as I rather think, the history of Venice might not be written almost without reference to the construction of her senate or the prerogatives of her Doge. It is the history of a people eminently at unity in itself, descendants of Roman race, long disciplined by adversity, and compelled by its position either to live nobly or to perish:—for a thousand years they fought for life; for three hundred they invited death; their battle was rewarded, and their call was heard.

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"Throughout her career, the victories of Venice, and, at many periods of it, her safety, were purchased by individual heroism; and the man who exalted or saved her was sometimes (oftenest) her king, sometimes a noble, sometimes a citizen. To him no matter, nor to her: the real question is, not so much what names they bore, or with what powers they were intrusted, as how they were trained, how they were made masters of themselves, servants of their country, patient of distress, impatient of dishonor; and what was the true reason of the change from the time when she could find saviours among those whom she had cast into prison, to that when the voices of her own children commanded her to sign covenant with Death.

"The evidence which I shall be able to deduce from the arts of Venice will be both frequent and irrefragable, that the decline of political prosperity was exactly coincident with that of domestic and individual religion. I say domestic and individual; for—and this is the second point which I wish the reader to keep in mind—the most curious phenomenon in all Venetian history is the vitality of religion in private life, and its deadness in public policy. Amidst the enthusiasm, chivalry, or fanaticism of the other states of Europe, Venice stands, from first to last, like a masked statue; her coldness impenetrable, her exertion only aroused by the touch of a secret spring. That spring was her commercial interest,—this the one motive of all her important political acts, or enduring national animosities. She could forgive insults to her honor, but never rivalry in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their faculty. The fame of success remains, when the motives of attempt are forgotten; and the casual reader of her history may perhaps be surprised to be reminded, that the expedition which was commanded by the noblest of her princes, and whose results added most to her military glory, was one in which while all Europe around her was wasted by the fire of its devotion, she first calculated the highest price she could exact from its piety for the armament she furnished, and then, for the advancement of her own private interests, at once broke her faith and betrayed her religion.

"And yet, in the midst of this national criminality, we shall be struck again and again by the evidences of the most noble individual feeling. The tears of Dandolo were not shed in hypocrisy, though they could not blind him to the importance of the conquest of Zara. The habit of assigning to religion a direct influence over all *his own* actions, and all the affairs of *his own* daily life, is remarkable in every great Venetian during the times of the prosperity of the state; nor are instances wanting in which the private feeling of the citizens reaches the sphere of their policy, and even becomes the guide of its course where the scales of expediency are doubtfully balanced. I sincerely trust that the inquirer would be disappointed who should endeavor to trace any more immediate reasons for their adoption of the cause of Alexander III. against Barbarossa, than the piety which was excited by the character of their suppliant, and the noble pride which was provoked by the insolence of the emperor. But the heart of Venice is shown only in her hastiest counsels; her worldly spirit recovers the ascendancy whenever she has time to calculate the probabilities of advantage, or when they are sufficiently distinct to need no calculation; and the entire subjection of private piety to national policy is not only remarkable throughout the almost endless series of treacheries and tyrannies by which her empire was enlarged and maintained, but symbolized by a very singular circumstance in the building of the city itself. I am aware of no other city of Europe in which its cathedral was not the principal feature. But the principal church in Venice was the chapel attached to the palace of her prince, and called the "Chiesa Ducale." The patriarchal church, inconsiderable in size and mean decoration, stands on the outermost islet of the Venetian group, and its name, as well as its site, is probably unknown to the greater number of travellers passing hastily through the city. Nor is it less worthy of remark, that the two most important temples of Venice, next to the ducal chapel, owe their size and magnificence, not to national effort, but to the energy of the Franciscan and Dominican monks, supported by the vast organization of those great societies on the mainland of Italy, and countenanced by the most pious, and perhaps also, in his generation, the most wise, of all the princes of Venice, who now rests beneath the roof of one of those very temples, and whose life is not satirized by the images of the Virtues which a Tuscan sculptor has placed around his tomb.

"There are, therefore, two strange and solemn lights in which we have to regard almost every scene in the fitful history of the Rivo Alto. We find, on the one hand, a deep and constant tone of individual religion characterizing the lives of the citizens of Venice in her greatness; we find this spirit influencing them in all the familiar and immediate concerns of life, giving a peculiar dignity to the conduct even of their commercial transactions, and confessed by them with a simplicity of

faith that may well put to shame the hesitation with which a man of the world at present admits (even if it be so in reality) that religious feeling has any influence over the minor branches of his conduct. And we find as the natural consequence of all this, a healthy serenity of mind and energy of will expressed in all their actions, and a habit of heroism which never fails them, even when the immediate motive of action ceases to be praiseworthy. With the fulness of this spirit the prosperity of the state is exactly correspondent, and with its failure her decline, and that with a closeness and precision which it will be one of the collateral objects of the following essay to demonstrate from such accidental evidence as the field of its inquiry presents. And, thus far, all is natural and simple. But the stopping short of this religious faith when it appears likely to influence national action, correspondent as it is, and that most strikingly, with several characteristics of the temper of our present English legislature, is a subject, morally and politically, of the most curious interest and complicated difficulty; one, however, which the range of my present inquiry will not permit me to approach, and for the treatment of which I must be content to furnish materials in the light I may be able to throw upon the private tendencies of the Venetian character.

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"There is, however, another most interesting feature in the policy of Venice, which a Romanist would gladly assign as the reason of its irreligion; namely, the magnificent and successful struggle which she maintained against the temporal authority of the Church of Rome. It is true that, in a rapid survey of her career, the eye is at first arrested by the strange drama to which I have already alluded, closed by that ever memorable scene in the portico of St. Mark's, the central expression in most men's thoughts of the unendurable elevation of the pontifical power; it is true that the proudest thoughts of Venice, as well as the insignia of her prince, and the form of her chief festival, recorded the service thus rendered to the Roman Church. But the enduring sentiment of years more than balanced the enthusiasm of a moment; and the bull of Clement V., which excommunicated the Venetians and their doge, likening them to Dathan, Abiram, Absalom, and Lucifer, is a stronger evidence of the great tendencies of the Venetian government than the umbrella of the doge or the ring of the Adriatic. The humiliation of Francesco Dandolo blotted out the shame of Barbarossa, and the total exclusion of ecclesiastics from all share in the councils of Venice became an enduring mark of her knowledge of the spirit of the Church of Rome, and of her defiance of it. To this exclusion of papal influence from her councils the Romanist will attribute their irreligion, and the Protestant their success. The first may be silenced by a reference to the character of the policy of the Vatican itself; and the second by his own shame, when he reflects that the English Legislature sacrificed their principles to expose themselves to the very danger which the Venetian senate sacrificed theirs to avoid.

"One more circumstance remains to be noted respecting the Venetian government, the singular unity of the families composing it,—unity far from sincere or perfect, but still admirable when contrasted with the fiery feuds, the almost daily revolutions, the restless succession of families and parties in power, which fill the annals of the other states of Italy. That rivalry should sometimes be ended by the dagger, or enmity conducted to its ends under the mask of law, could not but be anticipated where the fierce Italian spirit was subjected to so severe a restraint: it is much that jealousy appears usually commingled with illegitimate ambition, and that, for every instance in which private passion sought its gratification through public danger, there are a thousand in which it was sacrificed to the public advantage. Venice may well call upon us to note with reverence, that of all the towers which are still seen rising like a branchless forest from her islands, there is but one whose office was other than that of summoning to prayer, and that one was a watchtower only: from first to last, while the palaces of the other cities of Italy were lifted into sullen fortitudes of rampart, and fringed with forked battlements for the javelin and the bow, the sands of Venice never sank under the weight of a war tower, and her roof terraces were wreathed with Arabian imagery, of golden globes suspended on the leaves of lilies.

"These, then, appear to me to be the points of chief general interest in the character and fate of the Venetian people. I would next endeavor to give the reader some idea of the manner in which the testimony of art bears upon these questions, and of the aspect which the arts themselves assume when they are regarded in their true connection with the history of the state: 1st. Receive the witness of painting. It will be remembered that I put the commencement of the Fall of Venice as far back as 1418. Now, John Bellini was born in 1423, and Titian in 1480. John Bellini, and his brother Gentile, two years older than he, close the line of the sacred painters of Venice. But the most solemn spirit of religious faith animates their works to the last. There is no religion in any work of Titian's: there is not even the smallest evidence of religious temper or sympathies either in himself or in those for whom he painted. His larger sacred subjects are merely themes for the exhibition of pictorial rhetoric,—composition and color. His minor works are generally made subordinate to purposes of portraiture. The Madonna in the church of the Frari is a mere lay figure, introduced to form a link of connection between the portraits of various members of the Pesaro family who surround her. Now this is not merely because John Bellini was a religious man and Titian was not. Titian and Bellini are each true representatives of the school of painters contemporary with them; and the difference in their artistic feeling is a consequence not so much of difference in their own natural characters as in their early education: Bellini was brought up in faith, Titian in formalism. Between the years of their births the vital religion of Venice had expired.

"The *vital* religion, observe, not the formal. Outward observance was as strict as ever; and doge and senator still were painted, in almost every important instance, kneeling before the Madonna or St. Mark; a confession of faith made universal by the pure gold of the Venetian sequin. But observe the great picture of Titian's, in the ducal palace, of the Doge Antonio Grimani kneeling

before Faith: there is a curious lesson in it. The figure of Faith is a coarse portrait of one of Titian's least graceful female models: Faith had become carnal. The eye is first caught by the flash of the Doge's armor. The heart of Venice was in her wars, not in her worship. The mind of Tintoret, incomparably more deep and serious than that of Titian, casts the solemnity of its own tone over the sacred subjects which it approaches, and sometimes forgets itself into devotion; but the principle of treatment is altogether the same as Titian's: absolute subordination of the religious subject to purposes of decoration or portraiture. The evidence might be accumulated a thousand-fold from the works of Veronese, and of every succeeding painter,—that the fifteenth century had taken away the religious heart of Venice.

"Such is the evidence of painting. To give a general idea of that of architecture: Phillipe de Commines, writing of his entry into Venice in 1495, observed instantly the distinction between the elder palaces and those built 'within this last hundred years; which all have their fronts of white marble brought from Istria, a hundred miles away, and besides, many a large piece of porphyry and serpentine upon their fronts.'...

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"There had indeed come a change over Venetian architecture in the fifteenth century; and a change of some importance to us moderns: we English owe to it our St. Paul's Cathedral, and Europe in general owes to it the utter degradation or destruction of her schools of architecture, never since revived."...

"The Rationalist kept the arts and cast aside the religion. This rationalistic art is the art commonly called Renaissance, marked by a return to pagan systems, not to adopt them and hallow them for Christianity, but to rank itself under them as an imitator and pupil. In Painting it is headed by Giulio Romano and Nicolo Poussin; in Architecture, by Sansovino and Palladio.

"Instant degradation followed in every direction,—a flood of folly and hypocrisy. Mythologies ill understood at first, then perverted into feeble sensualities, take the place of the representations of Christian subjects, which had become blasphemous under the treatment of men like the Caracci. Gods without power, satyrs without rusticity, nymphs without innocence, men without humanity, gather into idiot groups upon the polluted canvas, and scenic affectations encumber the streets with preposterous marble. Lower and lower declines the level of abused intellect; the base school of landscape gradually usurps the place of the historical painting, which had sunk into prurient pedantry,—the Alsatian sublimities of Salvator, the confectionary idealities of Claude, the dull manufacture of Gaspar and Canaletto, south of the Alps, and on the north the patient devotion of besotted lives to delineation of bricks and fogs, fat cattle and ditch-water. And thus Christianity and morality, courage, and intellect, and art all crumbling together into one wreck, we are hurried on to the fall of Italy, the revolution in France, and the condition of art in England (saved by her Protestantism from severer penalty) in the time of George II.

"I have not written in vain if I have heretofore done any thing towards diminishing the reputation of the Renaissance landscape painting. But the harm which has been done by Claude and the Poussins is as nothing when compared to the mischief effected by Palladio, Scamozzi, and Sansovino. Claude and the Poussins were weak men, and have had no serious influence on the general mind. There is little harm in their works being purchased at high prices: their real influence is very slight, and they may be left without grave indignation to their poor mission of furnishing drawing-rooms and assisting stranded conversation. Not so the Renaissance architecture. Raised at once into all the magnificence of which it was capable by Michael Angelo, then taken up by men of real intellect and imagination, such as Scamozzi, Sansovino, Inigo Jones, and Wren, it is impossible to estimate the extent of its influence on the European mind; and that the more, because few persons are concerned with painting, and, of those few, the larger number regard it with slight attention; but all men are concerned with architecture, and have at some time of their lives serious business with it. It does not much matter that an individual loses two or three hundred pounds in buying a bad picture, but it is to be regretted that a nation should lose two or three hundred thousand in raising a ridiculous building. Nor is it merely wasted wealth or distempered conception which we have to regret in this Renaissance architecture: but we shall find in it partly the root, partly the expression of certain dominant evils of modern times—over-sophistication and ignorant classicalism; the one destroying the healthfulness of general society, the other rendering our schools and universities useless to a large number of the men who pass through them.

"Now Venice, as she was once the most religious, was in her fall the most corrupt, of European states; and as she was in her strength the centre of the pure currents of Christian architecture, so she is in her decline the source of the Renaissance. It was the originality and splendor of the palaces of Vicenza and Venice which gave this school its eminence in the eyes of Europe; and the dying city, magnificent in her dissipation, and graceful in her follies, obtained wider worship in her decrepitude than in her youth, and sank from the midst of her admirers into the grave.

"It is in Venice, therefore, and in Venice only, that effectual blows can be struck at this pestilent art of the Renaissance. Destroy its claims to admiration there, and it can assert them nowhere else."

CONTRASTED PORTRAITS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

In the last number of *The International* we quoted the remarks of Lord Holland upon the character of the wife of Louis XVI. The sketch presented by the noble author has been the subject of much and various criticism. The London *Times* says:

"The virtue of the unfortunate consort of a most unhappy monarch is without a flaw. Enmity, hatred, and every evil passion, have done their worst to palliate murder and to blacken innocence, but the ineradicable spot cannot be fixed to the fair fame of this true woman. Faultless she was not. We are under no obligation to vindicate her imprudent, wilful, and fatal interference with public questions in which she had no concern; we say nothing of her ignorance of the high matters of state into which her uninformed zeal conducted her, to the bitter cost of herself and of those she loved dearest on earth; but of her purity, her uprightness, her beneficence, her devotion, her sweet, playful, happy disposition, in the midst of those home endearments, which were to her the true occupation and charm of life, there cannot exist a doubt. Misfortune fell upon her house to strengthen her love and to confirm her piety. Persecution, imprisonment, calamity that has never been surpassed, and a dreadful end, which, in its bitterness, has seldom been equalled, found and left her, a meek but perfect heroine. One historian has told us, that as 'an affectionate daughter and a faithful wife, she preserved in the two most corrupted courts of Europe the simplicity and affections of domestic life.' It is sufficient to add, that she ascended the scaffold enjoining her children to a scrupulous discharge of duty, to forgive her murderers, to forget her wrongs; and that her last words on earth were directed to the beloved husband who had preceded her, whose spirit she was eager to rejoin, yet whose bed, if we are to believe my Lord Holland, she had oftener than once defiled."

And *The Times* intimates elsewhere that Lord Holland is alone among reputable authors in condemning the Queen. How *The Times* regards THOMAS JEFFERSON, we cannot tell, but certainly it is claimed by our democracy that he was a witness with a character. Jefferson says of Marie Antoinette: [Pg 24]

"The King was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly, and had he been left to himself, he would have willingly acquiesced in whatever they should devise as best for the nation. A wise constitution would have been formed, hereditary in his line, himself placed at its head, with powers so large, as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited, as to restrain him from its abuse. This he would have faithfully administered, and more than this, I do not believe, he ever wished. But he had a Queen of absolute sway over his weak mind, and timid virtue, and of a character, the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness, and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the King on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed, that had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked, nor exercised. The King would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns, I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say, that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment; nor yet, that where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right, and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the King, many thought him wilfully criminal; many, that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of Kings, who would war against a regeneration which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the legislature. I should have shut up the Queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the King in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe, he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding. In this way, no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer, nor occasion given for those enormities which demoralized the nations of the world, and destroyed, and is yet to destroy, millions and millions of its inhabitants."

A majority of the French authors of the time agree with Mr. Jefferson.

BENARES.

One of the most successful applications of lithography is in the reproduction of the Hindostanee or Persian writing, used in India. It is too irregular and complicated to be represented by ordinary types. Accordingly lithographic printing establishments have been set up in the principal cities of India, where original works, translations of the ancient tongues of Asia or the modern ones of Europe, as well as newspapers are published. Calcutta, Serampore, Lakhnau, Madras, Bombay, Pounah, were the first cities to have these printing offices, but since then a great number have been established in the north-west provinces, where the Hindostanee is the sole language employed. A year since that part of the country contained twenty-eight offices, which in 1849 produced a hundred and forty-one different works, while the number of journals was twenty-six, which, with those printed in other provinces, makes about fifty in the native dialect, in all Hindostan. Within the last year, new establishments and new periodicals have been commenced. At Benares, the ancient seat of Hindoo learning, where the Brahmins used to resort to study their language and read the vedas and shasters, a new journal is called the *Sâirin-i Hind* (The Flying Sheets of India), making the sixth in that city. It is edited by two Hindoo literati, Bhaïrav Praçâd and Harban Lâl, who had before attempted a purely scientific publication under the title of *Mirât Ulalum* (Mirror of the Sciences), which has been stopped. The new paper, of which only three numbers have come to our notice, is published twice a month, each number having eight pages of small octavo size. The pages are in double columns. The subscription is eight *anas*, or twenty-five cents a month, or six *roupies*, or three dollars a year. The paper is divided into two parts, the first literary and scientific, the second devoted to political and miscellaneous intelligence. The first number commences with a rhapsody in verse upon eloquence, by the celebrated national poet Haçan, of which the following is the *International's* translation:

"Give me to taste, O Song, the sweet beverage of eloquence, that precious art which opens the gate of diction. I dream night and day of the benefits of that noble talent. What other can be compared with it? The sage who knows how to appreciate it, puts forth all his efforts for its acquisition. It is eloquence which gives celebrity to persons of merit. The brave ought to esteem eloquence, for it immortalizes the names of heroes. It is through the science of speaking well that the noble actions of antiquity have come down to us; the language of the *calam* has perpetuated remarkable deeds. What would have become of the names of Rustam, Cyrus, and Afraciab, if eloquence had not preserved their memory like the recital of a remote dream? It is by the pearls of elocution that the sweet relations between distant friends are preserved. The study of this sublime art is like a market always filled with buyers. It will remain in the world as long as the ear shall be sensible to harmony, or the heart to persuasion."

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This is followed by a sort of prospectus, elegantly written, of course with the oriental ornaments of alliteration and antithesis, in which the editors proclaim the usefulness of instruction to the cause of religion and morality. These are the ends they have in view in the publication of the new journal, and they appeal to those who approve of their purposes to encourage rather than criticise their efforts. To prove how much easier it is to criticise than to do well the thing criticised, they cite the well known fable of the miller, his son, and the ass. In publishing a new periodical, they consider that they are merely supplying a want of the public, which desires to be informed as to passing events, new discoveries in science, the proceedings in lawsuits, &c. This journal will interest all classes of readers, not only people in easy circumstances who live on their income, but merchants and mechanics, who will find in it intelligence of which they stand in need. Those who find in it articles not in their line, are advised not to be vexed thereat, but to reflect that they may be agreeable and useful to others, and that a journal ought to contain the greatest possible variety. For the rest, the editors will thankfully receive such information and suggestions as their friends may choose to give them. Their prospectus concludes with a panegyric on the English government, for favoring education among the natives, saying that not only speculative, but practical knowledge is necessary, as says the poet-philosopher Saadi: "Though thou hast knowledge, if thou dost not apply the same, thou art of no more value than the ignorant; thou art like an ass laden with books."

Next they give a table of *the chain* of human knowledge, by way of programme of the subjects which will be likely to be discussed in the journal. This is followed by political and miscellaneous news from Persia, Cabul, Bombay, Aoude, and Calcutta, and other provinces. Under the last head is a statement of the present population of the capital of British India, as follows:

Europeans,	6,433
Georgians,	4,615
Armenians,	892
Chinese,	847
Other Asiatics,	15,342
Hindoos,	274,335
Mussulmans,	110,918
Total	413,182

The second number opens with an article of above five columns, on the inconvenience of not knowing what is taking place, or of knowing it imperfectly, followed by a second article of two

columns on astronomy, and the discovery of planets, by way of introduction to an account of the discovery of *Parthenope*, which took place at Naples the 10th of May last.

This is followed by news and advertisements of new books, published from the printing office of the paper. In the third number there is in the news department an article on the *marvellous news from Europe*, in which the editors speak of the scientific progress of the Europeans, and the astonishing discoveries which daily occur among them. In this connection they mention a singular experiment tried by a geologist of Stockholm. This savant having found a frog living after having been six or seven years in the ground, without air or food, concluded that men might live in that way for hundreds of years. Accordingly he solicited and obtained from the government, permission to try it for twenty-five years on a woman aged twenty. This piece of information is given with satisfaction, and the editors refer to the fact that some years since a faquir appeared at the court of Runjeet Singh, asking to be buried for several days, which was done. When the time arrived he was disinterred, as much alive as ever. The editors add, that although many Englishmen saw this, they had not believed it, but that this intelligence from Stockholm ought to convince them. The same number contains some remarks on the Ambassador of Nepal, who was then in Europe. The following is our translation of this article:

"Jung Bahâdur, has thought best to visit Paris, the capital of France, before returning to India. The first Indian who visited Paris was Râm Mohan Roy, who was succeeded by Dwarkânath Thakur and others. But these were not true Hindoos, of the good school, for they were of the sect of Râm Mohan [who established a sort of philosophic religion under the name of *Brahma-Sabhâ*, or the "Reunion of Deists"]. General Jung Bahâdur, Kunwar, Rânâji, and his brothers are then in reality, the first orthodox Hindoos who have honored Europe with their presence. We do not know how these personages can have followed the prescriptions of the *schastars* in their passage across the ocean, but we learn by the news from Europe, that they have not taken a single meal with the English, and have neither eaten nor drunk with them, though this does not render it certain that they have been free from fault in other respects. It is said beside, that in order to repair every thing, when the Ambassador returns to Nepal, the King will cast water upon him and thus will purify his *pabitra* [Brahaminic insignia]. Should this arrangement take place and be adopted in other parts of Hindostan, we can believe that many Hindoos of every class will go to feast their eyes with the marvels of Europe."

Original Poetry.

MUSIC.

By Alfred B. Street.

Music, how strange her power! her varied strains
 Thrill with a magic spell the human heart.
She wakens memory—brightens hope—the pains,
 The joys of being at her bidding start.
Now to her trumpet-call the spirit leaps;
Now to her brooding, tender tones it weeps.
Sweet music! is she portion of that breath
 With which the worlds were born—on which they wheel?
One of lost Eden's tones, eluding death,
 To make man what is best within him feel!
Keep open his else sealed up depths of heart,
And wake to active life the better part
 Of his mixed nature, being thus the tie
That links us to our God, and draws us toward the sky!

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Authors and Books.

In a late number of the *Archives for Scientific Information Concerning Russia*, a Russian publication, are some interesting facts upon the colonization of Siberia, and its present population. It seems that that country began to be settled in the reign of the Czar Alexis Michaelowich, who issued a law requiring murderers, after suffering corporeal punishment and three years' imprisonment, to be sent to the frontier cities, among which the towns of Siberia were then included. Indeed, under the Empress Elizabeth Petrowna (1741—1761), the whole of Southern Siberia was called the Ukraine. The beginning of regular transportation to Siberia was made by the Czar Theodore Alexeiowich, who ordered in 1679 that malefactors should be sent with their families to settle in Siberia. About this time many serfs escaped to Siberia from service in Europe, and stringent measures were adopted to reclaim the fugitives, and prevent such an

offence from being repeated and continued. In 1760 a ukase was issued permitting landlords and communes to send to Siberia, and have entered as recruits, all persons guilty of offences of any kind or degree. In 1822 another ukase allowed the crown serfs of the provinces of Great Russia to emigrate to Siberia, where they became free, a privilege which they still enjoy. The main part of the present inhabitants of the country is composed of the descendants of these colonists and exiles, of the banished Strelitzes, and of the captured Swedes and Poles. The varied habits, customs, creeds, ideas, costumes, and dialects of these motley races have by long contact with each other become reduced to something like unity. The former extreme rudeness of the people has also of late years undergone a great improvement from the influence of new-comers. Still, however, Siberia is socially any thing but a tolerable country, even in comparison with Russia, and vices which in enlightened lands would be thought monstrous, are not occasions of any astonishment or special remark to the mass of the inhabitants.

A work by WILLIAM HUMBOLDT, just published at Breslau, excites a good deal of attention in Germany. It is called *Notions toward an attempt to define the Boundaries of the Activity of the State*. It was written many years ago, at the time when the author was intimate with Schiller, who took an interest in its preparation, but other engagements prevented its being finished. It is now published exactly from the original manuscript, under the editorial care of Dr. Edward Cauer. Its doctrinal starting point is found in the nature and destiny of the individual. Its philosophy is essentially that of Kant and Fichte, and is of course liberal in its tendencies, though by no means satisfactory to the democracy of the present day.

The *Journal of the Russian Ministry for the Enlightenment of the People*, for December last, reports a statement made by Mr. Kauwelin to the Russian Geographical Society in the previous September. The Society had received, by way of reply to an appeal it had issued, more than five hundred communications, from various parts of the empire, in relation to the Slavonic portion of the people. These documents, as he said, contain a mass of valuable information, not only as to ethnography, but also as to Russian archæology and history. He showed by several examples how ancient local myths and traditions reached back into remote antiquity. He proposed the publication of the entire mass of documents, because "they enrich history with vivid recollections of the most ancient ante-historic life-experience of which the traditions of the non-Slavonic portion of Europe have preserved only obscure intimations and vague traces."

Hertz, of Berlin, has just published a book which we think can hardly fail of a speedy reproduction in both English and French. Its title is *Erinnerungen aus Paris* (Recollections of Paris) 1817-1848. It is written by a German lady, who passed these eventful years, or most of them, in the French capital, and here narrates, in a lively and genial style, her observations and experiences. She was connected with the *haute finance*, moved among the lords of the exchange and their followers, and being endowed by nature with remarkable penetration, taste for art, no aversion to politics, and a genial social faculty, she knew all the more prominent personages of the time in public affairs, society, art, science, and money-making, and brings them before her readers with great success. Louis XVIII. and the members of his family, Talleyrand, Decazes, Courier, Constant, Humboldt, Cuvier, Madame Tallien, De Stael, Delphine Gay, Gerard, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Liszt, are among the actors whom she introduces in most real and living proportions. Here is a charming specimen of her skill in portraiture. She is speaking of Madame Tallien, then Princess of Chimay, whom she saw in 1818: "She was then some forty years old. Her age could to some extent be arrived at, for it was known that in 1794 she was scarcely twenty, and her full person, inclining to stoutness, showed that the first bloom of youth was gone, but it would be difficult again to find beauty so well preserved, or to meet with a more imposing appearance. Tall, commanding, radiant, she recalled the historic beauties of antiquity. So one would imagine Ariadne, Dido, Cleopatra; a perfect bust, shoulders, and arms; white as an animated statue, regular features, flashing eyes, pearly teeth, hair of raven blackness, hers was a mien, speech, and movement, which ravished every beholder." Had we space we might give some longer translations from this interesting volume, for which our readers would thank us, but we must forbear.

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THE LATEST GERMAN NOVELS.—Theodore Mügge, who is somewhat known in this country through Dr. Furness's translation of his novel on Toussaint L'Ouverture, has published at Ensleben *König Jacob's Letzte Tage* (the Last Days of King James), a historical romance, with the English James II. for its hero. The principal characters, that of the King, of Jeffreys, and William of Orange, are drawn successfully. The critics complain, however, that it lacks continuous interest, and a continuous and connected plot. To understand it, one must have a history of the period at hand to refer to. Mügge is not a great romancer, even for Germany. In politics he is one of those democrats who would yet have a hereditary chief at the head of the government. Glimpses of this tendency appear in this novel. Arnold Ruge has also spent a portion of his enforced leisure (he is

an exile at London) in writing a romance called the *Demokrat*, which he has published in Germany, along with some previous similar productions, under the title of *Revolutions-Novellen*. It is full of Ruge's keen, logical talent, and on-rushing energy, but is deficient in esthetic beauty and interest. He never forgets the Hegelian dialectics even when he writes novels. *Clemens Metternich*, and *Ludwig Kossuth*, by Siegmund Kolisch, is a skilfully done but not great production. Uffo Horn has a new series of tales, which he calls *Aus drei Jahrhunderten* (From three Centuries.) They are stories of 1690, 1756, and 1844, and are worth reading. Horn seizes with success upon the features of an epoch, but is not so good in depicting individual character. The *Freischaren Novellen* (Free-corp Novels) of W. Hamm, are stories of modern warlike life, and are written with point and spirit. Stifter has published the sixth volume of his *Studien*, which, to those who know this charming off-shoot of the disappearing romantic school, it is high praise to say, is as good as any of the former volumes, if not better. Stifter always keeps himself remote from the agitations of the time, and sings his song, and weaves his still and lovely enchantments, as if they were not. This new volume contains a complete romance, the *Zwei Schwestern* (Two Sisters), which cannot be read without touching the inmost heart, while it delights the fancy. Spindler has a humorous novel, whose hero, a travelling clerk or bagman, meets with a variety of amusing adventures. Like many other books of the comical order, it is tedious when taken in large doses. The reader, at first amused, soon lays it down. Caroline von Göhren appears with a series of *Novellen*, which receive no great commendation. The *Ostergabe* (Easter Gift), by Frederica Bremer, which has just appeared in Germany, is spoken of as her best production. It contains pictures of northern life, and of those domestic influences which Miss Bremer so delights to glorify. The *Gesammelte Erzählungen* (Collected Tales) of W. G. von Horn, lately published at Frankfort, are worth the attention of those whose novel reading is not confined to our own language. The style is clear and pleasing, and the characters full of truth and naturalness. The *Erzählungen aus dem Volksleben der Schweiz* (Tales of Popular Life in Switzerland) by Ieremias Gotthelf, also deserves a respectful mention. Gotthelf is a religious moralist, who sets forth the doctrines of virtue, religious trust in God, and the blessed influence of domestic life, in a pleasing and effective manner.

DR. SCHÄFFNER'S *Geschichte der Rechtsverfassung Frankreichs* ("History of French Law"), just published, is noticed with high praise by the *Frankfurt Oberpostamts Zeitung*. The work has just been completed by the publication of the fourth volume, which only confirms the reputation which the earlier portions gained for the author among the jurists of all Europe. Dr. Schäffner, with equal learning and perspicacity, sets forth the relation of French law, and the changes it has undergone, to the history of the political institutions of the country. In this respect the work interests a much wider public than is ordinarily addressed by a juridical treatise. It opens with an account of the conflict between the elements of Roman and German law in France. Then it exposes the establishment of the feudal aristocracy and its contests with the power of the Church; next, the culmination of the royal authority, based on a bureaucratic administration, its final fall into the hands of the triumphant revolution, and its subjection to the various powers that have succeeded each other within the last sixty years. The fourth and last volume contains the history of the Constitution, of Law, and of the administration from the revolution of 1789 to the revolution of 1848. Dr. Schäffner exhibits in this volume no admiration for the various attempts to re-create the State according to abstract theories; he goes altogether for moderate progress, gradual reform, and keeping up the relation between the present and the past.

The fate of BONPLAND, the eminent traveller and naturalist, is a topic of discussion in Germany. It seems that in a speech made in the Senate of Brazil, in August last, Count Abrantes said that Bonpland, after being released from his eighteen years' detention in Paraguay, had so far lost the habits and tastes of civilization that he had settled in a remote corner of Brazil, near Alegrete, in the province of Rio Grande du Sol, where he got his living by keeping a small shop and selling tobacco, &c., and that he avoided all mention of his former scientific labors and reputation. It seems, however, that Bonpland still maintains a correspondence on scientific subjects with his old friend Humboldt, which exhibits no falling off either in his tendencies or powers. On the other hand, some suppose that he does not return to Europe because he has taken an Indian wife, and finds himself happier in the wilderness in her company.

An *official Russian account of operations in Hungary during 1849* has been published at Berlin, in two volumes. It is by a colonel of the general staff, and gives a detailed narrative of the entire doings of the Russian forces in that memorable campaign. It casts a full light upon the differences between Paskiewich and Haynau, and accuses the latter, apparently not without reason, of the grossest mismanagement. Even his famous march to Szegedin, which has passed for as brilliant and well-planned as it was a successful manœuvre, is not spared. Of course, as regards matters of detail, this writer varies largely from previous statements of the Austrians.

The second volume of Bülow's *Secret History and Mysterious Individuals* has just been published by Brockhaus at Leipzig. The first volume was published at the beginning of last year, and has been made known to American readers by an interesting review of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*, accompanied by copious extracts. It is undeniable that Professor Bülow has had access to materials unknown to previous writers, which he has used with laudable conscientiousness, to clear up many obscure points in history, and to explain the motives of many persons whose actions have been wondered at but not understood.

A work of some pretensions has just been published at Stuttgart, with the title, *Italiens Zukunft* (Italy's Future), by FR. KÖLLE, who gives in it the fruit of seventeen years' residence in the country he treats of. He begins with the original elements composing the Romanic Nations, and goes on to consider the state of the country at the time of the Revolution, the doings of the French, the Restoration, the cities, commerce and navigation, the nobles, the peasantry, the Church, monastical religious orders, the Jesuits, possibility of Church reform, foreign influence, intellectual and scientific activity, Mazzini, prospects in case of a future revolution, &c.

A German translation of selections from the works of Dr. CHANNING is being published at Berlin. There are to be fifteen small volumes, of which six or seven have already appeared. The *Grenzboten* does not think much of the author, but classes him with Schleiermacher and his school. It says that Dr. Channing was a special favorite with women, which it seems not to intend for a compliment.

M. FLOURENS, one of the perpetual secretaries of the French Academy of Science, has published at Paris a collection of elegant and valuable essays. They comprise a dissertation on George Cuvier, one on Fontenelle, who is said to have best succeeded in casting on the sciences the light of philosophy, and an examination of phrenology, which M. Flourens discusses in the spirit of a disciple of Descartes and Leibnitz.

JACQUES ARAGO, author of *Souvenirs d'un Aveugle* (A Voyage Round the World), &c., and brother of the astronomer and ex-minister, is one of the most remarkable characters of Paris. He is stone *blind*, and has been so for years; and yet he placed himself at the head of a band of gold seekers, and conducted them to California. Recently he returned to Paris, with little gold—indeed, with none at all—but in his voyage he met some extraordinary adventures, and is about to communicate them to the public in a volume. Jacques Arago is eminent in Paris not more for his abilities as a man of letters than for his fastidiousness, devotion, and success as a *roué*. If Love is sometimes blind, he is keen-sighted for the sightless Arago, who boasts of having loved and been loved by the most beautiful women of France.

The military history of the Napoleonic period has received a new contribution in the *War of 1806 and 1807*, just published at Berlin, by Col. Höpfner, in two volumes. It is prepared from documents in the Prussian archives, and illustrated with maps and plans of battles. Not only does it add to our previous stock of information as to the military operations in Germany during these eventful years, but it serves at the same time as a history of the dissolution of that state which Frederic the Great erected with such labor and perseverance. We have here, in short, a picture of the downfall of the old Prussian military-system.

A new work on FRENCH HISTORY during the middle ages is *La France au temps des Croisades*, by M. Vaublanc, which has lately made its appearance at Paris, in four handsome octavo volumes. It is the fruit of long and conscientious researches, and is written in a style of seductive elegance. The author is no dry chronicler, or plodding statician, but an artist, fully alive to the picturesqueness of his topic. He carries his reader with him into the time and the scenes he describes, and makes him a participant in the romantic and adventurous life of the period. His book is thus as entertaining as it is instructive.

A convenient book of reference for those who deal with the more recondite and interesting questions of history is the *Statistique des Peuples de l'Antiquité*, by M. Moreau de Jonnés, just published at Paris. It is a work of great erudition and even originality. All sorts of facts as to the

social condition of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Gauls, may be gathered from it. Another new work of a similar character is entitled *Du Probleme de la Misère et de sa solution chez tous les Peuples Anciens et Modernes*, by M. Moreau Christophe. Two volumes only have been published; a third is to follow. Price \$1.50 a volume.

A translation of M'CULLOCH' *Principles of Political Economy* has appeared at Paris, in four vols. 8vo. The translator is M.A. Planche.

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LOUIS VIARDOT has published in Paris a *Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne*. The excellent translator of *Don Quixote* ought to produce a striking work on this subject. The Count ALBERT DE CIR COURT, too, has published a new edition of his *Histoire des Mores Mudejares et des Morisques; ou des Arabes d'Espagne sous la domination des Chrétiens*. Few topics in history have been until recently so much neglected as that of the Moorish races in Europe, and a good deal of what has appeared on the subject has been put together rather with a view to romantic effect than with a proper respect for the responsibility of the historian; though all Spanish history, Christian or Saracen, so abounds in romantic interest that there is less excuse, as less necessity, for outstepping the limits of truth, or giving undue prominence to the pathetic and marvellous. From this defect of most of his predecessors, the work of the Count de Circourt is in a great measure free. He has made a dexterous and conscientious use of the materials within his reach, and produced a work which unites to an unusual degree popularity of style with matter of great novelty and interest. There are few spectacles in modern times more attractive, or hitherto more imperfectly understood, than the condition of the Spanish Moors, from the time when they became a subject race, until their final expulsion from Europe in 1610. The reason why more attention has not been given to this subject, must be looked for in the fact that the expelled people were Mahometans, and that they took refuge in Africa, not in Europe. They had not, as the Protestants of France had, an England, Holland, and Germany to sympathize with and shelter them;—though, taking it with all its consequences, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not a more important event in history, or more pregnant with injury to the power that enforced it, than the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. In folly and perversity the last transaction has pre-eminence. Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, when he and his empire were at the summit of their power; but Philip III. chose the luckless moment for expatriating the most energetic and industrious of the inhabitants of Spain, when the virtual acknowledgment of the independence of the Dutch, and the concession to them of free trade to India, now assailed the prestige of Spanish supremacy in Europe, and the commerce of Portugal, at that time subject to Spain. From that hour the Peninsula declined with unexampled rapidity; and though, in course of time, the progress of decay became less marked, it was not finally arrested until two centuries after, when the invasion of Napoleon re-awakened Spanish energies, and freed them from the trammels which had impeded their development. Two centuries of degradation are a heavy penalty for a nation to pay for pride and intolerance; though not heavier than Spanish perfidy and cruelty to the Moors most richly deserved. In accordance with his design of treating of the Moors as a subject race, the Count de Circourt has given only a brief summary of their early history when they were ascendant in Spain. With the rise of the Christian and decline of the Mahometan power, the subject is more minutely, but still succinctly treated, the four centuries from the capture of Toledo to that of Granada being comprised in the first volume. The two remaining volumes are occupied exclusively with the history of the Moors from the overthrow of Grenada to their final expulsion from Spain. The various efforts made to convert and control them, and their struggles to regain their independence and preserve their faith, are copiously treated, but a subject so peculiar and hitherto so unjustly neglected, needed early discussion. We know not where the character of that worst species of oppression, where the antagonism of race is aggravated by differences of creed, can be so advantageously studied as in this portion of Spanish history. Nor is the early history when the Moors, still a powerful people, were treated with comparative consideration by their antagonists, deficient in traits of the highest interest, and lessons which oppressors of the present day would do well to lay to heart.

We observe that M. de Circourt agrees very nearly with Madame Anita George (whose views upon the subject we recently noticed in *The International*) respecting Queen Isabella. He says:

"The Spaniards speak only with enthusiasm of this Princess. They place her in the rank of their best monarchs, and history, adopting the popular judgment, has given her the title of "Great." If we consider merely the grandeur of the fabric she erected, the appellation will appear merited; if its solidity had been taken into consideration, her reputation must have suffered. Nations in general make more account of talents than of the use that has been made of them. They reserve for princes favored by fortune the homage which they ought to pay to good and honest princes, who have exercised paternal rule. They deify him who knows how to subjugate them. Thus it happens in all countries that the king who has established absolute monarchy is styled the great king. But it happens often that such founders have built up the present at the expense of the future. In Spain absolute monarchy sent forth for a time a formidable lustre, and then came suddenly a protracted period of progressive decay, which ended in the revolutions of which

we have been witnesses. Barren glory, shameful prostration, interminable and possibly fruitless revolution, are all the work of Isabella."

This is very different from the estimate of Mr. Prescott, but perhaps more just. In his forthcoming *Memoirs of the Reign of Philip the Second*, Mr. Prescott will have to trace the results of Spanish policy toward the Moors. We shall compare his views with those of MM. Circourt and Viardot.

M. DE VILLEMERQUE has translated the *Poème des Bardes Bretons du VI. Siècle*, and the book is praised by the French critics.

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LOUIS PHILIPPE'S last apology for his policy as King of the French has just made its appearance at Paris, and justly excites attention. It is a pamphlet written by M. Edward Lemoine, and bears the title of *L'abdication du roi Louis Philippe racontée par lui même*. It is the report of a series of conversations which M. Lemoine had with the deceased King during the month of October, 1849, and which he was authorized to give to the world after his death. The writer gives every thing in the words of Louis Philippe, as they were uttered either in reply to questions or spontaneously in reference to the topics under discussion. The exiled monarch defends his conduct in every particular with ingenuity and force, dwelling especially on his abdication, on his refusal to yield to the opposition and admit the demanded reform, which brought on the revolution, on his abandoning Paris with so little effort at resistance, on his peace policy, and on the Spanish marriages. He denies emphatically that he or his family had thought of or undertaken any conspiracy with a view to recovering the throne. His children, he said, had been taught that when their country spoke they must obey, and that the duty of a patriot was to be ready, whatever she might command. This they had understood, and in all cases practised. Accordingly they had always been, and always would be strangers to intrigues.

As for his persistence in keeping the Guizot ministry, that was commanded by every constitutional principle. That ministry had a majority in the Chambers as large even as that which overthrew Charles X.; how then should the King interfere against this majority? Besides, had not what happened since February demonstrated that he was right? The policy of every government since June, 1848, had resembled, as nearly as could be conceived, the very policy of the ministry so much and so unjustly complained of.

Guizot had in fact promised reform. He had said that the instant the Chambers should vote against him he would retire, and the first measure of his successors would be reform. As for himself, said Louis Philippe, he had understood that this was only a pretext. Reform would be the entrance on power of the opposition, the entrance of the opposition would be war, would be the beginning of the end. Accordingly he had determined to abdicate as soon as the opposition assumed the reins of government; for he no longer would be himself supported by public opinion. The want of this support it was which finally caused him to abandon the throne without resistance. He could not have kept it without civil war. For this he had always felt an insurmountable horror, and he had never regretted that in February Marshal Bugeaud had so soon ordered the firing to stop. Besides, nobody advised him to defend himself, but the contrary. He had then nothing to do but to follow the example of his ministers who had abdicated, of his friends who had abdicated, of the national guard who had abdicated, of the public conscience which had abdicated. He did not take this step till after the universal abdication. But if he had fought and lost, and died fighting, who could tell the horrors that would have ensued? Or if he had triumphed, all France would have exclaimed against him as sanguinary and selfish, a bad prince, a scourge to the nation, and ere many months a new insurrection would have made an end. Victory would have been more disastrous than exile. He had done well to abdicate, and were the crisis to recur, he would not act otherwise. He had abandoned power (of which he was accused of being so greedy) as soon as he understood that he could no longer hold it to the advantage of his country.

As for the charge of avarice, that was abundantly disproved by the publication of the manner in which he had employed the civil list, and by the fact that he was covered with debts. He had spent like a King without counting, and now that he had to pay he was obliged to borrow. And it is rather curious, said he, that the furniture employed in the festivals of the Republican President of the Assembly is my personal property, and that the horses and carriages of which so free use has been made, had been paid for from my own purse. This however, was a trifle not worth speaking of.

If he had suffered from falsehoods printed in the journals, print had however done him justice in giving to the world his private letters. These had set right his private character as well as his public policy. He only wished that those papers had all been published, and published more widely. They did more for the glorification of his policy than the speeches of his most eloquent ministers. They proved that his had never been a policy of peace at any price. He had besieged Antwerp without the consent of England; he had sent an army to Ancona, though Metternich had declared that a Frenchman in Italy would be war in Europe. His government had always acted boldly and firmly, and had been respected. Why, only a few weeks before February, the great powers of Europe had asked of France to settle with her alone, and without consulting England,

some of the questions which might compromise the equilibrium of Europe. Such was the consideration in which France was then held.

As to the Spanish marriages, that was all done in the interest of France, and not, as had been charged, of his dynasty. If the latter were the thing he had aimed at, would he have refused the crown of Belgium, or of Greece, or of Portugal, for Nemours? Would he have refused the hand of Isabella for Aumale or Montpensier? No; he merely sought to render his country independent of England, and not her dupe. The *entente cordiale* in the hands of Lord Palmerston was becoming treacherous. He recollected the saying of Metternich, that the alliance of France and England was useful, like the alliance of man and horse. He determined to be the man, and by those marriages accomplished it. There was already a Cobourg in Belgium, one in England, and one in Portugal; could France allow another to be set up in Spain? So far the conversations of Louis Philippe relate to matters of his own history. From this he was led to speak briefly of Charles X., and things preceding the downfall of that prince. For this we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, which will doubtless be imported by some of our booksellers, if not soon translated into English and published entire. It cannot be read without interest. We give its substance above, without thinking it necessary to criticise any of the statements of the exiled prince.

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M. AUDIN, a French historian, whose histories of Leo X., Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII., are known to those who have sought an acquaintance with the Catholic view of those personages and their times, died on the 21st February, in his carriage, near Avignon. He was returning to Paris from Rome, where he had been to finish a new work, and to recover his health, which intense devotion to study had undermined. His expectations were not realized, and he returned to his own country to expire before reaching his home. At Marseilles, where he landed, the physicians dissuaded him from attempting to go further, but he refused to be guided by their advice. The works of Audin have been much read in this country. They are singularly unscrupulous.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna has just published an essay by the eminent Spanish scholar Ferdinand Wolf, which justly excites attention in the learned circles of Europe. It is on a collection of Spanish romances which exists in manuscript in the library of the University at Prague. Among these are many which are found in no other collection, and have hitherto remained unknown. Some of them, relating to the Cid, are very remarkable. They make a hundred romances discovered by Wolf, whose former collection (*Rosa de Romances*), published in 1846, and whose work on the romance-poetry of the Spaniards, are known to all students of that kind of literature.

A new weekly journal, under the title of *Le Bien-Etre Universel* (The Universal Well-Being), appeared at Paris on the 24th February. It advocates Girardin's idea of the abolition of taxes, and the support of the government by the assumption by the latter of the whole business of insurance. Among the contributors are Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, Francois Vidal, E. Quinet, Alphonse Esquiros, and Eugene Pelletan. It is published in quarto form, of the largest size permitted by the law, at \$1.20 a year, and furnishes, in addition to its political and economical articles, a full summary of news, political, commercial, literary, and miscellaneous.

The *Revue Brittanique* has some interesting facts as to the English book trade. It says: "The great booksellers, like Longman & Murray, must be encouraged by the result of the speculations ventured on by the booksellers of Paris." Is it not wonderful that articles from reviews, which one would suppose would lose their interest in the course of time, and which have been circulated in the Edinburgh or Quarterly to the extent of ten thousand or twelve thousand copies, should be sold in reprints at a high price, and live through two, three, or even six editions? The articles of Macaulay are going through the sixth edition, although the book costs a pound sterling. Of Macaulay's History of England Longman has sold between 20,000 and 30,000 copies, and Thirlwall's and Grote's Histories of Greece, though they have not the same immediate, exciting interest, sell well, notwithstanding they are so long. Mure's and Talfourd's Histories of Greek literature are put forth in new editions. The reviews, instead of injuring the sale of solid works, increase it. Occasional books, like travels, biographies, &c., naturally have their public interest, but most of them are sold at half price within three months of their appearance. At London there are circulating libraries which lend out books, not only in the city itself, but all over England: the railroads have extended their business very greatly. In order to satisfy as many customers as possible, they buy some works by hundreds. For instance, such a circulating library has two hundred copies of Macaulay's History, a hundred of Layard's Nineveh, a hundred of Cumming's hunting adventures, and so on. When the first excitement about a book is over, these extra copies are put into handsome binding and disposed of for half price. The system of cheap publishing has not yet much affected the circulating libraries in England, while in this country it has destroyed

them. Books can be bought here now for the former cost of reading them.

A book worthy of all commendation is the *Histoire des Protestants de France*, from the Reformation to the present time, by M. G. de Felice, published at Paris. The author treats his subject with all that peculiar talent which renders French historians always interesting and instructive. He is clear, forcible, judicious, and profound, without pedantry or sectarian zeal. The action of his story is dramatic, the delineation of his characters as glowing as it is just, and his sympathies so true and generous, and at the same time so tolerant, that the reader follows him attentively from the beginning to the end. The Huguenots were worthy of such a historian, for though persecuted for their opinions, they never ceased to love their country, or to wish to live at peace with their enemies and serve her. Rarely has a body of men produced nobler characters. This book fills a vacuum in French history.

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Modern Greek Literature is by no means so wild and imperfect as might be expected from a nation in such a chaotic and uncultivated condition. The people of Greece are hardly more civilized than the Servians, the Dalmatians, or any other of the half-savage tribes that inhabit the south-eastern corner of Europe, but the influence exercised by the antique glory of the land still remains to develop among them a degree of artistic power and beauty unknown to their neighbors. And little as Greece has gained generally from the introduction of German royalty and German office-holders, it has no doubt profited by the greater attention thus excited toward the works of the mighty poets who stand alone and unharmed after all else that their times produced has fallen into ruin. Thus, since the incoming of the Bavarians there has been growing up a disposition in favor of the early literature, and against the newer and less elegant forms of the modern language. The purification of the latter, and its restoration to something like the old classical perfection, the abandonment of rhyme, which is the universal form of the proper new Greek verse, and even the employment of the ancient mythological expressions, are the characteristic aims of some of the most gifted of living Hellene writers. In this way there are two distinct classes of cotemporaneous literature to be found in the Peninsula; the one consists of these somewhat reactionary and romantic lovers of the past, the other of the fresh, native products of the people, independent as far as possible of antiquity, and altogether unaffected by learned studies. The latter is mainly lyric in its character, and has often a wild beauty, which is none the less attractive because it is purely natural. These songs deal more with nature than those of the Slavonic tribes, with which Mrs. Robinson has made us so well acquainted. The brooks, the hills, the sky, the birds, appear in them, and for human interest, some adventurous *Klepht*, some fighting and dying robber, is brought upon the scene.

The best of the Romaic literature is no doubt the dramatic. This is natural, for the Greeks are still a representative and dramatic people. Until comparatively lately the poets confined themselves, if not to modern subjects, at least to the modern genius of their language. Their dramas were written in rhyme, and with a total disregard of the antique principles of rhythm. Quantity was supplanted by following the accents, and the exterior of the piece was more that of a French play than like the drama of any other nation. The specimen of this style most accessible to American students is the *Aspasia* of Rizos, published in Boston some twenty years ago, a tragedy, by the way, well worth reading. But latterly, the antique tendency prevailing, plays are written in the old measures, and with all the old machinery. This is in fact a revolutionary proceeding, but we hope may not be without its use, for Greece is not now rich enough to make useless experiments. One of these plays has been translated into German, and thus made accessible to those of the readers of that language whose studies have not reached into the musical Romaic. It is called *The Wedding of Kutrulis*, an Aristophanic Comedy, by Alexandros Rhisos Rhangawis. The form used by the great Athenian satirist is perfectly reproduced, and an original and hearty wit is not wanting. The Aristophanic dress is justified by the poet in some lines which we thus render into the rudeness of English:

Though he trimeters boldly arranges together, and anapæsts weaves with
each other,
'Tis not weakness in words that compels him, nor fear at the rhymes' double
ringing;
In spans he can syllables harness with skill, as a fledgling should do of the
muses,
And where thoughts and poetic ideas there are none, words can heap up in ια
and ἄζει,
But mid the verdure of laurels eternally green, and by Castaly's ever pure
fountains,
There found he all broken and voiceless the pipe that, in rage at these poets
profaning,
At these now-a-day sons of Marsyas, the noble old Muse had flung from her.

The subject and story of this comedy are drawn from the actual life of the people. Spyros, a tavern-keeper in Athens, has promised his daughter Anthusia to Kutrulis, a rich tailor. The young lady's notions are however above tailors; her husband must wear epaulettes and orders. If

Kutrulis wants her hand, he must become minister. He despairs at first, but as others have become ministers, there is a chance for him. Accordingly, the needful intrigues and solicitations are set on foot. The strophe of the chorus by the sovereign public is too characteristic and too Attic for us not to try to render it, though perhaps only the few who have dipped in the well of the antique drama can appreciate it:

O muse of the billiard room,
Thou that from mocha's odor-pouring steam,
And from the ringlets, white-curling from pipes on high
Thine inspiration drawest, of venal sort!
Here's a new minister must be appointed now.
Up and strike the praising strings!
Up, O muse of the mob's grace,
Put forth in the rosy pages of newspapers
Dithyrambic articles!
The hero praise aloud!

To succeed in his ambition, Kutrulis must choose a party with which to identify himself. Accordingly the Russian, the British and the French parties, the three into which Greek public men are divided, are introduced, and each urges the reasons why he should become its partisan. This gives the poet an admirable opportunity for the use of satire, which he improves excellently. Kutrulis pledges himself to each of these candidates for his support, but mean while his friends have spread the report that he has actually been appointed minister. Now the swarm of office-seekers and speculators of all sorts come to solicit his favor and exhibit their own corruption. This part of the drama is treated with keen effect. While the report of his appointment is believed by himself and others, Kutrulis marries the scheming Anthusia, who presently wakes from her illusion to find that she is only a tailor's wife after all. She declares that by way of revenge she will compel her husband to give her a new dress every week, and the piece ends to the amusement of everybody.

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M. PLANCHE, the oldest Professor and the most learned Grecian at Paris, has just issued the first number of a *Dictionnaire du Style poétique dans la Langue Grecque*. This dictionary is in fact a concordance of Greek, Latin, and French poetry. It offers a complete and curious illustration of the origin and growth of figurative words and phrases, and of their transfer from one language to another. The word *anchor*, for instance, was one of the earliest among the Greeks, a marine people, to take on a metaphorical sense. We see this even in Pindar, who speaks of his heroes as *casting anchor on the summit of happiness*. M. Planche follows this typical use of the word in Virgil, in Ovid, and in Racine, the last of whom says in the *Pleaders*:

"Natheless, gentlemen,
The anchor of your goodness us assures."

To the curious student of words and their internal senses this Dictionary is evidently a book worth having.

M. ELIAS REGNAULT has undertaken to continue the *Dix Ans* of LOUIS BLANC, in the shape of *L'Histoire de Huit Ans 1840—48*. Few works had ever so powerful an influence as Blanc's "Ten Years." The events of the eight years of which Regnault proposes a history were in no inconsiderable degree fruits of this work.

MR. HALLAM, on the 13th of February, sent a letter to the Society of Antiquaries, in London, announcing in consequence of his recent bereavement, he wished at the next anniversary to relinquish the office of Vice-President, which he had filled for the last thirty years; having been a member of the Society for more than half a century, and having during that period contributed many papers to its transactions. A resolution was proposed by Mr. Payne Collier, seconded by Mr. Bruce, expressive of respect for Mr. Hallam, sincere sympathy with his afflictions, and sorrow at his retirement. In a subsequent letter, Mr. Hallam stated that he should continue to be a member of the Society.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NAPIER has published a new edition of his History of the War in the Peninsula—the best military history in the English language—and in his new preface he states that he is indebted to Lady Napier, his wife, not only for the arrangement and translation of an enormous pile of official correspondence, written in three languages, but for that which is far more extraordinary, the elucidation of the secret ciphers of Jerome Bonaparte and others.

In a recent number of *The International* we printed a poem by Charles Mackay, entitled *Why this Longing?* without observing that it was a plagiarism from a much finer poem by Harriet Winslow List, of Portland, which may be found in *The Female Poets of America*, page 354.

A descriptive catalogue of the books and pamphlets educed by the reinstatement of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England, would be a very entertaining work. It is astonishing how active the English become in pamphleteering when any such engrossing subject comes before the people or the parliament. The Duke of Sussex carefully preserved every thing in this shape that was printed during the discussion of Catholic Emancipation, and after his death we purchased his collection, which amounted to about *seventy thick volumes*, and includes autograph certificates of presentation from "Peter Plimley," and perhaps a hundred other combatants. The present discussions will be not less voluminous, and it promises to be vastly more entertaining. The matter of the holy chair of St. Peter, with the Mohammedan inscription, upon which the *verd antique* Lady Morgan has published two or three letters as witty and pungent as ever came from the pen of an Irishwoman, will afford pleasant material for the last chapter of her ladyship's memoirs. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, Dr. Twiss, the biographer of Eldon, Dr. George Croly, the poet, Walter Savage Landor, and Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, are among the more famous of the disputants on the Protestant side. The author of "Virginius" professes to review Archbishop Wiseman's lectures on *Transubstantiation*, and the *Literary Gazette* says he thoroughly demolishes that dogma, which, however, "no one supposes that any Romanist of education and common sense believes. It is understood on all hands that whatever defence or explanation is offered, is only for the sake of affording plausible apology to the vulgar for a dogma which the infallibility of the church requires to be unchangeably retained. The reply of the philosophical churchman, *populus vult decipi et decipiatur*, is that which many a priest would give if privately pressed on the subject." The *Literary Gazette* makes a very common but very absurd mistake, for which no Roman Catholic would thank him. The church does maintain the doctrine, and the most "philosophical" churchman would be dealt with in a very summary manner if he should publicly deny it. The *Literary Gazette* adds that Knowles "displays complete mastery of the principles and familiarity with the details of the controversy," which we can scarcely believe upon the *Gazette's* testimony until it evinces for itself a little more knowledge of the matter.

The only one of these works that has been reprinted in this country is Landor's, which we receive from Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston.

R. H. HORNE, the dramatist, and author of *Orion*,—upon which his best reputation is likely to rest—has just published in London *The Dreamer and the Worker*, in two volumes.

Mr. ROEBUCK, the radical member of Parliament, is continuing his History of the Whigs.

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It is not be denied that Miss MARTINEAU is one of the cleverest women of our time; deafness and ugliness have induced her to cultivate to the utmost degree her intellectual faculties, and several of her books are illustrations of a mind even masculine in its power and activity; but the constitutional feebleness, waywardness, and wilfulness of woman is nevertheless not unfrequently evinced by her, and as she grows older the infirmities of her nature are more and more conspicuous; vexed with neglect, without the kindly influences of home or friendship, without the consolations or hopes of religion, she seems now ambitious of attention only, and willing to sacrifice every thing womanly or respectable to attract to herself the eyes of the world—the last thing, in her case, one would think desirable. In the book she has just published—*Letters on Man's Nature and Development, by Harriet Martineau and H. G. Atkinson*—she avows the most positive and shameless atheism: Christians have had little regard for Pagan deities—she will have as little for theirs! The sun rose yesterday; the fishes still swim in the sea; all the world goes on as before; but she cares not a fig for any deities, Christian or pagan—and don't believe a word of the immortality of the soul! In this new book, of which she is the chief author, the interlocutors place implicit credence in all the phenomena of mesmerism, and they cannot believe there is any thing in man's being or existence or conscience beyond what the senses reach, beyond what the scalpel discloses in the brain. They trace acts and motions and even inclinations to the brain, and deny that there is or can be any thing in contact which can influence it. *Cerebrum et præterea nihil* is their motto. The book is the apotheosis of that lump of marrow and fibre. And yet this brain, which is so jealously guarded from any spiritual or immaterial influence, is declared to be completely under the direction of any man or woman who may pass a hand, with faith, backwards and forwards over the skull. The extremities of the body—the fingers—send forth and radiate certain electric, or galvanic, or invisible influences, and

thus one has full power over another's organization and volition! But as to any influence beyond the sensible world, that Miss Martineau stoutly denies. The following passage is not an uninteresting specimen of this foolish production:

"I observed that under the influence of mesmerism some patients would spontaneously place their hand, or rather the ends of their fingers, on that part of the brain in action; and these were persons wholly ignorant of phrenology. In some cases the hand would pass very rapidly from part to part, as the organs became excited. If the habit of action was encouraged, they would follow every combination with precision: and if one hand would not do they would use both to cover distant parts in action at the same time. I was delighted with their effects; but did not consider them very extraordinary, because I had been accustomed to observe the same phenomena, in a lesser degree, in the ordinary or normal condition. I know some, who on any excitement of their love of approbation, will rub their hand over the organ immediately. Others, I have observed, when irritated, pass the hand over destructiveness. I have observed others hold their hand over the region of the attachments, as they gazed on the object of their affections. I have watched the poet inspired to write with the fingers pressing on the region of ideality, and those listening to music leaning upon the elbow, with the fingers pressing on the organ of music; and I catch myself performing those actions continually, as if I were a puppet moved by strings. You will observe, besides, how the head follows the excited organ. The proud man throws his head back; the fine man carries his head erect; vanity draws the head on one side, with the hat on the opposite side; the intellect presses the head forward; the affections throw it back on the shoulders; and so with the rest."

The Right Honorable Sir JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE is created a peer with the title of Baron Broughton de Gyfford, in the county of Wilts. His fame in literature has long been lost, in England, in his reputation as a politician; but in this country we know him only as rather a clever man of letters. His most noticeable works that we remember, are, *A Journey through Albania, in 1809*, *Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, *The State of Literature in Italy*, and two volumes entitled *Letters from Paris during the last Reign of Napoleon*. His lordship must be in the vicinity of seventy-five years of age.

Of "JUNIUS" there is still another book—though many good libraries contain not so many volumes as have been written upon the subject—and the journals have almost every month some new contributions to the mystery, increasing the accumulation by which the face of the author is hidden. The last work is entitled "Fac-simile Autograph Letters of Junius, Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. C. Dayrolles, showing that the wife of Mr. Solomon Dayrolles was the amanuensis employed in copying the letters of Junius for the printer; with a Postscript to the first Essay on Junius and his Works: by William Cramp, author of 'The Philosophy of Language.'"

The *Passions of the Human Soul*, by Charles Fourier, translated from the French by the Rev. John Reynell Morell, with critical annotations, a biography of Fourier, and a general introduction, by Hugh Doherty, has been published by Baliere of London (and of Fulton-street, New-York), in two octavos. This is one of Fourier's greatest works, and the attention given to his principles of society in this country will secure for it many readers here.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, the author of *Highways and By-ways*, *Jacqueline of Holland*, &c., and a few years ago, British Consul at Boston, is coming to this country to give lectures. He will not be very successful.

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THE POEMS OF ALARIC A. WATTS, lately published in London, in a very sumptuous edition,—though some of the plates have an oldish look—are much commended in nearly all the reviews, and civilly treated even by Fraser, who once described Watts as a fellow "of some talent in writing verses on children dying of colic, and a skill in putting together fiddle-faddle fooleries, which look pretty in print; in other respects of an unwashed appearance; no particular principles, with well-bitten nails, and a great genius for back-biting." Watts some twenty years since had a controversy with Robert Montgomery who wrote *Satan*, in such a manner as very much to please his hero (a difficult task in biography), and one of the subjects of protracted and sharp discussion concerned the names of the disputants. Watts maintained that the author of "Hell," "Woman," "Satan," &c., was the son of a clown at Bath, named Gomery; and in return Montgomery, who, allowing that as Watts was the lawfully begotten son of a respectable nightman of the name of Joseph Watts, he

had a fair title to the patronymic, denied that he had any claim to the gothic appellation of Alaric. "The man's name," said Montgomery, "is Andrew." This was a great while ago, and the quarrels of the time are happily forgotten. Watts is now fifty-seven years old, and age has sobered him, and given him increase of taste, both as to scandal and to writing verses. There are some extremely pretty things in this book (which may be found at Putnam's).

THE STOWE MSS., including the unpublished diaries and correspondence of George Grenville, have been bought by Mr. Murray. The diary reveals, it is said, the secret movements of Lord Bute's administration, the private histories of Wilkes and Lord Chatham, and the features of the early madness of George III.; while the correspondence exhibits Wilkes in a new light, and reveals (what the Stowe papers were expected to reveal) something of moment about *Junius*. The whole will form about four volumes, and will appear among the next winter's novelties.

The copyrights, steel plates, wood-cuts, stereotype plates, &c. of *Walter Scott's works, and of his life, by Lockhart*, were to be sold in London, by auction, on the 26th March. This property belonged to the late Mr. Cadell of Edinburgh. The copyright of "Waverly" has five years more to run, and that of the works generally does not terminate for twenty years. This is the largest copyright property ever sold.

MR. LAYARD'S fund having been exhausted, a subscription was lately set on foot for him in London, and its success we hope will enable him to prosecute his investigations with renewed vigor. He has, we hear, entirely recovered from his late indisposition, and needs but a supply of money to recommence his operations with renewed vigor.

HENRY ALFORD, a very pleasing poet, a profound scholar, and most excellent man, is at the present time vicar of Wymeswold, in Leicestershire, England. He was born in London in 1810, and in 1832 graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards Fellow. In 1835 he was married to his cousin, to whom are written some of his most charming effusions. At Easter in 1844 they lost one of their four children, and the bereavement seems to have induced the composition of many pieces full of tenderness and of remarkable beauty, which appear in the collection of his poems. In 1841 he was elected one of the lecturers in the University of Cambridge, and he is now, we believe, Examiner in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Logic in the University of London. He has published, besides his poetical works, which appeared in two volumes, some years since, several volumes of sermons, a work entitled *Chapters on the Poets of Ancient Greece*, written for the Nottingham mechanics; a volume of *University Lectures*; a work intended as a regular course of exercises in classical composition; and the *Greek Testament*, with a critically revised text, digest of various readings, &c., in which he has displayed sound learning and judgment. He is also editor of a very complete collection of the "Works of Donne", published some years ago at Oxford. The great labor of his life, however, centres in his edition of the *Greek Testament*, the first volume of which only, containing the four Gospels, has appeared. He is now working hard, eight or ten hours a day, in his theological researches, which promise a liberal harvest. We understand that he has in contemplation a poem of considerable length, the composition of which is to be the pleasant solace of his declining years. Mr. Alford's minor poems have within a few years been very popular in America, and won for their author the warm friendship and sympathy of many who will probably never know him personally. His pure domestic feeling, and hearty appreciation of whatever is most genial and hopeful in human nature, entitle him to the distinction he enjoys of being one of the truest "poets of the heart."

In a sketch of the artist ANDREW WILSON, who died in Edinburgh two years ago, the *Art Journal* gives the following postscript of a letter from Sir David Wilkie to Wilson:

MADRID, Dec. 24th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been employed by our mutual friend, Mr. Wilkie, to copy the above, I cannot let the opportunity pass unimproved of speaking a word in my own name, and to call to your mind the pleasant hours we occasionally passed together many years since. Let me express, my dear sir, my great pleasure in thus renewing, after so long an interval, our acquaintance. You, of course, if you can recollect any thing of me, can only remember me as a raw, inexperienced youngster, while you were already a man, valuable for information, acquirements, and weight of character. With great regard, my dear sir, believe me, truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

MR. ALISON, the historian, at a recent meeting of the Glasgow section of the Architectural Institute of Scotland, delivered an address in which he reviewed the state and progress of architecture, and its general influence on the mind and on the progress of civilization, from the period when it first became identified with Art to the present time.

The diet of Denmark has just voted to three poets of that nation a yearly pension of 1,000 thalers each. Two of them were H. Herz and Puludan Müller; the name of the third we do not know.

The book of the month in New-York has been *Lavengro* (published by Putnam and by the Harpers in large editions.) Its success was a consequence of the fame won by the author in his "Bible in Spain," &c., and of clever trickery in advertising. Generally, we believe, it has disappointed. We agree very nearly about it with the London *Leader*, that—

"It is worth reading, but not worth re-reading. A certain freshness of scene, with real vigor of style, makes you canter pleasantly enough through the volumes; but when the journey is over you find yourself arrived Nowhere. It is not truth, it is not fiction; neither biography nor romance; not even romantic biography; but three volumes of sketches without a purpose, of narratives without an aim. Mr. Borrow has hit the English taste by his union of the clerical and scholarly with what we may call *manly blackguardism*. His sympathies are all with the blackguards. Not with the ragged nondescripts of the streets, but the poetic vagabonds of the fields—the Rommany Chals—the Gipsies, who are as great in "horse-taming" as Hector of old, and great in the art of "self-defence" as any Greek before the walls of Troy—not to mention other peculiarities in respect of property and its conveyance which they share with the Greeks—the Gipsies in short who are vagabonds in the true wandering sense of the term."

JAMES T. FIELDS has in press a new edition of his Poems, embracing the pieces which he has written since the edition of 1849. Mr. Fields has a just sense of poetical art; his compositions are happily conceived, and uniformly executed with the most careful elaboration. A few days ago we saw a letter from Miss Mitford, addressed to a friend in this country, in which he is referred to as one of the "living classics of our tongue." We perceive that he is to be the next anniversary poet of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

W. G. SIMMS has published at Charleston a fine poem entitled *The City of the Silent*, written for the occasion of the consecration of a cemetery near that city. It flows in natural harmony, and in thought as well as in manner has an appropriate dignity. We wonder that there has appeared no complete collection of the poems of Mr. Simms, which fill at least a dozen volumes, nearly all of which are now out of print. Some of his pieces have remarkable merit.

"NILE NOTES BY A HOWADJI," is not a book of travel, but the book of a traveller. The traveller is obviously a very charming and veracious one, but after all, the landscape and the persons, scenes, and manners he describes are so idealized by him as to have lost much of their natural identity, and put on the somewhat artificial look of museum specimens. However, the *Notes* are not, therefore, to us the less, but all the more, readable, because we have abundance of mere books of travel, and scarcely any traveller worth remarking. Mr. Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*, to be sure, was a host in himself. And Mr. Thackeray, in his *Journey from Cheapside to Cairo*, proved himself a fit companion of that gentleman. But a certain sneering humor, a certain mephistophelian irony, in these persons, prevent one from feeling entirely at ease with them, or believing, in fact, in their complete sincerity. It is not so with the author of *Nile Notes*, than whom a June breeze is not more bland, and moonlight not less gairish or oppressive. This conviction, indeed, strikes us in a very peculiar manner as we read, that no more genial nature ever penetrated that dismal and incredible East, to avouch the eternal freshness of man against the decay of nature and the mutability of institutions. An actually weird effect is produced by the sight of this plump and rosy Christian pervading the graves of dead empires, and thinking democracy amidst the listening ghosts of the Pharaohs. Did these solemn empires, did these absolute and strutting monarchs mistake their grandeur, and exist after all only that this modern democrat might laugh and live a life devoid of care? Such is the lesson of the book. It is sweeter to know the freshness and kindly nature that penned it; it is sweeter to feel the graceful and humane fancies that baptize every page of it, than to remember whole lineages of buried empires, or recognize whole pyramids of absolute and dissolved Pharaohs. The book is a mine of

We have been surprised lately at several long discussions in the New-York Historical Society of the question whether copies, extracts, or abstracts of the MSS. and other historical documents in the Society's collections might be published without the Society's special permission. We do not know who introduced the prohibitory proposition, but it is in the last degree ridiculous; there cannot be said in its support one syllable of reason; that it has been entertained so long is discreditable to the Society. The prime object of the Society is the collection and preservation of the materials of history; the more numerous the multiplication of copies, the more certain the probabilities of their preservation. A private collector may for obvious reasons hoard his treasures, and wish for the destruction of all copies of them; but the considerations which govern him are the last that should influence a historical society under similar circumstances.

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FANNY WRIGHT, some dozen years ago, entered into a sort of limited partnership with one of Robert Owen's old New-Harmony associates, and has since been known as Frances Wright D'Arusmont. They lived together a few months, but women grow old, and these infidel philosophers are very apt to live according to their liberties; Madame resided in Paris, Monsieur in Cincinnati: Madame wanted more money than Monsieur would allow, and she returned, and is now before the courts of Ohio with a plea (of *eighty thousand words*) for property held by D'Arusmont, which she says is hers. We know little of the merits of the case, but if there is to be domestic unhappiness, we are content that she should be a sufferer, whose whole career has been a warfare upon the institutions which define the true position, and guard the best interests of her sex. It is more than thirty years since Fanny Wright wrote her *Views of Society and Manners in America*. The brilliant woman who lectured to crowds in the old Park Theatre, against decency, is old now, and an atheist old woman, desolate, is rather a pitiable object.

EDWARD T. CHANNING, a brother of the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing, and for thirty years Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College, has resigned his place, and his resignation is one of the weightiest misfortunes that has befallen this school for some time. Professor Channing's fitness for the professorship of English literature was shown in his admirable article upon the Poetry of Moore, in the *North American Review* for 1817. He has written much and well in criticism, and is perhaps equally familiar with both Latin and English literature. His lectures, described as eminently rich, suggestive, and practical, we hope will be given to the press. It is intimated that Mr. George Hillard will be his successor in the college, and we know of no man so young who could more nearly fill his place.

"PUBLIC LIBRARIES," is the title of a very interesting article in the February number of *The International*, erroneously credited to Chambers's *Papers for the People*. The Edinburgh publisher, it seems, took two articles from the *North American Review*, cut them in pieces and transposed the sentences, prefixed a few remarks of his own, added a few words at the end of his Mosaic, and issued this "Paper for the People" as an original contribution to bibliothecal literature, without a word as to its real authorship or the sources whence it was derived. Such things are often done, and if Messrs. Chambers always evince as much sagacity in their appropriations, their readers will have abundant cause to be grateful. The articles in the *North American Review* were written by Mr. George Livermore, a Boston merchant, who has the accomplishments of a Roscoe, and who as a bibliographer is scarcely surpassed in knowledge or judgment by any contemporary.

FENELON, the Archbishop of Cambray, it was proved to the satisfaction of somebody, who read a paper upon the subject before the New-York Historical Society, a year or two ago, was once a missionary in America. But Mr. Poore, while in Paris for the collection of documents illustrative of the history of Massachusetts, investigated the matter, with his customary sagacity and diligence, and a communication by him to *The International* most satisfactorily shows that the supposition was entirely wrong. The Fenelon who was in this country was tried at Quebec, in a case of which the famous La Salle was one of the witnesses, and of which the *process verbal* is now in the *Archives de l'Amérique*, in Paris; and the Archbishop was at the time of the trial certainly in France.

MR. S. G. GOODRICH, of whose works we recently gave a reviewal, will sail in a few days for Paris, where he will immediately enter upon the duties of the consulship to which he has been

appointed by the President. This will be pleasant news for American travellers in Europe. Mr. Walsh has never been very liberal of attentions to his countrymen unless their position was such as to render their society an object of his ambition. Mr. Goodrich himself recently passed several months in Paris, bearing letters to the consul, who in all the time offered him not even a recognition. He will be apt to pay more regard to the letter which Mr. Goodrich bears from the Secretary of State.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S *Wacousta, or the Prophecy*, is a powerfully written novel, originally printed twenty years ago, and lately republished by Dewitt & Davenport. The descriptions are graphic, and the incidents dramatic, but the plot is in some respects defective. The prophecies which have such influence over the race of De Holdimars should have been pronounced in his infancy, and not only a few days before the terrible results attributed to it; the introduction of the race at Holdimar's execution, is injudicious; and the circumstances under which Wacousta finds Valletort and Clara his auditors not well contrived. But altogether the book is one of the best we have illustrating Indian life. Major Richardson is a British American; his father was an officer in Simcoe's famous regiment; other members of his family held places of distinction in the civil or military service; and he was himself a witness of some of the most remarkable scenes in our frontier military history, and was made a prisoner by the United States troops at the battle of the Thames, where Tecumseh was killed—*not* by Colonel Johnson, very certainly. Major Richardson subsequently served in Spain, and resided several years in Paris, where he wrote *Ecarté*, a very brilliant novel, of which we are soon to have a new edition. A later work from his hand, which we need not name, is more creditable to his abilities than to his taste or discretion; but *Wacousta* and *Ecarté* are worthy of the best masters in romantic fiction.

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The subject of *American Antiquities* has been very much neglected by American writers. Even the remains of an ancient and high civilization which are scattered so profusely all through Mexico and Central America have hitherto been illustrated almost exclusively by foreigners, and the most complete and magnificent publication respecting them that will ever have been made is that of Lord Kingsborough. Recently, however, our own country has furnished an antiquary of indefatigable industry, great perseverance and sagacity, in Mr. E. G. Squier, who was lately *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States to the Republic of Central America, and is now engaged in printing several works which he has completed, in this city. The splendid volume by Mr. Squier which was published two years ago by the *Smithsonian Institution*, upon the Antiquities of the Valley of the Mississippi, illustrates his abilities, and is a pledge of the value of his new performances. The first of his forthcoming volumes will, like that, be issued by the Smithsonian Institution, and it will constitute a quarto of some two hundred pages, with more than ninety engravings, under the title of *Aboriginal Monuments of New-York, comprising the results of Original Surveys and Explorations, with an Appendix*. This is now, we believe, on the eve of publication. A second volume is entitled, *The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principle, in America*. It contains, also, extended incidental illustrations of the religious systems of the American aborigines, and of the symbolical character of the ancient monuments in the United States. It will form a large octavo of two hundred and fifty pages, with sixty-three engravings, and will be published by Mr. Putnam.

The first of these works, constituting part of the second volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," may be regarded as a continuation of the author's *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, forming the first volume of those contributions. It gives a succinct account of the aboriginal remains of the state of New-York, which were thoroughly investigated by the author, under the joint auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the New-York Historical Society, in 1848. It strips the subject of all the absurd hypotheses and conjectures with which it has been involved by speculative and fanciful minds, and gives us a new and full statement of facts, from which there is no difficulty in getting at correct results. The appendix, which forms quite half of the volume, is devoted to the consideration of several of the more interesting questions stated in connection with the subject of our antiquities generally, and has a closer relation to the previously published volume than to the present memoir. The *rationalé* of symbolism is very elaborately deduced from an analysis of the primitive religious structures of the Greeks, and applied, as we think, with entire success, to the elucidation of the origin and purposes of a large part of the monumental remains in the western United States. Indeed this whole work is dependent on, and illustrative of, the other, which must be imperfectly understood without it.

The same is true of the second work, on the "Serpent Symbol," etc., which, however, is chiefly devoted to inquiries into the philosophy and religion of the aboriginal American nations, and the relations which they sustained to the primitive systems of the other continent. The principal inquiry is, how far the identities which, in these respects, confessedly existed between the early nations of both worlds, may be regarded as derivative, or the result of like conditions and common mental and moral constitutions. These are radical questions, which must be decided before we can, with safety, attempt any generalizations on the subject of the origin of the American race, which has so long occupied speculative minds. Mr. Squier, in this volume, has brought together a vast number of new and interesting facts, demonstrating the existence of

some of the most abstract oriental doctrines in America, illustrated by precisely identical or analogous symbols; but he does not admit that they were derivative, without first subjecting them to a rigid analysis, in order to ascertain if they may not have originated on the spot where they were found, by a natural and almost inevitable process. The work, therefore, is essentially critical, and may be regarded as initiatory to the investigation of these subjects, on a new and more philosophical system. It is the first of a series, under the general title of "American Archæological Researches," of which, it is announced in the advertisement, "The Archæology and Ethnology of Central America," and "The Mexican Calendar," will form the second and third volumes.

Besides these works, Mr. Squier has now in press, *Nicaragua: Its Condition, Resources, and Prospects; being a Narrative of a Residence in that Country, and containing also chapters illustrative of its Geography, Topography, History, Social and Political Condition, Antiquities, &c., illustrated by Maps and Engravings*. This cannot fail of being a book of much interest and value. We are confident that it will be worth more than all the hundred other volumes that have been printed upon the subjects which it will embrace. Mr. Squier, while *Chargé d'Affaires* to Central America, and Minister to Nicaragua, enjoyed extraordinary opportunities, in his relations with the chief persons of those countries and his frequent tours of observation, for obtaining full and accurate information, and the general justness of his apprehensions respecting affairs may be relied upon.

The REV. DR. SCHROEDER has in press a *History of Constantine the Great*, in which we shall have his views of the Church in the fourth century.

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MR. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, whose clever sketches of American Society we have copied into the *International* as they have appeared in the successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, has addressed the following letter to Mr. Willis, upon an intimation in the *Home Journal* that under the name of Carl Benson he described himself:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Several intimations to the above effect have already reached me, but now for the first time from a source deserving notice. Allow me to deny, *in toto*, any intention of describing myself under the name of Henry Benson. Were I disposed to attempt self-glorification, it would be under a very different sort of character. Here I should, in strictness, stop; but, as you have done me the honor to speak favorably of certain papers in *Fraser*, perhaps you will permit me to intrude on your time (and your readers', if you think it worth while), so far as to explain *what* (not *whom*) Mr. Benson is meant for.

"The said papers (ten in all, of which four still remain in the editor's hands), were originally headed, 'The Upper Ten Thousand,' as representing life and manners in a particular set, which title the editor saw fit to alter into 'Sketches of American Society'—not with my approbation, as it was claiming for them more than they contained, or professed to contain. Harry Benson, the thread employed to hang them together, is a sort of fashionable hero—a *quadratus homo*, according to the 'Upper Ten' conception of one; a young man who, starting with a handsome person and fair natural abilities, adds to these the advantages of inherited wealth, a liberal education, and foreign travel. He possesses much general information, and practical dexterity in applying it, great world-knowledge and *aplomb*, financial shrewdness, readiness in composition—speaks half-a-dozen languages, dabbles in literature, in business, *in every thing but politics*—talks metaphysics one minute, and dances a polka the next—in short, knows a little of every thing, with a knack of reproducing it effectively; moreover, is a man of moral purity, deference to women and hospitality to strangers, which I take to be the three characteristic virtues of a New-York gentleman. On the other hand, he has the faults of his class strongly marked—intense foppery in dress, general Sybaritism of living, a great deal of Jack-Brag-ism and show-off, mythological and indiscreet habits of conversation, a pernicious custom of sneering at every body and every thing, inconsistent blending of early Puritan and acquired Continental habits, occasional fits of recklessness breaking through the routine of a worldly-prudent life. The character is so evidently a type—even if it were not designated as such in so many words, more than once—that it is surprising it should ever have been attributed to an individual—above all, to one who is never at home but in two places—outside of a horse and inside of a library. Most of the other characters are similarly types—that is to say, they represent certain styles and varieties of men. The fast boy of Young America (from whose diary Pensez-y gave you a leaf last summer), whose great idea of life is dancing, eating supper after dancing, and gambling after eating supper; the older exquisite, without fortune enough to hurry brilliantly on, who makes general gallantly his amusement and occupation; the silent man, *blazé* before thirty, and not to be moved by any thing; (a variety of American much overlooked by strangers, but existing in great perfection, both here and at the south;) the beau of the 'second set,' dressy, vulgar and good natured; these and others I have

endeavored to depict. Now, as every class is made up of individuals, every character representing a class must resemble some of the individuals in it, in some particulars; but if you undertook to attach to each single character one and the same living representative, you would soon find each of them, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, 'three gentlemen at once,' if not many more; and should one of your 'country readers,' anxious to 'put the right names to them,' address—not *one*, but *five* or *six*—of his 'town correspondents,' he would get answers about as harmonious as if he had consulted the same number of German commentators on the meaning of a disputed passage in a Greek tragedian. Some of the personages are purely fanciful—for instance, Mr. Harrison—such a man as never did exist, but I imagine might very well exist, among us. But, as the development of these characters is still in manuscript, it would be premature to say more of them.

"Yet one word. The sketches were written entirely for the English market, so to speak, without any expectation of their being generally read or republished here. This will account for their containing many things which must seem very flat and common-place to an American reader—such as descriptions of sulkies and trotting-wagons, how people dress, and what they eat for dinner, etc.; which are nevertheless not necessarily uninteresting to an Englishman who has not seen this country. Excuse me for trespassing thus far on your patience, and believe me, dear sir, yours very truly

C. A. BRISTED."

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, LL.D. and his son Benjamin Silliman, junior, of Yale College, sailed a few days ago for Europe, for the purpose chiefly of making a geological exploration of the central and southern portion of that continent. After visiting the volcanic regions of central France, they will make the tour of Italy, visiting Vesuvius and Etna, and will return to England in time to attend the meeting of the British Academy of Sciences, at Ipswich, in July. They will next visit Switzerland and the Alps, and return home in the autumn.

The second volume of *The Works of John Adams*, we understand, has been very well received by the book-buyers. It is frequently observed of it, that it vindicates the title of its eminent author and subject to a higher distinction than has commonly been awarded to him in our day. It certainly is one of the most interesting biographies of the revolutionary period that we have read. The third and fourth volumes will be published by Little & Brown about the beginning of May.

"THE CÆSARS," by De Quincy, is the last of the works by that great author issued by Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, who promise us in their beautiful typography all that the "Opium Eater" has written. "The Cæsars" is a very remarkable book.

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OF THE EDITION OF THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON by JARED SPARKS, we published some years ago in the Philadelphia *North American* an opinion which was amply vindicated by citations and comparisons, and more recently, in the *International* for last December, we substantially repeated our judgment in the following words, in reply to some observations on the subject in the Paris *Journal des Debats*:

"But the omissions by Mr. Sparks—sometimes from carelessness, sometimes from ignorance, and sometimes from an indisposition to revive memories of old feuds, or to cover with disgrace names which should be dishonored, and his occasional verbal alterations of Washington's letters, prevent satisfaction with his edition of Washington."

Since then an able and ingenious writer in the *Evening Post* has criticised the labors of Mr. Sparks in the same manner, and in a second paper conclusively replied to his defenders. We profess thoroughly to understand this matter; we have carefully compared the original letters of Washington, as they are preserved in the Department of State, in the Charleston Library, the New-York Historical Society's Library, and in numerous other public and private collections, and we have come to the conclusion that instead of having done any service to American History by his editions of Morris, Franklin, and Washington, Mr. Sparks has done positive and scarcely reparable injury; since by his incomplete, inaccurate and injudicious publications, he has prevented the preparation of such as are necessary for the illustration of the characters of these persons and the general history of their times. We shall not at present enter into any particulars for the vindication of our dissent from the very common estimation of the character of Mr. Sparks as a historian; but we may gratify some students in our history by stating that *A Complete Collection of the Writings of Washington, chronologically arranged, and amply illustrated with*

Introductions, Notes, &c., is in hand, and will be published with all convenient expedition. It will embrace about twice as much matter as the edition by Sparks, but will be much more compactly printed. It would have appeared before the present time, but for an absurd misapprehension in regard to certain assumed copyrights, which one of our most eminent justices, and several lawyers of the highest distinction, have declared null and impossible.

MR. ISAAC C. PRAY is the author of a beautiful volume on the eve of publication, on the History of the Musical Drama. One hundred and sixty pages are devoted to "Parodi and the Opera." Mr. Pray is a capital critic in this department; he has been many years familiar with the various schools of musical art, and at home behind the scenes in the great opera houses of Europe: so that probably no writer in America has more ample material for such a work as he has undertaken. He proposes a series of some half-dozen volumes on the subject.

MR. FREDERIC SAUNDERS, an industrious literary antiquary, is publishing in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* and the *Christian Recorder*, a series of pleasant reminiscences of the great lights of the church in England, in the last generation. Among his papers that have appeared are entertaining sketches of Edward Irving and Dr. Chalmers.

"THE DUTY OF A BIOGRAPHER," is very justly described by a writer on this subject in the last *Democratic Review*. They certainly managed these things better in the days of king Cheops, but biographies would still be written truthfully and to some purpose if there were more honesty in criticism—if the mob of people who fancy they may themselves sometimes be heroes of such writing, did not for their prospective safety denounce every *post-mortem* exhibition of infirmities; or if to the creatures most largely endowed with the means of hearing, slavering were not more easy than dissection.

ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF JAMES BOTELLO.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY W. S. MAYO, M.D. AUTHOR OF KALOOLAH, ETC.

To an author who has been accustomed to deal with the startling and the marvellous in the way of incident and adventure, nothing can be more amusing than the confident opinions of critics and readers as to the improbability, and frequently the impossibility, of particular scenes which often happen to be faithful descriptions of actual occurrences. In this manner several passages from "Kaloolah" and "The Berber" have been indicated by some of my many good natured and liberal critics in this country and in England, as taxing a little too strongly the credulity of readers. Among such passages, the escape, in the first pages of the Berber, of the young Englishman, by jumping overboard in the bay of Cadiz, and hiding himself in the darkness of the night beneath the overhanging stern of his boat, has been particularly pointed out. Now, if this was pure invention, it might be safely left to a jury of yankee boatmen or Spanish *barqueros* to decide whether the incident was not in the highest degree probable and natural; but being literally founded in fact, it is perhaps unnecessary to make any such appeal. There may be, however, a few unadventurous souls who will still persist in their doubts as to the probability of the incident. For the especial benefit of such I will relate the true story of a boat adventure, which in every way is a thousand times more strange and incredible than any of the wildest inventions of the wildest romance.

The voyage of Vasco di Gama around the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, was the beginning of a complete revolution in the trade of Europe and the East. This trade, which, following the expensive route of Egypt and the Red Sea, had been for a long time in the hands of the Venetians and Genoese, suddenly turned itself into the new and cheap channel opened by the enterprise of the Portuguese. The merchants of Genoa and Venice found themselves unexpectedly cut off from their accustomed sources of wealth, while a tide of affluence rolled into the mouth of the Tagus, and Lisbon became the commercial mart of the world.

The success of the Portuguese gave a new impulse to the spirit of enterprise which had already been excited among the maritime nations of Europe by the discoveries of Columbus, and efforts to divert a portion of the golden current soon began to be made. The Spaniards, debarred from following the direct route of the Portuguese, by their own exclusive pretensions in the west, and the consequent decision of the Pope, granting to them the sole right of exploration beyond a certain line of longitude to the west, and confining the Portuguese to the east, had, under the guidance of the adventurous Magellan, found a westerly route to the Indies. The English were

busy with several schemes for a short cut to the north-west. The Dutch were beginning to give signs of a determination, despite the Pope's decision, to follow the route by the Cape of Good Hope. As may be imagined, these movements aroused the jealousy of the court and merchants of Lisbon. They trembled lest their commercial monopoly should be encroached upon, and every care was taken to keep the rest of Europe in ignorance of the details of the trade, and of the discoveries and conquests of their agents in the East.

Of course nothing could be more injurious to a Portuguese of the time than to be suspected of a design to aid with advice or information the schemes of foreign rivals. Unluckily for James Botello such a suspicion lighted upon him. It was rumored that he was disposed to sell his services to the French. He was known to be a gentleman of parts, well acquainted with the East—having served with credit under the immediate successors of Vasco de Gama—and as competent as any one to lead the Frenchman into the Indian Ocean, and to initiate him into the mysteries of the trade. The suspicion, however, could not have been very strong, and probably had no real foundation in truth, or else more stringent measures than appear to have been used would have been adopted by an unscrupulous court to prevent his carrying his designs into execution. The rumor, however, had its effect; and Botello soon found that his influence at court was gone, and that he had become an object of jealous observation.

Anxious to give the lie to this calumny, and to regain the favor of his sovereign, John III, Botello embarked as a volunteer in the fleet which was taking out to Calicut the new viceroy, De Cunna. Upon the arrival of this fleet, the operations of the Portuguese, both military and commercial, were carried on with renewed vigor; and in all these Botello bore his part, but without being able wholly to remove the suspicions with which he was sensible his actions were still watched by his superiors. A favorite project of the Portuguese—one that had been pursued with energy and by every means of diplomacy or war—was the establishment of a fort in Diu, a town situated at the mouth of the Gulf of Cambaya. Several times the capture of the place had been attempted by force, but without success. Even the great Albuquerque had been foiled in a furious attack. Failing in this, the Portuguese repeatedly endeavored to get permission to erect a fort for the protection of their trade, by persuasion or artifice. It had become an object of the most ardent desire, as well with the king and court at home, as with the viceroys and their officers in the East.

It happened now in the year 1534, that Badur, king of Cambaya, was sorely pressed by his enemy the Great Mogul—so much so, that he was compelled to call in the assistance of his other enemy, the Portuguese. The price of this assistance was to be permission to erect and garrison a fort at Diu. Badur hesitated; he knew that if the Portuguese were allowed a fort, they would soon be masters of the whole town; but his necessities were urgent, and he finally acceded to the demand. De Cunna rushed to Diu; a treaty was speedily concluded with Badur—the fort was planned, and its erection commenced with vigor.

No one better than Botello knew how pleased King John would be with the news. He resolved to be the bearer of the good tidings, and thus to restore himself to the royal favor. His plan was a bold and daring one; in fact, considering the known dangers of the sea, and the then imperfect state of navigation, it must have seemed almost hopeless; but he suffered no doubts or apprehensions to prevent him from carrying it into immediate effect. In order to conceal his design, he gave out that he was going on a boat excursion up the Gulf of Cambaya, to visit the court of the now friendly Badur. Two young soldiers, of inferior degree, named Juan de Sousa and Alfonzo Belem, readily consented to accompany him. The boat selected for the voyage was a small affair—something like a modern jolly boat, though of rather greater beam in proportion to its other dimensions; its length was sixteen feet, its breadth nine feet. Four Moorish slaves from Melenda, on the coast of Africa, were selected to work the boat, while two native servants, having Portuguese blood in their veins, completed the crew.

Botello's preparations for the voyage were soon made; and waiting only to secure a copy of the treaty with Badur, and plans of the fort which had been commenced, he ordered the short mast, with its tapering lateen yard, to be raised, and the sail trimmed close to the breeze blowing into the roadstead of Diu. But instead of turning up along the northern coast of the Gulf of Cambaya, he directed the bow of his little bark boldly out to sea.

His companions knew but little of navigation; but they knew enough to know that a south-westerly course was hardly the one on which to reach Cambaya. To the remonstrances of Juan and Alfonzo, Botello simply replied that he preferred sailing south with the wind, to rowing north against it; and they would find the course he had chosen the safest and shortest in the end.

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In this way they sailed for three days. On the morning of the fourth, Botello found that it would be impossible for him longer to turn a deaf ear to the mutterings of discontent among his crew. It was high time for an explanation of his plans; and trusting to his eloquence and influence, he proceeded to unfold his design.

Imagine the astonishment and dismay depicted in the countenances of the servants and sailors when he told them that he purposed making the long and dangerous voyage to Lisbon in the miserable little boat in which they had embarked. But as he went on commenting upon the feasibility of the project, discussing the real dangers of such voyage, and ridiculing the imaginary, and dilating upon the honors and rewards which they would win by being the first bearers of the tidings they carried, a change from dismay to hope and confidence took place in the minds of all his hearers, excepting the African sailors, who did not much relish the idea of so long a voyage to Christian lands. They, however, were slaves and infidels, and their opposition was not much heeded.

To every objection Botello had a plausible reply. He confidently asserted his knowledge of a safe route, and of his ability to preserve their little craft amid all the dangers of the sea.

"But may we not be forestalled in our news, after all," demanded Alfonzo, "by the vessels from Calicut?"

"No fear of that," replied Botello. "The news from Diu will not reach Calicut for a month, and then it will be too late in the monsoon to dispatch a vessel, even if one were ready. Besides, I have certain information that the viceroy has determined that no dispatches shall be sent home until he can announce the completion of the fort."

"I like not this new route you propose," said Juan. "Why leave the usual course to Melenda?"

"Because we should be in danger of exciting the suspicions of our brethren who now garrison the forts of Melenda, Zanzabar, and Mozambique, and perhaps be detained. No, we will take a more direct course—strike the coast of Africa below Sofalo, and then follow the shore around the Cape of Good Hope."

"And what are we to do for provisions and water, in the mean time?"

"Of provisions we have a store that will last until we reach land, when we can obtain supplies from the natives; as to water, we must go at once upon the shortest possible allowance, and daily pray for rain—St. Francis will aid us. I can show you something that will set your minds easy upon that point."

Botello produced a box from beneath the stern sheets, and opening it, took out with an air of reverence a leaden image of the saint.

"See this," he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation. "It was modelled from the portrait recognized by the aged Moor. Have you not heard of the miracle?—true, you were not at Calicut. Know, then, that a few months since, a native of India was presented to the viceroy, whose reputed age amounted to three hundred years. His story was, that in early youth he encountered an aged man lingering upon the banks of a stream which he was anxious to pass. The youth tendered the support of his strong shoulders, and bore him across the water. As a reward for the service, the old man bade the youth to live until they should meet again. And thus had he lived, until a few months since he was presented to De Cunna, when he at once recognized in a portrait of St. Francis the holy man whom he had carried across the stream. This image was modelled from that portrait; it was blessed by the pious convert in whose person was performed the miracle. Our voyage must be prosperous with this on board."

The sight of an image taken from a portrait acknowledged to be the saint himself, removed all doubt. And what Botello's arguments and persuasions might have failed to accomplish, was easily effected by the little image of lead. A heretic might, perhaps, have questioned the saint's power over the physical phenomena of the sea, but he could not have denied his moral influence over the minds of the adventurous voyageurs who confided in him. No hesitation remained, except in the minds of the four slaves, who, having been forcibly converted from the errors of Mohammed, were yet somewhat weak in the true faith.

It was this want of faith that led to one of the most lamentable events of the voyage. They had been out more than a month without having had sight of land, and not even a distant sail had lighted up the dismal loneliness of the ocean. It must be recollected what a solitude was the vast surface of the Indian and Pacific seas in those days. Beside the Portuguese fleets that followed each other at long and regular intervals, Christian commerce there was none, while Arabian trade was small in amount, and confined to certain narrow channels. The Moorish slaves had never before been so long in the open sea, and their fears increased as day after day the little boat bore them farther to the south. The provisions were also, by this time, nearly exhausted, and the daily allowance of water proved barely sufficient to moisten their parched lips. The slaves, after taking counsel among themselves, demanded that the course of the boat should be arrested.

"And which way would you go?" asked Botello. "Back to Diu? It would take three months to reach the port, and long ere that we should starve."

"Let us steer, then, directly for the African coast. Melenda must be our nearest port."

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"Never!" returned the resolute Botello. "I will run no risk of having our voyage frustrated by the jealousy of my old enemy, Alfonzo Peristrello, who has command at that station. Courage for a few days more, and we shall see land. There are isles hereaway that you will deem fit residences for the blessed saints—such fruits! such flowers!"

The promises of Botello had influence with all of his companions excepting the Moors, whose muttered discontent suddenly assumed a fierce and menacing aspect. Luckily, Botello was as wary as he was brave.

It was in the middle of the night that, stretched upon the midship thwart of the boat, he noticed a movement among the Moors, who occupied the bow. One of them moved stealthily towards him, and bending over him, cautiously sought the hilt of his dagger; but before he could draw it, the grasp of Botello was upon his throat, and he was hurled to the bottom of the boat. With a shout, the other Moors seized the boat hooks and stretchers, and rushed upon Botello; but Juan and Alfonzo were upon the alert, and, drawing their long daggers, rushed to his defence. Never was

there a more desperate conflict than on that starlit night, in that frail boat, that floated a feeble, solitary speck of humanity on the bosom of the vast Indian sea.

The conflict was desperate, but it was soon over. The Portuguese of those days were other men than their degenerate descendants of the present age; and, besides, the slaves were overmatched both in arms and numbers. Three were slain outright, and the fourth driven overboard. One of the Portuguese servants was killed; thus diminishing the number of the voyageurs more than one-half—a lucky circumstance, without which, most probably, the whole would have perished.

For a week longer the little bark stood on its course, when a violent storm threatened a melancholy termination to the voyage. The wind, however, was accompanied by rain, and Botello kept up the spirits of his friends by attributing the storm to St. Francis, who had sent it expressly to save them from dying by thirst. It would have been perhaps more easy to believe in the saint's agency in the matter had there been less wind; for in addition to the danger of being engulfed by the heavy sea, their clothing, which they spread to collect the rain, was so deluged with salt spray as to make the water exceedingly brackish. Bad as it was, however, it served to maintain life until they reached a little rocky, uninhabited island in the channel of Mozambique.

It was with some difficulty that a landing place was found. Upon ascending the rocks, a few scattered palms exhibited the only appearance of vegetation. Their chief necessity—freshwater—however, was found in abundance, standing in the hollows of the rocky surface, where it had been deposited by the recent storm. Several kinds of wild fowl showed themselves in abundance, and so tame as to suffer themselves to be caught without any trouble; while crowding the little sandy inlets were thousands of the finest turtle.

At this spot Botello and his companions rested for a week; which was spent in caulking and repairing their boat and sail, drying and salting the flesh of fowl and turtle, and in filling every available vessel with the precious fluid so liberally furnished by their patron St. Francis.

A succession of storms followed their departure, and tossed them about here and there for so many days, that their reckoning became exceedingly confused. Botello, however, was an accomplished navigator, and his sailor instinct stood him in good stead. Upon returning fair weather he conjectured that he was abreast of Cape Corientes, and the bow of the boat was directed, due east, for the African coast.

Calms followed storms. The oars were got out, and day after day the clumsy boat was pulled through the long rolling swell of the glassy sea. Still no sight of land. Their provisions were getting short again—their water was reduced to the lowest possible allowance, and the labor of the oar was rapidly exhausting their strength. The image of St. Francis was hourly appealed to. Sometimes his aid was implored in most humble prayers—sometimes demanded with the wildest imprecations and threats. One day Botello seized the little St. Francis, and whirling him on high, threatened to throw him into the sea, unless he instantly granted a sight of land; no land showed itself, and the saint was reverentially replaced in his box. But he was not to rest there long in quiet. The next day the ingenious Botello announced to his sinking companions that he had a plan to compel the saint to terms. The image was produced from its box, a cord was fastened around its neck, and it was then thrown overboard. Down went his leaden saintship into the depths of the ocean. "And there he shall remain," exclaimed Botello, "until he sends us land or rain." An hour had not expired when a faint bluish haze in the eastern horizon attracted all eyes. A favorable breeze springing up, the sail was hoisted, and as the boat moved under its influence, the haze grew in consistency and size. Land was in sight.

The reader may perhaps smile with contempt at the superstitious faith of Botello and companions in the connection between this happy land-fall and their ingenious compulsion of the saint's miraculous power; but it may be questioned whether there was not good ground for their belief—at least as good ground as there is for faith in any of the facts of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, and spiritual rappings.

The land proved to be a point in Lagoa Bay—a familiar object to Botello. Upon going ashore, a party of natives received him, with whom friendly relations were soon established, and from whom provisions and water were readily obtained. A few days served to recruit the exhausted strength of the party, when taking again to their boat, they coasted along the shore, landing at frequent intervals, until they reached the dreaded Cape of Storms, as the southern point of Africa was called by its first discoverer, Bartholomew Diaz.

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The Cape did not belie its reputation. From the summit of Table Mountain, and the surrounding high lands, it sent down a gust that drove the unfortunate voyageurs away from the land a long distance to the south-west; and many weary and despairing days were passed before they were able to make the harbor of Saldahana. Here the chief necessity of life—fresh water—was found in abundance, and a supply of provisions obtained, consisting chiefly of the dried flesh of seals, with which the harbor was filled. A few orange and lemon-trees, planted by the early Portuguese discoverers, were loaded with fruit, and afforded a grateful and effectual means of removing the symptoms of scurvy which were beginning to appear.

Saldahana being a resting place for the outward bound Portuguese fleets, Botello made his stay as short as possible, lest he should be intercepted and turned back by some newly appointed and jealous viceroy. For the same reason he avoided several points on the coast of western Africa where his countrymen had stations—keeping well out to sea and from the mouth of the Congo, and steering a direct course across the Gulf of Guinea. He knew that if a Portuguese admiral had

sailed at the appointed time, he must be somewhere in that Gulf, and that his tall barks would hug the shore, creeping from headland to headland slowly and cautiously. The energetic Botello and his companions had encountered too many dangers to be frightened at the perils of a run across the Gulf, and the resolution was adopted to give the Portuguese fleet, by the aid of St. Francis, the go-by in the open sea.

The run was successfully achieved; not, however, without many weary days at the oar, and many an appeal to St. Francis for favoring winds, and for aid in the sudden tornadoes which frequently threatened to engulf them. Cape de Verd was reached; the barren shore of the great desert was passed, with but a single stoppage in the Rio del Ouro—a slender arm of the sea setting up a few miles into the sands of Sahara. Here a few dates and some barley cakes were purchased of a family of wandering Arabs; and again putting to sea, the shores of Morocco were cautiously coasted. Without further adventure, but not without further suffering, and labor, and danger, the short remaining distance was passed. The head of the Straits of Gibraltar—the headlands of Spain—the southern point of Algarve, successively came in sight; and then the smiling mouth of the golden Tagus greeted their longing eyes.

And thus was happily finished this wonderful voyage—a voyage which, if performed in the present day, with all the means and appliances of navigation, would excite the admiration of the world, but which, under the circumstances of the age, the prejudices and ignorance of the voyageurs, and the imperfect state of maritime science, may truly be considered the most astonishing upon record. It must be observed, too, that this was no involuntary boat expedition—no desperate alternative of some foundering ship's crew—but the deliberate, carefully considered project of an experienced sailor; and that the hardihood evinced in its conception was surpassed by the resolution, perseverance, and skill, with which it was conducted to its end.

The presence of Botello was soon known to his friends; and the rumor spread through the city that an Indian fleet had arrived off the mouth of the Tagus. It reached the court, so that upon his application for an audience of the king, he found no detention except from the curiosity of the courtiers and ministers; which, however, he resolutely refused to satisfy, until he had communicated his news to the royal ear.

Botello exhibited his copy of the convention with Badur, king of Cambaya, and the plans of the fort which was being erected at Diu, and related the history of his adventurous voyage. King John freely expressed his astonishment and delight, and calling around him the members of his household, familiarly questioned Botello as to all the little details of his voyage.

There was a pause in the conversation. Botello threw himself upon his knees. "There is one point," he exclaimed, "upon which your majesty has not condescended to question me."

"What is that?" demanded the king.

"My reasons," replied Botello, "for undertaking this long and hazardous voyage. Your majesty knows, or at least many of your majesty's enemies know, that I am one not over cautious in confronting danger, either by sea or land; but I should never have had the courage to make myself the bearer of tidings however important, as I have done, without some reason other than the desire of astonishing the world by a feat which by many will be pronounced simply fool-hardy. Your majesty will believe me—I had another and a better reason."

"And that reason was—"

"The favor of my sovereign, and the removal of the undeserved suspicions with which my motives and feelings had been visited."

"Rise," replied the king, extending his hand, and smiling graciously. "Our suspicions were of the slightest. We will take some fitting opportunity of showing that they are gone for ever."

The courtiers overwhelmed Botello and his companions with congratulations. The king accompanied him to see the boat, and upon dismissing him, renewed his assurances of favor and reward—assurances which Botello found were destined never to be realized. The next day a change had come over the royal countenance—the jealousy of trade had been aroused. It would be a terrible blow to the commercial monopoly, already threatened from so many quarters, to have it known that the voyage from the East Indies had been performed in an open boat. Botello was informed that, for reasons of state, his boat must be destroyed, but that he himself should ever continue to enjoy the favorable opinion of his sovereign. As an earnest of the royal favor, which was some day to exhibit itself more openly, he was appointed to an office of no great consequence, and which had also the disadvantage attached to it of a residence in the interior of the country.

Once installed, he found that he was little better than a prisoner for life. His movements were closely watched by the officials around him; his communications with the capital cut off, and to all his remonstrances and petitions the only reply was that the king's service required his continual residence in his department. Botello was not a man to quietly submit to such unjust restraint; but unluckily his health began to fail. His body found itself unable to withstand the chafings and struggles of his energetic and adventurous spirit under the mortifications and disappointments of his position; the fears and suspicions of the court of Lisbon were soon removed by his death. His boat had been burned—his companions had been sent back to India, and it was not long before the fact of his extraordinary voyage had passed from the public mind.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME^[L]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Continued from page 494, vol. II.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was long ere Emily Hastings slept. There was a bright moonlight; but she sat not up by the window, looking out at the moon in love-lorn guise. No, she laid her down in bed, as soon as the toilet of the night was concluded, and having left the window-shutters open, the light of the sweet, calm brightener of the night poured in a long, tranquil ray across the floor. She watched it, with her head resting on her hand for a long time. Her fancy was very busy with it, as by slow degrees it moved its place, now lying like a silver carpet by her bedside, now crossing the floor far away, and painting the opposite wall. Her thoughts then returned to other things, and whether she would or not, Marlow took a share in them. She remembered things that he had said, his looks came back to her mind, she seemed to converse with him again, running over in thought all that had passed in the morning.

She was no castle-builder; there were no schemes, plans, designs, in her mind; no airy structures of future happiness employed fancy as their architect. She was happy in her own heart; and imagination, like a bee, extracted sweetness from the flowers of the present.

Sweet Emily, how beautiful she looked, as she lay there, and made a night-life for herself in the world of her own thoughts!

She could not sleep, she knew not why. Indeed, she did not wish or try to sleep. She never did when sleep did not come naturally; but always remained calmly waiting for the soother, till slumber dropped uncalled and stilly upon her eyelids.

One hour—two hours—the moonbeam had retired far into a corner of the room, the household was all still; there was no sound but the barking of a distant farm-dog, such a long way off, that it reached the ear more like an echo than a sound, and the crowing of a cock, not much more near.

Suddenly, her door opened, and a figure entered, bearing a small night-lamp. Emily started, and gazed. She was not much given to fear, and she uttered not a sound; for which command over herself she was very thankful, when, in the tall, graceful form before her, she recognized Mrs. Hazleton. She was dressed merely as she had risen from her bed: her rich black hair bound up under her snowy cap, her long night-gown trailing on the ground, and her feet bare. Yet she looked perhaps more beautiful than in jewels and ermine. Her eyes were not fixed and motionless, though there was a certain sort of deadness in them. Neither were her movements stiff and mechanical, as we often see in the representations of somnambulism on the stage. On the contrary, they were free and graceful. She looked neither like Mrs. Siddons nor any other who ever acted what she really was. Those who have seen the state know better. She was walking in her sleep, however: that strange act of a life apart from waking life—that mystery of mysteries, when the soul seems severed from all things on earth but the body which it inhabits—when the mind sleeps, but the spirit wakes—when the animal and the spiritual live together, yet the intellectual lies dead for the time.

Emily comprehended her condition at once, and waited and watched, having heard that it is dangerous to wake suddenly a person in such a state. Mrs. Hazleton walked on past her bed towards a door at the other side of the room, but stopped opposite the toilet-table, took up a ribbon that was lying on it, and held it in her hand for a moment.

"I hate him!" she said aloud; "but strangle him—oh, no! That would not do. It would leave a blue mark. I hate him, and her too! They can't help it—they must fall into the trap."

Emily rose quietly from her bed, and advancing with a soft step, took Mrs. Hazleton's hand gently. She made no resistance, only gazing at her with a look not utterly devoid of meaning. "A strange world!" she said, "where people must live with those they hate!" and suffered Emily to lead her towards the door. She showed some reluctance to pass it, however, and turned slowly towards the other door. Her beautiful young guide led her thither, and opened it; then went on through the neighboring room, which was vacant, Mrs. Hazleton saying, as they passed the large bed canopied with velvet, "My mother died there—ah, me!" The next door opened into the corridor; but Emily knew not where her hostess slept, till perceiving a light streaming out upon the floor from a room near the end, she guided Mrs. Hazleton's steps thither, rightly judging that it must be the chamber she had just left. There she quietly induced her to go to bed again, taking the lamp from her hand, and bending down her sweet, innocent face, gave her a gentle kiss.

"Asp!" said Mrs. Hazleton, turning away; but Emily remained with her for several minutes, till the eyes closed, the breathing became calm and regular, and natural sleep succeeded to the strange state into which she had fallen.

Then returning to her own room, Emily once more sought her bed; but though the moonlight had now departed, she was farther from sleep than ever.

Mrs. Hazleton's words still rang in her ears. She thought them very strange; but yet she had heard—it was indeed a common superstition in those days—that people talking in their sleep expressed feelings exactly the reverse of those which they really entertained; and her good, bright heart was glad to believe. She would not for the world have thought that the fair form, and gentle, dignified manners of her friend could shroud feelings so fierce and vindictive as those which had breathed forth in the utterance of that one word, "hate." It seemed to her impossible that Mrs. Hazleton could hate any thing, and she resolved to believe so still. But yet the words rang in her ears, as I have said. She had been somewhat agitated and alarmed, too, though less than many might have been, and more than an hour passed before her sweet eyes closed.

On the morning of the following day, Emily was somewhat late at breakfast; and she found Mrs. Hazleton down, and looking bright and beautiful as the morning. It was evident that she had not even the faintest recollection of what had occurred in the night—that it was a portion of her life apart, between which and waking existence there was no communication open. Emily determined to take no notice of her sleep-walking; and she was wise, for I have always found, that to be informed of their strange peculiarity leaves an awful and painful impression on the real somnambulists—a feeling of being unlike the rest of human beings, of having a sort of preternatural existence, over which their human reason can hold no control. They fear themselves—they fear their own acts—perhaps their own words, when the power is gone from that familiar mind, which is more or less the servant, if not the slave, of will, and when the whole mixed being, flesh, and mind, and spirit, is under the sole government of that darkest, least known, most mysterious personage of the three—the soul.

Mrs. Hazleton scolded her jestingly for late rising, and asked if she was always such a lie-abed. Emily replied that she was not, but usually very matutinal in her habits. "But the truth is, dear Mrs. Hazleton," she added, "I did not sleep well last night."

"Indeed," said her fair hostess, with a gay smile; "who were you thinking of to keep your young eyes open?"

"Of you," answered Emily, simply; and Mrs. Hazleton asked no more questions; for, perhaps, she did not wish Emily to think of her too much. Immediately after breakfast the carriage was ordered for a long drive.

"I will give you so large a dose of mountain air," said Mrs. Hazleton, "that it shall insure you a better night's rest than any narcotic could procure, Emily. We will go and visit Ellendon Castle, far in the wilds, some sixteen miles hence."

Emily was well pleased with the prospect, and they set out together, both apparently equally prepared to enjoy every thing they met with. The drive was a long one in point of time, for not only were the carriages more cumbrous and heavy in those days, but the road continued ascending nearly the whole way. Sometimes, indeed, a short run down into a gentle valley released the horses from the continual tug on the collar, but it was very brief, and the ascent commenced almost immediately. Beautiful views over the scenery round presented themselves at every turn; and Emily, who had all the spirit of a painter in her heart, looked forth from the window enchanted.

Mrs. Hazleton marked her enjoyment with great satisfaction; for either by study or intuition she had a deep knowledge of the springs and sources of human emotions, and she knew well that one enthusiasm always disposes to another. Nay, more, she knew that whatever is associated in the mind with pleasant scenes is usually pleasing, and she had plotted the meeting between Emily and him she intended to be her lover with considerable pains to produce that effect. Nature seemed to have been a sharer in her schemes. The day could not have been better chosen. There was the light fresh air, the few floating clouds, the merry dancing gleams upon hill and dale, a light, momentary shower of large, jewel-like drops, the fragment of a broken rainbow painting the distant verge of heaven.

At length the summit of the hills was reached; and Mrs. Hazleton told her sweet companion to look out there, ordering the carriage at the same time to stop. It was indeed a scene well worthy of the gaze. Far spreading out beneath the eye lay a wide basin in the hills, walled in, as it were, by those tall summits, here and there broken by a crag. The ground sloped gently down from the spot at which the carriage paused, so that the whole expanse was open to the eye, and over the short brown herbage, through which a purple gleam from the yet unblossomed heath shone out, the lights and shades seemed sporting in mad glee. All was indeed solitary, uncultivated, and even barren, except where, in the very centre of the wide hollow, appeared a number of trees, not grouped together in a wood, but scattered over a considerable space of ground, as if the remnants of some old deer-park, and over their tall tops rose up the ruined keep of some ancient stronghold of races passed away, with here and there another tower or pinnacle appearing, and long lines of grassy mounds, greener than the rest of the landscape, glancing between the stems of the older trees, or bearing up in picturesque confusion their own growth of wild, fantastic, seedling ashes.

By the name of the spot, Ellendon, which means strong-hill, I believe it is more than probable that the Anglo-Saxons had here some forts before the conquest; but the ruin which now presented itself to the eyes of Emily and Mrs. Hazleton was evidently of a later date and of

Norman construction.

Here, probably, some proud baron of the times of Henry, Stephen, or Matilda, had built his nest on high, perchance to overawe the Saxon churls around him, perhaps to set at defiance the royal power itself. Here the merry chase had swept the hills; here revelry and pageantry had checkered a life of fierce strife and haughty oppression. Such scenes, at least such thoughts, presented themselves to the imaginative mind of Emily, like the dreamy gleams that skimmed in gold and purple before her eyes; but the effect of any strong feeling, whether of enjoyment or of grief, was always to make her silent; and she gazed without uttering a word.

Mrs. Hazleton, however, understood some points in her character, and by the long fixed look from beneath the dark sweeping lashes of her eye, by the faint sweet smile that gently curled her young, beautiful lip, and by the sort of gasping sigh after she had gazed breathless for some moments, she knew how intense was that gentle creature's delight in a scene, which to many an eye would have offered no peculiar charm.

She would not suffer it to lose any of its first effect, and after a brief pause ordered the carriage to drive on. Still Emily continued to look onwards out of the carriage-window, and as the road turned in the descent, the castle and the ancient trees grouped themselves differently every minute. At length, as they came nearer, she said, turning to Mrs. Hazleton, "There seems to be a man standing at the very highest point of the old keep."

"He must be bold indeed," replied her companion, looking out also. "When you come close to it, dear Emily, you will see that it requires the foot of a goat and the heart of a lion to climb up there over the rough, disjointed, tottering stones. Good Heaven, I hope he will not fall!"

Emily closed her eyes. "It is very foolish," she said.

"Oh, men have pleasure in such feats of daring," answered Mrs. Hazleton, "which we women cannot understand. He is coming down again as steadily as if he were treading a ball-room. I wish that tree were out of the way."

In two or three minutes the carriage passed between two rows of old and somewhat decayed oaks, and stopped between the fine gate of the castle, covered with ivy, and rugged with the work of Time's too artistic hand, and a building which, if it did not detract from the picturesque beauty of the scene, certainly deprived it of all romance. There, just opposite the entrance, stood a small house, built apparently of stones stolen from the ruins, and bearing on a pole projecting from the front a large blue sign-board, on which was rudely painted in yellow, the figure of what we now call a French horn, while underneath appeared a long inscription to the following effect:

"John Buttercross, at the sign of the Bugle Horn, sells wine and aqua vitæ, and good lodgings to man and horse. N.B. Donkeys to be found within."

Emily laughed, and in an instant came down to common earth.

Mrs. Hazleton wished both John Buttercross and his sign in one fire or another; though she could not help owning that such a house in so remote a place might be a great convenience to visitors like herself. She took the matter quietly, however, returning Emily's gay look with one somewhat rueful, and saying, "Ah, dear girl, all very mundane and unromantic, but depend upon it the house has proved a blessing often to poor wanderers in bleak weather over these wild hills; and we ourselves may find it not so unpleasant by and by when Paul has spread our luncheon in the parlor, and we look out of its little casement at the old ruin there."

Thus saying, she alighted from the carriage, gave some orders to her servants, and to an hostler who was walking up and down a remarkably beautiful horse, which seemed to have been ridden hard, and then leaning on Emily's arm, walked up the slope towards the gate.

Barbican and outer walls were gone—fallen long ago into the ditch, and covered with the all-receiving earth and a green coat of turf. You could but tell where they lay, by the undulations of the ground, and the grassy hillock here and there. The great gate still stood firm, however, with its two tall towers, standing like giant wardens to guard the entrance. There were the machicolated parapets, the long loopholes mantled with ivy, the outsloping basement, against which the battering ram might have long played in vain, the family escutcheon with the arms crumbled from it, the portcullis itself showing its iron teeth above the traveller's head. It was the most perfect part of the building; and when the two ladies entered the great court the scene of ruin was more complete. Many a tower had fallen, leaving large gaps in the inner wall; the chapel with only one beautiful window left, and the fragments of two others, showing where the fine line had run, lay mouldering on the right, and at some distance in front appeared the tall majestic keep, the lower rooms of which were in tolerable preservation, though the roof had fallen in to the second story, and the airy summit had lost its symmetry by the destruction of two entire sides. Short green turf covered the whole court, except where some mass of stone, more recently fallen than others, still stood out bare and gray; but a crop of brambles and nettles bristled up near the chapel, and here and there a tree had planted itself on the tottering ruins of the walls.

Mrs. Hazleton walked straight towards the entrance of the keep along a little path sufficiently well worn to show that the castle had frequent visitors, and was within a few steps of the doorway, when a figure issued forth which to say sooth did not at all surprise her to behold. She gave a little start, however, saying in a low tone to Emily, "That must be our climbing friend whose neck we thought in such peril a short time since."

The gentleman—for such estate was indicated by his dress, which was dark and sober, but well made and costly—took a step or two slowly forward, verging a little to the side as if to let two ladies pass whom he did not know; but then suddenly he stopped, gazed for an instant with a well assumed look of surprise and inquiry, and then hurried rapidly towards them, raising his hat not ungracefully, while Mrs. Hazleton exclaimed, "Ah, how fortunate! Here is a friend who doubtless can tell us all about the ruins."

At the same moment Emily recognized the young man whom she had found accidentally wounded in her father's park.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Let me introduce Mr. Ayliffe to you, Emily," said Mrs. Hazleton; "but you seem to know each other already. Is it so?"

"I have seen this gentleman before," replied her young companion, "but did not know his name. I hope you have quite recovered from your wound?"

"Quite, I thank you, Miss Hastings," replied John Ayliffe, in a quiet and respectful tone; but then he added, "the interest you kindly showed on the occasion, I believe did much to cure me."

"Too much, and too soon!" thought Mrs. Hazleton, as she remarked a slight flush pass over Emily's cheek, to which her reply gave interpretation.

"Every one, I suppose, would feel the same interest," answered the beautiful girl, "in suffering such as you seemed to endure when I accidentally met you in the park. Shall we go on into the Castle?"

The last words were addressed to Mrs. Hazleton, who immediately assented, but asked Mr. Ayliffe to act as their guide, and, at the very first opportunity, whispered to him, "not too quick."

He seemed to comprehend in a moment what she meant; and during the rest of the ramble round the ruins behaved himself with a good deal of discretion. His conversation could not be said to be agreeable to Emily; for there was little in it either to amuse or interest. His stores of information were very limited—at least upon subjects which she herself was conversant; and although he endeavored to give it, every now and then, a poetical turn, the attempt was not very successful. On the whole, however, he did tolerably well till after the luncheon at the inn, to which Mrs. Hazleton invited him, when he began to entertain his two fair companions with an account of a rat hunt, which surprised Emily not a little, and drew, almost instantly, from Mrs. Hazleton a monitory gesture.

The young man looked confused, and broke off, suddenly, with an embarrassed laugh, saying, "Oh! I forgot, such exploits are not very fit for ladies' ears; and, to say the truth, I do not much like them myself when there is any thing better to do."

"I should think that something better might always be found," replied Mrs. Hazleton, gravely, taking to her own lips the reproof which she knew was in Emily's heart; "but, I dare say, you were a boy when this happened?"

"Oh, quite a boy," he said, "quite a boy. I have other things to think of now."

But the impression was made, and it was not favorable. With keen acuteness Mrs. Hazleton watched every look, and every turn of the conversation; and seeing that the course of things had begun ill for her purposes, she very soon proposed to order the carriage and return; resolving to take, as it were, a fresh start on the following day. She did not then ask young Ayliffe to dine at her house, as she had, at first, intended; but was well pleased, notwithstanding, to see him mount his horse in order to accompany them on the way back; for she had remarked that his horsemanship was excellent, and well knew that skill in manly exercises is always a strong recommendation in a woman's eyes. Nor was this all: decidedly handsome in person, John Ayliffe had, nevertheless, a certain common—not exactly vulgar—air, when on his feet, which was lost as soon as he was in the saddle. There, with a perfect seat, and upright, dashing carriage, managing a fierce, wild horse with complete mastery, he appeared to the greatest advantage. All his horsemanship was thrown away upon Emily. If she had been asked by any one, she would have admitted, at once, that he was a very handsome man, and a good and graceful rider; but she never asked herself whether he was or not; and, indeed, did not think about it at all.

One thing, however, she did think, and that was not what Mrs. Hazleton desired. She thought him a coarse and vulgar-minded young man; and she wondered how a woman of such refinement as Mrs. Hazleton could be pleased with his society. There was at the end of that day only one impression in his favor, which was produced by an undefinable resemblance to her father, evanescent, but ever returning. There was no one feature like: the coloring was different: the hair, eyes, beard, all dissimilar. He was much handsomer than Sir Philip Hastings ever had been; but ever and anon there came a glance of the eye, or a curl of the lip; a family expression which was familiar and pleasant to her. John Ayliffe accompanied the carriage to the gate of Mrs. Hazleton's park; and there the lady beckoned him up, and in a kind, half jesting tone, bade him keep himself disengaged the next day, as she might want him.

He promised to obey, and rode away; but Mrs. Hazleton never mentioned his name again during the evening, which passed over in quiet conversation, with little reference to the events of the

morning.

Before she went to bed, however, Mrs. Hazleton wrote a somewhat long epistle to John Ayliffe, full of very important hints for his conduct the next day, and ending with an injunction to burn the letter as soon as he had read it. This done, she retired to rest; and that night, what with free mountain air and exercise, she and Emily both slept soundly. The next morning, however, she felt, or affected to feel, fatigue; and put off another expedition which had been proposed.

Noon had hardly arrived, when Mr. Ayliffe presented himself, to receive her commands he said, and there he remained, invited to stay to dinner, not much to Emily's satisfaction; but, at length, she remembered that she had letters to write, and, seated at a table in the window, went on covering sheets of paper, with a rapid hand, for more than an hour; while John Ayliffe seated himself by Emily's embroidery frame, and labored to efface the bad impression of the day before, by a very different strain of conversation. He spoke of many things more suited to her tastes and habits than those which he had previously noticed, and spoke not altogether amiss. But yet, there was something forced in it all. It was as if he were reading sentences out of a book, and, in truth, it is probable he was repeating a lesson.

Emily did not know what to do. She would have given the world to be freed from his society; to have gone out and enjoyed her own thoughts amongst woods and flowers; or even to have sat quietly in her own room alone, feeling the summer air, and looking at the glorious sky. To seek that refuge, however, she thought would be rude; and to go out to walk in the park would, she doubted not, induce him to follow. She sat still, therefore, with marvellous patience, answering briefly when an answer was required; but never speaking in reply with any of that free pouring forth of heart and mind which can only take place where sympathy is strong.

She was rewarded for her endurance, for when it had lasted well nigh as long as she could bear it, the drawing-room door opened, and Mr. Marlow appeared. His eyes instantly fixed upon Emily with that young man sitting by her side; and a feeling, strange and painful, came upon him. But the next instant the bright, glad, natural, unchecked look of satisfaction, with which she rose to greet him, swept every doubt-making jealousy away.

Very different was the look of Mrs. Hazleton. For an instant—a single instant—the same black shadow, which I have mentioned once before, came across her brow, the same lightning flashed from her eye. But both passed away in a moment; and the feelings which produced them were again hidden in her heart. They were bitter enough; for she had read, with the clear eyesight of jealousy, all that Marlow's look of surprise and annoyance—all that Emily's look of joy and relief—betrayed.

They might not yet call themselves lovers—they might not even be conscious that they were so; but that they were and would be, from that moment, Mrs. Hazleton had no doubt. The conviction had come upon her, not exactly gradually, but by fits, as it were—first a doubt, and then a fear, and then a certainty that one, and then that both loved.

If it were so, she knew that her present plans must fail; but yet she pursued them with an eagerness very different than before—a wild, rash, almost frantic eagerness. There was a chance, she thought, of driving Emily into the arms of John Ayliffe, with no love for him, and love for another; and there was a bitter sort of satisfaction in the very idea. Fears for her father she always hoped might operate, where no other inducement could have power, and such means she resolved to bring into play at once, without waiting for the dull, long process of drilling Ayliffe into gentlemanly carriage, or winning for him some way in Emily's regard. To force her to marry him, hating rather than loving him, would be a mighty gratification, and for it Mrs. Hazleton resolved at once to strike; but she knew that hypocrisy was needed more than ever; and therefore it was that the brow was smoothed, the eye calmed in a moment.

To Marlow, during his visit, she was courteous and civil enough, but still so far cold as to give him no encouragement to stay long. She kept watch too upon all that passed, not only between him and Emily, but between him and John Ayliffe; for a quarrel between them, which she thought likely, was not what she desired. But there was no danger of such a result. Marlow treated the young man with a cold and distant politeness—a proud civility, which left him no pretence for offence, and yet silenced and abashed him completely. During the whole visit, till towards its close, the contrast between the two men was so marked and strong, so disadvantageous to him whom Mrs. Hazleton sought to favor, that she would have given much to have had Ayliffe away from such a damaging companion. At length she could endure it no longer, and contrived to send him to seek for some flowers which she pretended to want, and which she knew he would not readily find in her gardens.

Before he returned, Marlow was gone; and Emily, soon after, retired to her own room, leaving the youth and Mrs. Hazleton together.

The three met again at dinner, and, for once, a subject was brought up, by accident, or design—which, I know not—that gave John Ayliffe an opportunity of setting himself in a somewhat better light. Every one has some amenity—some sweeter, gentler spot in the character. He had a great love for flowers—a passion for them; and it brought forth the small, very small portion of the poetry of the heart which had been assigned to him by nature. It was flowers then that Mrs. Hazleton talked of, and he soon joined in discussing their beauties, with a thorough knowledge of, and feeling for his subject. Emily was somewhat surprised, and, with natural kindness, felt glad to find some topic where she could converse with him at ease. The change of her manner

encouraged him, and he went on, for once, wisely keeping to a subject on which he was at home, and which seemed so well to please. Mrs. Hazleton helped him greatly with a skill and rapidity which few could have displayed, always guiding the conversation back to the well chosen theme, whenever it was lost for an instant.

At length, when the impression was most favorable, John Ayliffe rose to go—I know not whether he did so at a sign from Mrs. Hazleton; but I think he did. Few men quit a room gracefully—it is a difficult evolution—and he, certainly, did not. But Emily's eyes were in a different direction, and to say the truth, although he had seemed to her more agreeable that evening than he had been before, she thought too little of him at all to remark how he quitted the room, even if her eyes had been upon him.

From time to time, indeed, some of the strange vague words which he had used when she had seen him in the park, had recurred to her mind with an unpleasant impression and she had puzzled herself with the question of what could be their meaning; but she soon dismissed the subject, resolving to seek some information from Mrs. Hazleton, who seemed to know the young man so well.

On the preceding night, that lady had avoided all mention of him; but that was not the case now. She spoke of him, almost as soon as he was gone, in a tone of some compassion, alluding vaguely and mysteriously to misfortunes and disadvantages under which he had labored, and saying, that it was marvellous to see how much strength of mind, and natural high qualities, could effect against adverse circumstances. This called forth from Emily the inquiry which she had meditated, and although she could not recollect exactly the words John Ayliffe had used, she detailed, with sufficient accuracy, all that had taken place between herself and him; and the strange allusion he had made to Sir Philip Hastings.

Mrs. Hazleton gazed at her for a moment or two after she had done speaking, with a look expressive of anxious concern.

"I trust, my dear Emily," she said, at length, "that you did not repel him at all harshly. I have had much sad experience of the world, and I know that in youth we are too apt to touch hardly and rashly, things that for our own best interests, as well as for good feeling's sake, we ought to deal with tenderly."

"I do not think that I spoke harshly," replied Emily, thoughtfully; "I told him that any thing he had to say must be said to my father; but I do not believe I spoke even that unkindly."

"I am glad to hear it—very glad;" replied Mrs. Hazleton, with much emphasis; and then, after a short pause, she added, "Yet I do not know that your father—excellent, noble-minded, just and generous as he is—was the person best fitted to judge and act in the matter which John Ayliffe might have to speak of."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Emily, becoming more and more surprised, and in some degree alarmed, "this is very strange, dear Mrs. Hazleton. You seem to know more of this matter; pray explain it all to me. I may well hear from you, what would be improper for me to listen to from him."

"He has a kindly heart," said Mrs. Hazleton, thoughtfully, "and more forbearance than I ever knew in one so young; but it cannot last for ever; and when he is of age, which will be in a few days, he must act; and I trust will act kindly and gently—I am sure he will, if nothing occurs to irritate a bold and decided character."

"But act how?" inquired Emily, eagerly; "you forget, dear Mrs. Hazleton, that I am quite in the dark in this matter. I dare say that he is all that you say; but I will own that neither his manners generally, nor his demeanor on that occasion, led me to think very well of him, or to believe that he was of a forbearing or gentle nature."

"He has faults," said Mrs. Hazleton, dryly; "oh yes, he has faults, but they are those of manner, more than heart or character—faults produced by circumstances which may be changed by circumstances—which would never have existed, had he had, earlier, one judicious, kind, and experienced friend to counsel and direct him. They are disappearing rapidly, and, if ever he should fall under the influences of a generous and noble spirit, will vanish altogether."

She was preparing the way, skilfully exciting, as she saw, some interest in Emily, and yet producing some alarm.

"But still you do not explain," said the beautiful girl, anxiously; "do not, dear Mrs. Hazleton, keep me longer in suspense."

"I cannot—I ought not, Emily, to explain all to you," replied the lady, "it would be a long and painful story; but this I may tell you, and after that, ask me no more. That young man has your father's fortunes and his fate entirely in his hands. He has forborne long. Heaven grant that his forbearance may still endure."

She ceased, and after one glance at Emily's face, she cast down her eyes, and seemed to fall into thought.

Emily gazed up towards the sky, as if seeking counsel there, and then, bursting into tears, hurriedly quitted the room.

Emily's night was not peaceful. The very idea that her father's fate was in the power of any other man, was, in itself, trouble enough; but in the present case there was more. Why, or wherefore, she knew not; but there was something told her that, in spite of all Mrs. Hazleton's commendations, and the fair portrait she had so elaborately drawn, John Ayliffe was not a man to use power mercifully. She tried eagerly to discover what had created this impression: she thought of every look and every word which she had seen upon the young man's countenance, or heard from his lips; and she fixed at length more upon the menacing scowl which she had marked upon his brow in the cottage, than even upon the menacing language which he had held when her father's name was mentioned.

Sleep visited not her eyes for many an hour, and when at length her eyes closed through fatigue, it was restless and dreamful. She fancied she saw John Ayliffe holding Sir Philip on the ground, trying to strangle him. She strove to scream for help, but her lips seemed paralyzed, and there was no sound. That strange anguish of sleep—the anguish of impotent strong will—of powerless passion—of effort without effect, was upon her, and soon burst the bonds of slumber. It would have been impossible to endure it long. All must have felt that it is greater than any mortal agony; and that if he could endure more than a moment, like a treacherous enemy it would slay us in our sleep.

She awoke unrefreshed, and rose pale and sad. I cannot say that Mrs. Hazleton, when she beheld Emily's changed look, felt any great compunction. If she had no great desire to torture, which I will not pretend to say, she did not at all object to see her victim suffer; but Emily's pale cheek and distressed look afforded indications still more satisfactory; which Mrs. Hazleton remarked with the satisfaction of a philosopher watching a successful experiment. They showed that the preparation she had made for what was coming, was even more effectual than she had expected, and so the abstract pleasure of inflicting pain on one she hated, was increased by the certainty of success.

Emily said little—referred not at all to the subject of her thoughts, but dwelt upon it—pondered in silence. To one who knew her she might have seemed sullen, sulky; but it was merely that one of those fits of deep intense communion with the inner things of the heart—those abstracted rambles through the mazy wilderness of thought, which sometimes fell upon her, was upon her now. At these times it was very difficult to draw her spirit forth into the waking world again—to rouse her to the things about her life. It seemed as if her soul was absent far away, and that the mere animal life of the body remained. Great events might have passed before her eyes, without her knowing aught of them.

On all former occasions but one, these reveries—for so I must call them—had been of a lighter and more pleasant nature. In them it had seemed as if her young spirit had been tempted away from the household paths of thought, far into tangled wilds where it had lost itself—tempted, like other children, by the mere pleasure of the ramble—led on to catch a butterfly, or chase the rainbow. Feeling—passion, had not mingled with the dream at all, and consequently there had been no suffering. I am not sure that on other occasions, when such absent fits fell upon her, Emily Hastings was not more joyous, more full of pure delight, than when, in a gay and sparkling mood, she moved her father's wonder at what he thought light frivolity. But now it was all bitter: the labyrinth was dark as well as intricate, and the thorns tore her as she groped for some path across the wilderness.

Before it had lasted very long—before it had at all reached its conclusion—and as she had sat at the window of the drawing-room, gazing out upon the sky without seeing either white cloud or blue, Sir Philip Hastings himself, on a short journey for some magisterial purpose, entered the room, spoke a few words to Mrs. Hazleton, and then turned to his daughter. Had he been half an hour later, Emily would have cast her arms round his neck and told him all; but as it was, she remained self-involved, even in his presence—answered indeed mechanically—spoke words of affection with an absent air, and let the mind still run on upon the path which it had chosen.

Sir Philip had no time to stay till this fit was past, and Mrs. Hazleton was glad to get rid of him civilly before any other act of the drama began.

But his daughter's mood did not escape Sir Philip's eyes. I have said that for her he was full of observation, though he often read the results wrongly; and now he marked Emily's mood with doubt, and not with pleasure. "What can this mean?" he asked himself, "can any thing have gone wrong? It is strange, very strange. Perhaps her mother was right after all, and it might have been better to take her to the capital."

Thus thinking, Sir Philip himself fell into a reverie, not at all unlike that in which he had found his daughter. Yet he understood not hers, and pondered upon it as something strange and inextricable.

In the mean time, Emily thought on, till at length Mrs. Hazleton reminded her that they were to go that day to the Waterfall. She rose mechanically, sought her room, dressed, and gazed from the window.

It is wonderful, however, how small a thing will sometimes take the mind, as it were, by the hand, and lead it back out of shadow into sunshine. From the lawn below the window a light bird sprang up into the air, quivered upon its twinkling wings, uttered a note or two, and then soared

higher, and each moment as it rose up, up, into the sky, the song, like a spirit heavenward bound, grew stronger and more strong, and flooded the air with melody.

Emily watched it as it rose, listened to it as it sang. Its upward flight seemed to carry her spirit above the dark things on which it brooded; its thrilling voice to waken her to cheerful life again. There is a high holiness in a lark's song; and hard must be the heart, and strong and corrupt, that does not raise the voice and join with it in its praise to God.

When she went down again into the drawing-room, she was quite a different being, and Mrs. Hazleton marvelled what could have happened so to change her. Had she been told that it was a lark's song, she would have laughed the speaker to scorn. She was not one to feel it.

I will not pause upon the journey of the morning, nor describe the beautiful fall of the river that they visited, or tell how it fell rushing over the precipice, or how the rocks dashed it into diamond sparkles, or how rainbows bannered the conflict of the waters, and boughs waved over the struggling stream like plumes. It was a sweet and pleasant sight, and full of meditation; and Mrs. Hazleton, judging perhaps of others by herself, imagined that it would produce in the mind of Emily those softening influences which teach the heart to yield readily to the harder things of life.

There is, perhaps, not a more beautiful, nor a more frequently applicable allegory than that of the famous Amreeta Cup—I know not whether devised by Southey, or borrowed by him from the rich store of instructive fable hidden in oriental tradition. It is long, long, since I read it; but yet every word is remembered whenever I see the different effect which scenes, circumstances, and events produce upon different characters. It is shown by the poet that the cup of divine wine gave life and immortality, and excellence superhuman, and bliss beyond belief, to the pure heart; but to the dark, earthly, and evil, brought death, destruction, and despair. We may extend the lesson a little, and see in the Amreeta wine, the spirit of God pervading all his works, but producing in those who see and taste an effect, for good or evil, according to the nature of the recipient. The strong, powerful, self-willed, passionate character of Mrs. Hazleton, found, in the calm meditative fall of the cataract, in the ever shifting play of the wild waters, and in the watchful stillness of the air around, a softening, enfeebling influence. The gentle character of Emily turned from the scene with a heart raised rather than depressed, a spirit better prepared to combat with evil and with sorrow, full of love and trust in God, and a confidence strong beyond the strength of this world. There is a voice of prophecy in waterfalls, and mountains, and lakes, and streams, and sunny lands, and clouds, and storms, and bright sunsets, and the face of nature every where, which tells the destiny, not of one, but of many, and at all events, foreshows the unutterable mercy reserved for those who trust. It is a prophecy—and an exhortation too. The words are, "Be holy, and be happy!" The God who speaks is true and glorious. Be true and inherit glory.

Emily had been cheerful as they went. As they returned she was calm and firm. Readily she joined in any conversation. Seldom did she fall into any absent fit of thought, and the effect of that day's drive was any thing but what Mrs. Hazleton expected or wished.

When they returned to the house, a letter was delivered to Emily Hastings, with which, the seal unbroken, she retired to her own room. The hand was unknown to her, but with a sort of prescience something more than natural, she divined at once from whom it came, and saw that the difficult struggle had commenced. An hour or two before, the very thought would have dismayed her. Now the effect was but small.

She had no suspicion of the plans against her; no idea whatever that people might be using her as a tool—that there was any interest contrary to her own, in the conduct or management of others. But yet she turned the key in the door before she commenced the perusal of the letter, which was to the following effect:

"I know not," said the writer, in a happier style than perhaps might have been expected, "how to prevail upon your goodness to pardon all I am going to say, knowing that nothing short of the circumstances in which I am placed, could excuse my approaching you even in thought. I have long known you, though you have known me only for a few short hours. I have watched you often from childhood up to womanhood, and there has been growing upon me from very early years a strong attachment, a deep affection, a powerful—overpowering—ardent love, which nothing can ever extinguish. Need I tell you that the last few days would have increased that love had increase been possible.

"All this, however, I know is no justification of my venturing to raise my thoughts to you—still less of my venturing to express these feelings boldly; but it has been an excuse to myself, and in some degree to others, for abstaining hitherto from that which my best interests, a mother's fame, and my own rights, required. The time has now come when I can no longer remain silent; when I must throw upon you the responsibility of an important choice; when I am forced to tell you how deeply, how devotedly, I love you, in order that you may say whether you will take the only means of saving me from the most painful task I ever undertook, by conferring on me the greatest blessing that woman ever gave to man; or, on the other hand, will drive me to a task repugnant to all my feelings, but just, necessary, inevitable, in case of your refusal. Let me explain, however, that I am your cousin—the son of your father's elder brother by a private marriage with a peasant girl of this county. The whole case is perfectly clear, and I have proof positive of the marriage in my hands. From fear of a lawsuit, and from the pressure of great poverty, my mother was induced to sacrifice her rights after her husband's early death, still to conceal her marriage, to bear even sneers and shame, and to live upon a pittance allowed to her by her husband's father, and secured to her by him after his own death, when she was entitled to honor, and birth, and

distinction by the law of the land.

"One of her objects, doubtless, was to secure to herself and her son a moderate competence, as the late Sir John Hastings, my grandfather and yours, had the power of leaving all his estates to any one he pleased, the entail having ended with himself. For this she sacrificed her rights, her name, her fame, and you will find, if you look into your grandfather's will, that he took especial care that no infraction of the contract between him and her father should give cause for the assertion of her rights. Two or three mysterious clauses in that will will show you at once, if you read them, that the whole tale I tell you is correct, and that Sir John Hastings, on the one hand, paid largely, and on the other threatened sternly, in order to conceal the marriage of his eldest son, and transmit the title to the second. But my mother could not bar me of my rights: she could endure unmerited shame for pecuniary advantages, if she pleased; but she could not entail shame upon me; and were it in the power of any one to deprive me of that which Sir John Hastings left me, or to shut me out from the succession to his whole estates, to which—from the fear of disclosing his great secret—he did not put any bar in his will that would have been at once an acknowledgment of my legitimacy, I would still sacrifice all, and stand alone, friendless and portionless in the world, rather than leave my mother's fame and my own birth unvindicated. This is one of the strongest desires, the most overpowering impulses of my heart; and neither you nor any one could expect me to resist it. But there is yet a stronger still—not an impulse, but a passion, and to that every thing must yield. It is love; and whatever may be the difference which you see between yourself and me, however inferior I may feel myself to you in all those qualities which I myself the most admire, still, I feel myself justified in placing the case clearly before you—in telling you how truly, how sincerely, how ardently I love you, and in asking you whether you will deign to favor my suit even now as I stand, to save me the pain and grief of contending with the father of her I love, the anguish of stripping him of the property he so well uses, and of the rank which he adorns; or will leave me to establish my rights, to take my just name and station, and then, when no longer appearing humble and unknown, to plead my cause with no less humility than I do at present.

"That I shall do so then, as now, rest assured—that I would do so if the rank and station to which I have a right were a principality, do not doubt; but I would fain, if it were possible, avoid inflicting any pain upon your father. I know not how he may bear the loss of station and of fortune—I know not what effect the struggles of a court of law, and inevitable defeat may produce. Only acquainted with him by general repute, I cannot tell what may be the effect of mortification and the loss of all he has hitherto enjoyed. He has the reputation of a good, a just, and a wise man, somewhat vehement in feeling, somewhat proud of his position. You must judge him, rather than I; but, I beseech you, consider him in this matter.

"At any time, and at all times, my love will be the same—nothing can change me—nothing can alter or affect the deep love I bear you. When casting from me the cloud which had hung upon my birth, when assuming the rank and taking possession of the property that is my own, I shall still love you as devotedly as ever—still as earnestly seek your hand. But oh! how I long to avoid all the pangs, the mischances, the anxieties to every one, the ill feeling, the contention, the animosity, which must ever follow such a struggle as that between your father and myself—oh, how I long to owe every thing to you, even the station, even the property, even the fair name that is my own by right! Nay, more, far more, to owe you guidance and direction—to owe you support and instruction—to owe you all that may improve, and purify, and elevate me.

"Oh, Emily, dear cousin, let me be your debtor in all things. You who first gave me the thought of rising above fate, and making myself worthy of the high fortunes which I have long known awaited me, perfect your work, redeem me for ever from all that is unworthy, save me from bitter regrets, and your father from disappointment, sorrow, and poverty, and render me all that I long to be.

"Yours, and forever,

"JOHN HASTINGS."

Very well done, Mrs. Hazleton!—but somewhat too well done. There was a difference, a difference so striking, so unaccountable, between the style of this letter, both in thought and composition, and the ordinary style and manners of John Ayliffe, that it could not fail to strike the eyes of Emily. For a moment she felt a little confused—not undecided. There was no hesitation, no doubt, as to her own conduct. For an instant it crossed her mind that this young man had deeper, finer feelings in his nature than appeared upon the surface—that his manner might be more in fault than his nature. But there were things in the letter itself which she did not like—that, without any labored analysis or deep-searching criticism, brought to her mind the conviction that the words, the arguments, the inducements employed were those of art rather than of feeling—that the mingling of threats towards her father, however veiled, with professions of love towards herself, was in itself ungenerous—that the objects and the means were not so high-toned as the professions—that there was something sordid, base, ignoble in the whole proceeding. It required no careful thought to arrive at such a conclusion—no second reading—and her mind was made up at once.

The deep reverie into which she had fallen in the morning had done her good—it had disentangled thought, and left the heart and judgment clear. The fair, natural scene she had passed through since, the intercourse with God's works, had done her still more good—refreshed, and strengthened, and elevated the spirit; and after a very brief pause she drew the table

towards her, sat down, and wrote. As she did write, she thought of her father, and she believed from her heart that the words she used were those which he would wish her to employ. They were to the following effect:

"Sir: Your letter, as you may suppose, has occasioned me great pain, and the more so, as I am compelled to say, not only that I cannot return your affection now, but can hold out no hope to you of ever returning it. I am obliged to speak decidedly, as I should consider myself most base if I could for one moment trifle with feelings such as those which you express.

"In regard to your claims upon my father's estates, and to the rank which he believes himself to hold by just right, I can form no judgment; and could have wished that they had never been mentioned to me before they had been made known to him.

"I never in my life knew my father do an unjust or ungenerous thing, and I am quite sure that if convinced another had a just title to all that he possesses on earth, he would strip himself of it as readily as he would of a soiled garment. My father would disdain to hold for an hour the rightful property of another. You have therefore only to lay your reasons before him, and you may be sure that they will have just consideration and yourself full justice. I trust that you will do so soon, as to give the first intelligence of such claims would be too painful a task for

"Your faithful servant,

"EMILY HASTINGS."

She read her letter over twice, and was satisfied with it. Sealing it carefully, she gave it to her own maid for despatch, and then paused for a moment, giving way to some temporary curiosity as to who could have aided in the composition of the letter she had received, for John Ayliffe's alone she could not and would not believe it to be. She cast such thoughts from her very speedily, however, and, strange to say, her heart seemed lightened now that the moment of trial had come and gone, now that a turning-point in her fate seemed to have passed.

Mrs. Hazleton was surprised to see her re-enter the drawing-room with a look of relief. She saw that the matter was decided, but she was too wise to conclude that it was decided according to her wishes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Marlow reasoned with his own heart. For the first time in his life it had proved rebellious. It would have its own way. It would give no account of its conduct,—why it had beat so, why it had thrilled so, why it had experienced so many changes of feeling when he saw John Ayliffe sitting beside Emily Hastings, and when Emily Hastings had risen with so joyous a smile to greet him—it would not explain at all. And now he argued the point with it systematically, with a determination to get to the bottom of the matter one way or another. He asked it, as if it had been a separate individual, if it was in love with Emily Hastings. The question was too direct, and the heart said it "rather thought not."

Was it quite sure? he asked again. The heart was silent, and seemed to be considering. Was it jealous? he inquired. "Oh dear no, not in the least."

Then why did it go on in such a strange, capricious, unaccountable way, when a good-looking, vulgar young man was seen sitting beside Emily?

The heart said it "could not tell; that it was its nature to do so."

Marlow was not to be put off. He was determined to know more, and he argued, "If it be your nature to do so, you of course do the same when you see other young men sitting by other young women." The heart was puzzled, and did not reply; and then Marlow begged a definite answer to this question. "If you were to hear to-morrow that Emily Hastings is going to be married to this youth, or to any other man, young or old, what would you do then?"

"Break!" said the heart, and Marlow asked no more questions. Knowing how dangerous it is to enter into such interrogations on horseback, when the pulse is accelerated and the nervous system all in a flutter, he had waited till he got into his own dwelling, and seated himself in his chair, that he might deal with the rebellious spirit in his breast stately, and calmly likewise; but as he came to the end of the conversation, he rose up, resolving to order a fresh horse, and ride instantly away, to confer with Sir Philip Hastings. In so doing he looked round the room. It was not very well or very fully furnished. The last proprietor before Mrs. Hazleton had not been very fond of books, and had never thought of a library. When Marlow brought his own books down he had ordered some cases to be made by a country carpenter, which fitted but did not much ornament the room. They gave it a raw, desolate aspect, and made him, by a natural projection of thought, think ill of the accommodation of the whole house, as soon as he began to entertain the idea of Emily Hastings ever becoming its mistress. Then he went on to ask himself, "What have I to offer for the treasure of her hand? What have I to offer but the hand of a very simple, undistinguished country gentleman—quite, quite unworthy of her? What have I to offer Sir Philip Hastings as an alliance worthy of even his consideration?—A good, unstained name; but no rank, and a fortune not above mediocrity. Marry! a fitting match for the heiress of the Hastings and Marshall families."

He gazed around him, and his heart fell.

A little boy, with a pair of wings on his shoulders, and the end of a bow peeping up near his neck, stood close behind Marlow, and whispered in his ear, "Never mind all that—only try."

And Marlow resolved he would try; but yet he hesitated how to do so. Should he go himself to Sir Philip? But he feared a rebuff. Should he write? No, that was cowardly. Should he tell his love to Emily first, and strive to win her affections, ere he breathed to her father? No, that would be dishonest, if he had a doubt of her father's consent. At length he made up his mind to go in person to Sir Philip, but the discussion and the consideration had been so long that it was too late to ride over that night, and the journey was put off till the following day. That day, as early as possible, he set out. He called it as early as possible, and it was early for a visit; but the moment one fears a rebuff from any lady one grows marvellously punctilious. When his horse was brought round he began to fancy that he should be too soon for Sir Philip, and he had the horse walked up and down for half an hour.

What would he have given for that half hour, when, on reaching Sir Philip's door, he found that Emily's father had gone out, and was not expected back till late in the day. Angry with himself, and a good deal disappointed, he returned to his home, which, somehow, looked far less cheerful than usual. He could take no pleasure in his books, or in his pictures, and even thought was unpleasant to him, for under the influence of expectation it became but a calculation of chances, for which he had but scanty data. One thing, indeed, he learned from the passing of that evening, which was, that home and home happiness was lost to him henceforth without Emily Hastings.

The following day saw him early in the saddle, and riding away as if some beast of the chase were before him. Indeed, man's love, when it is worth any thing, has always smack of the hunter in it. He cared not for highlands or bypaths—hedges and ditches offered small impediments. Straight across the country he went, till he approached the end of his journey; but then he suddenly pulled in his rein, and began to ask himself if he was a madman. He was passing over the Marshall property at the time, the inheritance of Emily's mother, and the thought of all that she was heir to cooled his ardor with doubt and apprehension. He would have given one half of all that he possessed that she had been a peasant-girl, that he might have lived with her upon the other.

Then he began to think of all that he should say to Sir Philip Hastings, and how he should say it; and he felt very uneasy in his mind. Then he was angry with himself for his own sensations, and tried philosophy and scolded his own heart. But philosophy and scolding had no effect; and then cantering easily through the park, he stopped at the gate of the house and dismounted.

Sir Philip was in this time; and Marlow was ushered into the little room where he sat in the morning, with the library hard by, that he might have his books at hand. But Sir Philip was not reading now; on the contrary, he was in a fit of thought; and, if one might judge by the contraction of his brow, and the drawing down of the corners of his lips, it was not a very pleasant one.

Marlow fancied that he had come at an inauspicious moment, and the first words of Sir Philip, though kind and friendly, were not at all harmonious with the feeling of love in his young visitor's heart.

"Welcome, my young friend," he said, looking up. "I have been thinking this morning over the laws and habits of different nations, ancient and modern; and would fain satisfy myself if I am right in the conclusion that we, in this land, leave too little free action to individual judgment. No man, we say, must take law in his own hands; yet how often do we break this rule—how often are we compelled to break it. If you, with a gun in your hand, saw a man at fifty or sixty paces about to murder a child or a woman, without any means of stopping the blow except by using your weapon, what would you do?"

"Shoot him on the spot," replied Marlow at once, and then added, "if I were quite certain of his intention."

"Of course—of course," replied Sir Philip. "And yet, my good friend, if you did so without witnesses—supposing the child too young to testify, or the woman sleeping at whom the blow was aimed—you would be hung for your just, wise, charitable act."

"Perhaps so," said Marlow, abruptly; "but I would do it, nevertheless."

"Right, right," replied Sir Philip, rising and shaking his hand; "right, and like yourself! There are cases when, with a clear consciousness of the rectitude of our purpose, and a strong confidence in the justice of our judgment, we must step over all human laws, be the result to ourselves what it may. Do you remember a man—one Cutter—to whom you taught a severe lesson on the very first day I had the pleasure of knowing you? I should have been undoubtedly justified, morally, and perhaps even legally also, in sending my sword through his body, when he attacked me that day. Had I done so I should have saved a valuable human life, spared the world the spectacle of a great crime, and preserved an excellent husband and father to his wife and children. That very man has murdered the game-keeper of the Earl of Selby; and being called to the spot yesterday, I had to commit him for that crime, upon evidence which left not a doubt of his guilt. I spared him when he assaulted me from a weak and unworthy feeling of compassion, although I knew the man's character, and dimly foresaw his career. I have regretted it since; but never so much as yesterday. This, of course, is no parallel case to that which I just now proposed; but the one led my mind to the other."

"Did the wretched man admit his guilt?" asked Marlow.

"He did not, and could not deny it," answered Sir Philip; "during the examination he maintained a hard, sullen silence; and only said, when I ordered his committal, that I ought not to be so hard upon him for that offence, as it was the best service he could have done me; for that he had silenced a man whose word could strip me of all I possessed."

"What could he mean?" asked Marlow, eagerly.

"Nay, I know not," replied Sir Philip, in an indifferent tone; "crushed vipers often turn to bite. The man he killed was the son of the former sexton here—an honest, good creature too, for whom I obtained his place; his murderer a reckless villain, on whose word there is no dependence. Let us give no thought to it. He has held some such language before; but it never produced a fear that my property would be lost, or even diminished. We do not hold our fee simples on the tenure of a rogue's good pleasure—why do you smile?"

"For what will seem at first sight a strange, unnatural reason for a friend to give, Sir Philip," replied Marlow, determined not to lose the opportunity; "for your own sake and for your country's, I am bound to hope that your property may never be lost or diminished; but every selfish feeling would induce me to wish it were less than it is."

Sir Philip Hastings was no reader of riddles, and he looked puzzled; but Marlow walked frankly round and took him by the hand, saying, "I have not judged it right, Sir Philip, to remain one day after I discovered what are my feelings towards your daughter, without informing you fully of their nature, that you may at once decide upon your future demeanor towards one to whom you have hitherto shown much kindness, and who would on no account abuse it. I was not at all aware of how this passion had grown upon me, till the day before yesterday, when I saw your daughter at Mrs. Hazleton's, and some accidental circumstance revealed to me the state of my own heart."

Sir Philip looked as if surprised; but after a moment's thought, he inquired, "And what says Emily, my young friend?"

"She says nothing, Sir Philip," replied Marlow; "for neither by word nor look, as far as I know, have I betrayed my own feelings towards her. I would not, between us, do so, till I had given you an opportunity of deciding, unfettered by any consideration for her, whether you would permit me to pursue my suit or not."

Sir Philip was in a reasoning mood that day, and he tortured Marlow by asking, "And would you always think it necessary, Marlow, to obtain a parent's consent, before you endeavored to gain the affection of a girl you loved?"

"Not always," replied the young man; "but I should think it always necessary to violate no confidence, Sir Philip. You have been kind to me—trusted me—had no doubt of me; and to say one word to Emily which might thwart your plans or meet your disapproval, would be to show myself unworthy of your esteem or her affection."

Sir Philip mused, and then said, as if speaking to himself, "I had some idea this might turn out so, but not so soon. I fancy, however," he continued, addressing Marlow, "that you must have betrayed your feelings more than you thought, my young friend; for yesterday I found Emily in a strange, thoughtful, abstracted mood, showing that some strong feelings were busy at her heart."

"Some other cause," said Marlow quickly; "I cannot even flatter myself that she was thinking of me. When I saw her the day before, there was a young man sitting with her and Mrs. Hazleton—John Ayliffe, I think, is his name—and I will own I thought his presence seemed to annoy her."

"John Ayliffe at Mrs. Hazleton's!" exclaimed Sir Philip, his brow growing very dark; "John Ayliffe in my daughter's society! Well might the poor child look thoughtful—and yet why should she? She knows nothing of his history. What is he like, Marlow—how does he bear himself?"

"He is certainly handsome, with fine features and a good figure," replied Marlow; "indeed, it struck me that there was some resemblance between him and yourself; but there is a want I cannot well define in his appearance, Sir Philip—in his air—in his carriage, whether still or in motion, which fixes upon him what I am accustomed to call a class-mark, and that not of the best. Depend upon it, however, that it was annoyance at being brought into society which she disliked that affected your daughter as you have mentioned. My love for her she is, and must be, ignorant of; for I stayed there but a few minutes; and before that day, I saw it not myself. And now, Sir Philip, what say you to my suit? May I—as some of your words lead me to hope—may I pursue that suit and strive to win your dear daughter's love?"

"Of course," replied Sir Philip, "of course. A vague fancy has long been floating in my brain, that it might be so some day. She is too young to marry yet; and it will be sad to part with her when the time does come; but you have my consent to seek her affection if she can give it you. She must herself decide."

"Have you considered fully," asked Marlow, "that I have neither fortune nor rank to offer her, that I am by no means—"

Sir Philip waved his hand almost impatiently. "What skills it talking of rank or wealth?" he said. "You are a gentleman by birth, education, manners. You have easy competence. My Emily will

desire no more for herself, and I can desire no more for her. You will endeavor, I know, to make her happy, and will succeed, because you love her. As for myself, were I to choose out of all the men I know, you would be the man. Fortune is a good adjunct; but it is no essential. I do not promise her to you. That she must do; but if she says she will give you her hand, it shall be yours."

Marlow thanked him, with joy such as may be conceived; but Sir Philip's thoughts reverted at once to his daughter's situation at Mrs. Hazleton's. "She must stay there no longer, Marlow," he said; "I will send for her home without delay. Then you will have plenty of opportunity for the telling of your own tale to her ear, and seeing how you may speed with her; but, at all events, she must stay no longer in a house where she can meet with John Ayliffe. Mrs. Hazleton makes me marvel—a woman so proud—so refined!"

"It is but justice to say," replied Marlow, thoughtfully, "that I have some vague recollection of Mrs. Hazleton having intimated that they met that young gentleman by chance upon some expedition of pleasure. But had I not better communicate my hopes and wishes to Lady Hastings, my dear sir?"

"That is not needful," replied Emily's father, somewhat sternly; "I promise her to you, if she herself consents. My good wife will not oppose my wishes or my daughter's happiness; nor do I suffer opposition upon occasions of importance. I will tell Lady Hastings my determination myself."

Marlow was too wise to say another word, but agreed to come on the following day to dine and sleep at the hall, and took his leave for the time. It was not, indeed, without some satisfaction that he heard Sir Philip order a horse to be saddled and a man to prepare to carry a letter to Mrs. Hazleton; for doubts were rapidly possessing themselves of his mind—not in regard to Emily—but in reference to Mrs. Hazleton herself.

The letter was dispatched immediately after his departure, recalling Emily to her father's house, and announcing that the carriage would be sent for her early on the following morning. That done, Sir Philip repaired to his wife's drawing-room, and informed her that he had given his consent to his young friend Marlow's suit to their daughter. His tone was one that admitted no reply, and Lady Hastings made none; but she entered her protest quite as well, by falling into a violent fit of hysterics.

FOOTNOTES:

- [L] 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.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

We recently printed in the *International* an interesting account of the "marvellous boy" Chatterton, who "perished in his pride," and the memoirs of Southey recall to us the almost as unfortunate Herbert Knowles, who died in 1817. Knowles was a poor boy of the humblest origin, without father or mother, yet with abilities sufficient to excite the attention of strangers, who subscribed 20*l.* a year towards his education, upon condition that his friends should furnish 30*l.* more. The boy was sent to Richmond School, Yorkshire, preparatory to his proceeding as a sizer to St. John's, but when he quitted school the friends were unable to advance another sixpence on his account. To help himself, Herbert Knowles wrote a poem, sent it to Southey with a history of his case, and asked permission to dedicate it to the Laureate. Southey, finding the poem "brimful of power and of promise," made inquiries of the schoolmaster, and received the highest character of the youth. He then answered the application of Knowles, entreated him to avoid present publication, and promised to do something better than receive his dedication. He subscribed at once 10*l.* per annum towards the failing 30*l.*, and procured similar subscriptions from Mr. Rogers and the late Lord Spencer. Herbert Knowles, receiving the news of his good fortune, wrote to his protector a letter remarkable for much more than the gratitude which pervaded every line. He remembered that Kirke White had gone to the university countenanced and supported by patrons, and that to pay back the debt he owed them he wrought day and night until his delicate frame gave way, and his life became the penalty of his devotion. Herbert Knowles felt that he could not make the same desperate efforts, and deemed it his first duty to say so. "I will not deceive," he writes in his touching anxiety.

"Far be it from me to foster expectations which I feel I cannot gratify. Two years ago I came to Richmond totally ignorant of classical and mathematical literature. Out of that time, during three months and two long vacations I have made but a retrograde course. If I enter into competition for university honors I shall kill myself. Could I twine, to gratify my friends, a laurel with the cypress I would not repine; but to sacrifice the little inward peace which the wreck of passion has left behind, and relinquish every hope of future excellence and future usefulness in one wild and unavailing pursuit, were indeed a madman's act, and worthy of a madman's fate."

The poor fellow promised to do what he could, assured his friends that he would not be idle, and

that if he could not reflect upon them any extraordinary credit, he would certainly do them no disgrace. Herbert Knowles had taken an accurate measure of his strength and capabilities, and soon gave proof that he spoke at the bidding of no uncertain monitor within him. Two months after his letter to Southey he was laid in his grave. The fire consumed the lamp even faster than the trembling lad suspected.

A poem by him, *The Three Tabernacles*, though perhaps familiar to most of our readers, is so beautiful that we reprint it here:

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no:
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave; and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no: they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Nor a sob, nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no: for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

There are in his works several other pieces not less remarkable for the best qualities of poetry; and they all appear to be the echoes of genuine feeling.

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

[M]

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM THE FRENCH
OF H. DE ST. GEORGES.

Continued from page 511, vol. II.

PART SECOND—BOOK FIRST.

THE DUCHESS.

On the very day on which the marriage had been celebrated at the town of Sorrento, a man descended from a carriage that, from the dust on its wheels, seemed to have travelled far, at the town of Ceprano, situated on the frontier of the Roman States and the kingdom of Naples. People call Ceprano a city; it is, however, in fact, only a large town of the Abruzzi, very ugly and very dirty, to which leads one of the worst and most romantic roads in Italy. Ceprano would scarcely merit the traveller's notice, but for many curiosities which it contains, worthy of particular attention. These curiosities are neither the charms of nature, for the scenery is without interest, nor palaces, nor monuments. They are neither archeologic nor artistic, but the greatest of earthly rarities—curiosities of humanity. The women of Ceprano are, perhaps, the most beautiful in Italy. Their stature, their regular and noble features, their magnificent black hair, twined around their charming faces, a graceful carriage, truly antique, their picturesque costume, partaking of the characters of both modern Greece and Italy, form the most admirable and pleasant combination. The women of Ceprano display, also, a peculiar coquetry, by their graceful and bold air; they carry on their heads etruscan amphoræ, in which, like Rachel, they bring water from the spring. At the fountain, therefore, strangers assemble to admire these nymphs. The traveller of whom we speak had gone thither, according to the well established custom, while his horses were being changed. He had, however, been preceded by another man, whose strange appearance soon attracted attention. The latter was about sixty years of age, of middle height, and well made. He had been handsome, if one could judge from the purity of the lines of his features, which time had not entirely effaced. His *coiffure* alone would have made him appear whimsical and ridiculous, had not his head been noble and distinguished. He wore powder; and locks such as once were known as *a l'aille de pigeon*, were on each side of his face. A cloak of light silk was buttoned over his breast, so as to conceal a blue coat on which a cross of Saint Louis rested, being suspended to a broad blue ribbon. Sitting between two of the prettiest girls of Ceprano, he talked to them in an Italian, very little of which they understood; for his *patois* called forth from the volatile creatures bursts of laughter.

"Bah!" said he in French; "this is the consequence of not studying foreign tongues. I cannot turn the *indigenes* to profit. Pity, too, when they are beautiful as these are."

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"Signor, may I be your interpreter?" said the last comer, who had heard only the latter portion of the old man's words.

"Thanks, Signor," said he; "heaven has sent you to the aid of a barbarian who was pitilessly murdering the mother tongue of Tasso. Formerly," continued he, "pantomime answered to talk with women as well as language; now, however, I must explain myself in another manner. I cannot, therefore, ask you to be the interpreter of my request of these girls!"

"What, Signor, did you ask them?" said he.

"Nothing, but permission to write two signs on my tablets. A habit I imported from London, a peculiar kind of statistics to introduce some variety into the tedious stories travellers spin. I indicate the region through which I pass by a single phrase or word which recalls to me what they have most agreeable to the heart, mind, or senses. See," said he, taking a rich pocket-book on which was a prince's coronet in gold, "all Italy will occupy but two pages. Florence? *Flowers and museums*. Bologna? *Hams*. Milan? *La scala*. Leghorn? *Nothing*. Rome? *Every thing. Et cætera*. I wished to write Ceprano? *kisses*: to prove that here I touched the lips of the two prettiest women of Italy."

"If that is all," said the person to whom the old man spoke, "and for the purpose of advocating so useful a cause," said she, with a laugh, "I will procure you the pleasure you desire."

"Indeed, Signor, I do not know how I can recompense you for such a service."

"Signor, I deserve no recompense from you, as I merely advance the art of travelling, which through your exertions is about to become so attractive——"

"*Signorine*," said he to the beautiful girls of Ceprano, in the pure Roman dialect; "an old man's kiss always brings prosperity to the youthful; and this, Signor," he pointed to the old man with powdered hair, "wishes you to be happy."

The two young girls, with the most natural grace possible, offered their brows to the old man, who kissed them paternally as possible.

"I thank you, sir," said he to his interpreter. "I am indebted solely for this chapter to your politeness, and can express my pleasure only by dedicating it to you. To do so, however, it is necessary that I should know your name——"

"Write then, Ceprano, dedicated to Count Monte-Leone. But, Signor, shall not I know the name of the author of a work so interesting as that to which I have contributed?"

"The name of the writer who is indebted to you for the best chapter of his book, is the Prince de Maulear."

The Count made a brusque movement of surprise, and saluting the Prince coldly, left him. A quarter of an hour after, two carriages in different directions left Ceprano. Monte-Leone's took the road to Rome, the Prince de Maulear's that to Naples. The former, however, did not go to Rome; for, when he had come to the foot of a wooded mountain, he left the carriage, and accompanied by a man in a long cloak, who had hitherto sat in the carriage, Monte-Leone went into a thick underwood, and proceeding up a rocky path almost to the top of the mountain, went to the little town of Frenona, which is on the very brow. The night was near at hand, and the trees with their leaves, too early for the season, increased the darkness of the mountain path. Suddenly, at a distance of two hundred feet from them, a bright and sparkling light was seen approaching Monte-Leone and his companion. The Count uttered a sharp whistle, and the light went to the middle of the wood, and hurried like a will-o'-the-wisp towards the travellers. The light was a torch, borne by a man, dressed as a peasant and wrapped in a large cloak, which suffered nothing but his two sparkling eyes to be seen, which were scarcely less brilliant than the torch.

"*Buon Giorno, Signor Pignana,*" said the Count to the new comer; "you see I have kept the appointment at San Paolo."

"The brothers await your excellency," said Pignana, bowing to the ground; "be pleased to follow me."

"I have come hither to do so," said the Count.

The three men continued to ascend the mountain, and after a while turned to the right and stopped in front of an old building partially in ruins. Following a path around the ruin, they came to the place where the wall was highest, and stopped in front of a door. Pignana pulled a rope. A bell sounded, and the door was opened by a man in the costume Pignana wore. The three then crossed a long paved court, and through a vestibule entered a corridor leading into a vast hall, which had been the refectory of the monastery of San Paolo. A few torches lit up the room; around a table in the centre of which were thirty men all dressed like those we have described. They arose when Monte-Leone entered, and bowed with respect. The Count took his seat and spoke thus:

"You desired, Signori, to see me once more among you, and to accede to your wish I have braved every danger; for you know that Rome and Naples make common cause against us. For a long time I have wished to see you, and been anxious to ascertain your views, by putting, as your supreme chief, two questions to you."

"Speak, Monsignore," said the *Carbonari*.

"Have the *Vente* of all Italy," said the Count, "those of Rome, Venice, Milan, Parma, Verona, Turin, and the other principal cities of Italy, the chiefs of which I see here, ever doubted me?"

"No, Monsignore; but they have feared lest being a victim to the unhappy fate which has befallen you, it might be your intention to leave us."

"And betray you, Signori," said the Count, with bitterness; "sell you like a spy and informer?"

"*Never!*" said all the company; "Monte-Leone can be no spy."

"Thank you, Signori, for the good opinion you have of me," said the Count in an ironical tone; "why then did you demand that foolish manifestation in the theatre of San Carlo? Do you not see that I have given you sufficient pledges by risking my life at the *Venta* of Pompeia, where I, who had every gratification that fortune could bestow on me, risked every thing by declaring myself your chief? Let me tell you, Signori, two powerful motives led me—my convictions and my father's blood, which yet calls to me for vengeance. The following is my second question:—Do the *Vente* of Italy promise to obey my orders without giving any to me?"

"Monsignore, you in this demand perfect submission!"

"Perfect, Signori; I will make my demand more explicit. I demand obedience, to act by my orders, and never without them; to think as I do, and to be the body of an association of which I am the soul."

The *Carbonari* were silent.

"Decide!" said the Count, taking out his watch. "I had but two hours to devote to you, to settle all, and only a few minutes remain."

The *Carbonari* consulted together. Their conversation was animated as possible. The Count looked again at his watch, and all turned towards him.

"Your excellency," said the one who seemed to be the most important, "may rely on our faith, conscience, and trust in you. We would, though, think we exceeded our powers, and implicate the brothers who have confided in us too deeply, if we were to consent to be passive, as you wish us and the Italian *Vente* to become.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, Signori," and Monte-Leone arose. "Perhaps I have confided too implicitly in my audacity, resolution, and the power over myself, which never has deserted me. I deceived myself, perhaps, when too proudly I fancied I could inspire you with confidence equal to my own. I thought by risking life, fortune, and all, I won the right to hold the dice myself. But you do not think thus, and I submit. Faithful to my oaths, and to our principles, I am always ready to keep and to defend them. Acting, henceforth, alone, I shall do as I please, and be accountable to myself alone. Now, Signori, adieu! I shall leave Italy, and perhaps Europe, in search of a country, the institutions of which recognize the true principles of national happiness. Wherever, though, I may be, I will be *mute as to your secrets, and devoted to your principles*. You had just now a chief in Count Monte-Leone. He is so no more, but is still your brother."

Bowing to them with that noble dignity which he never laid aside, he bade the man who had accompanied him to take a torch and lead the way. Monte-Leone descended the mountain at Frepinond, and regained the carriage that waited for him, in which he proceeded to the Eternal City. Wounded at what, when he remembered how much he had done, seemed ingratitude, he said to himself, "Henceforth Monte-Leone commands—he cannot obey."

About evening, on the night after the *Venta* at San Paola, the Count got out of his carriage, and, as his sadness increased as he left Naples, sought to revive himself by walking. He walked through Ferentino, a little town of the Roman States, and as he passed by the church he heard the sound of the organ. Monte-Leone had a heart piously inclined, and the sentiment of religion was always aroused by the sight of the church. He went into the church, which was brilliantly lighted. A few of the faithful here and there prayed; the half tints of the light on the walls giving them the appearance of statues on tombs. Before the principal altar two persons knelt. A priest was about to unite their fate. Monte-Leone approached the altar, but the seclusion of the position of the couple as they bent to the ground before the priest, who was blessing them, made it impossible for him to distinguish their features. A strange curiosity took possession of him, for this was evidently no ordinary village marriage. The rich dress of the young woman, the noble air of the young man to whom she was about to be married, all announced one of those secret unions not contracted beneath the vaulted arches of a cathedral, but in the oratory of some palace, or the chapel of some secluded hamlet. The ceremony was over, and the newly married couple left the altar and walked down the nave to the door of the church of Ferentino, where a magnificent carriage was waiting. Just as they were about leaving the church, the bride lifted up her veil and saw a man standing near the vase of holy water. The light of the lamp fell directly on his face. The young woman, astonished, trembling and confused, felt her strength give way, and could scarcely suppress an exclamation of agony. She saw Count Monte-Leone. He also had recognized in the bridegroom the Duke of Palma, minister of police of Naples. In the new duchess he had also recognized the primadonna of San Carlo da Felina. Thus the two angels, which in his ecstatic vision at his father's tomb the Count had seen, and who appeared to contend for him—Aminta and La Felina—the two women, one of whom he adored, while he was himself adored by the other, were no longer free. Aminta had married from duty, La Felina from reason.

II.—THE FATHER.

Eight days after the meeting of the Prince de Maulear and Count Monte-Leone at Ceprano, a post-chaise, accompanied by a kind of travelling forge, entered Naples by the Roman road, and after having crossed the city at a rapid rate, the postillions cracking their whips the while, stopped at the French embassy. The powdered head of the old man appeared at the window of the chaise, and the Swiss of the embassy replied, in execrable French, to a question put to him thus:

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"Monsieur, the Marquis de Maulear does not stop in the embassy. His apartments were too small for two."

The Swiss, enchanted by this reply, which he thought eminently witty, bowed to the traveller, and was about to return to his chair, when the old man again called him:

"But, my fine fellow," said he to the Helvetian, "you have not yet told me where the Marquis does live."

"The Marquis de Maulear," said the Swiss, "is in the palace of Cellamare, where he rented a pavilion near the gardens of the Villa-Reale."

"To the palace Cellamare," said the traveller to the postillion; and the latter drove off at a gallop.

After about five minutes the same powdered head appeared at the door, and the traveller said, "Hollo! postillion, stop; do you hear, rascal; pull up."

"What does your excellency, sir?" asked the postillion.

"Take my excellency to the best Hotel in Naples."

"The best is *la Vittoria*, between the bay and Villa Reale."

The postillion lied, for *le Crocelle* was better; but at *la Vittoria* they received two piastres a piece for travellers, and at *le Crocelle* got nothing. The *Vittoria*, then, was the best hotel in Naples for postillions, but not for travellers. The apartments of the Marquis de Maulear, the witty Swiss had told him, were too small for two; and this information had induced him thus suddenly to change his plan. The traveller thought the Marquis might have yielded to some tender influence, and contracted a *quasi morganatique* marriage as a prelude to more serious ties. "If that be so," said the stranger, "it would be wrong to go to the Marquis's house. I do not wish to surprise him by a simple visit which would not have the effect of a solemn interview."

The chaise stopped at *la Vittoria*. Two servants and an intendant came to the carriage, and the postillion received eight piastres for his human freight. The Marquis de Maulear had really taken his young wife to the palace of Cellamare, a portion of which was rented to wealthy strangers a few days after his marriage. The Marquis had acted decidedly in writing to his father that he had married without consulting him. Henceforth it was of no importance whether the world knew it or not; besides, the Signora Rovero and Aminta, having thought that the Prince had authorized his son to marry whomsoever he pleased, secrecy would not have seemed proper or justifiable. The Marquis, who grew every day more in love, and whose ardor continually increased as he discovered new qualities to adore in the young heart confided to him, sought to expel the terrors which he apprehended would result from his father's surprise, but was unable to satisfy himself that the latter would not be completely enraged. The Marquis possessed an honorable fortune from his deceased mother. He therefore was not at all disturbed, in a pecuniary point of view, in relation to Aminta's fate. The distress, the humiliation to which his young wife would be exposed, should she be repelled by his father and family, made him tremble whenever that idea presented itself to his mind. Aminta had perceived these clouds occasionally on the brow of her husband, but had attributed it to his apprehensions that she did not love him as much as he adored her. She had striven to restore his confidence; and with that gentle voice, never heard by any one without emotion, said, "Henri, I was frank with you, when before marriage my heart asked time to return all the passion you felt. I know I love you now, and was wrong to be so timid; for," added she, "I deprived myself of happiness by delay." Maulear clasped her in his arms and forgot his troubles, as all do who love and are loved.

One morning, about ten o'clock, he had left her to go to the French embassy, whither he was called by important business. The young Marquise had gone into the garden of Cellamare, and sat beneath an arbor of jasmin, reading her favorite poet Tasso. Love of Maulear now interpreted these passionate mysteries, which hitherto she had not understood. Her soul, illumined by the flame enkindled in it, did not admire, as it formerly did, the form and gentle harmony of the poem alone. The meaning of the verses touched her heart, and she seemed for the first time to open this book, which is so filled with burning inspirations. The tenderness of Maulear had begun to dissipate the sad presentiments which had so long agitated her: she felt arising in her a gentle return of that deep affection she had inspired; and though she had been alone but two hours, it seemed to her that the Marquis had been absent a much longer time. Looking in the direction she expected Henri to come, she examined the burning horizon beyond the avenue of plane-trees beneath which she sat, until she saw a human form coming down it. The person who advanced walked slowly, and looked around him carefully, as if he was in search of something. For a while he examined curiously the hedge on the principal alley; nor, until he stood within a few paces of Aminta, did he see that this white figure was a woman; its graceful immobility having made him fancy it a statue. The stranger bowed to her politely as possible, and spoke to her with an air half way between respect and familiarity, impertinence and consideration. Aminta arose and recognized him, and as she did so, exhibiting a constraint and embarrassment she could not account for. The person who had spoken to Aminta was dressed so strangely, that the young woman was struck by it. Having been accustomed to all the fashions of the epoch, to the elegance of the young men who visited her mother's house, to the good taste of the Marquis de Maulear, she had never seen such a costume as that of the stranger. A coat of Prussian blue, with a straight collar and large wide skirts, enveloped a thin, delicate frame. A waistcoat of white silk, cut square in front, with two immense pockets, from one of which hung a watch, with an immense chain and multitude of seals, beating against breeches of buff cassimer, the legs of which were inserted in vast boots. A rich frill of English point lace, with ruffles to match, gave an air of magnificence to this toilet; the whole being surmounted with a powdered head-dress with open wings, like those of a sea-gull in a desperate storm. The result of all this toilette was such, that no one felt inclined to laugh, or even if the inclination arose, the noble air of which we have spoken soon repressed it. Aminta felt as Count Monte-Leone had at Ceprano, when the latter made the acquaintance of the Prince de Maulear, whom our readers have beyond doubt recognized.

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"Excuse me, beautiful lady, for thus disturbing your reveries," said the Prince, bowing again to Aminta, "but I am come to visit the Marquis de Maulear, who must return ere long, as one of his servants told me. I however learned, that in addition to the pleasure of roaming through this paradise, I would find *Madame*. I could not resist the pleasure of presenting you my homage."

In the manner the Prince pronounced the word *Madame*, there was a shadow of fine irony, which Aminta could not but observe. She blushed slightly, for she thought the stranger alluded to her recent marriage; and though shocked at his familiarity, Aminta was satisfied with replying politely, that she would be happy if the visitor would remain until the Marquis de Maulear should return with her.

The Prince sat on a rustic chair, which Aminta offered him, and said, as he looked at her with

admiration, "The Marquis may stay away as long as he pleases; and while with you I will not complain."

"But, Signor," said Aminta, "something of importance has brought you hither."

"No," said the visitor, "I come merely to see the Marquis; and to do so have travelled the four hundred leagues between Paris and Naples. Nothing more!"

"Ah, Signor," said Aminta, delighted, "then you love him?"

"Devotedly," continued the Prince, "though I suspect him rather of ingratitude. Do not be afraid," added he; "I believe him to be an ingrate in friendship, but not in love. *Madame* (and he looked anxiously at her) has every charm to prevent his being so."

Any person less delicately organized than Aminta, and less impressionable, would have had no suspicion of the elegant *abandon* which was the foundation of this compliment. By means of her instinct, however, she had guessed that there was a kind of contempt of *bon ton* in what was said to her, altogether unbecoming in a conversation with a person of her rank and station. She replied, then, that she thought she had sufficient claims on the Marquis's love for him never to forget them ... that if such a misfortune should befall her, she would find in her heart and conscience no reason for reproaching herself, and would be able to support indifference, and be bold enough to pardon it.

"Very well, very well," said the Prince gayly. "Pretty women are always generous; they, however, are least worthy of commendation on that account, when they resemble you."

"Signor," said Aminta to the Prince, "I know not to whom I have the honor to speak. You have, however, told me you come from France, and I will thank you to tell me if men are volatile there, as I have heard."

"Signora, I do not think I slander my countrymen, when I say their hearts are not easily fixed for a long time. Were they more faithful, they would not, perhaps, be so amiable. In my time, for instance, marriage was an affair of business. One married to be married, to have an heir, to regulate one's household. That was all. If a man loved his wife three or six months it was superb. A year of constancy became ridiculous and vulgar. Then the lady would fall in love, and the husband conceived a friendship for the courtier, mousquetaire, or abbe, whom the lady patronized. The husband did not fall in love; he only looked for amusements. Sometimes chance afforded him what he needed, or he went to the opera, where the nymphs of music and dancing took charge of his superfluous funds. People talked of him for two days, and then he was forgotten. Thus gently and pleasantly the husband and wife floated down the stream of time; each keeping close to a bank, and shaking hands whenever the currents brought them together. In the business of life they were always as considerate as possible of each other, and shed some honest tears when death separated them. Sometimes in old age, when both were wearied by passion, and satiated with love, they recounted to each other their wild adventures, as sailors tell their stories of shipwrecks and the perils of their voyages. But," continued the Prince, "as there are exceptions to all rules, the exceptions were the kindly-disposed and well-regulated households, which were spoken of and laughed at. Happiness, however, avenged them. Thus, beautiful lady, people lived in other times. They do not live thus now—"

"All this I own," said Aminta, "interests me deeply."

"The devil!" said the Prince, aside, and under the impression that he was in the presence of the irregular passion of his son, "Does not morganaticism suffice?" Under this hypothesis, which made him smile with pity, he resolved to cut the foolish hope short at the roots.

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"In our days all is changed—women are saints and husbands are angels—and the two are riveted together for all time. The wife is constant, the husband faithful; or, if the contrary be the case, the matter is hushed up and concealed. If public morality is satisfied, the lovers are not the losers. It is also said that unhappy marriages now are the exceptions. The chief difference is, though, that now men do before marriage what they used to do afterwards. If one finds a pleasant woman," said he, approaching Aminta, "like you, beautiful, intelligent, and I venture to say also full of talent, as you are—we swear we love her, and are really sincere. Reason, however, in the guise of matrimony, hurries to sound the knell of love. At the first peal, it escapes, and whither? The beauty we adore first weeps, and then finds consolation, or rather suffers herself to be consoled. Then, opening her wings like the butterfly, she hurries to find the pleasure she calls and expects."

The tone, rather than the language, of this conversation terrified and amazed Aminta.

The Prince observed this. "Did she love him really?" he said; and touched with this idea, he added —

"All that I say, madame, is a general remark, the application of which I make to no one, least of all to yourself."

"Signor," said Aminta, rising, "I do not understand you."

"Certainly," said the Prince, "you do not understand that one who loves you should cease to do so. That is what I had the honor to tell you just now. The Marquis, though, is very young and inexperienced. He believes in love, as men of twenty-five usually do. This explains to me the

apparent rigidity of his words, and unveils the mystery of his pretended wisdom. I do not, however, wish to make a person so charming as you are desperate; and perhaps I do you a great favor in warning you against future dangers and mischances."

"Signor," said Aminta, trembling with emotion, "I cannot guess why you speak to me thus; but I perceive that you do not know me."

The Prince said, with a smile, "I speak to a charming woman, to one of earth's angels, whom some lucky mortals meet with, and who by their tenderness reveal all the pleasures and joys promised to the faithful by the hours of divine Providence."

"Signor," said Aminta, looking at the Prince with an expression in which both indignation and contempt were visible, "unused as I am to such language, though I scarcely understand it, my reason and good sense tell me you would speak thus only to the mistress of the Marquis de Maulear."

"True," said the Prince, "and I speak now to the most charming mistress imaginable."

"Me! do you speak thus to me, Signor?" said the young woman, with a painful accent. "And you thought—?"

"Who then are you, madame!" asked the old man, with surprise and terror at Aminta's tone.

"Who is she, monsieur?" said the Marquis, coming from a neighboring alley, where, pale and terrified, he had for some time been listening to this conversation, "she is my wife, the *Marquise de Maulear!*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the Prince he could not have been more surprised. The blood left his face, and he supported himself against the back of his chair.

"Henri," said Aminta, "tell this man again that he has dared to insult your wife! Tell him I am yours in God's eyes, and that he has doubly outraged me in the fact that his words fell from the lips of age. Say to him, that a gentleman, if such he is, should not utter such things until assured they were neither an insult nor an outrage to her who heard them."

"Aminta," said the Marquis, "the person of whom you speak thus is——"

"Be silent, monsieur,"^[N] interrupted the Prince, looking sternly at his son, "madame has not offended me, though I have her. Madame," said he, "accept my apology for a fault caused by the Marquis alone. The name you bear is entitled to the respect of all, especially to mine. I will be the last to forget it. Be pleased to leave the Marquis de Maulear and myself together for a few moments. What I have to say none must listen to. Do not be afraid," added he, when he saw the hesitation with which Aminta left; "I am no foe of the Marquis, and besides, the only weapon of old men is the tongue. Our conversation will not be long, and I will then leave the Marquis to you for ever."

Henri made a motion, the purport of which was to beseech Aminta to go. Taking a lateral alley, she disappeared.

"Monsieur," said the Prince, "you should know that my name should not be pronounced in the presence of that young woman, especially after the error which your silence has led me into in relation to her." The Prince continued, "So you are married?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Maulear, trembling like a criminal in the presence of the judge.

"Contrary to my orders, and without my consent," continued the Prince.

"Father, if any excuse be possible, you will find it in the person I have selected."

"I do not ask for justification, monsieur, but for excuse. How long did you reflect on this union before you contracted it?"

"A month," said the Marquis.

"A month is a short time to reflect on a life of remorse and regret. You know I never will forgive you." [Pg 64]

"Never, monsieur?" asked Maulear, bowing respectfully before his father. "God himself pardons."

"I am not God, monsieur, and have neither his goodness nor his mercy. Harken to me, and let none of my words be lost, as they are the last I shall ever speak to you. I have not concealed my principles, which were probably not firm enough in relation to morals and virtue. In these principles the people of the century in which I was born lived. I was, perhaps, badly educated, but so were all nobles then; and if they preserved their loyalty and honor, were faithful to their kings, and died for them,—if they did honor to their family, and fought well, they were forgiven for other faults. Philosophy and the progress of the age have rectified all this: whether they have improved the state of things the future must decide. I am too old to retrace my steps, and have the faults, and perhaps the virtues, of my century. There is one thing true, certain ideas I never will abandon, among which are my opinions about marriage. All this you think behind the spirit of the age, and perhaps ridiculous; but I intend to express myself fully, that you may not expect me ever to alter my opinion about your conduct. For four centuries, monsieur, there has not been a single *mesalliance* in my family. The Dukes of Salluce, the Princes of Maulear, from whom we are

sprung, were never married but with the noblest families of the world—those of France—that is the only safety for me, that was the only marriage for you. I was willing to receive as a daughter-in-law only a French woman, of noble blood—noble as our own. This you say is a prejudice—so it may be, monsieur, but it is a prejudice I will not lay aside. I was never a rigorous father to you, and I contemplated using only one of my paternal rights, that of bringing about a marriage for you to suit myself. You acted for yourself, monsieur, and must continue to do so. Adieu! Henceforth the Marquis de Maulear has no father, and the Prince no son."

The old man arose with cold and haughty dignity, preparing to leave.

"Father, do not leave me thus—for the sake of my mother, whom you loved, pause."

The Prince walked away.

"For the sake of your father, whom you adored!"

The Prince did not pause.

"Well," said the Marquis, in despair, and just then he saw Aminta at the end of the alley, "I prefer to abandon the nobility of the Maulears, which produces such obduracy, for the virtues and talent of a Rovero."

The old man had scarcely heard the last word, than he turned around and said to his son:

"Rovero! did you say Rovero? the minister of Murat?"

"There is his daughter," said Henri, pointing to Aminta.

The countenance of the Prince lost its icy coldness, and assumed an expression of deep tenderness. Drawing near to Aminta, with tears in his eyes, he said, "The daughter of Rovero?" and with increasing agitation, "Are you the daughter of Rovero?"

Looking at her for a few moments in silence, his countenance assumed an indefinable expression, and seemed to read in the countenance of the young girl an infinitude of memories and dreams. Finally, completely carried away by a feeling he could not control, he folded Aminta in his arms and clasped her to his bosom.

III.—THE MAN WITH THE MASK.

Paris, that great theatre on which, for fifty years, so much sublime and common-place republicanism, so many monarchic, imperial, constitutional, and other dramas had been represented—Paris, about the end of 1818, two years after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter, presented a strange aspect, over which we will cast a retrospective glance for the purpose of making our story intelligible.

Louis XVIII. reigned perhaps a little more absolutely than the charter permitted. By the aggregation of power, kings and kingdoms almost always fall; and this king, who wished to govern with the restrictions on power which he had himself yielded to France, found himself in endless controversy, from the errors of his friends, his family, and his minister. Monsieur^[O] was in the opposition, and with him were all the malcontents of the realm. *Monsieur* had his creatures, and his ministers in casû, all ready to consecrate their services to the good of the country. These were the only men, said the Prince, who could rescue the restoration from the factions in arms against it. At the head of this ministry was the Count Jules de Polignac, the favorite of the ex-comte d'Artois. Next to Polignac came M. de Vitrolles, famous for his intellect and his devotion to the royal family, M. de Grosbois, and others, who had made progress in the graces and confidence of the Prince. The King at that time exhibited a decided favoritism to a certain statesman of merit and worth, the rapid fortune of whom, however, had made many persons jealous and had excited much hatred. The star of M. de Blacus, which till then had been so brilliant, began to grow pale. From these palace intrigues, from these divisions of families, arose in public affairs a species of perpetual controversy which impeded the progress of the ship of state. In the mean time, parties taking advantage of this discontent, excited every bad passion, and silently undermined the soil preparing the explosion which ultimately destroyed this feeble and disunited monarchy. The great parties were divided and subdivided into many factions opposed to each other, but, as will be seen hereafter, all striving to overturn the existing order of things—though in the end each purposed the triumph of his own cause when a general chase should have ensued. The French nation, though strong, great and powerful when its parts are united, was then composed of royalists frankly devoted to the government of the restoration of ultra royalists, more so even than the King himself—and who wished the country to retrace its steps to principles, which good sense, time, healthy reason, and especially the revolutionary tempest, had most painfully refuted. Next came the Bonapartists, who seeing themselves disinherited by a peaceful government, and deprived of the prospects of glory they had deemed their own, regretted sincerely the man of victory and his triumphs. Next came the liberals, a portion of whom were sincerely devoted to political progress, for which the country was not yet prepared—and, finally, the Jacobins, old relics of 1793, who sought to precipitate France into that abyss of horror, the very trace of which the wonderful genius of Napoleon had effaced. All these opinions, advocated by intelligent and capable men, of gifted minds, but also of turbulent and dangerous spirits, to whom agitation is the natural element—all these were secretly busy, watching their opportunity to burst upon the public attention. Paris, the head of the great French

body, was all the time happy as possible, and seemed calm and flourishing. It was like those men with a smiling face, a calm and cold icy exterior, but who nurse violent passions and bitter animosities. The police at that time was under the control of a minister who was young and active, but who was often led astray; just as greyhounds, who, when almost overrunning their quarry, catch a glimpse of other prey. The multiplied and contradictory devices of the factions, therefore, led the police and its agents into difficulties of which the criminals always contrived to take advantage. For two years, plot followed plot, almost uninterruptedly; Bonapartist, liberal, ultra-royalist plots followed each other; that of Didier was the first. His object was to confide the Kingly office to a Lieutenant-General, to the Duke of Orleans. Didier sought for his confederates among the men, whom a kind of fanaticism yet attached to the exile of Saint-Helena; among the old soldiers of the valley of the Loire, and that crowd of imperial agents whom the restoration had stripped of honor and employment. He promised good titles, orders, to all, and seduced many. The plot failed from its own impotence, for the police had little to do with it. Another affair, the consequences of which to those concerned in it were great, gave increased activity to the police, and diverted it from the only circumstances which could unfold to it the true enemies of the government of Louis XVIII. This affair was known as the *Society of Patriots* of 1816, and had as its chiefs *Pleigner, Carbonneau, and Tolleron*. They intended to ask the Emperor of Russia to grant them a constitutional King, chosen elsewhere than from the elder branch of the Bourbons. A man named Schellstein, who had been a kind of enlisting agent to the conspirators, informed M. Angles, chief of police, of their plan, and intentions, and by a sentence given July 7, 1816, *Pleigner, Carbonneau, and Tolleron*, were sentenced to have their hands cut off and to be beheaded. Three days after the sentence was executed. Finally, in 1818, a third conspiracy was pointed out to the notice of the police. This conspiracy had a more exalted character than the preceding ones, for it included the ultra-royalists, that is to say the nobles, generals, peers, and high functionaries of France.

The Morning Chronicle, June 27, 1818, published at London the following:—"There was a report at Paris, that a conspiracy had been discovered at Saint Cloud, embracing many of the ultra-royalist party. The King would abdicate, and be replaced by Monsieur."

The Times, on the 2d July, said—"The plan of the conspiracy is known. Should the King abdicate, the conspirators have resolved to treat him like Paul I. The following is the list of ministers:—General Canuel, of war; M. de Chateaubriand, of foreign affairs; M. Bruges, of the navy; M. Villele, of the interior; M. de Labourdonnaie, of the police; General Donadieu, commandant of Paris." All this was announced with an appearance of truth; for all the persons named belonged to the opposition to the King and his favorite. When, however, facts were sought for, and the proof was pointed out, all the edifice crumbled away, and there remained only a few malcontents, but no rebels were to be found. The sentence of the Royal Court of Paris, given November 3d following, declared—"Generals Canuel and Donadieu, MM. de Rieux, de Songis, de Chapdelaine, de Romilly, and Joannis, are released and declared innocent." They had been imprisoned forty days. This affair produced a most painful sensation in France, and the minister of police was reproached with great imprudence, which made many new enemies to the government, and did not add to its security. The fact was, the true criminals had been overlooked; and, like the worms which eat away the interior of a beautiful fruit without changing its form and color, they more skilfully and adroitly attacked the very heart of society when it seemed most secure and safe. The perfidious worm which was eating away at the heart of France, as it had long done those of the other European monarchies, was Carbonarism. As we said in our first chapters, the existence of this power was scarcely suspected, while in secret, by its ramifications, it ruled Europe.

A man of mind and energy, but whose mild and almost effeminate manners concealed vigor and perseverance, M. H—, at that time under the direction of M. Angles, supervised the political police of the kingdom. M. H— was always aware of the extent of the operations of the various factions, and probably was the only man in France really alarmed at the influence which Carbonarism exerted in France and the neighboring states. Often he had made communications to the prefect, another minister, who paid attention to known parties and attached but little importance to this new foe, which was, however, the most terrible of all, and proposed to itself the object of destroying, at any risk, and received into its bosom all the operatives of this work, whatsoever might be their opinions. M. H— had no evidence in relation to this terrible organization, nor did he know where it met. Towards the end of February, 1819, M. H— received a letter sealed in black, and with the impression on the wax of an auger piercing the globe. The strange seal did not escape his notice. The direction was, "M. H—, for himself alone, *confidential*." The superior of the political police read the letter, which was as follows:—

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"Monsieur,—A man who can do the state great service wishes to have an interview with you, and requests that you will grant him a moment's conversation to-morrow evening at nine-o'clock, in your cabinet. He will be masked. He begs you to permit him to keep his mask until he shall be satisfied that he is seen by no one else. Should the strangeness of this request not permit you to accept it, place a lighted taper in your window opening on the *quai des Orfevres* and no one will come. The writer knows that he addresses a man of courage and honor, who never is terrified by mere forms when he looks for important results. It is also known that this man, though protected by wise precautions, made necessary by the grave circumstances in which he is often placed, would be incapable of taking an advantage of those who come to him frankly and truly."

M. H— reflected long on this letter. He hesitated not, because he was used to confidences made in terms and in manner as strange. But the conditions of the mask, so contrary to French habit, almost, in spite of himself, annoyed and troubled him. He, however, began to be inspired

with the confidence which the man evidently felt himself. He therefore decided to receive him, and gave orders, that should the masked man present himself he should be admitted into his cabinet. M. H—only took a few measures of prudence, and after having examined the locks and charges of his pistols, which he always wore, and assured himself that the sound of a bell on his table would be heard at once by the attendants, waited attentively for the hour of the interview. The clock of the Palais Royal struck nine, when he was told that a masked man wished to speak to him. A few minutes after the visitor was introduced. He was tall and wrapped in a brown cloak, which he threw off when he had reached the room. He wore a costume half way between a tradesman's and prosperous workman's.

"What do you wish, Monsieur?" asked M. H—, who was sitting in his chair.

Without replying, the stranger, who was standing, pointed to two glass doors on each side of one through which he had entered, behind which were full silk curtains. M. H—understood him, and after a moment's hesitation, decided, and clapped his hands thrice. This was probably a signal well understood, for soon after a slight noise was heard in each of the rooms, and the silk curtains were slightly agitated. Then rising, M. H— opened the two doors and shut two external ones, which doubtless communicated with two other rooms.

"Thank you, sir," said the mask, "you will not regret your confidence."

These words were pronounced with a decidedly foreign air. The man took off his mask, and M. H— examined his features. His physiognomy was that of the south; his expression dark, and his long black hair hung over his face, and rested on his shoulders. The eyes of this man were sad and deep; and glittering beneath his dark brows, added to the ferocity of his expression. He was silent for some time, and then said, in a calm voice, to the chief of police: "I come, Monsieur, to propose a contract to you, which, when you have heard it, you can either accept or reject. An immense volcano undermines Paris; a conspiracy, or rather an immense association is about to be formed. They are not isolated enemies, scattered in small numbers, but a vast family of men, here and every where, in every man's house, and perhaps in the very bureau of the police. Among them are millions of iron-hearted and iron-nerved men, among whom are the mechanic, the day laborer, soldiers of every arm, the financier, the advocate, artist, the scholar, and the priest—every rank and condition is represented. At their head are nobles, lords, and princes; and they wish to accomplish in France what they have already done in the rest of Europe. First, they seek to abolish royalty, and to bestow on the people free and unlimited liberty. Their secret assemblies are called *Vente*. The association is called *Carbonarism*, and its members *Carbonari*."

M. H— sprang up from his chair. Of the plot which he had been so anxious to discover, and of which he had but a vague knowledge, he was now at last to obtain a clue. In a tone exhibiting the most lively curiosity, he bade the man go on. The mask took a seat; he felt that henceforth he might treat with M. H— as an equal.

"I am," said he, with a smile full of venom, "but an unworthy member of this important society, and come to treat with you, therefore, not in my own name—"

"In the name of whom, then, do you come?"

"There is," said the mask, "a man in Paris of high rank, of noble birth, and of great fortune, who, by means of his position and connections, which I cannot reveal, knows, and henceforth will know, all the secrets, all the plans of the Carbonari, from the obscure acts of the humblest of the brothers, to the orders given to the *Vente* by the supreme chiefs—"

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"And this man is willing to surrender his infamous associates to us?" said M. H—.

"He will; but in consideration of this immense sacrifice, he demands certain things which I am charged to communicate to you."

"Tell me," said M. H—, "what he asks."

"We will talk of that hereafter. I, however, propose to you an honest bargain, and you will not be called on to pay the price until the service shall have been performed. I therefore come to ask you not for a reward, but for one word."

"A word?"

"A word, a promise, and an oath."

"If it be compatible with my duties."

"Certainly!" said the stranger. "We conspirators are honest people enough, but we are prudent, and used to secrecy. We never make revelations without exacting a double security."

"That of honor!"

"And displaying the dagger as the certain reward of treachery."

"Stop, sir!" said M. H—, rising, and evidently enraged at the daring of the stranger. "You forget where you are; no one but myself makes threats here; assume, therefore, another tone; for sorry as I should be not to avail myself of your offers, I must, if you persist, terminate our interview at once. But," continued he, "what is required of me?"

"I have told you—an oath. Here it is. You will swear on this," and he took a crucifix from his

bosom, "that neither in person, nor otherwise, will you ever attempt to discover the person in behalf of whom I treat. You will swear that when you have been informed of the facts which I shall point out to you, when you shall have received proof of the culpability of certain men, you will cause them to be arrested and give them no clue to, and make no revelation of, the means by which you acquired your information."

"But how will the man who is to furnish this information treat with us?"

"Through me alone," said the stranger, "and I will allow you to be ignorant of nothing. In a few words—I will be his interpreter—the soul of his body, the action of his thought. Here," continued he, again presenting the crucifix to M. H—, "an oath for such services is not too much to ask. You do not often get information at so cheap a rate. The form of the oath will doubtless appear strange to you, but I am a native of a land where oaths are taken on the cross alone."

"So be it," said M. H—, who, as he listened to the man, reflected on the small importance of the conditions imposed on him, which did not demand that he should act against the *Vente* or associations, until there was no doubt of their guilt. "So be it; I accept. I swear that I will never seek to ascertain of whom you are the agent, whether in person or through others." He placed his hand on the crucifix.

"*Rely then on him—rely on me,*" said the stranger.

"Why do you not speak now?" said M. H—.

"*Because it is necessary to give the fruit time to ripen before we gather it,*" said the mysterious stranger; and bowing to M. H—, he left.

"Well," said the chief of the political police, when he was alone, "the bargain I have made is not a rare one. Informers always have scruples at first, especially when they are men of rank;—when those of the man of whom the agent speaks are dissipated, or when by his wants and vices he is forced to draw directly on our chest, his shame will pass away, and his name will be enrolled on the list of our spies like those of M. X., the Baron de W—, the Advocate V—, the Ex-consul R—, and the Countess of Fu. This man is, then, taken in three words, what we call a *SPY IN SOCIETY*."

IV.—THE AMBASSADRESS.

On the twentieth of June, 1818, six months before the occurrence of the scene we have described in the preceding chapter, the greatest excitement was exhibited in a magnificent hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The principal entrance of this hotel, or the Faubourg, was occupied by a crowd of workmen, who were busy in arranging a multitude of flower vases, from the court-gate to the door of the hotel. Upholsterers and florists crowded the vestibule, the stairway, and the antechambers with their flowers and carpets. The interior of the rooms on the ground floor presented a scene of a different kind of disorder. A pell-mell—a crowd of men and women were tacking down and sowing rich and sumptuous stuffs on the floors. The rooms of the lower floor of the hotel opened on one of the gardens surrounding the *Champs-Élysées* towards the Faubourg St. Honoré. An immense ball-room was constructed in the garden. This ball-room was united to the house by richly dressed doors, cut into the windows, and, with the ground floor, formed one immense suite. The garden at this period of the year contributed in no small degree to the pleasures of the festival. The curtains at the doors of this hall could at any time be lifted up so as to permit access to this oasis of verdure. One might have thought a magic ring had transported to this corner of Paris, all the riches of the vegetation of southern climes, and might have, in imagination, strayed beneath the jasmin bowers, amid the roses and orange-groves of Italy, so delicious was the perfume which filled this garden. Its peculiar physiognomy and design, its form, manner, and even the statues, the majority of which were *chef-d'œuvres* of Italian art, all proved some foreign taste had presided over its construction, and that this taste had been the passion of some elegant and distinguished man.

But now this paradise had passed into the possession of a charming woman and admirable artiste. This hotel belonged to the beautiful *Felina*, the Italian queen of song, who had deigned to descend from a throne to be the Duchess of Palma. The lofty brow which had borne so proudly the diadem of Semiramis and Junia, wore now a duchess's coronet. This was a great self-deprecation; for Europe contained a thousand duchesses, and but one *Felina*. Worse still, many duchesses would not recognize La Felina as one of the number. She was a duchess by chance; a duchess not by the grace of God, but by the grace of talent and beauty. Observe, too, that this version was the most favorable, the most amiable and polite. It was the one adopted by the intelligent, philosophic and sensible duchesses of the empire. The true duchesses, those of other days, who could not understand how any one could wear a ducal coronet without having at least three centuries of nobility, made use of all the grape of their artillery to annihilate the *singing woman*. It was whispered, but loudly enough to be heard by half a dozen persons, that La Felina, arming herself with that rigidity she kept for the Duke of Palma alone, displaying all her charms, and envying the title and fortune of the noble Neapolitan, had refused to surrender her heart without her hand;—that the poor Duke, entwined in the nets of this modern Circe, wearied of the many love-scrapes which he had undergone, made up his mind, as he could not become a lover, to become a husband. This delightful theme was so decorated by the rich imaginations of the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that it could scarcely be recognized beneath the inlaying of the rich anecdotes to which it gave occasion; but which lacked only three essentials of merit—

good sense, justice, and truth. As far as relates to good sense, we will say that the Duchess of Palma was far richer than her husband. Her talent had long procured her a brilliant income; and to renounce the stage, at the height of her reputation and glory, when every note she uttered was worth a doubloon, was to reject vast wealth, the source of which was her voice and talent. Good sense would not justify the reproach of cupidity; truth and justice would equally have rejected the charge.

La Felina, far from wishing to lead the Duke astray—far from wishing, as was said, to make her fortune by marrying him, had long rejected the hand of the Neapolitan minister of police when the most powerful reasons would have induced her to accept it. She married the Duke only because of the deep and irrepressible passion which animated her heart for the Count Monte-Leone. She knew the Count loved Aminta; she knew that, when at liberty, he would marry the sister of Taddeo. Anxious to contend with herself by creating new weapons to oppose the passion which devoured her, anxious to build up a new barrier between the Count and herself, and to prepare a defence for her own heart, she accepted the hand of the Duke of Palma as a rampart of duty, and, as it were, forcibly to leave a profession, the triumphs of which disgusted and offended her because she regretted having ever experienced them. These were the reasons or reasonings which led *La Felina* to act as she did. We shall see, at a later period, that she achieved her purpose.

The Duke of Palma having secretly married *La Felina* in the town of Ferentino, the day Monte-Leone recognized him, took his beautiful wife to a villa he possessed on the *lago di Como*, and after sojourning there a few days, went to Naples and forced the King to accept his resignation as minister of police. The Duke was dissatisfied with Naples, for no one would forgive him for marrying the Prima-Donna. The two then came to Paris after a brief mission, during which the Duke had been obliged to leave her alone at the *lago di Como*. There they purchased the hotel of which we have spoken, and prepared to receive the court, and exhibit all the aristocratic luxury with which the Duke of Palma was so familiar. One circumstance, however, which had been entirely unforeseen, wrecked all their hopes. The best society of Paris, which is so lenient to some eccentricities, yet so rigid in its exaction of obedience to certain prejudices—the society to which, from rank and position, the Duke of Palma belonged, was rebellious. Among the nobles of the restoration there were a few exceptions, and though the persons who ventured to the Duke's were perfectly well received—though they praised in the highest degree the graces and exquisite *haut-ton* of the Duchess, their example was not followed, and the hotel remained silent and empty. The Duke and Duchess lived alone, buried in a magnificent tomb. The cause of this neglect of the invitations of the ex-minister may be easily divined. The Duke had married *La Felina*, the singer, about whom there had been, and yet were, so many reports. The beautiful artiste was much wounded by this general neglect, not because she regretted the world and its pleasures, but on account of other impressions which had haunted her since she had lived alone at Como. The affront, however, recoiled on her husband, and her deep, resolute soul bitterly resented it. *La Felina* was an Italian, and those of that nation who receive affronts avenge them. She was not long at a loss. Her vengeance, however, could not easily be attained, for she had to do with a rich and powerful society, which had, as it were, formed a coalition to insult a woman, by rejecting her with disdain and contempt.

The renown of *La Felina* as a singer had long excited the curiosity of Paris. Her admirable voice, her dramatic talent, her wonderful beauty, made the great artiste to be envied in every theatre in Europe. By a strange caprice, or an exaggerated distrust of her powers, the great artiste had always refused to sing in the capital, though well aware that there alone great artistic talent is baptized. Amazed at the national glory, she had never asked this sacrifice of French *cognoscenti*. Great, therefore, was the emotion of the various drawing-rooms, when it was said that a great concert would be given by the Duke of Palma, and that his Duchess *La Felina* would sing. The concert was for the benefit of some interesting charity; and humanity was a pretext to the high Parisian society not to visit *La Felina*, but to perform a great duty. How though could invitations be had? There was great difficulty, for the invitations were most limited in number. It is always the case in Paris, that as obstacles increase, the desire to overcome them also is multiplied. This was exemplified in the case of the concert. It was, however, strange that the very hotels where the ducal *artiste* had been worst treated, where her advances had been worst received, were those to which the invitations came first. Here and there some affronts given by the noble Italians who were the intimate friends of the Duke of Palma, but they were all submitted to, so anxious was the world to enjoy the long-desired but unexpected pleasure of hearing *La Felina*.

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This took place many months before the entertainments, the preparations for which we described at the commencement of this chapter. On the day appointed for the concert, a long file of carriages filled up the whole Faubourg St. Honoré, and stopped at the door of the hotel of the Duke of Palma. The Duchess sat in her most remote drawing-room, dressed with extreme simplicity, beautiful without adornment, and waited for the guests, whom an usher at the door of the first drawing-room announced. As each one saluted her, she arose, and thanked them for their visit. This reception, far from gratifying the majority of her guests, seemed to offend them. They fancied they had met on neutral ground, in a room appropriated to charity, and not to wait on a lady who did the honors of her own house. The latter, however, was the case. Multiplying her cares for and attention to her guests, appearing to notice neither the cold politeness of the one nor the rudeness of the other, the Duchess increased her amiability and politeness to all who approached her. The ice was broken. The men could not resist her charms, and many women followed their example. The dazzling luxury of the hotel, the admirable pictures, the majestic beauty of the Duchess, produced such an effect on this society, composed of the most illustrious

persons of Paris, and of all who were famous at the epoch, that the success of La Felina was complete. The great feature of the entertainment was impatiently waited for. The concert which the Duchess had announced did not begin, and it was growing late. The artistes, it was said, had not yet come, and all were as impatient as possible, when an excellent orchestra was heard. A few young people, forgetting why they had come, and utterly reckless of the opposition they would give rise to, hurried to the great ball-room, and whiled away the time *before the concert* in dancing.

About midnight a report was circulated among the guests that the Duchess was fatigued at the reception of so many persons, and the *habitués* said that her efforts to make her guests happy had been so great that she would not sing, and the entertainment would conclude with a ball. Nothing could equal the vexation and anger which appeared on certain faces, and which were augmented by the fact that La Felina made no apology, but in the kindest terms thanked them for the pleasure she had received from them, and which she feared she could not enjoy again for a long time, her health demanding the most complete solitude. Thus Felina turned a concert into a ball, and forced all Paris to visit her.

The next day the journals said: "Yesterday the Duke and Duchess of Palma gave the most magnificent entertainment of the year. The *élite* of the *faubourg* Saint-Germain and the capital were assembled, and all retired delighted with the reception extended to them by the illustrious strangers. The Duke sent ten thousand francs to the poor of his *arrondissement*, to make up a subscription which could not otherwise be completed."

A few months after, the Duke was appointed ambassador of Naples to the court of France, and in honor of his sovereign's birthday prepared the magnificent entertainment which created such disorder in the *faubourg* St. Honoré. The new position of the Duke of Palma, his diplomatic character, and the rumor of the beauty and elegance of the Duchess had silenced all complaints, and all now were anxious to be received at the Neapolitan Embassy.

A circumstance, however, of which the world was entirely ignorant, had within a few months made an altogether different woman of the Duchess, who had previously been gay and happy. An air of sadness reigned over her features, and her eyes assumed not unfrequently a wild glare, which could be removed only by tears. Some unknown sorrow had made great inroads even upon her beauty. Always kind and considerate to the Duke and those who surrounded her, she yet seemed to fulfil her requisitions of duty alone in complying with the observances of her rank. She seemed anxious to seclude herself from the world, and to seek to drown her grief in the solitude she had formerly avoided. Whether sorrow had assumed too deep an empire over her heart, or from some other cause, all were struck at the change so suddenly worked in her moral organization and in her beauty. Far, however, from making any opposition to this splendid entertainment, or exhibiting any indifference to its preparations, all were surprised to see the Duchess devote herself to it so fully. Nothing escaped her care; her refined taste neglected nothing which could contribute to the brilliancy of the entertainment. The Duke, delighted at the apparent revival of the Duchess's taste for the pleasures of the world, which she had long disdained, aided her with all his power, and spared no expense to gratify her. The invitations were numerous, and on this occasion there were no refusals; for the most noble persons were anxious to be entertained by the Neapolitan minister. The Duke hesitated only in relation to one of the many persons who were to be invited. This person was the Count Monte-Leone. The secretary who had been directed to prepare the list of persons to be invited had according to custom put down his name among the noble and distinguished Neapolitans who had called at the embassy of their country in Paris. The Duchess saw the list, and said nothing. The Duke hesitated for a long time—not that he had the least suspicion of the Duchess's sentiments towards Monte-Leone: he had attributed the presence of La Felina at the etruscan house to the consequence of an abortive masked-ball pleasantry. Besides, at the time of the arrest there were three other men in the house, and the ex-minister had almost forgotten the affair. The Count, in spite of his acquittal, was known to be an enemy of the government, and he doubted if it was proper to receive him at the embassy. One consideration alone prevented the Duke from erasing his name from the list—it was that the Count would not wish to appear at the embassy, and the Duke would thus be spared the necessity of showing any rudeness to him. The day came at last. The interior of the hotel was really fairy-like, and the rooms on the ground floor joined with the garden ball-room presented one of those magical pictures of which poets dream, but which men rarely see. The arts, luxury, comfort, opulence, and taste, all were united to produce a spectacle, which, lighted by a thousand lamps, spoke both to the mind and senses, and recalled one of those splendid palaces of *The Thousand and One Nights*, of which we have read, but which none will see.

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On that day the Duchess seemed to have regained all her dazzling beauty. An observer might however have asked if the animation of this lady was not derived from a kind of feverish agitation, evident in the brilliancy of her eyes and deep red of her lips, rather than from expectation of pleasure or joy at the realization of the plans she had marked out for herself. Nine o'clock struck when the first guests were introduced. A crowd soon followed them, and the most distinguished names were heard in the saloons. The Duke d'Harcourt! the Vicomte and Mlle. Marie d'Harcourt! the Prince de Maulear! the Marquis and Marquise de Maulear! Signor Taddeo Rovero! *Il Conte* MONTE-LEONE!

CORREGIO, the illustrious painter, is said to have been born and bred, and to have lived and died in extreme poverty. It is stated that he came to his death at the early age of forty, from the fatigue of carrying home a load of halfpence paid for one of his immortal works.

FOOTNOTES:

- [M] 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.
- [N] As the conversations in the rest of this book are supposed to be sometimes in French and sometimes in English, the translator will render the terms of courtesy now by *signor*, *signora*, and *signorina*, and again by *monsieur*, *madame*, and *mademoiselle*.
- [O] The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY THE LATE MRS. SHELLEY.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it set me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

COLERIDGE'S ANCIENT MARINER.

I have heard it said, that, when any strange, supernatural, and necromantic adventure has occurred to a human being, that being, however desirous he may be to conceal the same, feels at certain periods torn up, as it were, by an intellectual earthquake, and is forced to bare the inner depths of his spirit to another. I am a witness of the truth of this. I have dearly sworn to myself never to reveal to human ears the horrors to which I once, in excess of fiendly pride, delivered myself over. The holy man who heard my confession, and reconciled me to the church, is dead. None knows that once—

Why should it not be thus? Why tell a tale of impious tempting of Providence, and soul-subduing humiliation? Why? answer me, ye who are wise in the secrets of human nature! I only know that so it is; and in spite of strong resolves—of a pride that too much masters me—of shame, and even of fear, so to render myself odious to my species—I must speak.

Genoa! my birthplace—proud city! looking upon the blue waves of the Mediterranean sea—dost thou remember me in my boyhood, when thy cliffs and promontories, thy bright sky and gay vineyards, were my world? Happy time! when to the young heart the narrow-bounded universe, which leaves, by its very limitation, free scope to the imagination, enchains our physical energies, and, sole period in our lives, innocence and enjoyment are united. Yet, who can look back to childhood, and not remember its sorrows and its harrowing fears? I was born with the most imperious, haughty, tameless spirit, with which ever mortal was gifted. I quailed before my father only; and he, generous and noble, but capricious and tyrannical, at once fostered and checked the wild impetuosity of my character, making obedience necessary, but inspiring no respect for the motives which guided his commands. To be a man, free, independent; or, in better words, insolent and domineering, was the hope and prayer of my rebel heart.

My father had one friend, a wealthy Genoese noble, who, in a political tumult, was suddenly sentenced to banishment, and his property confiscated. The Marchese Torella went into exile alone. Like my father, he was a widower: he had one child, the almost infant Juliet, who was left under my father's guardianship. I should certainly have been an unkind master to the lovely girl, but that I was forced by my position to become her protector. A variety of childish incidents all tended to one point,—to make Juliet see in me a rock of refuge; I in her, one, who must perish through the soft sensibility of her nature too rudely visited, but for my guardian care. We grew up together. The opening rose in May was not more sweet than this dear girl. An irradiation of beauty was spread over her face. Her form, her step, her voice—my heart weeps even now, to think of all of relying, gentle, loving, and pure, that was enshrined in that celestial tenement. When I was eleven and Juliet eight years of age, a cousin of mine, much older than either—he seemed to us a man—took great notice of my playmate; he called her his bride, and asked her to marry him. She refused, and he insisted, drawing her unwillingly towards him. With the countenance and emotions of a maniac I threw myself on him—I strove to draw his sword—I clung to his neck with the ferocious resolve to strangle him: he was obliged to call for assistance to disengage himself from me. On that night I led Juliet to the chapel of our house: I made her

touch the sacred relics—I harrowed her child's heart, and profaned her child's lips with an oath, that she would be mine, and mine only.

Well, those days passed away. Torella returned in a few years, and became wealthier and more prosperous than ever. When I was seventeen, my father died; he had been magnificent to prodigality; Torella rejoiced that my minority would afford an opportunity for repairing my fortunes. Juliet and I had been affianced beside my father's deathbed—Torella was to be a second parent to me.

I desired to see the world, and I was indulged. I went to Florence, to Rome, to Naples; thence I passed to Toulon, and at length reached what had long been the bourne of my wishes, Paris. There was wild work in Paris then. The poor king, Charles the Sixth, now sane, now mad, now a monarch, now an abject slave, was the very mockery of humanity. The queen, the dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, alternately friends and foes—now meeting in prodigal feasts, now shedding blood in rivalry—were blind to the miserable state of their country, and the dangers that impended over it, and gave themselves wholly up to dissolute enjoyment or savage strife. My character still followed me. I was arrogant and self-willed; I loved display, and above all, I threw all control far from me. Who could control me in Paris? My young friends were eager to foster passions which furnished them with pleasures. I was deemed handsome—I was master of every knightly accomplishment. I was disconnected with any political party. I grew a favorite with all: my presumption and arrogance was pardoned in one so young; I became a spoiled child. Who could control me? not letters and advice of Torella—only strong necessity visiting me in the abhorred shape of an empty purse. But there were means to refill this void. Acre after acre, estate after estate, I sold. My dress, my jewels, my horses and their caparisons, were almost unrivalled in gorgeous Paris, while the lands of my inheritance passed into possession of others.

The Duke of Orleans was waylaid and murdered by the Duke of Burgundy. Fear and terror possessed all Paris. The dauphin and the queen shut themselves up; every pleasure was suspended. I grew weary of this state of things, and my heart yearned for my boyhood's haunts. I was nearly a beggar, yet still I would go there, claim my bride, and rebuild my fortunes. A few happy ventures as a merchant would make me rich again. Nevertheless, I would not return in humble guise. My last act was to dispose of my remaining estate near Albaro for half its worth, for ready money. Then I despatched all kinds of artificers, arras, furniture of regal splendor, to fit up the last relic of my inheritance, my palace in Genoa. I lingered a little longer yet, ashamed at the part of the prodigal returned, which I feared I should play. I sent my horses. One matchless Spanish jennet I despatched to my promised bride; its caparisons flamed with jewels and cloth of gold. In every part I caused to be entwined the initials of Juliet and her Guido. My present found favor in hers and in her father's eyes.

Still, to return a proclaimed spendthrift, the mark of impertinent wonder, perhaps of scorn, and to encounter singly the reproaches or taunts of my fellow-citizens, was no alluring prospect. As a shield between me and censure, I invited some few of the most reckless of my comrades to accompany me; thus I went armed against the world, hiding a rankling feeling, half fear and half penitence, by bravado and an insolent display of satisfied vanity.

I arrived in Genoa. I trod the pavement of my ancestral palace. My proud step was no interpreter of my heart, for I deeply felt that, though surrounded by every luxury, I was a beggar. The first step I took in claiming Juliet must widely declare me such. I read contempt or pity in the looks of all. I fancied, so apt is conscience to imagine what it deserves, that rich and poor, young and old, all regarded me with derision. Torella came not near me. No wonder that my second father should expect a son's deference from me in waiting first on him. But, galled and stung by a sense of my follies and demerit, I strove to throw the blame on others. We kept nightly orgies in Palazzo Carega. To sleepless, riotous nights, followed listless, supine mornings. At the Ave Maria we showed our dainty persons in the streets, scoffing at the sober citizens, casting insolent glances on the shrinking women. Juliet was not among them—no, no; if she had been there, shame would have driven me away, if love had not brought me to her feet.

I grew tired of this. Suddenly I paid the Marchese a visit. He was at his villa, one among the many which deck the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena. It was the month of May—a month of May in that garden of the world—the blossoms of the fruit-trees were fading among thick, green foliage; the vines were shooting forth; the ground strewed with the fallen olive blooms; the firefly was in the myrtle hedge; heaven and earth wore a mantle of surpassing beauty. Torella welcomed me kindly, though seriously; and even his shade of displeasure soon wore away. Some resemblance to my father—some look and tone of youthful ingenuousness, lurking still in spite of my misdeeds, softened the good old man's heart. He sent for his daughter, he presented me to her as her betrothed. The chamber became hallowed by a holy light as she entered. Hers was that cherub look, those large, soft eyes, full dimpled cheeks, and mouth of infantine sweetness, that expresses the rare union of happiness and love. Admiration first possessed me; she is mine! was the second proud emotion, and my lips curled with haughty triumph. I had not been the *enfant gâté* of the beauties of France not to have learnt the art of pleasing the soft heart of woman. If towards men I was overbearing, the deference I paid to them was the more in contrast. I commenced my courtship by the display of a thousand gallantries to Juliet, who, vowed to me from infancy, had never admitted the devotion of others; and who, though accustomed to expressions of admiration, was uninitiated in the language of lovers.

For a few days all went well. Torella never alluded to my extravagance; he treated me as a favorite son. But the time came, as we discussed the preliminaries to my union with his daughter,

when this fair face of things should be overcast. A contract had been drawn up in my father's lifetime. I had rendered this, in fact, void, by having squandered the whole of the wealth which was to have been shared by Juliet and myself. Torella, in consequence, chose to consider this bond as cancelled, and proposed another, in which, though the wealth he bestowed was immeasurably increased, there were so many restrictions as to the mode of spending it, that I, who saw independence only in free career being given to my own imperious will, taunted him as taking advantage of my situation, and refused utterly to subscribe to his conditions. The old man mildly strove to recall me to reason. Roused pride became the tyrant of my thought: I listened with indignation—I repelled him with disdain.

"Juliet, thou art mine! Did we not interchange vows in our innocent childhood? are we not one in the sight of God? and shall thy cold-hearted, cold-blooded father divide us? Be generous, my love, be just; take not away a gift, last treasure of thy Guido—retract not thy vows—let us defy the world, and setting at naught the calculations of age, find in our mutual affection a refuge from every ill!"

Fiend I must have been, with such sophistry to endeavor to poison that sanctuary of holy thought and tender love. Juliet shrank from me affrighted. Her father was the best and kindest of men, and she strove to show me how, in obeying him, every good would follow. He would receive my tardy submission with warm affection, and generous pardon would follow my repentance. Profitless words for a young and gentle daughter to use to a man accustomed to make his will law, and to feel in his own heart a despot so terrible and stern, that he could yield obedience to nought save his own imperious desires! My resentment grew with resistance; my wild companions were ready to add fuel to the flame. We laid a plan to carry off Juliet. At first it appeared to be crowned with success. Midway, on our return, we were overtaken by the agonized father and his attendants. A conflict ensued. Before the city guard came to decide the victory in favor of our antagonists, two of Torella's servitors were dangerously wounded.

This portion of my history weighs most heavily with me. Changed man as I am, I abhor myself in the recollection. May none who hear this tale ever have felt as I. A horse driven to fury by a rider armed with barbed spurs, was not more a slave than I to the violent tyranny of my temper. A fiend possessed my soul, irritating it to madness. I felt the voice of conscience within me; but if I yielded to it for a brief interval, it was only to be a moment after torn, as by a whirlwind, away—borne along on the stream of desperate rage—the plaything of the storms engendered by pride. I was imprisoned, and, at the instance of Torella, set free. Again I returned to carry off both him and his child to France; which hapless country, then preyed on by freebooters and gangs of lawless soldiery, offered a grateful refuge to a criminal like me. Our plots were discovered. I was sentenced to banishment; and as my debts were already enormous, my remaining property was put in the hands of commissioners for their payment. Torella again offered his mediation, requiring only my promise not to renew my abortive attempts on himself and his daughter. I spurned his offers, and fancied that I triumphed when I was thrust out from Genoa, a solitary and penniless exile. My companions were gone: they had been dismissed the city some weeks before, and were already in France. I was alone—friendless; with nor sword at my side, nor ducat in my purse.

I wandered along the sea-shore, a whirlwind of passion possessing and tearing my soul. It was as if a live coal had been set burning in my breast. At first I meditated on what *I should do*. I would join a band of freebooters. Revenge!—the word seemed balm to me:—I hugged it—caressed it—till, like a serpent, it stung me. Then again I would abjure and despise Genoa, that little corner of the world. I would return to Paris, where so many of my friends swarmed; where my services would be eagerly accepted; where I would carve out fortune with my sword, and might, through success, make my paltry birthplace, and the false Torella, rue the day when they drove me, a new Coriolanus, from her walls. I would return to Paris—thus, on foot—a beggar—and present myself in my poverty to those I had formerly entertained sumptuously. There was gall in the mere thought of it.

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The reality of things began to dawn upon my mind, bringing despair in its train. For several months I had been a prisoner: the evils of my dungeon had whipped my soul to madness, but they had subdued my corporeal frame. I was weak and wan. Torella had used a thousand artifices to administer to my comfort; I had detected and scorned them all—and I reaped the harvest of my obduracy. What was to be done?—Should I crouch before my foe, and sue for forgiveness?—Die rather ten thousand deaths!—Never should they obtain that victory! Hate—I swore eternal hate! Hate from whom?—to whom?—From a wandering outcast—to a mighty noble. I and my feelings were nothing to them: already had they forgotten one so unworthy. And Juliet!—her angel-face and sylph-like form gleamed among the clouds of my despair with vain beauty; for I had lost her—the glory and flower of the world! Another will call her his!—that smile of paradise will bless another!

Even now my heart fails within me when I recur to this rout of grim-visaged ideas. Now subdued almost to tears, now raving in my agony, still I wandered along the rocky shore, which grew at each step wilder and more desolate. Hanging rocks and hoar precipices overlooked the tideless ocean; black caverns yawned; and for ever, among the sea-worn recesses, murmured and dashed the unfruitful waters. Now my way was almost barred by an abrupt promontory, now rendered nearly impracticable by fragments fallen from the cliff. Evening was at hand, when, seaward, arose, as if on the waving of a wizard's wand, a murky web of clouds, blotting the late azure sky, and darkening and disturbing the till now placid deep. The clouds had strange fantastic shapes; and they changed, and mingled, and seemed to be driven about by a mighty spell. The waves

raised their white crests; the thunder first muttered, then roared from across the waste of waters, which took a deep purple dye, flecked with foam. The spot where I stood, looked, on one side, to the wide-spread ocean; on the other, it was barred by a rugged promontory. Round this cape suddenly came, driven by the wind, a vessel. In vain the mariners tried to force a path for her to the open sea—the gale drove her on the rocks. It will perish!—all on board will perish!—would I were among them! And to my young heart the idea of death came for the first time blended with that of joy. It was an awful sight to behold that vessel struggling with her fate. Hardly could I discern the sailors, but I heard them. It was soon all over!—A rock, just covered by the tossing waves, and so unperceived, lay in wait for its prey. A crash of thunder broke over my head at the moment that, with a frightful shock, the skiff dashed upon her unseen enemy. In a brief space of time she went to pieces. There I stood in safety; and there were my fellow-creatures, battling, now hopelessly, with annihilation. Methought I saw them struggling—too truly did I hear their shrieks, conquering the barking surges in their shrill agony. The dark breakers threw hither and thither the fragments of the wreck; soon it disappeared. I had been fascinated to gaze till the end: at last I sank on my knees—I covered my face with my hands: I again looked up; something was floating on the billows towards the shore. It neared and neared. Was that a human form?—it grew more distinct; and at last a mighty wave, lifting the whole freight, lodged it upon a rock. A human being bestriding a sea-chest!—A human being!—Yet was it one? Surely never such had existed before—a misshapen dwarf, with squinting eyes, distorted features, and body deformed, till it became a horror to behold. My blood, lately warming towards a fellow-being so snatched from a watery tomb, froze in my heart. The dwarf got off his chest; he tossed his straight, straggling hair from his odious visage.

"By St. Beelzebub!" he exclaimed, "I have been well bested." He looked round, and saw me, "Oh, by the fiend! here is another ally of the mighty one. To what saint did you offer prayers, friend—if not to mine? Yet I remember you not on board."

I shrank from the monster and his blasphemy. Again he questioned me, and I muttered some inaudible reply. He continued:—

"Your voice is drowned by this dissonant roar. What a noise the big ocean makes! Schoolboys bursting from their prison are not louder than these waves set free to play. They disturb me. I will no more of their ill-timed brawling.—Silence, hoary One!—Winds, avaunt!—to your homes!—Clouds, fly to the antipodes, and leave our heaven clear!"

As he spoke, he stretched out his two long lank arms, that looked like spiders' claws, and seemed to embrace with them the expanse before him. Was it a miracle? The clouds became broken, and fled; the azure sky first peeped out, and then was spread a calm field of blue above us; the stormy gale was exchanged to the softly breathing west; the sea grew calm; the waves dwindled to ripples.

"I like obedience even in these stupid elements," said the dwarf, "How much more in the tameless mind of man! It was a well got up storm, you must allow—and all of my own making."

It was tempting Providence to interchange talk with this magician. But *Power*, in all its shapes, is venerable to man. Awe, curiosity, a clinging fascination, drew me towards him.

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"Come, don't be frightened, friend," said the wretch: "I am good-humored when pleased; and something does please me in your well-proportioned body and handsome face, though you look a little woe-begone. You have suffered a land—I, a sea wreck. Perhaps I can allay the tempest of your fortunes as I did my own. Shall we be friends?"—And he held out his hand; I could not touch it. "Well, then, companions—that will do as well. And now, while I rest after the buffeting I underwent just now, tell me why, young and gallant as you seem, you wander thus alone and downcast on this wild sea-shore."

The voice of the wretch was screeching and horrid, and his contortions as he spoke were frightful to behold. Yet he did gain a kind of influence over me, which I could not master, and I told him my tale. When it was ended, he laughed long and loud; the rocks echoed back the sound; hell seemed yelling around me.

"Oh, thou cousin of Lucifer!" said he; "so thou too hast fallen through thy pride; and, though bright as the son of Morning, thou art ready to give up thy good looks, thy bride, and thy well-being, rather than submit thee to the tyranny of good. I honor thy choice, by my soul! So thou hast fled, and yield the day; and mean to starve on these rocks, and to let the birds peck out thy dead eyes, while thy enemy and thy betrothed rejoice in thy ruin. Thy pride is strangely akin to humility, methinks."

As he spoke, a thousand fanged thoughts stung me to the heart.

"What would you that I should do?" I cried.

"I!—Oh, nothing, but lie down and say your prayers before you die. But, were I you, I know the deed that should be done."

I drew near him. His supernatural powers made him an oracle in my eyes; yet a strange unearthly thrill quivered through my frame as I said—"Speak!—teach me—what act do you advise?"

"Revenge thyself, man!—humble thy enemies!—set thy foot on the old man's neck, and possess thyself of his daughter!"

"To the east and west I turn," cried I, "and see no means! Had I gold, much could I achieve; but, poor and single, I am powerless."

The dwarf had been seated on his chest as he listened to my story. Now he got off; he touched a spring; it flew open!—What a mine of wealth—of blazing jewels, beaming gold, and pale silver—was displayed therein. A mad desire to possess this treasure was born within me.

"Doubtless," I said, "one so powerful as you could do all things."

"Nay," said the monster, humbly, "I am less omnipotent than I seem. Some things I possess which you may covet; but I would give them all for a small share, or even for a loan of what is yours."

"My possessions are at your service," I replied, bitterly—"my poverty, my exile, my disgrace—I make a free gift of them all."

"Good! I thank you. Add one other thing to your gift, and my treasure is yours."

"As nothing is my sole inheritance, what besides nothing would you have?"

"Your comely face and well-made limbs."

I shivered. Would this all-powerful monster murder me? I had no dagger. I forgot to pray—but I grew pale.

"I ask for a loan, not a gift," said the frightful thing: "lend me your body for three days—you shall have mine to cage your soul the while, and, in payment, my chest. What say you to the bargain?—Three short days."

We are told that it is dangerous to hold unlawful talk; and well do I prove the same. Tamely written down, it may seem incredible that I should lend any ear to this proposition; but, in spite of his unnatural ugliness, there was something fascinating in a being whose voice could govern earth, air, and sea. I felt a keen desire to comply; for with that chest I could command the world. My only hesitation resulted from a fear that he would not be true to his bargain. Then, I thought, I shall soon die here on these lonely sands, and the limbs he covets will be mine no more:—it is worth the chance. And, besides, I knew that, by all the rules of art-magic, there were formula and oaths which none of its practisers dared break. I hesitated to reply; and he went on, now displaying his wealth, now speaking of the petty price he demanded, till it seemed madness to refuse. Thus is it; place our bark in the current of the stream, and down, over fall and cataract it is hurried; give up our conduct to the wild torrent of passion, and we are away, we know not whither.

He swore many an oath, and I adjured him by many a sacred name; till I saw this wonder of power, this ruler of the elements, shiver like an autumn leaf before my words; and as if the spirit spake unwillingly and per force within him, at last, he, with broken voice, revealed the spell whereby he might be obliged, did he wish to play me false, to render up the unlawful spoil. Our warm life-blood must mingle to make and to mar the charm.

Enough of this unholy theme. I was persuaded—the thing was done. The morrow dawned upon me as I lay upon the shingles, and I knew not my own shadow as it fell from me. I felt myself changed to a shape of horror, and cursed my easy faith and blind credulity. The chest was there—there the gold and precious stones for which I had sold the frame of flesh which nature had given me. The sight a little stilled my emotions; three days would soon be gone.

They did pass. The dwarf had supplied me with a plenteous store of food. At first I could hardly walk, so strange and out of joint were all my limbs; and my voice—it was that of the fiend. But I kept silent, and turned my face to the sun, that I might not see my shadow, and counted the hours, and ruminated on my future conduct. To bring Torella to my feet—to possess my Juliet in spite of him—all this my wealth could easily achieve. During dark night I slept, and dreamt of the accomplishment of my desires. Two suns had set—the third dawned. I was agitated, fearful. Oh, expectation, what a frightful thing art thou, when kindled more by fear than hope! How dost thou twist thyself round the heart, torturing its pulsations! How dost thou dart unknown pangs all through our feeble mechanism, now seeming to shiver us like broken glass, to nothingness—now giving us a fresh strength, which can *do* nothing, and so torments us by a sensation, such as the strong man must feel who cannot break his fetters, though they bend in his grasp. Slowly paced the bright, bright orb up the eastern sky; long it lingered in the zenith, and still more slowly wandered down the west; it touched the horizon's verge—it was lost! Its glories were on the summits of the cliff—they grew dun and gray. The evening star shone bright. He will soon be here.

He came not!—By the living heavens, he came not!—and night dragged out its weary length, and, in its decaying age, "day began to grizzle its dark hair;" and the sun rose again on the most miserable wretch that ever upbraided its light. Three days thus I passed. The jewels and the gold—oh, how I abhorred them!

Well, well—I will not blacken these pages with demoniac ravings. All too terrible were the thoughts, the raging tumult of ideas that filled my soul. At the end of that time I slept; I had not before since the third sunset; and I dreamt that I was at Juliet's feet, and she smiled, and then she shrieked—for she saw my transformation—and again she smiled, for still her beautiful lover knelt before her. But it was not I—it was he, the fiend, arrayed in my limbs, speaking with my voice, winning her with my looks of love. I strove to warn her, but my tongue refused its office; I

strove to tear him from her, but I was rooted to the ground—I awoke with the agony. There were the solitary hoar precipices—there the plashing sea, the quiet strand, and the blue sky over all. What did it mean? was my dream but a mirror of the truth? was he wooing and winning my betrothed? I would on the instant back to Genoa—but I was banished. I laughed—the dwarfs yell burst from my lips—*I* banished! Oh, no! they had not exiled the foul limbs I wore; I might with these enter, without fear of incurring the threatened penalty of death, my own, my native city.

I began to walk towards Genoa. I was somewhat accustomed to my distorted limbs; none were ever so ill-adapted for a straightforward movement; it was with infinite difficulty that I proceeded. Then, too, I desired to avoid all the hamlets strewed here and there on the sea-beach, for I was unwilling to make a display of my hideousness. I was not quite sure that, if seen, the mere boys would not stone me to death as I passed, for a monster: some ungentle salutations I did receive from the few peasants or fishermen I chanced to meet. But it was dark night before I approached Genoa. The weather was so balmy and sweet that it struck me that the Marchese and his daughter would very probably have quitted the city for their country retreat. It was from Villa Torella that I had attempted to carry off Juliet; I had spent many an hour reconnoitring the spot, and knew each inch of ground in its vicinity. It was beautifully situated, embosomed in trees, on the margin of a stream. As I drew near, it became evident that my conjecture was right; nay, moreover, that the hours were being then devoted to feasting and merriment. For the house was lighted up; strains of soft and gay music were wafted towards me by the breeze. My heart sank within me. Such was the generous kindness of Torella's heart that I felt sure that he would not have indulged in public manifestations of rejoicing just after my unfortunate banishment, but for a cause I dared not dwell upon.

The country people were all alive and flocking about; it became necessary that I should study to conceal myself; and yet I longed to address some one, or to hear others discourse, or in any way to gain intelligence of what was really going on. At length, entering the walks that were in immediate vicinity to the mansion, I found one dark enough to veil my excessive frightfulness; and yet others as well as I were loitering in its shade. I soon gathered all I wanted to know—all that first made my very heart die with horror, and then boil with indignation. To-morrow Juliet was to be given to the penitent, reformed, beloved Guido—to-morrow my bride was to pledge her vows to a fiend from hell! And I did this!—my accursed pride—my demoniac violence and wicked self-idolatry had caused this act. For if I had acted as the wretch who had stolen my form had acted—if, with a mien at once yielding and dignified, I had presented myself to Torella, saying, I have done wrong, forgive me; I am unworthy of your angel-child, but permit me to claim her hereafter, when my altered conduct shall manifest that I abjure my vices, and endeavor to become in some sort worthy of her; I go to serve against the infidels; and when my zeal for religion and my true penitence for the past shall appear to you to cancel my crimes, permit me again to call myself your son. Thus had he spoken; and the penitent was welcomed even as the prodigal son of scripture: the fatted calf was killed for him; and he, still pursuing the same path, displayed such open-hearted regret for his follies, so humble a concession of all his rights, and so ardent a resolve to reacquire them by a life of contrition and virtue, that he quickly conquered the kind old man; and full pardon, and the gift of his lovely child, followed in swift succession.

Oh! had an angel from paradise whispered to me to act thus! But now, what would be the innocent Juliet's fate? Would God permit the foul union—or, some prodigy destroying it, link the dishonored name of Carega with the worst of crimes? To-morrow, at dawn, they were to be married: there was but one way to prevent this—to meet mine enemy, and to enforce the ratification of our agreement. I felt that this could only be done by a mortal struggle. I had no sword—if indeed my distorted arms could wield a soldier's weapon—but I had a dagger, and in that lay my every hope. There was no time for pondering or balancing nicely the question: I might die in the attempt; but besides the burning jealousy and despair of my own heart, honor, mere humanity, demanded that I should fall rather than not destroy the machinations of the fiend.

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The guests departed—the lights began to disappear; it was evident that the inhabitants of the villa were seeking repose. I hid myself among the trees—the garden grew desert—the gates were closed—I wandered round and came under a window—ah! well did I know the same!—a soft twilight glimmered in the room—the curtains were half withdrawn. It was the temple of innocence and beauty. Its magnificence was tempered, as it were, by the slight disarrangements occasioned by its being dwelt in, and all the objects scattered around displayed the taste of her who hallowed it by her presence. I saw her enter with a quick light step—I saw her approach the window—she drew back the curtain yet further, and looked out into the night. Its breezy freshness played among her ringlets, and wafted them from the transparent marble of her brow. She clasped her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven. I heard her voice. Guido! she softly murmured, Mine own Guido! and then, as if overcome by the fulness of her own heart, she sank on her knees:—her upraised eyes—her negligent but graceful attitude—the beaming thankfulness that lighted up her face—oh, these are tame words! Heart of mine, thou imagest ever, though thou canst not portray, the celestial beauty of that child of light and love.

I heard a step—a quick firm step along the shady avenue. Soon I saw a cavalier, richly dressed, young, and, methought, graceful to look on, advance. I hid myself yet closer. The youth approached; he paused beneath the window. She arose, and again looking out she saw him, and said—I cannot, no, at this distant time I cannot record her terms of soft silver tenderness; to me they were spoken, but they were replied to by him.

"I will not go," he cried: "here where you have been, where your memory glides like some heaven-visiting ghost, I will pass the long hours till we meet, never, my Juliet, again, day or night,

to part. But do thou, my love, retire; the cold morn and fitful breeze will make thy cheek pale, and fill with languor thy love-lighted eyes. Ah, sweetest! could I press one kiss upon them, I could, methinks, repose."

And then he approached still nearer, and methought he was about to clamber into her chamber. I had hesitated, not to terrify her; now I was no longer master of myself. I rushed forward—I threw myself on him—I tore him away—I cried, "O loathsome and foul-shaped wretch!"

I need not repeat epithets, all tending, as it appeared, to rail at a person I at present feel some partiality for. A shriek rose from Juliet's lips. I neither heard nor saw—I *felt* only mine enemy, whose throat I grasped, and my dagger's hilt; he struggled, but could not escape; at length hoarsely he breathed these words: "Do!—strike home! destroy this body—you will still live; may your life be long and merry!"

The descending dagger was arrested at the word, and he, feeling my hold relax, extricated himself and drew his sword, while the uproar in the house, and flying of torches from one room to the other, showed that soon we should be separated—and I—oh! far better die; so that he did not survive, I cared not. In the midst of my frenzy there was much calculation:—fall I might, and so that he did not survive, I cared not for the death-blow I might deal against myself. While still, therefore, he thought I paused, and while I saw the villanous resolve to take advantage of my hesitation, in the sudden thrust he made at me, I threw myself on his sword, and at the same moment plunged my dagger, with a true desperate aim, in his side. We fell together, rolling over each other, and the tide of blood that flowed from the gaping wound of each mingled on the grass. More I know not—I fainted.

Again I returned to life: weak almost to death, I found myself stretched upon a bed—Juliet was kneeling beside it. Strange! my first broken request was for a mirror. I was so wan and ghastly, that my poor girl hesitated, as she told me afterwards; but, by the mass! I thought myself a right proper youth when I saw the dear reflection of my own well-known features. I confess it is a weakness, but I avow it, I do entertain a considerable affection for the countenance and limbs I behold, whenever I look at a glass; and have more mirrors in my house, and consult them oftener than any beauty in Venice. Before you too much condemn me, permit me to say that no one better knows than I the value of his own body; no one, probably, except myself, ever having had it stolen from him.

Incoherently I at first talked of the dwarf and his crimes, and reproached Juliet for her too easy admission of his love. She thought me raving, as well she might, and yet it was some time before I could prevail on myself to admit that the Guido whose penitence had won her back for me was myself; and while I cursed bitterly the monstrous dwarf, and blest the well-directed blow that had deprived him of life, I suddenly checked myself when I heard her say—Amen! knowing that him whom she reviled was my very self. A little reflection taught me silence—a little practice enabled me to speak of that frightful night without any very excessive blunder. The wound I had given myself was no mockery of one—it was long before I recovered—and as the benevolent and generous Torella sat beside me talking such wisdom as might win friends to repentance, and mine own dear Juliet hovered near me, administering to my wants, and cheering me by her smiles, the work of my bodily cure and mental reform went on together. I have never, indeed, wholly, recovered my strength—my cheek is paler since—my person a little bent. Juliet sometimes ventures to allude bitterly to the malice that caused this change, but I kiss her on the moment, and tell her all is for the best. I am a fonder and more faithful husband—and true is this—but for that wound, never had I called her mine.

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I did not revisit the sea-shore, nor seek for the fiend's treasure; yet, while I ponder on the past, I often think, and my confessor was not backward in favoring the idea, that it might be a good rather than an evil spirit, sent by my guardian angel, to show me the folly and misery of pride. So well at least did I learn this lesson, roughly taught as I was, that I am known now by all my friends and fellow-citizens by the name of Guido il Cortese.

From the North British Review

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

In the ornithological gallery of the British Museum is suspended the portrait of an extinct lawyer, Sir John Doddridge, the first of the name who procured any distinction to his old Devonian family. Persons skilful in physiognomy have detected a resemblance betwixt King James's solicitor-general and his only famous namesake. But although it is difficult to identify the spherical figure of the judge with the slim consumptive preacher, and still more difficult to light up with pensive benevolence the convivial countenance in which official gravity and constitutional gruffness have only yielded to good cheer; yet, it would appear, that for some of his mental features the divine was indebted to his learned ancestor. Sir John was a bookworm and a scholar; and for a great period of his life a man of mighty industry. His ruling passion went with him to the grave; for he chose to be buried in Exeter Cathedral, at the threshold of its library. His nephew was the rector of Shepperton in Middlesex; but at the Restoration, as he kept a conscience, he lost his living. In the troubles of the Civil War, the judge's estate of two thousand a year had also been lost out of the family, and the ejected minister was glad to rear his son as a London apprentice, who

became, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1702, the father of Philip Doddridge.

The child's first lessons were out of a pictorial Bible, occasionally found in the old houses of England and Holland. The chimney of the room where he and his mother usually sat, was adorned with a series of Dutch tiles, representing the chief events of scriptural story. In bright blue, on a ground of glistening white, were represented the serpent in the tree, Adam delving outside the gate of Paradise, Noah building his great ship, Elisha's bears devouring the naughty children, and all the outstanding incidents of holy writ. And when the frost made the fire burn clear, and little Philip was snug in the arm-chair beside his mother, it was endless joy to hear the stories that lurked in the painted porcelain. That mother could not foresee the outgoings of her early lesson; but when the tiny boy had become a famous divine, and was publishing his *Family Expositor*, he could not forget the nursery Bible in the chimney tiles. At ten years of age he was sent to the school at Kingston, which his grandfather Baumann had taught long ago; and here his sweet disposition, and alacrity for learning drew much love around him—a love which he soon inspired in the school at St. Albans, whither his father subsequently removed him. But whilst busy there with his Greek and Latin, his heart was sorely wrung by the successive tidings of the death of either parent. His father was willing to indulge a wish he had now begun to cherish, and had left money enough to enable the young student to complete his preparations for the Christian ministry. Of this provision a self-constituted guardian got hold, and embarked it in his own sinking business. His failure soon followed, and engulfed the little fortune of his ward; and, as the hereditary plate of the thrifty householders was sold along with the bankrupt's effects, if he had ever felt the pride of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the poor scholar must have felt some pathos in seeing both spoon and tankard in the broker's inventory.

A securer heritage, however, than parental savings, is parental faith and piety. Daniel Doddridge and his wife had sought for their child first of all the kingdom of heaven, and God gave it now. Under the ministry of Rev. Samuel Clarke of St. Alban's, his mind had become more and more impressed with the beauty of holiness, and the blessedness of a religious life; and, on the other hand, that kind-hearted pastor took a deepening interest in his amiable and intelligent orphan hearer. Finding that he had declined the generous offer of the Duchess of Bedford, to maintain him at either University, provided he would enter the established church, Dr. Clarke applied to his own and his father's friends, and procured a sufficient sum to send him to a dissenting academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, then conducted by an able tutor, whose work on Jewish antiquities still retains considerable value—the Rev. David Jennings.

To trace Philip Doddridge's early career would be a labor of some amusement and much instruction. And we are not without abundant materials. No man is responsible for his remote descendants. Sir John Doddridge, judge of the Court of King's Bench, would have blushed to think that his great-grandnephew was to be a Puritan preacher. With more reason might Dr. Doddridge have blushed to think that his great-grandson was to be a coxcomb. But so it has proved. Twenty years ago Mr. John Doddridge Humphreys gave to the world five octavos of his ancestor's correspondence, which, on the whole, we deem the most eminent instance, in modern times, of editorial incompetency. But the book contains many curiosities to reward the dust-sifting historian. And were it not our object to hasten on and sketch the ministerial model to which our last number alluded, we could cheerfully halt for half an hour, and entertain our readers and ourselves with the sweepings of Dr. Doddridge's Kibworth study.

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Suffice it to say that the protégé of the good Dr. Clarke rewarded his patron's kindness. His classical attainments were far above the usual University standard, and he read with avidity the English philosophers from Bacon down to Shaftesbury. He early exhibited that hopeful propensity—the noble avarice of books. In his first half-yearly account of nine pounds are entries for "King's Inquiry," and an interleaved New Testament; and a guinea presented by a rich fellow-student, is invested in "Scott's Christian Life." Nor was he less diligent in perusing the stores of the Academy Library. In six months we find him reading sixty volumes; and some of them as solid as Patrick's Exposition and Tillotson's Sermons. With such avidity for information, professional and miscellaneous, and with a style which was always elastic and easy, and with brilliant talent constantly gleaming over the surface of unruffled temper and warm affections, it is not wonderful that his friends hoped and desired for him high distinction; but it evinces unusual and precocious attainments, that, when he had scarcely reached majority, he should have been invited to succeed Mr. Jennings as pastor at Kibworth, and that whilst still a young man he should have been urged by his ministerial brethren to combine with his pastorate the responsible duties of a college tutor....

From such a catastrophe the hand of God saved Philip Doddridge. In 1729 he was removed to Northampton, and from that period may be dated the consolidation of his character, and the commencement of a new and noble career. The anguish of spirit occasioned by parting with a much-loved people, and the solemn consciousness of entering on a more arduous sphere, both tended to make him thoughtful, and that thoughtfulness was deepened by a dangerous sickness. Nor in this sobering discipline must we leave out of view one painful but salutary element—a mortified affection. Mr. Doddridge had been living as a boarder in the house of his predecessor's widow, and her only child—the little girl whom he had found amusement in teaching an occasional lesson, was now nearly grown up, and had grown up so brilliant and engaging, that the soft heart of the tutor was terribly smitten. The charms of Clio and Sabrina, and every former flame, were merged in the rising glories of Clarinda—as by a classical apotheosis Miss Kitty was now known to his entranced imagination; and in every vision of future enjoyment Clarinda was the beatific angel. But when he decided in favor of Northampton, Miss Jennings showed a will of

her own, and absolutely refused to go with him. To the romantic lover the disappointment was all the more severe, because he had made so sure of the young lady's affection; nor was it mitigated by the mode in which Miss Jennings conveyed her declination. However, her scorn, if not an excellent oil, was a very good eyesalve. It disenchanted her admirer, and made him wonder how a reverend divine could ever fancy a spoiled child, who had scarcely matured into a petulant girl. And as the mirage melted, and Clarinda again resolved into Kitty, other realities began to show themselves in a sedate and truer light to the awakened dreamer. As an excuse for an attachment at which Doddridge himself soon learned to smile, it is fair to add that love was in this instance prophetic. Clarinda turned out a remarkable woman. She married an eminent dissenting minister, and became the mother of Dr. John Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld, and in her granddaughter, Lucy Aiken, her matrimonial name still survives; so that the curious in such matters may speculate how far the instructions of Doddridge contributed to produce the "Universal Biography," "Evenings at Home," and "Memoirs of the Courts of the Stuarts."

His biographers do not mark it, but his arrival at Northampton is the real date of Doddridge's memorable ministry. He then woke up to the full import of his high calling, and never went to sleep again. The sickness, the wounded spirit, the altered scene, and we may add seclusion from the society of formal religionists, had each its wholesome influence; and, finding how much was required of him as a pastor and a tutor, he set to work with the concentration and energy of a startled man, and the first true rest he took was twenty years after, when he turned aside to die.

Glorying in such names as Goodwin, and Charnock, and Owen, it was the ambition of the early Nonconformists of England to perpetuate among themselves a learned ministry. But the stern exclusiveness of the English Universities rendered the attainment of this object very difficult. It may be questioned whether it is right in any established church to inflict ignorance as a punishment on those dissenting from it. If intended as a vindictive visitation, it is a very fearful one, and reminds us painfully of those tyrants who used to extinguish the eyes of rebellious subjects. And if designed as a reformatory process, we question its efficiency. The zero of ignorance is unbelief, and its *minus* scale marks errors. You cannot make dissenters so ignorant thereby to make them Christians; and, even though you made them savages, they might still remain seceders. However, this was the policy of the English establishment in the days of Doddridge. By withholding education from dissenters, they sought either to reclaim them, or to be revenged upon them; and had this policy succeeded, the dissenting pulpits would soon have been filled with fanatics, and the pews with superstitious sectaries. But, much to their honor, the Nonconformists taxed themselves heavily in order to procure elsewhere the light which Oxford and Cambridge refused. Academies were opened in various places, and, among others selected for the office of tutor, his talents recommended Mr. Doddridge. A large house was taken in the town of Northampton, and the business of instruction had begun, when Dr. Reynolds, the diocesan chancellor, instituted a prosecution, in the ecclesiastical courts, on the ground that the Academy was not licensed by the bishop. The affair gave Dr. Doddridge much trouble, but he had a powerful friend in the Earl of Halifax. That nobleman represented the matter to King George the Second, and conformably to his own declaration, "That in his reign there should be no persecution for conscience' sake," his majesty sent a message to Dr. Reynolds, which put an end to the process.

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Freed from this peril, the institution advanced in a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Not only was it the resort of aspirants to the dissenting ministry, but wealthy dissenters were glad to secure its advantages for sons whom they were training to business or to the learned professions. And latterly, attracted by the reputation of its head, pupils came from Scotland and from Holland; and, in one case at least, we find a clergyman of the Church of England selecting it as the best seminary for a son whom he designed for the established ministry. Among our own compatriots educated there, we find the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Ferguson of Kilkerran, Professor Gilbert Robinson, and another Edinburgh professor, James Robertson, famous in the annals of his Hebrew-loving family.

With an average attendance of forty young men, mostly residing under his own roof, this Academy would have furnished abundant occupation to any ordinary teacher; and although usually relieved of elementary drudgery by his assistant, the main burden of instruction fell on Doddridge himself. He taught algebra, geometry, natural philosophy, geography, logic, and metaphysics. He prelected on the Greek and Latin classics, and at morning worship the Bible was read in Hebrew. Such of his pupils as desired it were initiated in French; and besides an extensive course of Jewish Antiquities and Church History, they were carried through a history of philosophy on the basis of Buddæus. To all of which must be added the main staple of the curriculum, a series of two hundred and fifty theological lectures, arranged, like Stapfer's, on the demonstrative principle, and each proposition following its predecessor with a sort of mathematical precision. Enormous as was the labor of preparing so many systems, and arranging anew materials so multifarious, it was still a labor of love. A clear and easy apprehension enabled him to amass knowledge with a rapidity which few have ever rivalled, and a constitutional orderliness of mind rendered him perpetual master of all his acquisitions; and, like most *millionaires* in the world of knowledge, his avidity of acquirement was accompanied by an equal delight in imparting his treasures. When the essential ingredients of his course were completed, he relieved his memory of its redundant stores, by giving lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres, on the microscope, and on the anatomy of the human frame; and there is one feature of his method which we would especially commemorate, as we fear that it still remains an original without a copy. Sometimes he conducted the students into the library, and gave a lecture on its contents. Going over it case by case, and row by row, he pointed out the most important authors,

and indicated their characteristic excellences, and fixed the mental association by striking or amusing anecdotes. Would not such bibliographical lectures be a boon to all our students? To them a large library is often a labyrinth without a clue—a mighty maze—a dusty chaos. And might not the learned keepers of our great collections give lectures which would at once be entertaining and edifying on those rarities, printed and manuscript, of which they are the favored guardians, but of which their shelves are in the fair way to become not the dormitory alone, but the sepulchre? Nor was it to the mere intellectual culture of his pupils that Dr. Doddridge directed his labors. His academy was a church within a church; and not content with the ministrations which its members shared in common with his stated congregation, this indefatigable man took the pains to prepare and preach many occasional sermons to the students. These, and his formal addresses, as well as his personal interviews, had such an effect, that out of the two hundred young men who came under his instructions, seventy made their first public profession of Christianity during their sojourn at Northampton....

Whilst in labors for his students and his people thus abundant, Doddridge was secretly engaged on a task which he intended for the Church at large. Ever since his first initiation into the Bible story, as he studied the Dutch tiles on his mother's knee, that book had been the nucleus round which all his vast reading and information revolved and arranged itself; and he early formed the purpose of doing something effectual for its illustration. Element by element the plan of the "Family Expositor" evolved, and he set to work on a New Testament Commentary, which should at once instruct the uninformed, edify the devout, and facilitate the studies of the learned. Happy is the man who has a "magnum opus" on hand! Be it an "Excursion" poem, or a Southey's "Portugal," or a Neandrine "Church History,"—to the fond projector there is no end of congenial occupation, and, provided he never completes it, there will be no break in the blissful illusion. Whenever he walks abroad, he picks up some dainty herb for his growthful Pegasus; or, we should rather say, some new bricks for his posthumous pyramid. And wherever he goes he is flattered by perceiving that his book is the very desideratum for which the world is unwittingly waiting; and in his sleeve he smiles benevolently to think how happy mankind will be as soon as he vouchsafes his epic or his story. It is delightful to us to think of all the joys with which, for twenty years, that Expositor filled the dear mind of Dr. Doddridge; how one felicitous rendering was suggested after another; how a bright solution of a textual difficulty would rouse him an hour before his usual, and set the study fire a blazing at four o'clock of a winter's morning; and then how beautiful the first quarto looked as it arrived with its laid sheets and snowy margins! We see him setting out to spend a week's holiday at St. Albans, or with the Honorable Mrs. Scawen at Maidwell, and packing the "apparatus criticus" into the spacious saddle-bags; and we enjoy the prelibation with which Dr. Clarke and a few cherished friends are favored. We sympathize in his dismay when word arrives that Dr. Guyse has forestalled his design, and we are comforted when the doctor's chariot lumbers on, and no longer stops the way. We are even glad at the appalling accident which set on fire the manuscript of the concluding volume, charring its edges, and bathing it all in molten wax: for we know how exulting would be the thanks for its deliverance. We can even fancy the pious hope dawning in the writer's mind, that it might prove a blessing to the princess to whom it was inscribed; and we can excuse him if, with bashful disallowance, he still believed the fervid praises of Fordyce and Warburton, or tried to extract an atom of intelligent commendation from the stately compliments of bishops. But far be it from us to insinuate that the chief value of the Expositor was the pleasure with which it supplied the author. If not so minutely erudite as some later works which have profited by German research, its learning is still sufficient to shed honor on the writer, and, on a community debarred from colleges; and there must be original thinking in a book which is by some regarded as the source of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." But, next to its Practical Observations, its chief excellence is its Paraphrase. There the sense of the sacred writers is rescued from the haze of too familiar words, and is transfused into language not only fresh and expressive, but congenial and devout; and whilst difficulties are fairly and earnestly dealt with, instead of a dry grammarian or a one-sided polemic, the reader constantly feels that he is in the company of a saint and a scholar. And although we could name interpreters more profound, and analysts more subtle, we know not any who has proceeded through the whole New Testament with so much candor, or who has brought to its elucidation truer taste and holier feeling. He lived to complete the manuscript, and to see three volumes published. He was cheered to witness its acceptance with all the churches; and to those who love his memory, it is a welcome thought to think in how many myriads of closets and family circles its author when dead has spoken. And as his death in a foreign land forfeited the insurance by which he had somewhat provided for his family, we confess to a certain comfort in knowing that the loss was replaced by this literary legacy. But the great source of complacency is, that He to whom the work was consecrated had a favor for it, and has given it the greatest honor that a human book can have—making it extensively the means of explaining and endearing the book of God.

Whilst this great undertaking was slowly advancing, the author was from time to time induced to give to the world a sermon or a practical treatise. Several of these maintain a considerable circulation down to the present day; but of them all the most permanent and precious is "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The publication of this work was urged upon him by Dr. Isaac Watts, with whom it had long been a cherished project to prepare a manual which should contain within itself a complete course of practical piety, from the first dawn of earnest thought to the full development of Christian character. But when exhaustion and decay admonished Dr. Watts that his work was done, he transferred to his like-minded friend his favorite scheme; and, sorely begrudging the interruption of his Commentary, Doddridge compiled this volume. It is not faultless. A more predominant exhibition of the Gospel remedy would have

been more apostolic; and it would have prevented an evil which some have experienced in reading it, who have entangled themselves in its technical details, and who, in their anxiety to keep the track of the Rise and Progress, have forgotten that after all the grand object is to reach the Cross. But, with every reasonable abatement, it is the best book of the eighteenth century; and, tried by the test of usefulness, we doubt if its equal has since appeared. Rendered into the leading languages of Europe, it has been read by few without impression, and in the case of vast numbers that impression has been enduring. What adds greatly to its importance, and to the reward of its glorified writer—many of those whom it has impressed were master minds, and destined in their turn to be the means of impressing others. As in the instance of Wilberforce, this little book was to be in their minds the germ of other influential books, or of sermons; and, like the lamp at which many torches and tapers are lighted, none can tell how far its rays have travelled in the persons and labors of those whose Christianity it first enkindled.

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But what was the secret of Dr. Doddridge's great success? He had not the rhetoric of Bates, the imagination of Bunyan, nor the massive theology of Owen; and yet his preaching and his publications were as useful as theirs. So far as we can find it out, let us briefly indicate where his great strength lay.

As already hinted, we attach considerable importance to his clear and orderly mind. He was an excellent teacher. At a glance he saw every thing which could simplify his subject, and he had self-denial sufficient to forego those good things which would only encumber it. Hence, like his college lectures, his sermons were continuous and straightforward, and his hearers had the comfort of accompanying him to a goal which they and he constantly kept in view. It was his plan not only to divide his discourses, but to enunciate the divisions again and again, till they were fully imprinted on the memory; and although such a method would impart a fatal stiffness to many compositions, in his manipulation it only added clearness to his meaning, and precision to his proofs. Dr. Doddridge's was not the simplicity of happy illustration. In his writings you meet few of those apt allusions which play over every line of Bunyan, like the slant beams of evening on the winking lids of the ocean; nor can you gather out of his writings such anecdotes as, like garnet in some Highland mountain, sparkle in every page of Brooks and Flavel. Nor was it the simplicity of homely language. It was not the terse and self-commending Saxon, of which Latimer in one age, and Swift in another, and Cobbett in our own, have been the mighty masters, and through it the masters of their English fellows. But it was the simplicity of clear conception and orderly arrangement. A text or topic may be compared to a goodly apartment still empty; and which will be very differently garnished according as you move into it piece by piece the furniture from a similar chamber, or pour in pell-mell the contents of a lumber attic. Most minds can appreciate order, and to the majority of hearers it is a greater treat than ministers always imagine, to get some obscure matter made plain, or some confused subject cleared up. With this treat Doddridge's readers and hearers were constantly indulged. Whether they were things new or old, from the orderly compartments of his memory he fetched the argument or the quotation which the moment wanted. He knew his own mind, and told it in his own way, and was always natural, arresting, instructive. And even if, in giving them forth, they should cancel the ticket-marks—the numerals by which they identify and arrange their own materials, authors and orators who wish to convince and to edify must strive in the first place to be orderly. To this must be added a certain pathetic affectionateness, by which all his productions are pervaded.

Leaving the tutor, the pastor, the author, it is time that we return to the man; and might we draw a full-length portrait, our readers would share our affection. That may not be, and therefore we shall only indicate a few features. His industry, as has been inferred, was enormous; in the end it became an excess, and crushed a feeble constitution into an early grave. His letters alone were an extensive authorship. With such friends as Bishop Warburton and Archbishop Secker, with Isaac Watts and Nathaniel Lardner, with his spiritual father, the venerable Clarke, and with his fervent and tender-hearted brother, Barker, it was worth while to maintain a frequent correspondence; but many of his epistolizers had little right to tax a man like Doddridge. Those were the cruel days of dear posts and "private opportunities;" and a letter needed to contain matter enough to fill a little pamphlet; and when some cosy country clergyman, who could sleep twelve hours in the twenty-four, or some self-contained dowager, who had no charge but her maid and her lap-dog, insisted on long missives from the busiest and greatest of their friends, they forgot that a sermon had to be laid aside, or a chapter of the Exposition suspended in their favor; or that a man, who had seldom leisure to talk to his children, must sit up an extra hour to talk to them. And yet, amidst the pressure of overwhelming toil, his vivacity seldom flagged, and his politeness never. Perhaps the severest thing he ever said was an impromptu on a shallow-pated student who was unfolding a scheme for flying to the moon:—

And will Volatio leave this world so soon,
To fly to his own native seat, the moon?
'Twill stand, however, in some little stead,
That he sets out with such an empty head.

But his wit was usually as mild as his dispositions; and it was seldom that he answered a fool according to his folly. His very essence was his kindness and charity; and one of the worst faults laid to his charge is a perilous sort of catholicity. The dissenters never liked his dealings with the Church of England; and both Episcopalians and Presbyterians have regretted his intimacy with avowed or suspected Arians. Bishop Warburton reproached him for editing Hervey's Meditations, and Nathaniel Neal warned him of the contempt he was incurring amongst many by associating with "honest crazy Whitefield;" whilst the "rational dissenters," represented by Dr. Kippis, have

regretted that his superior intelligence was never cast into the Socinian scale. Judging from his early letters, this latter consummation was at one time far from unlikely; but the older and more earnest he grew, the more definite became his creed, and the more intense his affinity for spiritual Christianity. In ecclesiastical polity he never was a partisan, and for piety his attraction was always more powerful than for mere theology. But in that essential element of vital Christianity, a profound and adoring attachment to the Saviour of men, the orthodoxy of Doddridge was never gainsaid. Had any one intercepted a packet of his letters, and found one addressed to Whitefield and another to Wesley; one to the Archbishop of Canterbury and another to Dr. Webster of Edinburgh; one to Henry Baker, F.R.S., describing a five-legged limb and similar prodigies; and another to the Countess of Huntingdon or Joseph Williams, the Kidderminster manufacturer, on some rare phasis of spiritual experience; he might have been at a loss to devise a sufficient theory for such a miscellaneous man. And yet he had a theory. As he writes to his wife, "I do not merely talk of it, but I feel it at my heart, that the only important end of life, and the greatest happiness to be expected in it, consists in seeking in all things to please God, attempting all the good we can." And from the post-office could the querist have returned to the great house at the top of the town, and spent a day in the study, the parlor, and the lecture-room, he would have found that after all there was a true unity amidst these several forthgoings. Like Northampton itself, which marches with more counties than any other shire in England, his tastes were various and his heart was large, and consequently his borderline was long. And yet Northampton has a surface and a solid content, as well as a circumference; and amidst all his complaisance and all his versatility, Doddridge had a mind and a calling of his own.

The heart of Doddridge was just recovering from the wound which the faithless Kitty had inflicted, when he formed the acquaintance of Mercy Maris. Come of gentle blood, her dark eyes and raven hair and brunette complexion were true to their Norman pedigree; and her refined and vivacious mind was only too well betokened in the mantling cheek, and the brilliant expression, and the light movements of a delicate and sensitive frame. When one so fascinating was good and gifted besides, what wonder that Doddridge fell in love? and what wonder that he deemed the twenty-second of December (1730) the brightest of days, when it gave him such a help-meet? Neither of them had ever cause to rue it; and it is fine to read the correspondence which passed between them, showing them youthful lovers to the last. When away from home the good doctor had to write constantly to apprise Mercy that he was still "pure well;" and in these epistles he records with Pepysian minuteness every incident which was likely to be important at home; how Mr. Scawen had taken him to see the House of Commons, and how Lady Abney carried him out in her coach to Newington; how soon his wrist-bands got soiled in the smoke of London, and how his horse had fallen into Mr. Coward's well at Walthamstow; and how he had gone a fishing "with extraordinary success, for he had pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away." They also contain sundry consultations and references on the subject of fans and damasks, white and blue. And from one of them we are comforted to find that the Northampton carrier was conveying a "harlequin dog" as a present from Kitty's husband to the wife of Kitty's old admirer—showing, as is abundantly evinced in other ways, how good an after-crop of friendship may grow on the stubble fields where love was long since shorn. But our pages are not worthy that we should transfer into them the better things with which these letters abound. Nor must we stop to sketch the domestic group which soon gathered round the paternal table—the son and three daughters who were destined, along with their mother, to survive for nearly half a century their bright Northampton home, and, along with the fond father's image, to recall his first and darling child—the little Tetsy whom "every body loved, because Tetsy loved every body."

SIR JAMES STONEHOUSE.

The family physician was Dr. Stonehouse. He had come to Northampton an infidel, and had written an attack on the Christian evidence, which was sufficiently clever to run through three editions, when the perusal of Dr. Doddridge's "Christianity Founded on Argument" revolutionized all his opinions. He not only retracted his skeptical publication, but became an ornament to the faith which once he destroyed. To the liberal mind of Doddridge it was no mortification, at least he never showed it, that his son in the faith preferred the Church of England, and waited on another ministry. The pious and accomplished physician became more and more the bosom friend of the magnanimous and unselfish divine, and, in conjunction, they planned and executed many works of usefulness, of which the greatest was the Northampton Infirmary. At last Dr. Stonehouse exchanged his profession for the Christian ministry, and became the rector of Great and Little Cheverell, in Wiltshire. Belonging to a good family, and possessing superior powers, his preaching attracted many hearers in his own domain of Bath and Bristol, and, like his once popular publications, was productive of much good. He used to tell two lessons of elocution which he had one day received from Garrick, at the close of the service. "What particular business had you to do to-day when the duty was over?" asked the actor. "None." "Why," said Garrick, "I thought you must from the hurry in which you entered the desk. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred service as if he were a tradesman, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible. But what books might those be which you had in the desk before you?" "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," replied the preacher. "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," rejoined the player. "Why, you tossed them about, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were a day-book and ledger." And by the reproof of the British Roscius the doctor greatly profited; for, even among the pump-room exquisites, he was admired for the perfect grace and propriety of his pulpit manner. Perhaps he studied it too carefully, at least he studied it till he became aware of it, and talked too much about it. His old age was rather egotistical. He had become rich and a baronet, and, as the friend of Hannah More, a star in the constellation "Virgo."

And he loved to transcribe the laudatory notes in which dignitaries acknowledged presentation copies of his three-penny tracts. And he gave forth oracles which would have been more impressive had they been less querulous. But with all these foibles, Sir James was a man of undoubted piety, and it may well excuse a little communicativeness when we remember that of the generation he had served so well, few survived to speak his praise. At all events, there was one benefactor whom he never forgot; and the chirrup of the old Cicada softened into something very soft and tender every time he mentioned the name of Doddridge.

COLONEL GARDINER.

Amongst the visitors at their father's house, at first to the children more formidable than the doctor, and by and by the most revered all, was a Scotch cavalry officer. With his Hessian boots, and their tremendous spurs, sustaining the grandeur of his scarlet coat and powdered queue, there was something to youthful imaginations very awful in the tall and stately hussar; and that awe was nowise abated when they got courage to look on his high forehead which overhung gray eyes and weather-beaten cheeks, and when they marked his firm and dauntless air. And then it was terrible to think how many battles he had fought, and how in one of them a bullet had gone quite through his neck, and he had lain a whole night among the slain. But there was a deeper mystery still. He had been a very bad man once, it would appear, and now he was very good; and he had seen a vision; and altogether, with his strong Scotch voice, and his sword, and his wonderful story, the most solemn visitant was this grave and lofty soldier. But they saw how their father loved him, and they saw how he loved their father. As he sat so erect in the square corner-seat of the chapel, they could notice how his stern look would soften, and how his firm lip would quiver, and how a happy tear would roll down his deep-lined face; and they heard him as he sang so joyfully the closing hymn, and they came to feel that the colonel must indeed be very good. At last, after a long absence, he came to see their father, and staid three days, and he was looking very sick and very old. And the last night, before he went away their father preached a sermon in the house, and his text was, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him." And the colonel went away, and their father went with him, and gave him a long convoy; and many letters went and came. But at last there was war in Scotland. There was a rebellion, and there were battles; and then the gloomy news arrived. There had been a battle close to the very house of Bankton, and the king's soldiers had run away, and the brave Colonel Gardiner would not run, but fought to the very last, and alas for the Lady Frances!—he was stricken down and slain, scarce a mile from his own mansion door.

JAMES HERVEY.

Near Northampton stands the little parish church of Weston Favel. Its young minister was one of Doddridge's dearest friends. He was a tall and spectral-looking man, dying daily; and, like so many in that district, was a debtor to his distinguished neighbor. After he became minister of his hereditary parish, and when he was preaching with more earnestness than light, he was one day acting on a favorite medical prescription of that period, and accompanying a ploughman along the furrow in order to smell the fresh earth. The ploughman was a pious man, and attended the Castle-Hill Meeting; and the young parish minister asked him, "What do you think the hardest thing in religion?" The ploughman respectfully returned the question, excusing himself, as an ignorant man; and the minister said, "I think the hardest thing in religion is to deny sinful self;" and, expatiating some time on its difficulties, asked if any thing could be harder? "No, sir, except it be to deny righteous self." At the moment the minister thought his parishioner a strange fellow, or a fool; but he never forgot the answer, and was soon a convert to the ploughman's creed. James Hervey had a mind of uncommon gorgeousness. His thoughts all marched to a stately music, and were arrayed in the richest superlatives. Nor was it affectation. It was the necessity of his ideal nature, and was a merciful compensation for his scanty powers of outward enjoyment. As he sat in his little parlor watching the saucepan, in which his dinner of gruel was simmering, and filled up the moments with his microscope, or a page of the Astro-Theology, in his tour of the universe he soon forgot the pains and miseries of his corporeal residence. To him "Nature was Christian;" and after his own soul had drunk in all the joy of the Gospel, it became his favorite employment to read in the fields and the firmament. One product of these researches was his famous "Meditations." They were in fact a sort of Astro and Physico-Evangelism, and, as their popularity was amazing, they must have contributed extensively to the cause of Christianity. They were followed by "Theron and Aspasio"—a series of Dialogues and Letters on the most important points of personal religion, in which, after the example of Cicero, solid instruction is conveyed amidst the charms of landscape, and the amenities of friendly intercourse. This latter work is memorable as one of the first attempts to popularize systematic divinity; and it should undeceive those who deem dulness the test of truth, when they find the theology of Vitranga and Witsius enshrined in one of our finest prose poems. It was hailed with especial rapture by the Seceders of Scotland, who recognized "the Marrow" in this lordly dish, and were justly proud of their unexpected apostle. Many of them, that is, many of the few who achieved the feat of a London journey, arranged to take Weston on their way, and eschewing the Ram Inn and the adjacent Academy, they turned in to Aspasio's lowly parsonage. Here they found a "reed shaking in the wind:"—a panting invalid nursed by his tender mother and sister; and when the Sabbath came, James Erskine, or Dr. Pattison, or whoever the pilgrim might be, saw a great contrast to his own teeming meeting-house in the little flock that assembled in the little church of Weston Favel. But that flock hung with up-looking affection on the moveless attitude and faint accents of their emaciated pastor, and with Scotch-like alacrity turned up and marked in their Bibles every text

which he quoted; and though they could not report the usual accessories of clerical fame—the melodious voice, and graceful elocution, and gazing throng—the visitors carried away "a thread of the mantle," and long cherished as a sacred remembrance, the hours spent with this Elijah before he went over Jordan. Others paid him the compliment of copying his style; and both among the Evangelical preachers of the Scotch Establishment and its Secession, the "Meditations" became a frequent model. A few imitators were very successful; for their spirit and genius were kindred; but the tendency of most of them was to make the world despise themselves, and weary of their unoffending idol. Little children prefer red sugar-plums to white, and always think it the best "content" which is drunk from a painted cup; but when the dispensation of content and sugar-plums has yielded to maturer age, the man takes his coffee and his cracknel without observing the pattern of the pottery. And, unfortunately, it was to this that the Herveytes directed their chief attention, and hungry people have long since tired of their flowery truisms and mellifluous inanities; and, partly from impatience of the copyists, the reading republic has nearly ostracized the glowing and gifted original.

OTHER FRIENDS.

Gladly would we introduce the reader to a few others of Dr. Doddridge's friends; such as Dr. Clarke, his constant adviser and considerate friend, whose work on "The Promises" still holds its place in our religious literature; Gilbert West, whose catholic piety and elegant taste found in Doddridge a congenial friend; Dr. Watts, who so shortly preceded him to that better country, of which on earth they were among the brightest citizens; Bishop Warburton, who in a life-long correspondence with so mild a friend, carefully cushioned his formidable claws, and became the lion playing with the lamb; and William Coward, Esq., with cramps in his legs, and crotchets in his head—the rich London merchant who was constantly changing his will, but who at last, by what Robert Baillie would have termed the "canny conveyance" of Watts and Doddridge, did bequeath twenty thousand pounds towards founding a dissenting college. At each of these and several others we would have wished to glance; for we hold that biography is only like a cabinet specimen when it merely presents the man himself, and that to know him truly he must be seen *in situ* and surrounded with his friends; especially a man like Doddridge, whose affectionate and absorptive nature imbibed so much from those around him. But perhaps enough has been already said to aid the reader's fancy.

The sole survivor of twenty children, and with such a weakly frame, the wonder is that, amidst incessant toil, Doddridge held out so long. Temperance, elasticity of spirits, and the hand of God upheld him. At last, in December, 1750, preaching the funeral sermon of Dr. Clarke, at St. Albans, he caught a cold which he could never cure. Visits to London and the waters of Bristol had no beneficial effect; and, in the fall of the following year, he was advised to try a voyage to Lisbon. His kind friend, Bishop Warburton, here interfered, and procured for his dissenting brother a favor which deserves to be held in lasting memorial. He applied at the London Post-office, and, through his influence, it was arranged that the captain's room in the packet should be put at the invalid's disposal. Accordingly, on the thirtieth of September, accompanied by his anxious wife and a servant, he sailed from Falmouth; and, revived by the soft breezes and the ship's stormless progress, he sat in his easy-chair in the cabin, enjoying the brightest thoughts of all his life. "Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express," was his frequent exclamation to the tender partner of his voyage. And when the ship was gliding up the Tagus, and Lisbon with its groves and gardens and sunny towers stood before them, so animating was the spectacle, that affection hoped he might yet recover. The hope was an illusion. Bad symptoms soon came on; and the chief advantage of the change was, that it perhaps rendered dissolution more easy. On the twenty-sixth of October, 1751, he ceased from his labors, and soon after was laid in the burying-ground of the English factory. The Lisbon earthquake soon followed; but his grave remains to this day, and, like Henry Martyn's at Tocat, is to the Christian traveller a little spot of holy ground.

A hundred years have passed away since then; but there is much of Doddridge still on earth. The "Life of Colonel Gardiner" is still one of the best-known biographies; and, with Dr. Brown, we incline to think that, as a manual for ministers, there has yet appeared no memoir superior to his own. The Family Expositor has undergone that disintegrating process to which all bulky books are liable, and many of its happiest illustrations now circulate as things of course in the current popular criticism; and though his memory does not receive the due acknowledgment, the church derives the benefit. The singers of the Scotch Paraphrases and of other hymn collections are often unwitting singers of the words of Doddridge; and the thousands who quote the lines—

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Live while you live, the epicure would say, &c.,

are repeating the epigram which Philip Doddridge wrote, and which Samuel Johnson pronounced the happiest in our language. And if the "Rise and Progress" shall ever be superseded by a modern work, we can only wish its successor equal usefulness; however great its merits we can scarcely promise that it will keep as far ahead of all competitors for a hundred years as the original work has done. Had Doddridge lived a little longer, missionary movements would have been sooner originated by the British churches; but he lived long enough to be the father of the Book Society. And though Coward College is now absorbed in a more extensive erection, the founders of St. John's Wood College should rear a statue to Doddridge, as the man who gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England.

LORD THURLOW, AND HIS TERRIBLE SWEARING.

Lord Thurlow, once Lord High Chancellor of England, Keeper of the Conscience of George the Third, &c., was a tall, dark, harsh-featured, deep-voiced, beetle-browed man, of strong natural abilities, little conscience, and no delicacy. Having discovered, in the outset of life, that the generality of the world were more affected by manner than matter, he indulged a natural inclination to huffing and arrogance, by acting systematically upon it to that end; and, in a worldly point of view, he succeeded to perfection; with this drawback—which always accompanies false pretensions of the kind—that, knowing to what extent they were false, his mind was kept in a proportionate state of irritability and dissatisfaction; so that his success, after all, was only that of a man who prospers by parading an infirmity. With good intention as a judge in ordinary cases, he had sufficient patience neither to study nor to listen. As a statesman, he was actuated wholly by personal feelings of ambition and rivalry; and as keeper of the Royal Conscience, he presented an aspect of ludicrous inconsistency, discreditable to both parties; for he openly kept a mistress, while his master professed to be a pattern of chastity and decorum. But he had face for any thing. Seeing that airs of independence would turn to good account, even in the royal closet, provided he was servile at heart, he sometimes, with great cunning, huffed the King himself; and he did as much with the Prince of Wales, and with the like success. What he really could have done best, had his industry equalled his acuteness, and his ambition been less towards the side of pomp and power, would have been something in literary and metaphysical criticism, as may be seen in his letters to Cowper and others. What he became most famous for doing, was swearing.

We must here advertise our fair readers (in case any of them should be doing us the honor of reading this article aloud), that we are going to give some specimens of the swearing of this solemn and illustrious person; so that, if they do not regard the words in the same childish, meaningless, and nonsensical light that we do ourselves (for reasons that we shall give presently), and therefore cannot comfortably frame their lovely and innocent lips to utter them (which, indeed, custom will hardly allow us to expect), they had better hand over the passages to the nearest male friend that happens to be with them, and get him to read or to *initialize* them instead. As to ourselves (for reasons also to be presently given), we shall write the words at full length, out of sheer sense of their nothingness; only premising, that such was not the opinion entertained of them by this tremendous Lord Chancellor, or by the age in which he lived; otherwise he would not have resorted to them as clenches for his thunderbolts, neither would his contemporaries have given them to the reading world under those mitigated and whispering forms of initials and hyphens, which have come down to our own times, and which are intended to impress their audacity by intimating their guilt.

"*Damns* have had their day," says the man in the "Rivals." So they have; and so we would have the reader think, and treat them accordingly; that is to say, as things of no account, one way or the other. But such was not the case when the dramatist wrote; and therefore Lord Thurlow was renowned as a swearer, even in a swearing age. It was his ambition to be considered a swearer. He took to it, as a lad does, who wishes to show that he has arrived at man's estate. Every thing with the judge was "damned bad" or "damned good," damned hot or cold, damned stupid, &c. It was his epithet, his adjective, his participle, his sign of positive and superlative, his argument, his judgment. He could not have got on without it. To deprive Thurlow of his "damn" would have been to shave his eyebrows, or to turn his growl to a whisper.

"Lamenting," says Lord Campbell, "the great difficulty he had in disposing of a high legal situation, he described himself as long hesitating between the intemperance of A. and the corruption of B., but finally preferring the man of bad temper. Afraid lest he should have been supposed to have admitted the existence of pure moral worth, he added, 'Not but that there was a d—d deal of corruption in A.'s intemperance.' Happening to be at the British Museum, viewing the Townley Marbles, when a person came in and announced the death of Mr. Pitt, Thurlow was heard to say, 'a d—d good hand at turning a period!' and no more.

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"The following anecdote (continues his lordship) was related by Lord Eldon:—

"After dinner, one day, when nobody was present but Lord Kenyon and myself, Lord Thurlow said, 'Taffy,^[P] I decided a cause this morning, and I saw from Scott's face he doubted whether I was right.' Thurlow then stated his view of the case, and Kenyon instantly said, 'Your decision was quite right.' 'What say you to that?' asked the Chancellor. I said, 'I did not presume to form a judgment upon a case in which they both agreed. But I think a fact has not been mentioned, which may be material.' I was about to state the fact, and my reasons. Kenyon, however, broke in upon me, and, with some warmth, stated that I was always so obstinate, there was no dealing with me. 'Nay,' interposed Thurlow, 'that's not fair. You, Taffy, are obstinate, and give no reasons; you, Jack Scott, are obstinate, too; but then you give your reasons, and d—d bad ones they are!'"

"In Thurlow's time, the habit of profane swearing was unhappily so common, that Bishop Horsley, and other right reverend prelates, are said not to have been entirely exempt from it; but Thurlow

indulged in it to a degree that admits of no excuse. I have been told by an old gentleman, who was standing behind the woolsack at the time that Sir Ilay Campbell, then Lord Advocate, arguing a Scotch appeal to the bar in a very tedious manner, said, 'I will noo, my lords, proceed to my seevent pownt.' 'I'll be d—d if you do,' cried Lord Thurlow, so as to be heard by all present; 'this house is adjourned till Monday next,' and off he scampered. Sir James Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, used to relate that, while he and several other legal characters were dining with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his lordship happening to swear at his Swiss valet, when retiring from the room, the man returned, just put his head in, and exclaimed, 'I von't be d—d for you, Milor;' which caused the noble host and all his guests to burst out into a roar of laughter. From another valet he received a still more cutting retort. Having scolded this meek man for some time without receiving any answer, he concluded by saying, 'I wish you were in hell.' The terrified valet at last exclaimed, 'I wish I was, my lord! I wish I was!'

"Sir Thomas Davenport, a great *nisi prius* leader, had been intimate with Thurlow, and long flattered himself with the hopes of succeeding to some valuable appointment in the law; but, several good things passing by, he lost his patience and temper along with them. At last he addressed this laconic application to his patron: 'The Chief Justiceship of Chester is vacant; am I to have it?' and received the following laconic answer—'No! by God! Kenyon shall have it.'

"Having once got into a dispute with a bishop respecting a living, of which the Great Seal had the alternate presentation, the bishop's secretary called upon him, and said, 'My lord of —— sends his compliments to your lordship, and believes that the next turn to present to —— belongs to his lordship.' *Chancellor*.—'Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that I will see him d—d first before he shall present.' *Secretary*.—'This, my lord, is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop.' 'You are right, it is so, therefore tell the bishop that *I* will be damned first before he shall present.'" [Q]

Lord Campbell concludes his records of the Chancellor's *jusjuratio* (if we may coin a word for a precedent so extraordinary), by frankly extracting into his pages the whole of a long damnatory ode, which was put into the judge's mouth by the authors of the once-famous collection of libels called *Criticisms on the Rolliad*, and *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*,—the precursor, and very witty precursor, though flagrantly coarse and personal, of the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine* and the *Rejected Addresses*. They were on the Whig side of politics, and are understood to have been the production of Dr. Lawrence, a civilian, and George Ellis, the author of several elegant works connected with poetry and romance. We shall notice the book further when we come to speak of Mr. Ellis himself. Lord Thurlow is made to contribute one of the Probationary Odes; and he does it in so abundant and complete a style, that bold as our "innocence" makes us in this particular, yet not having the legal warrant of the biographer, we really have not the courage to bring it in as evidence. The reader, however, may guess of what sort of stuff it is composed, when he hears that it begins with the comprehensive line,

"Damnation seize ye all;"

and ends with the following pleasing and particular couplet:—

"Damn them beyond what mortal tongue can tell;
Confound, sink, plunge them all, to deepest, blackest hell."

After this, it will hardly be a climax to add, that Peter Pindar said of this Keeper of the King's Conscience, with great felicity, that he "swore his prayers."

We have been thus particular on the subject of Lord Thurlow's swearing, partly because it is the main point of his lordship's character with posterity, but chiefly that we might show what has already been intimated; namely, what a nothing such talk has become, and what high time it is to treat it as it deserves, and give it no longer in typography those implied awful significances, those under-breaths and intensifications of initials and hyphens, which make it pretend to have a meaning, and are the main cause why it survives. The word *damned* in Lord Thurlow's mouth, for all its emphasis and effect, had as little meaning as the word *blest*, or the word *conscience*. It has equally little meaning in any body's. It no more signifies what it was originally intended to signify, than the word "cursed" means *anathematized*, or the word "pontificate" means *bridge-making*. This is the natural death of oaths in any tremendous sense of the words, or in any sense at all. They become things of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Who that utters the word "zounds," imagines that he is speaking of such awful and inconceivable things as "God's wounds," though literally he is doing so? Or what honest farmer, who ejaculates "Please the pigs" (such extraordinary things do reform and vicissitude bring together!) supposes that his Protestant soul is propitiating the *Pyx*, or Holy Sacrament box, of the Roman Catholic Church? Yet time was, when the innocent word "zounds" was written with the same culpatory dashes and hyphens as the "damns that have had their day;" and "pigs," we suppose, were exenterated in like manner: suggested only by their heads and tails,—the first letter and the last. We happen to be no swearers ourselves, so that we are speaking a good word for no custom of our own; though, we confess, that when we come to an oath as a trait of character, in biography or in fiction, we are no more in the habit of balking it, than we are of ignoring any other harmless ejaculation; and therefore, by reason of its very nonsense and nothingness, we like to see it written plainly out as if it *were* nothing, instead of being mystified into a more nonsensical importance. We have known better men than ourselves who have sworn; and we have known worse; but with none of them had the word any meaning, nor has it any, ever, except in the pulpit; where it is a pity (as many

an excellent clergyman has thought) that it is heard at all. Treat it lightly elsewhere, as an expletive and a mere way of speaking, and it will come to nothing as it deserves, and follow the obsolete "plagues" and "murrains" of our ancestors.

The only persons who profess to swear to any purpose, are the Roman Catholics; and they, indeed, may well be said to swear "terribly"—or rather they would do so, if any poor set of human creatures, fallible by the necessity of their natures, could of a surety know what is infallible, and be commissioned by a writing on the sun or moon to let us hear it. Lord Thurlow, with all his damns, and his big voice, and his power of imprisonment to boot, was a babe of grace compared with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester who thundered forth the famous excommunication which the Protestant chapter-clerk of that city gave to the author of *Tristram Shandy* to put in his book; to the immortal honor of said Protestant, and disgrace of the unalterable and infallible Roman Catholic Churchmen; who, when delivered from their bonds, and complimented on partaking of the progress and civilization common to the rest of the world, take the first opportunity for showing us we are mistaken, and crying damnation to their deliverers.

We shall not repeat the document alluded to, lest we should be thought to give the light matter of which we have been treating, a tone of too much importance. Suffice it to say, that when all the powers, and angels, and very virgins of heaven are called upon by the excommunication to "curse" and "damn" the object of it limb by limb (literally so), his eyes, his brains, and his heart (how unlike fair human readers, who doubt whether the very word "damn" should be uttered), good Uncle Toby interposes one of those world-famous pleasantries which have shaken the old Vatican beyond recovery.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby; "but nothing to this. For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse my dog so."

FOOTNOTES:

[P] Thurlow politely calls Kenyon *Taffy*, because the latter was a Welshman. *Scott* is Lord Eldon himself.

[Q] *Lives of the Chancellors*. Second Series. Vol. v. pp. 644, 664.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE LAST OF THE FIDDLERS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

The midnight silence of the village is broken by unusual clattering sounds—a horse comes galloping along at the top of his speed, his rider crying aloud, "Fire—fire! Help, ho! Fire!" Away he rides straight to the church, and presently the alarm-bell is heard pealing from the steeple.

It is no easy matter to arouse the harvest folks, after a hard day's work, from their first sound sleep: there they lie, stretched as unconsciously as the corn in the fields which they have reaped in the sweat of their brow. But wake they must—there is no help for it. The stable-boys are the first on the alert—every one anxious to win the reward which, time out of mind, has been given to the person, who, on the occasion of a fire, is the first to reach the engine-house with harnessed horses. Here and there a light is seen at a cottage lattice—a window is opened—the men come running out of doors with their coats half drawn on, or in their shirt sleeves. The villagers all collect about the market-house, and the cry is heard on all sides, "Where is it? Where is the fire?"

"In Eibingen."

Question and answer were alike unneeded, for in the distance, behind the dark pine-forest, the whole sky was illumined with a bright-red glow, in the stillness of the night, like the glow of the setting sun; while every now and then a shower of sparks rose into the air, as if shot out from a blast-furnace.

The night was still and calm, and the stars shone peacefully on the silent earth.

The horses are speedily put to the fire-engine, the buckets placed in a row, a couple of torches lighted, and the torch-bearers stand ready on either side holding on to the engine, which is instantly covered with men.

"Quick! out with another pair of horses! two can't draw such a load!"—"Down with the torches!"—"No, no; they're all right—'tis the old way!"—"Drive off, for Heaven's sake—quick!"

Such-like exclamations resounded on all sides. Let us follow the crowd.

The engine, with its heavy load, now rolls out of the village, and through the peaceful fields and

meadows: the fruit-trees by the roadside seem to dance past in the flickering light; and soon the crowd hurry, helter-skelter, through the forest. The birds are awakened from sleep, and fly about in affright, and can scarcely find their way back to their warm nests. The forest is at length passed, and down below, in the valley, lies the hamlet, brightly illumined as at noon-day, while shrieks and the alarm-bell are heard, as if the flames had found a voice.

See! what is yonder white, ghost-like form, in a fluttering dress, on the skirts of the forest? The wheels creak, and rattle along the stony road—no sounds can be distinguished in the confusion. Away! help! away!

The folks are now seen flying from the village with their goods and chattels—children in their bare shirts and with naked feet—carrying off beds and chairs, pots and pans. Has the fire spread so fearfully, or is this all the effect of fright?

"Where's the fire?"

"At Hans the Fiddler's."

And the driver lashed his horses, and every man seemed to press forward with increased ardor to fly to the succor.

As they approached the spot, it was clearly impossible to save the burning cottage; and all efforts were therefore directed to prevent the flames extending to the adjoining houses. Just then every body was busied in trying to save a horse and two cows from the shed; but the animals, terrified by the fire, would not quit the spot, until their eyes were bandaged, and they were driven out by force.

"Where's old Hans?" was the cry on all sides.

"Burnt in his bed to a certainty," said some. Others declared that he had escaped. Nobody knew the truth.

The old fiddler had neither child nor kinsfolk, and yet all the people grieved for him; and those who had come from the villages round about reproached the inhabitants for not having looked after the fate of the poor fellow. Presently it was reported that he had been seen in Urban the smith's barn; another said that he was sitting up in the church crying and moaning—the first time he had been there without his fiddle. But neither in the barn nor in the church was old Hans to be found, and again it was declared that he had been burnt to death in his house, and that his groans had actually been heard; but, it was added, all too late to save him, for the flames had already burst through the roof, and the glass of the windows was sent flying across the road.

The day was just beginning to dawn when all danger of the fire spreading was past; and leaving the smouldering ruins, the folks from a distance set out on their return.

A strange apparition was now seen coming down the mountain-side, as if out of the gray mists of morning. In a cart drawn by two oxen sat a haggard figure, dressed in his bare shirt, and his shoulders wrapped in a horse-cloth. The morning breeze played in the long white locks of the old man, whose wan features were framed, as it were, by a short, bristly, snow-white beard. In his hands he clutched a fiddle and fiddlestick. It was old Hans, the village fiddler. Some of the lads had found him at the edge of the forest, on the spot where we had caught a glimpse of him, looking like a ghostly apparition, as we rattled past with the engine. There he was found standing in his shirt, and holding his fiddle in both his hands pressed tightly to his breast.

As they drew near the village, he took his fiddle and played his favorite waltz. Every eye was turned on the strange-looking man, and all welcomed his return, as if he had risen from the grave.

"Give me a drink!" he exclaimed to the first person who held out a hand to him. "I'm burnt up with thirst!"

A glass of water was brought him.

"Bah!" cried the old man; "'twere a sin to quench such a thirst as mine with water; bring me some wine! Or has the horrid red cock drunk up all my wine too?"

And again he fell to fiddling lustily, until they arrived at the spot of the fire. He got down from the cart, and entered a neighbor's cottage. All the folks pressed up to the old fiddler, tendering words of comfort, and promising that they would all help him to rebuild his cottage.

"No, no!" replied Hans; "'tis all well. I have no home—I'm one of the cuckoo tribe that has no resting-place of its own, and only now and then slips into the swallow's nest. For the short time I have to live, I shall have no trouble in finding quarters wherever I go. I can now climb up into a tree again, and look down upon the world in which I have no longer any thing to call my own. Ay, ay, 'twas wrong in me ever to have had any thing of my own except my precious little fiddle here!"

No objection was raised to the reasoning of the strange old man, and the country-folks from a distance went their ways home with the satisfaction of knowing that the old fiddler was still alive and well. Hans properly belonged to the whole country round about: his loss would have been a public one: much as if the old linden-tree on the Landeck Hill close by had been thrown down unexpectedly in the night Hans was as merry as a grig when Caspar the smith gave him an old

shirt, the carpenter Joseph a pair of breeches—and so on. "Well, to be sure, folks may now say that I carry the whole village on my back!" said he; and he gave to each article of dress the name of the donor. "A coat indeed like this, which a friend has worn nicely smooth for one, fits to a T. I was never at my ease in a new coat; and you know I used always to go to the church, and rub the sleeves in the wax that dropped from the holy tapers, to make them comfortable and fit for wear. But this time I'm saved the trouble, and I'm for all the world like a new-born babe who is fitted with clothes without measuring. Ay, ay, you may laugh; but 'tis a fact—I'm new-born."

And in truth it quite seemed so with the old man: the wild merriment of former years, which had slumbered for a while, all burst out anew.

A fellow just now entered who had been active in extinguishing the fire, and having his hand in the work, had been at the same time no less actively engaged in quenching a certain internal fire—and in truth, as was plain to be seen, more than was needed. On seeing him, the old fiddler cried out, "By Jove, how I envy the fellow's jollity!" All the folks laughed; but presently the merriment was interrupted by the entrance of the magistrate with his notary, come to investigate the cause of the fire, and take an inventory of the damage.

Old Hans openly confessed his fault. He had the odd peculiarity of carrying about him, in all his pockets, a little box of lucifer matches, in order never to be at a loss when he wanted to light his pipe. Whenever any one called on him, and wherever he went, his fingers were almost unconsciously playing with the matches. Often and often he was heard to exclaim, "Provoking enough! that these matches should come into fashion just as I am going off the stage. Look! a light in the twinkling of an eye! Only think of all the time I've lost in the course of my life in striking a light with the old flint and steel,—days, weeks, ay, years!"

The fire had, to all appearances, originated with this child's play of the old man, and the magistrate said with regret that he must inflict the legal penalty for his carelessness. "However, at all events 'tis well 'tis no worse," he added; "you are in truth the last of the fiddlers; in our dull, plodding times, you are a relic of the past—of a merry, careless age. 'Twould have been a grievous thing if you had come to such a miserable end."

"Look ye, your worship, I ought to have been a parson," said Hans; "and I should have preached to the folks after this fashion:—'Don't set too much store on life, and it can't hurt you; look on every thing as foolery, and then you'll be cleverer than all the rest. If the world was always merry—if folks did nothing but work and dance, there would be no need of schoolmasters—no need of learning to write and read—no parsons—and (by your worship's pardon) no magistrates. The whole world is a big fiddle—the strings are tuned—Fortune plays upon them; but some one is wanted to be constantly screwing up the strings; and this is a job for the parson and magistrate. There's nothing but turning and screwing, and turning and scraping, and the dance never begins.'"

The fiddler's tongue went running on in this way, until his worship at length took a friendly leave of him. We shall, however, remain, and tell the reader something of the history of this strange character.

It is now nearly thirty years since the old man first made his appearance in the village, just at the time when the new church was consecrated. When he first came among the villagers, he played for three days and three nights almost incessantly the maddest tunes. Superstitious folks muttered one to another that it must be Old Nick himself who could draw such spirit and life from the instrument, as never to let any one have rest or quiet any more than he seemed to require it himself. During the whole of this time he scarcely ate a morsel, and only drank—but in potent draughts—during the pauses. Often it seemed as if he did not stir a finger, but merely laid the fiddlestick on the strings, and magic sounds instantly came out of them, while the fiddle-bow hopped up and down of itself.

Hey-day! there was a merrymaking and piece of work in the large dancing-room of the "Sun." Once, during a pause, the hostess, a buxom portly widow, cried out, "Hold hard, fiddler; do stop—the cattle are all quarrelling with you, and will starve if you don't let the lads and girls go home and feed them. If you've no pity on us folks, do for goodness' sake stop your fiddling for the sake of the poor dumb creatures."

"Just so!" cried the fiddler; "here you can see how man is the noblest animal on the face of the earth; man alone can dance—ay, dance in couples. Hark ye, hostess, if you'll dance a turn with me, I'll stop my fiddlestick for a whole hour."

The musician jumped off the table. All the by-standers pressed the hostess, till at length she consented to dance. She clasped her partner tight round the waist, whilst he kept hold of his fiddle, drawing from it sounds never before heard; and in this comical manner, playing and dancing, they performed their evolutions in the circle of spectators; and at length, with a brilliant scrape of his bow, he concluded, embraced the hostess, and gave her a bouncing kiss, receiving in return a no less hearty box on the ear. Both were given and taken in fun and good temper.

From that time forward the fiddler was domiciled under the shade of the "Sun." There he nestled himself quietly, and whenever any merrymaking was going on in the country round-about, Hans was sure to be there with his fiddle; but he always returned home regularly; and there was not a village nor a house far and wide around, in which there was more dancing, than in the hostelry of the portly landlady of the "Sun."

The fiddler comported himself in the house as if he belonged to it; he served the guests (never taking any part in out-of-doors work), entertained the customers as they dropped in, played a hand at cards occasionally, and was never at a loss in praising a fresh tap. "We've just opened a new cask of wine—only taste, and say if there's not music in wine, and something divine!" Touching every thing that concerned the household, he invariably used the authoritative and familiar *we*:—"We have a cellar fit for a king;" "*Our* house lies in every one's way;" and so forth.

Hans and his little fiddle, as a matter of course, were at every village-gathering and festivity; and the people of the country round-about could never dissociate in their thoughts the "Sun" inn and Hans the fiddler. But possibly the hostess considered the matter in a different light. At the conclusion of the harvest merrymaking she took heart and said—"Hans, you must know I've a liking for you; you pay for what you eat; but wouldn't you like for once to try living under another roof? What say you?"

Hans protested that he was well enough off in his present quarters, and that he felt no disposition to neglect the old proverb of "Let well alone." The landlady was silent.

Weeks went over, and at length she began again—"Hans, you wouldn't do any thing to injure me?"

"Not for the world!"

"Look ye—'tis only on account of the folks hereabouts. I would not bother you, but you know there's a talk—You can come back again after a month or two, and you'll be sure to find my door open to you."

"Nay, nay, I'll not go away, and then I shall not want to come back."

"No joking, Hans—I'm in earnest—you must go."

"Well, there's one way to force me: go up into my room, pack my things into a bundle, and throw them into the road; otherwise I promise you I'll not budge from the spot."

"You're a downright good-for-nothing fellow, and that's the truth; but what am I to do with you?"

"Marry me!"

The answer to this was another box on the ear; but this time it was administered much more gently than at the dance. As soon as the landlady's back was turned, Hans took his fiddle and struck up a lively tune.

From time to time the hostess of the "Sun" recurred to the subject of Hans's removal, urging him to go; but his answer was always ready—always the same—"Marry me!"

One day in conversation she told him that the police would be sure soon to interfere and forbid his remaining longer, as he had no proper certificate; and so forth. Hans answered not a word, but cocking his hat knowingly on the left side, he whistled a merry tune, and set out for the castle of the count, distant a few miles. The village at that time belonged to the Count von S—.

That evening, as the landlady was standing by the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowing with the reflection from the hearth, Hans entered, and without moving a muscle of his face, handed to her a paper, and said, "Look ye, there's our marriage-license; the count dispenses with publishing the bans. This is Friday—Sunday is our wedding-day!"

"What do you say, you saucy fellow? I hope"—

"Hollo, Mr. Schoolmaster!" interrupted Hans, as he saw that worthy functionary passing the window just at that instant "Do step in here, and read this paper."

Hans held the landlady tight by the arm, while the schoolmaster read the document, and at the conclusion tendered his congratulations and good wishes.

"Well, well—with all my heart!" said the landlady at length. "Since 'tis to be so, to tell the truth I've long had a liking for you, Hans; but 'twas only on account of the prate and gossip"—

"Sunday morning then?"

"Ay, ay—you rogue."

A merry scene was that, when on the following Sunday morning Hans the Fiddler—or, to give him his proper style, Johann Grubenmüller—paraded to church by the side of his betrothed, fiddling the wedding-march, partly for his self-gratification, partly to give the ceremony a certain solemn hilarity. For a short space he deposited his instrument on the baptismal font; but the ceremony being ended, he shouldered it again, struck up an unusually brisk tune, and played so marvellously, that the folks were fairly dying with laughter.

Ever since that time Hans resided in the village, and that is as much as to say that mirth and jollity abode there. For some years past, however, Hans was often subject to fits of dejection, for the authorities had decreed that there should be no more dancing without the special permission of the magistrate. Trumpets and other wind-instruments supplanted the fiddle, and our friend Hans could no longer play his merry jigs, except to the children under the old oak-tree, until his reverence, in the exercise of his clerical powers, forbade even this amusement, as prejudicial to sound school discipline.

Hans lost his wife just three years ago, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted harmony. Brightly and joyously as he had looked on life at the outset of his career, its close seemed often clouded, sad, and burthensome, more than he was himself aware. "A man ought not to grow so old!" he often repeated—an expression which escaped from a long train of thought that was passing unconsciously in the old man's mind, in which he acknowledged to himself that young limbs and the vigor of youth properly belonged to the careless life of a wandering musician. "The hay does not grow as sweet as it did thirty years ago!" he stoutly maintained.

The new village magistrate, who had a peculiarly kind feeling towards old Hans, set about devising means of securing him from want for the rest of his days. The sum (no inconsiderable one) for which the house was insured in the fire-office was by law not payable in full until another house should be built in its place. It happened that the parish had for a long time been looking out for a spot on which to erect a new schoolhouse in the village, and at the suggestion of the worthy magistrate the authorities now bought from Hans the ground on which his cottage had stood, with all that remained upon it. But the old man did not wish to be paid any sum down, and an annuity was settled on him instead, amply sufficient to provide for all his wants. This plan quite took his fancy; he chuckled at the thought (as he expressed it) that he was eating himself up, and draining the glass to the last drop.

Hans, moreover, was now permitted again to play to the children under the village oak on a summer evening. Thus he lived quite a new life; and his former spirit seemed in some measure to return. In the summer, when the building of the new schoolhouse was commenced, old Hans was riveted to the spot as if by magic; there he sat upon the timbers, or on a pile of stones, watching the digging and hammering with fixed attention. Early in the morning, when the builders went to their work they always found Hans already on the spot. At breakfast and noon, when the men stopped work to take their meals, which were brought them by their wives and children, old Hans found himself seated in the midst of the circle, and played to them as they ate and talked. Many of the villagers came and joined the party; and the whole was one continued scene of merriment. Hans often said that he never before knew his own importance, for he seemed to be wanted everywhere—whether folks danced or rested, his fiddle had its part to play: and music could turn the thinnest potato-broth into a savory feast.

But an unforeseen misfortune awaited our friend Hans, of which the worthy magistrate, notwithstanding his kindness to the old man, was unintentionally the cause. His worship came one day, accompanied by a young man, who had all the look of a genius: the latter stood for some minutes, with his arms folded, gazing at Hans, who was busy fiddling to the workpeople at their dinner.

"There stands the last of the fiddlers, of whom I told you," said the magistrate; "I want you to paint him—he is the only relic of old times whom we have left."

The artist complied. At first old Hans resisted the operation stoutly, but he was at length won over by the persuasion of his worship, and allowed the artist to take his likeness. With trembling impatience he sat before the easel, wanting every instant to jump up and see what the man was about. But this the artist would not allow, and promised to show him the picture when it was finished. Day after day old Hans had to sit to the artist, in this state of wonder and suspense, and when at noon he played to the workmen at their meals, his tunes were slow and heavy, and had lost all their former vivacity and spirit.

At length the picture was finished, and Hans was allowed to see himself on canvas. At the first glance he started back in affright, crying out like one mad, "Donner and Blitz!—the rascal has stolen me!"

From that day forward, when the artist had gone away, and taken the picture with him, old Hans was quite changed: he went about the village, talking to himself, and was often heard to mutter, "Nailed up to the wall—stolen! Hans has his eyes open day and night, looking down from the wall—never sleeps, nor eats, nor drinks. Stolen!—the thief!" Seldom could a sensible word be drawn from him; but he played the wildest tunes on his fiddle, and every now and then would stop and laugh, exclaiming, as if gazing at something, "Ha, ha! you old fellow there, nailed up to the wall, with your fiddle; you can't play—you are the wrong one—here he sits!"

On one occasion the spirit of the old man burst out again: it was the day when the gayly-decked fir bush was stuck upon the finished gable of the new schoolhouse.^[R] The carpenters and masons came, dressed in their Sunday clothes, preceded by a band of music, to fetch "the master." The old fiddler, Hans, was the whole day long in high spirits—brisk and gay as in his best years. He sang, drank, and played till late into the night, and in the morning he was found, with his fiddle-bow in his hand, dead in his bed....

Many of the villagers fancy, in the stillness of the night, when the clock strikes twelve, that they hear a sound in the schoolhouse, like the sweetest tones of a fiddle. Some say that it is old Hans's instrument, which he bequeathed to the schoolhouse, and which plays by itself. Others declare that the tones which Hans played *into* the wood and stones, when the house was building, come *out* of them again in the night. Be this as it may, the children are taught all the new rational methods of instruction, in a building which is still haunted by the ghost of the last fiddler.

GEORGE III. gave Lord Eldon a seal, containing a figure of Religion looking up to Heaven, and of Justice with no bandage over her eyes, his Majesty remarking at the same time, that Justice should be bold enough to look the world in the face. The motto of the seal was *His dirige te. Quere*. Would not this be a more appropriate inscription for the spout of a tea-pot than for the seal of a Lord Chancellor.

FOOTNOTES:

[R] This custom is prettily related in Auerbach's story of 'Ivo.'

From Dickens' Household Words.

[Pg 92]

A BIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I believe I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it, one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connection with the street door. It occupied, however, a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In order to become my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A "fast" man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here it was included by "the boy" among his numerous "perquisites," and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted imposter," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming conscious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp, unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by ponderous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Reassured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of unfastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside who was presently admitted.

"Hollo! there's two on you?" cried my master, as a hard, elderly animal entered, followed

somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green 'un as I have took under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone-pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at Highbury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young Innocence had never dreamt of any thing of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us—but beaks being proverbially otherwise than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh—ty pound flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Amburg. Howsomever, he's got to take one pund in home made: bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o' time," said my master, "I've just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the diffidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous. [Pg 93]

"I've been explaining to young Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took *me* up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is all this bad money?" said the youth, curiously gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, every thing is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good—from those made by government, I should say"—hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real turtle from the mock," said my master. "It's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it's at all cracked—as lots of money is—don't ring no better than pewter; besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some ain't got no counter. As for the color, I defy any body to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o' money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they're bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot—which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces,—now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middle-man may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here '*bobs*'"—by which he meant shillings—"is composed of a mixter of two metals—pewter and zinc. In coorse these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufacturers them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely casts his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe), this sort of thing won't pay—too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufactur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galvanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, unfortunately, we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Government institootion *yet* at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all—so you see we're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking *me* up again as he spoke), upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Any one who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article's geniwine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reg'lar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction, during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he

asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protégé*. Of this twenty, I was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street—an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me (only for half an hour) described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitate staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

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The room was low, and ill-ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbor or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master—leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister—went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognize old friends" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call "the height of fashion,"—that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which—even without the cigar in his mouth—were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

Edward, my master, returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, they agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed," said Mr. Bethnal, producing a well-filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Bethnal, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation—he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what—we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He's one of us, you know."

I now learned that Mr. Bethnal was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of Parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary further to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-by," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing's the thing, if one's a presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you'll do."

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal's business with him was soon dispatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and he was taken into Mr. Joe's confidence, and also into Mr. Joe's upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal, in a jargon to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman, "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the

shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman—that is to say, without a occupation—the p'lese would soon be down upon me. They'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes the respectable tradesman, who's above suspicion—and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials—the pewter, and all that—on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking after such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I'm believed to be devoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun—and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tatur business, them's dodges. Gives a oppoortoonity of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls o' things, which otherwise would compel the 'spots'—as we calls the p'lese—to come down on us."

"Compel them!—but surely they come down whenever they've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a' told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the vork-shop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempts a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch—which is a matter of almost life and death to us—we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

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"I ses nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal, "but *you* remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners; "Wot wos the consequence?" continued the narrator. "Somehow or another, that p'leseman was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he'd bolted. Every inquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'leseman,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, *he* never got any wheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs,' for exportation. "They were duly shipped, a member of the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other, somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman?"

"The chest was six feet long, and——,"

Here Mr. Bethnal became uneasy.

"Vell," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching up, only it shows you, my green 'un, what we *can* do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we aint afeerd o' the p'lese in this neighborhood, not a hap'orth; *we* know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A package was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The roulette contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid two pence half-penny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker.

"As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we aint got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem)—a 'Brum' sovereign may be bought for about four-and-six; a bad crown piece for a good bob; a half-crown for about fippence; a bob for two pence half-penny, and so on. As for the sixpennys and fourpennys, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of his protégé:

—

"You see you need have no fear o' passing this here money if you're a respectable-looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at any think o' the kind, it's always laid to a mistake; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that's how it is that so much o' our mannyfactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples; and on his way back he expressed himself in high terms in favor of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"O' course," was the reply of his experienced companion. "It aint once in a thousand times that a fellow's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You've the needful in your pocket, hav'n't you? Come, here's a shop—I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate; but Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal, with an air of most imposing nonchalance, took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

"How much."

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn me from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into a corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks—he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a *good* half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves, at a respectable-looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad.

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"It don't look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master: how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room, to which the reader has been already introduced,—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took place between the pair, from which I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman who now possessed me was the coiner's partner,—his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible,"—I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser left the shop."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think o' the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with wot don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'r'in nowhere without getting some on it. Every body's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as aint got our masheenery,"—and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better—it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I've sold no end on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighborhood, there's scarcely a shop where they don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggle's (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts was the name of my respectable master), "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it's through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the p'lese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury, as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as

became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and was committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon dispatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste; the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the afterlife of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at a theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, I found myself ignominiously spent in hard-bake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best-looking of the whole; and when he was at last induced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my own horror, I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful, that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

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Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs. But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighborhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended, and my biography closes.

A SUPPLY OF COCKED HATS.

In new work entitled *A Voyage to the Mauritius and Back*, just published in London, we find the following capital story, from which it is apparent that the Chatham-street auction system, even if indigenous, is not peculiar to New-York. The subject of the joke was an Indian officer at the Cape, on leave of absence, and an inmate of the boarding-house where the writer was living.

"The most singular character which Cape Town presented was a Major Holder, of the Bombay Army. In dress he was entirely unique. He wore invariably a short red shell jacket, thrown open, with a white waistcoat, and short but large white trousers, cotton stockings, and shoes; on his head a cocked-hat, with an upright red and white feather, the whole surmounted by a green silk umbrella, held painfully aloft to clear the feather: to this may be added a shirt-collar which acted almost as a pair of blinders on either side. In person he was ample, but somewhat shapeless; and he had a vast oblong face, which neither laughed nor showed any sign of animation whatever. The history of the Major's cocked-hat was as follows. Strolling into an auction at Bombay, he was rather taken with the reasonable price of a cocked-hat, which the flippant auctioneer was recommending with all his ingenuity. 'Going for six rupees—must be sold to pay the creditors. No advance upon six? Shall we say siccas?' In an evil hour the Major bid for the hat, left his address, and returned to his quarters, the happy possessor of a 'bargain.' Seated at breakfast the next morning, a procession is observed approaching the house; four men carrying a large packing-case slung to a pole, and headed by a half-caste, with a small paper in his hand.

"Major Holder, sar, brought you the cocked-hats, sir; all sound and good, sar; wish live long to wear out, sar. Here leel' bill, which feel obleege you pay, sar.' Whereupon he puts into the hands of the astounded commander a document, headed 'Major Thomas Holder, of H.E.I.C.'s — Regt., Dr. to estate of — and Co., bankrupts, for seventy-two cocked-hats, purchased at auction,' &c., &c., &c.

"It was in vain that the Major remonstrated after he understood the predicament in which he was

placed; in vain he appealed to the auctioneer—to the company present; it was too good a joke, and they would have given it against him under almost any circumstances.

"Major Holder was a rigid economist; he had almost a mind which admitted but one idea at a time, and, indeed, not very often that. He was possessed of six dozen of cocked-hats, and they must be worn out. Being mostly in command of his own regiment, he had unlimited choice as to his own head-dress; so he commenced the task at once. From thenceforth all other hats or caps were to him matters of history. At the economical rate of two hats a year, he might safely calculate upon being much advanced in life before the case was exhausted. True, there were drawbacks: he was much consulted about auctions by his friends; many inquiries made of him on that point; bills of auction, and especially any thing relating to cocked-hats, forwarded to him by the kind attention of acquaintance; and a question very currently put to him by the ensigns was 'Tom, how are you off for hats?'

"The interest taken in the Major's hats was far from dying, even after the lapse of years: the less likely to do so, indeed, from the circumstance of their forming epochs in history; as, 'Such a one got leave in Tom's fourth hat;' or, 'I hope to be off before Tom changes his hat;' or, 'I'll make you a bet that Jack's married before another hat's gone.' When this individual arrived at the Cape he was understood to be in his fifteenth hat: but there occurred some confusion in the Major's chronology; for it was understood that, owing to the practical jokes played there, no less than three hats were expended during the short month of his stay. To correct this, he adopted the plan of sitting upon his hat at dinner; but as he wore no tails to his jacket, and left the feather protruding behind, it had to a stranger the appearance of being a natural appendage to his person."

BUYING DONKEYS AT SMITHFIELD.

One of the brothers Mayhew is publishing in London, (and the Harpers are reprinting it in New-York) a serial work under the title of *London Labor and London Poor*, similar in design to the sketches of trades and occupations a year or two ago printed in the *Tribune*. It is in as lively a vein as may be, but such an anatomy is unavoidably sometimes repulsive. The authors perhaps endanger the designed effect of their performance by attempting to invest it with the attractions of quaintness and humor. We quote from the second part the following description of costermongers in the Smithfield market:

"The donkeys standing for sale are ranged in a long line on both sides of the race course, their white velvety noses resting on the wooden rail they are tied to. Many of them wear their blinkers and head-harness, and others are ornamented with ribands fastened in their halters. The lookers-on lean against this railing, and chat with the boys at the donkeys' heads, or with the men who stand behind them, and keep continually hitting and shouting at the poor still beasts, to make them prance. Sometimes a party of two or three will be seen closely examining one of these 'Jerusalem ponies,' passing their hands down his legs or quietly looking on, while the proprietor's ash stick descends on the patient brute's back, making a dull hollow sound. As you walk in front of a long line of donkeys, the lads seize the animals by their nostrils and show their large teeth, asking if you 'want a hass, sir,' and all warranting the creature to be 'five years old next buff-day.' Dealers are quarrelling among themselves, down-crying each other's goods. 'A hearty man,' shouted one proprietor, pointing to his rival's stock, 'could eat three sich donkeys as yourn at a meal!' One fellow, standing behind his steed, shouts as he strikes, 'Here's the real Britannia metal;' whilst another asks, 'Who's for the pride of the market?' and then proceeds to flip 'the pride' with the whip till she clears away the mob with her kickings. Here, standing by its mother, will be a shaggy little colt, with a group of ragged boys fondling it and lifting it in their arms from the ground.

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"During all this the shouts of the drivers and runners fill the air, as they rush past each other on the race course. Now a tall fellow, dragging a donkey after him, runs by, crying, as he charges in amongst the mob, 'Hulloa! hulloa! Hi! hi!' his mate, with his long coat-tails flying in the wind, hurrying after him and roaring, between his blows, 'Keem up!'"

From the Leader.

TO LAYARD, DISCOVERER OF BABYLON AND NINEVEH.

No harps, no choral voices, may enforce,
The words I utter. Thebes and Elis heard
Those harps, those voices, whence high men rose higher;
And nations crowned the singer who crowned *them*.
His days are over. Better men than his
Live among *us*: and must they live unsung
Because deaf ears flap round them? or because
Gold lies along the shallows of the world,

And vile hands gather it? My song shall rise,
Although none heed or hear it: rise it shall,
And swell along the wastes of Nineveh
And Babylon, until it reach to thee,
Layard! who raisest cities from the dust,
Who driest Lethe up amid her shades,
And pourest a fresh stream on arid sands,
And rescuest thrones and nations, fanes and gods,
From conquering Time: he sees thee, and turns back.

The weak and slow Power pushes past the wise,
And lifts them up in triumph to her ear:
They, to keep firm the seat, sit with flat palms
Upon the cushion, nor look once beyond
To cheer thee on thy road. In vain are won
The spoils; another carries them away;
The stranger seeks them in another land,
Torn piecemeal from thee. But no stealthy step
Can intercept thy glory.

Cyrus raised
His head on ruins: he of Macedon
Crumbled them, with their dreamer, into dust:
God gave thee power above them, far above;
Power to raise up those whom they overthrew,
Power to show mortals that the kings they serve
Swallow each other, like the shapeless forms,
And unsubstantial, which pursue pursued
In every drop of water, and devour
Devoured, perpetual round the crystal globe.^[S]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FOOTNOTES:

[S] Seen through a solar microscope.

From Household Words.

PHYSIOLOGY OF INTEMPERANCE.

"One glass more," exclaimed mine host of the Garter. "A bumper at parting! No true knight ever went away without 'the stirrup-cup.'"

"Good," cried a merry-faced guest; "but the Age of Chivalry is gone, and that of water-drinkers and teetotallers has succeeded. Temperance societies have been imported from America, and grog nearly thrown overboard by the British Navy."

"Very properly so," observed a Clergyman who sat at the table. "The accidents which occur from drunkenness on board ship may be so disastrous on the high seas, and the punishment necessary to suppress this vice is so revolting, that the most experienced naval officers have recommended the allowance of grog, served both to officers and men in our Navy, to be reduced one-half. In America, as well as in our own Merchant Service, vessels sail out of harbor on the Temperance principle; not a particle of spirits is allowed on board; and the men throughout the voyage are reported to continue healthy and able-bodied. Tea is an excellent substitute; many of our old seamen prefer it to grog."

"That may be," exclaimed the merry-faced guest. "Horses have been brought to eat oysters; and on the Coromandel coast, Bishop Heber says, they get fat when fed on fish. Sheep have been trained up, during a voyage, to eat animal food, and refused, when put ashore, to crop the dewy greensward. When honest Jack renounces his grog, and, after reefing topsails in a gale of wind, goes below deck to swill down a domestic dish of tea, after the fashion of Dr. Samuel Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's, I greatly fear the character of our British seamen will degenerate. In the glorious days of Lord Nelson, the observation almost passed into a proverb, that the man who loved his grog always made the best sailor. Besides, in rough and stormy weather, when men have perhaps been splicing the mainbrace, and exposed to the midnight cold and damp, the stimulus of grog is surely necessary to support, if not restore, the vital energy?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the clergyman. "Severe labor, even at sea, is better sustained without alcoholic liquors; and the depressing effects of exposure to cold and wet weather best counteracted by a hot mess of cocoa or coffee served with biscuit or the usual allowance of meat. In fact, I have lately read, with considerable satisfaction, a prize essay by an accomplished physician, in which he proves that alcohol acts as a poison on the nervous system, and that we

can dispense entirely with the use of stimulants."

"Not exactly so," observed a physician, who was of the party. "Life itself exists only by stimulation; the air we breathe, the food we eat, the desires and emotions which excite the mind to activity, are all so many forms of physical and mental stimuli. If the atmosphere were deprived of its oxygen, the blood would cease to acquire those stimulating properties which excite the action of the heart, and sustain the circulation; and if the daily food of men were deprived of certain necessary stimulating adjuncts, the digestive organs would no longer recruit the strength, and the wear and tear of the body. Nay, strange as it may appear, that common article in domestic cookery, salt, is a natural and universal stimulant to the digestive organs of all warm-blooded animals. This is strikingly exemplified by the fact, that animals, in their wild state, will traverse, instinctively, immense tracts of country in pursuit of it; for example, to the salt-pans of Africa and America; and it is a curious circumstance that one of the ill effects produced by withholding this stimulant from the human body is the generation of worms. The ancient laws of Holland condemned men, as a severe punishment, to be fed on bread unmixed with salt; and the effect was horrible; for these wretched criminals are reported to have been devoured by worms, engendered in their own stomach. Now, I look upon alcohol to be, under certain circumstances, as healthful and proper a stimulant to the digestive organs as salt, when taken in moderation, whether in the form of malt liquor, wine, or spirits and water. When taken to excess, it may act upon the nervous system as a poison; but the most harmless solids or fluids may, by being taken to excess, be rendered poisonous. Indeed, it has been truly observed, that 'medicines differ from poisons, only in their doses.' Alcoholic stimulants, artificially and excessively imbibed, are, doubtless, deleterious."

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"The subject," observed the host, filling his glass, and passing the bottle, "is a curious one. The port before us, at all events, is not poison, and I confess, that so ignorant am I of these matters, that I would like to know something about this alcohol which is so much spoken of."

"The explanation is not difficult," answered the Doctor. "Alcohol is simply derived by fermentation, or distillation, from substances or fluids containing sugar; in other words, the matter of sugar, when subjected to a certain temperature, undergoes a change, and the elements of which the sugar was previously composed enter into a new combination, which constitutes the fluid named Alcohol, or Spirits of Wine. Raymand Lully, the alchemist, (thirteenth century,) is said to have given it the name of Alcohol; but the art of obtaining it was, in that age of darkness and superstition, kept a profound mystery. When it became more known, physicians prescribed it only as a medicine, and imagined that it had the important property of prolonging life, upon which account they designated it 'Aqua Vitæ,' or the 'Water of life,' and the French, to this day, call their Cognac '*Eau de Vie*.'"

"It is a remarkable circumstance," observed the Clergyman, filling his glass, "that there is hardly any nation, however rude and destitute of invention, that has not succeeded in discovering some composition of an intoxicating nature; and it would appear, that nearly all the herbs, and roots, and fruits on the face of the earth have been, in some way or other, sacrificed on the shrine of Bacchus. All the different grains destined for the support of man; corn of every description; esculent roots, potatoes, carrots, turnips; grass itself, as in Kamtschatka; apples, pears, cherries, and even the delicious juice of the peach, have been pressed into this service; nay, so inexhaustible appear to be the resources of art, that a vinous spirit has been obtained by distillation from milk itself."

"Milk!" cried the merry-faced guest. "Can alcohol be obtained from mother's milk?"

"Very probably," continued the Clergyman. "The Tartars and Calmucks obtain a vinous spirit from the distillation of mares' and cows' milk; and, as far as I can recollect, the process consists in allowing the milk first to remain in untanned skins, sewed together, until it sours and thickens. This they agitate until a thick cream appears on the surface, which they give to their guests, and then, from the skimmed milk that remains, they draw off the spirits."

"Exactly so," observed the Doctor, "but it is worthy of notice, that a Russian chemist discovered that if this milk were deprived of its butter and cheese, the whey, although it contains the whole of the sugar of milk, will not undergo vinous fermentation."

"These facts," observed the host, "are interesting, but they are more curious than useful. The alcohol, I presume, from whatever source it be derived, is chemically the same thing; how, then, does it happen that some wines, containing precisely the same quantity of alcohol, intoxicate more speedily than others?"

"The reason," explained the Doctor, "is simply this. We must regard all wines, even the very wine we are drinking, not as a simple mixture, but as a compound holding the matter of sugar, mucilaginous, and extractive principles contained in the grape juice, in intimate combination with the alcohol. Accordingly, the more quickly the real spirit is set free from this combination, the more rapidly are intoxicating effects produced; and this is the reason why wines containing the same quantity of alcohol have different intoxicating powers. Thus, champagne intoxicates very quickly. Now this wine contains comparatively only a small quantity of alcohol; but this escapes from the froth, or bubbles of carbonic acid gas, as it reaches the surface, carrying along with it all the aroma which is so agreeable to the taste. The liquor in the glass then becomes vapid. This has been clearly proved. The froth of champagne has been collected under a glass bell, and condensed by surrounding the vessel with ice; the alcohol has then been found condensed within the glass. The object, therefore, of icing champagne—or rather, the effect produced by this

operation—is to repress its tendency to effervesce, whereby a smaller quantity of alcohol is taken with each glass. Wines containing the same quantity of alcohol accordingly differ in their effects; nay, it is not to the alcohol only they contain that certain obnoxious effects are to be attributed, for, as Dr. Paris clearly shows, when they contain an excess of certain acids, a suppressed fermentation takes place in the stomach itself, which will cause flatulency and a great variety of unpleasant symptoms. In fact, a fluid load remains in the stomach, to undergo a slow and painful form of digestion."

"But, in whatever shape you introduce it," remarked the host, "whether disguised as wine, or in the form of brandy, whiskey, or gin-and-water, it matters not—I wish to have a clear idea of the immediate effects of alcohol upon the living system."

"Well!" said the Doctor, "it can very easily be described. When you swallow a glass—let us say of brandy-and-water—the stimulating liquid, upon entering into the stomach, excites the blood-vessels and nerves of its internal lining coat, which causes an increased flow of blood and nervous energy to this part. The consequence is, that the internal membrane of the stomach becomes highly reddened and injected, just as if inflammation had already been produced by the presence of the stimulant. Thus far you probably follow me:—but this is not all—the vessels thus excited have an absorbing power; they suck up (as it were) and carry directly into the stream of the circulation a portion (at all events) of the alcohol which thus irritates them. The result is, that alcohol is thus mixed with the blood and brought into immediate contact with the minute structure of all the different organs of the body."

"But how," asked the merry-faced guest, "can this be known? Who ever saw into the stomach of a living man?"

"Strange as it may appear to you, that has been done, and all the circumstances connected with the digestion of solids and fluids in the stomach have been very accurately observed. It happened, in the year 1822, that a young Canadian, named Alexis St. Martin, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, which carried away a portion of his ribs, perforating and exposing the interior of the stomach. After the poor fellow had undergone much suffering, all the injured parts became sound, excepting the perforation into the stomach, which remained some two and a half inches in circumference; and upon this unfortunate individual his physician, Dr. Beaumont, when he was sufficiently well, made a series of very careful observations, which have determined a great variety of important points connected with the physiology of digestion. Fluids introduced into the stomach rapidly disappeared, being taken up by these vessels and carried into the system. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to hear that so subtle and penetrating a fluid as alcohol should very speedily find its way into all the tissues of the body. Its presence may be smelt in the breath of persons addicted to spirituous liquors, as well as in their secretions generally."

"But to what do you attribute the noxious effects of alcohol, allowing it to be thus carried by direct absorption into the circulation?" asked the host.

"To the excess of carbon," answered the Doctor, "which is thus introduced into the system; and explains why the liver, in hard drinkers, is generally found diseased."

"How so?" inquired the host. "I have heard of the 'gin liver.'"

"It is well known that a long residence in India," interposed the Clergyman, "will give rise to enlargement and induration of this organ."

"And for the same reason," answered the Doctor, "the liver acts as a substitute for the lungs—just as the skin acts vicariously for the kidneys."

"Not a word of this do I understand," said the merry-faced guest.

"Well, then," continued the Doctor, "I will endeavor to explain it. By a wonderful provision of nature, which appears to come under the law of compensation, when one organ, by reason of decay, is unable to perform its functions, another undertakes its functions, and, to a certain extent, supplies its place. You all know that blind people acquire a preternatural delicacy in the sense of touch, which did not escape the philosophical observation of Wordsworth, who speaks of

"A watchful heart,
Still couchant—an inevitable ear;
And an eye practised like the blind man's touch."

"Now, it is the office of the vessels of the skin to throw off by perspiration the watery parts of the blood; the kidneys do the same; and under a great variety of circumstances which must be familiar to all, these organs frequently act vicariously for one another. The office of the liver, and the lungs also, is in like manner to throw off carbon from the system, and when during a residence in a tropical climate the lungs are unable, from the state of the atmosphere, to perform their functions, the liver acting vicariously for this organ is stimulated to undue activity, and becomes consequently diseased. Applying these remarks to the spirit drinker, it is obvious that the excess of carbon introduced into the system by alcohol is thrown upon the liver, and by stimulating it to undue activity produces a state of inflammation."

"This I understand," observed the Clergyman, "but how does it act upon the brain? Does the alcohol itself actually become absorbed, and enter into the substance of the brain?"

"The effect of an excess of carbon, in the blood-vessels of the brain, is to produce sleep and stupor; hence the drunkard breathes thick, and snores spasmodically, and after this state, ends in confirmed apoplexy and death—just as dogs become insensible when held over the Grotto del Cane, in Italy, where they inhale this deleterious gas. But in addition to this it has been clearly proved, that alcohol does enter into the substance of the brain, for it has been detected by the smell, upon examining the brain of persons who have died drunk; besides which, alcohol, after having been introduced by way of experiment, into the body of a living dog, has afterwards been procured absolutely as alcohol by distillation from the substance of the brain. It is so subtile a fluid that Liebig says it permeates every tissue of the body."

"But how do you explain the circumstance that death sometimes happens suddenly after drinking spirits," asked the host, "before there can be time for absorption to take place?"

"I remember, not many years ago," interrupted the merry-faced guest, "a water-man, in attendance at the cab-stand at the top of the Haymarket, for a bribe of five shillings, tossed off a bottle of gin, upon which he dropped down insensible, and soon died."

"This may clearly be accounted for," observed the Doctor. "The stomach, as I premised, is plentifully supplied with nerves, and is connected with one of the great nervous centres in the body, so that a sudden impression produced upon these nerves, by the introduction of a quantity of such stimulus, gives a shock to the whole nervous system, which completely overpowers it. From the centre to the circumference it acts like a stroke of lightning, and the death is often instantaneous. A draught of iced water taken when the system has been overheated by exertion, by dancing or otherwise, has been known to be immediately fatal. The physiological action—or rather the 'shock' upon the nervous system, is in both cases the same—violent mental emotion will in like manner suspend the action of the heart and produce instant death. These are the terrors of alcohol, when drunk to excess; but the health of the habitual tippler is sure to be undermined; his hands become tremulous, he is unsteady in his gait, his complexion becomes sallow, and all his mental faculties gradually impaired."

"To what, may I ask," inquired the merry-faced guest, "do you attribute the circumstance of the trembling hand recovering its steadiness, after taking a glass of spirits in the morning after a debauch; 'hair of the dog,' as it is called, 'that bit overnight?'"

"Action and reaction is the great law of the animal economy," replied the Doctor; "over stimulation will always produce a corresponding degree of depression; when, therefore, the nervous system has been over-excited by alcoholic liquors, the usual amount of nervous energy which is necessary to give tone to the muscular system is wanting, and then a stimulus gives a fillip to the nervous centres, which restores the nervous powers to the extremities. When this state of things, however, has been permitted to go on, and the brain has been frequently brought under alcoholic influence, its structure becomes affected, and a slow and very insidious inflammation takes place, which terminates in a softening of its substance. This mischief may proceed for a considerable period without being suspected, but on a sudden *delirium tremens* may supervene, which will terminate, perhaps, in paralysis—perhaps death!"

"To what, Doctor," inquired the Clergyman, "do you attribute the mental pleasures of intoxication? Can this be explained upon physiological principles?"

"Easily, I think," answered the Doctor. "All inebriating agents have a two-fold action—as I have already pointed out—first, on the circulation; and secondly, on the nervous system. There can be no doubt that the mind becomes endowed with increased energy when the circulation through the brain is moderately quickened. This has been proved by observation. The case has been reported of a person who having lost by disease a part of the skull and its investments, a corresponding portion of brain was open to inspection. In a state of dreamless sleep the brain lay motionless within the skull; but when dreams occurred, as reported by the patient, then the quantity of blood was observed to flow with increased rapidity, causing the brain to move and protrude out of the skull. When perfectly awake, and engaged in active thought, then the blood again was sent with increased force to the brain, and the protrusion was still greater. Under all circumstances, increased circulation through the brain gives rise to mental excitement, and sometimes to an unusual lucidity of ideas. It is observed in the early stages of fever, and even in the dying—and this accounts for the clearing up of the mind which sometimes occurs in the last moments of life—what is called familiarly 'the lightning before death.'"

"That," observed the Clergyman, "is a very curious circumstance, which I firmly believe; and you account for this, if I understand your meaning, by explaining that the blood which no longer circulates in the extremities, which may have become cold, flows with increased impetus through the brain."

"Exactly so," replied the Doctor; "and upon this very principle, the rapidity of ideas, and the pleasurable mental excitement attending that temporary state of intellectual exaltation, depends on the increased rapidity of the flow of blood through the brain; but when this becomes carried to too great an extent, and the rapidity of the current disturbs the healthy condition of the brain, then the manifestations of the mind necessarily become impaired, the ideas are no longer under the control of the reasoning faculty, and the bodily organs, usually under the dominion of the will, no longer obey its mandates. This I believe to be the true theory of mental intoxication."

"But there are many circumstances," observed the host, "which may accelerate or retard this excitement."

"Certainly," continued the Doctor; "persons who join the social board already elated with some good news, or cause of unusual happiness; persons who talk much, and excite themselves in argument, are apt to become affected more speedily than those who hold themselves in the midst of the convivial scene sedate and taciturn. The mind, in fact, may exercise a considerable power of resistance against inebriation; for which reason, persons in the society of their superiors, under circumstances which render it necessary they should maintain the appearance of being always well conducted, drink with impunity more than they otherwise could, if they did not impose upon themselves this consciousness of self-government. We also observe the influence of the mind, in controlling, and, indeed, putting an end to a fit of intoxication, by making, doubtless, an impression on the heart and causation, when a sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated, sobers a person on a sudden."

"I have heard," observed the merry-faced guest, "that moving about—changing from one seat into another—will check the effects of liquor; and I have known persons who have left a social party perfectly sober, become suddenly tipsy in the open air. How is this to be explained?"

"Precisely on the same principle," answered the Doctor, "upon leaving an overheated room, on your returning homewards, you expose yourself to an atmosphere many degrees below that you have just left. The cold checks the circulation on the surface of the body; the blood is driven inwards; it accumulates, consequently, in the internal organs; and sometimes its pressure is such on the brain, as to produce on a sudden the very last stage of intoxication. The limbs refuse to support their burthen, and the person falls down in a state of profound insensibility."

"I have recently," said the host, "read in the Police Reports several cases of this description; and imagined that some narcotic drug must have been mixed with the liquor drank by such persons. Adulterations of some sort must go on to a frightful extent in gin-palaces."

"Not by any means," answered the Doctor, "to the extent you suppose. It is said that the spirit dealer makes his whisky or gin bead by adding a little turpentine to it. Well! what then? Turpentine is a very healthy diuretic. It is given to infants to kill worms in very large doses. Then, again, vitriol is spoken of; but so strong is sulphuric acid, that it would clearly render these spirits quite unpalatable. I do not affirm that the art of adulteration may not occasionally be had recourse to, even with criminal intentions, for such cases have been brought under the notice of the authorities; but I do not believe the practice is so general as some persons suppose. I apprehend dilution is a more general means of fraud."

"It has often occurred to me," said the Clergyman, "that our municipal regulations ought, on this subject, be much improved. Our Excise officers enter the cellars of the wholesale and retail spirit-dealers, only to gauge the strength of the spirit, and to ascertain how much it may be overproof, which alone regulates the Government duty; but for the sake of the public health I would go further than this. If a butcher be found selling unhealthy meat; a fishmonger, bad fish; or a baker cheat in the weight of bread, they severally have their goods confiscated, and are fined; and so far the public is protected. But the authorities seem not to care what description of poison is sold across the counter of gin-palaces—an evil which may easily be remedied. I would put the licensed victualler on the same level with the butcher and fishmonger: and if he were found selling adulterated spirits, and the charge were proved against him by the same having been fairly analyzed, he, too, should be liable to be fined, or even lose his license. The public health is, upon this point, at present, utterly unprotected."

"Some such measure," observed the host, "might be advantageously adopted; but I confess that I do not advocate the prohibition principle; instead of preaching a Crusade against the use of any particular article, whether of necessity or comfort, let us educate the people, and improve their social condition by inculcating sound moral principles; they will soon learn that habits of industry and temperance can alone insure them and their children happiness and prosperity; and in so doing you will teach a sound, practical permanent lesson."

"But," interrupted the Clergyman, "if we continue the conversation longer, we shall ourselves become transgressors; the 'stirrup-cup' is drained; much remains doubtless to be said respecting the evils, physical and moral, which arise from intemperance; but let us now adjourn."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the host, "and now, 'to all and each, a fair good night.'"

From "Rambles beyond Railways;" by W. Wilkie Collins, author of "Antonina."

MINING UNDER THE SEA.

In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping-wet rock passages, fathoms down into pitchy darkness; the miner who guides them calls a halt.

We are now four hundred yards out under the bottom of the sea, and twenty fathoms or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work; and there are galleries deeper yet even below that. The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface at Botallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under

the land, but under the sea.

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

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After listening for a few moments, a distant unearthly noise becomes faintly audible,—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it; a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance, from some far invisible height; a sound unlike any thing that is heard on the upper ground in the free air of heaven; a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation: so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor; all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no such catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the caverns below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and, flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the dark ceiling of the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain, untouched: the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a great part, of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea, and which has been so far worked away here that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pick-axe on any part of it. This information is rather startling when communicated at the depth of four hundred and twenty feet under ground. We should decidedly have preferred to receive it in the counting-house. It makes us pause for an instant, to the miner's infinite amusement, in the very act of knocking away about an inch of ore from the rock, as a memento of Botallack. Having, however, ventured, on reflection, to assume the responsibility of weakening our defence against the sea by the length and breadth of an inch, we secure our piece of copper, and next proceed to discuss the propriety of descending two hundred and forty feet more of ladders, for the sake of visiting that part of the mine where the men are at work.

Two or three causes concur to make us doubt the wisdom of going lower. There is a hot, moist, sickly vapor, floating about us, which becomes more oppressive every moment; we are already perspiring at every pore, as we were told we should, and our hands, faces, jackets, and trousers, are all more or less covered with a mixture of mud, tallow, and iron-drippings, which we can feel and smell much more acutely than is exactly desirable. We ask the miner what there is to see lower down. He replies, nothing but men breaking ore with pickaxes: the galleries of the mine are alike, however deep they may go; when you have seen one, you have seen all.

The answer decides us: we determine to get back to the surface.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE COSTUME OF THE FUTURE.

Our business is with male attire, and it would be ungallant to introduce, merely in a parenthesis, the subject of ladies' dress, or we might pause to congratulate them and ourselves upon the very reasonable and natural costume which they have enjoyed for some time. The portraits of the present day are not disfigured by the towering head-gear, the long waists and hoops against which Reynolds had to contend, nor by the greater variety of hideous fashions, including the no-waist, the tight clinging skirt, the enormous bows of hair, and the balloon or leg-of-mutton sleeves, which at various periods interfered with the highest efforts of Lawrence. The present dress differs slightly from that of the best ages; and Vandyke or Lely, if summoned to paint the

fair ladies of the Court of Queen Victoria, would find little they could wish to alter in the arrangement of their costume. But what would they say to the gentlemen?

They would miss the rich materials, the variety of color and of make, and the flowing outlines to which they were accustomed, and would find, instead of them every body going about in a plain, uniform, close-fitting garb, admitting of no variety of color or make, and not presenting a single line or contour upon which they could look with pleasure. They might not be much gratified by learning the superior economy of modern fashions: they might say that, putting rich materials and delicate hues aside, it is possible to contrive a picturesque dress out of the most simple fabrics. Beauty and expense are by no means of necessity associated in dress. When Oliver Goldsmith, after spending more than would pay a modern gentleman's tailor's bill for a couple of years, upon a single coat of cherry-colored velvet, had the misfortune to stain it in a conspicuous place, he was obliged to go on wearing it, and always to hold his hat (in this instance of some use) before the fatal grease-spot. He could not afford to have another new coat, and yet this expensive and unfortunate piece of finery was every bit as ugly, if not more so, than the plain black or invisible-green cloth coat of this age. The long shoes, pointed toes, and other grotesque fashions of the middle ages, must all of them have been expensive; and it was by inefficient sumptuary laws that it was attempted to put them down. The draperies which we admire on an Etruscan vase were of the coarsest woollen: and the possession of silken stuffs in abundance has not tended to make the Chinese national dress better than what we know it to be.

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Of coats, the frock is better than the evening or dress-coat. It fulfils the purpose of a garment more completely, and when buttoned up is capable of protecting the chest. The triangular opening in front of the coat and waistcoat is, however, an absurdity. It leaves unprotected from cold and wet the very part which most requires protection. Pictorially, the regularly-defined patch of white seen through it is always offensive; but its whiteness has one merit, if it really be white. The exposure of part of the linen worn under the tailor's portion of the man's dress makes attention to its condition necessary; and perhaps has contributed to the greater personal cleanliness which obtains among a coat-wearing than among a blouse-wearing population. Cleanliness is very truly reputed to be next to godliness, and it may be worth while making some sacrifice of convenience and taste for the sake of it: it belongs to morals rather than to æsthetics, and should accordingly take precedence of any thing appertaining only to the latter.

The tail or dress coat is evidently derived from the frock, or from something like the frock, by turning back the skirts. Remains of this process may be seen in the buttons which, without serving any useful purpose, still continue to decorate the coat-tails in many military uniforms, and in servants' liveries, and in those which, without being so remarkable, still adhere to the tails of an ordinary dress-coat. This arrangement may be noticed very distinctly in the well-known portraits of Charles XII. of Sweden, in which the white livery is seen buttoned back upon the blue cloth which forms the outer side of the coat skirts.

The tail-coat is certainly the worst of the two, whether for utility or for appearance; and so thought George IV., whose opinion, however, in matters of taste, was not in general good for much. This king, in his latter days, carried his aversion to it so far as to banish it entirely from his back, and from his presence for a time, during which he, and the persons immediately about him, wore a kind of frock coat in evening dress. But the public did not follow the royal lead, and the swallow-tails still flutter behind the wearer of an evening coat.

Waistcoats do not call for much reprobation, except in the matter of the already-mentioned white triangle, in which they err in company with the coats. But a good long waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, is a very useful and unexceptionable piece of attire. A few years ago, people wore them of all kinds of color, and of all kinds of stuffs, silks, and velvet; now, however, black is your only wear, with perhaps an occasional license to assume the white waistcoat, which was once associated with that exceedingly frivolous and now evanescent party who were called 'Young England.'

Trousers are so sensible and convenient a portion of attire that little can be said against them. It is a form of covering for the legs well fitted for the inhabitants of a cold and variable climate, and hardly differs from what may be seen on the figures of the Gauls on Trajan's Column, and other monuments of antiquity. In practical convenience, they far surpass their shorter rivals, which also require continuation by stockings to complete the purpose of clothing the leg. Buttons at the knee are a great nuisance, and probably were what chiefly contributed to the melancholy determination of a certain gentleman in the last century, who found his existence insupportable, and put an end to it with his own hand. Life, he said, was made up of nothing but buttoning and unbuttoning; and so he shot himself one morning in his dressing-gown and slippers, before the intolerable burden of the day commenced.

Trousers are great levellers. The legs of Achilles and of Thersites would share the same fate in them, and both would in modern London be as well entitled to the epithet of "well-trousered," as the former alone was to that of 'well-greaved' before Troy. Probably the majority of mankind are but too well content with this result, as there are few who could emulate Mr. Cruikshanks in James Smith's song of names, who

"—stepped into ten thousand a year
By showing his leg to an heiress;"

and the trouser is therefore likely to be a permanent article in the wardrobe, so that its continued

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existence must be taken as a datum or postulate in any discussion upon vestimentary reform. This, it must be allowed, makes any reform to a very picturesque costume out of the question; for not only is the loose trouser itself hostile to the fit display of the lower limbs, but it interferes with the use of any such dress as the military habit of the Romans, or the Highland kilt, or the short tunic with which we are familiar on the stage in costumed plays, where no particular accuracy as to place or time is affected. The effect of the combination may often be noticed in the dress of little boys, who may be seen wearing trousers under such a tunic, reaching to the knee or a little above it. The horizontal line which terminates the lower part of the kilt is seen in immediate contrast with, and at right angles to the almost perpendicular lines of the trousers, which produces a most disagreeable appearance; although it is well adapted, by the contrast of a straight line with the graceful curves of the legs, to set them off to advantage when uncovered.

Flowing robes after the classical or eastern fashion are of course not to be thought of. They would be mightily out of place in railroad carriages, or in omnibuses, or in walking the streets on muddy days. Modern habits of activity and personal independence require the dress to be tolerably succinct and unvoluminous; but some change in the right direction has been lately made by the introduction of what are called paletots, and other coats of various transitional forms between them and the shooting-jacket proper. In these a good deal of the stiffness and angularity of the regulation frock coat is got rid of, and they admit of adaptation to different statures and sizes. They have much comfort and convenience to recommend them, and it would be a great point gained if they were altogether adopted, and the frock-coat, which still asserts a claim to be considered more correct, were quietly given up.

It may be matter only of custom and association, or it may also depend upon some deeper considerations, but the result of much observation is, that with the ordinary out-of-door costume of the present day, as worn in cities, nothing goes so well as the black hat. There is an ugliness and a stiffness about it which is congruous with the ugliness and stiffness of every thing else. Its very height and straight sides tend to carry the eye upwards, in conformity with the indication of the principal lines in the lower part of the dress. It is like a steeple upon a Gothic tower, and repeats the perpendicular tendencies of what is below it, instead of contradicting them by the introduction of a horizontal element. Certainly, no kind of cap goes well with it: the traveller who has not unpacked his hat, and continues to wear in the streets what served him on the road, or the Turk, European in all but his red fez, cut but a sorry and mongrel figure among the shining beavers around them, which retain their place as necessary evils under the existing order of things.

Once, however, escape from the town, and see how every one gets rid of his regular coat, and of his chimney-pot. The man of business in his rural retreat, the lawyer in vacation, the loungee at the sea-side, have all discarded them. Emancipation from the coat and hat is synonymous with leisure, enjoyment, and freedom from the formal trammels of public and civic life. The most staid and reverend personages may now be seen disporting themselves in divers jackets, and in that Wide-awake which a few years since was confined to the sportsman or his slang imitator. Surely this universal consent of mankind must be accepted as an omen of the future; and when the looser and more sensible garments now worn in the country, shall be established as the usual dress of the towns also, they will be accompanied by the soft and wide-leaved hat of felt, which already goes along with them wherever they are tolerated.

From the Athenæum.

LIFE IN PERSIA, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Prince Alexis Soltykoff, a Russian, who published in Paris last year his *Travels in India*, has just given to the world from the same city a volume of *Novels in Persia*. In both works we find the same charm of simplicity in the narrative, the same truth and spirit in the drawings, and, we may add, what some people would call the same deficiencies—that is to say, the same absence of got-up learning and bookmaking art. There are no historical, geological, or philological treatises pressed into their pages, no statistical calculations, not one quotation from other people's books, not a single word about Darius, Sapor, or Khosroes!

Prince Soltykoff has not followed the too commonly adopted recipe for writing a book of travels. He has not on his return home read every body else's book on the same subject,—and then condensed his readings into one volume, bristling with erudition and stuck full of learned notes which, ten to one, are either not read at all or read in the wrong place. As to notes—there are not two to each volume. Satisfied with having said nothing that is not true, and with having related nothing that he has not seen, he feels no misgivings or regret at leaving much unsaid. Of all the information which can be acquired without leaving one's fireside in London or St. Petersburg he gives not a word, but the valuable testimony of the eyewitness he records in a series of drawings in which Eastern life is 'taken in the fact' with a truth and liveliness of touch rarely found in an amateur pencil. The letter-press is a secondary part of the work,—merely to render the drawings intelligible; and we are convinced that if the author could have imagined a more unpretending title for his book than the one given, he would have selected it. Indeed, the word *book* is scarcely

an appropriate one to use on this occasion; and we may compare the pleasure which we have derived in perusing Prince Soltykoff's travels both in Persia and in India to that afforded by the inspection of the album of an intelligent traveller who should enliven the exhibition by his agreeable and instructive conversation.

The travels in India took place between the years 1841 and 1846, while those in Persia were accomplished as far back as 1838. We are not told why the publication has been so long delayed, and can account for it only by supposing that the fashion which has lately brought before the public in the capacity of authors so many subjects of the Czar, was not in 1838 so prevalent at St. Petersburg. Be that as it may, a picture of the Eastern world in its immobility can brave a lapse of time which would prove fatal to the likeness of any portraiture of European society. The following sketch, for instance, is likely to be as true now, as when it was written:—

"After three months' stay at Teheran, I was heartily tired of it and of Persia altogether. The manner of living is fearfully monotonous. A stranger, debarred from female society, and deprived of all the diversions of European cities, can scarcely find employment for his day. I had hired for six *toumans* a month (the touman is worth about ten shillings) one of the prettiest houses of the town in the quarter named Gazbine-Dervazé. The air, it is true, circulated as freely through it as in the open street, but the climate is so mild and the weather was so fine that this could scarcely be considered an objection. The house consisted of two stories of several rooms with two terraces to each. Those of the upper story overlooked the town, which, in spite of its dulness, had a certain air of activity. Two rows of windows—the lower closed with wooden shutters and the upper one formed of colored glass,—gave light to the principal room, of which the walls were white as snow. I took advantage of two niches to place therein two complete Persian armors which I had procured with inconceivable trouble, for no one can imagine the numberless and tedious difficulties which impede every kind of transaction. For the most trifling purchase one hundred *toumans* are spoken of as a hundred roubles in Russia. Besides, punctuality is a virtue unknown in Persia, and this alone would suffice to make the country odious to foreigners. If you charge a tradesman with want of faith, he replies gravely that 'his nose has burned with regret'—a strange expression of repentance certainly! Indeed, the habit of falsehood is so inveterate among Persians of this class—and I may even say of all classes—that when they happen by chance to keep their word they never fail to claim a reward as though they had performed a most rare and meritorious act. Having examined all the rare but rather heterogeneous articles which compose the royal treasury, we went to see the king's second son (the eldest was at Tauris), to whom Count Simonitsch had to pay a farewell visit. We found the little prince in the audience chamber, seated on the floor on a cachmere, and propped by several large bolsters covered with pink muslin. He was a delicate sickly child of four or five years old, with an unmeaning countenance, a pale face, insignificant and rather flattened features, and red hair, or rather, I should say, with his hair dyed of a deep red. He was dressed in a shawl caftan lined with fur, and wore on his little black cap a diamond aigrette. We sat down in front of him on the carpet;—Mirza-Massoud, the minister for foreign affairs, and two or three other dignitaries who were present at the interview, remained standing. *Démâhi schoumâ tschogh est?* that is to say, 'Is your nose very fat?' inquired Count Simonitsch. This extraordinary form of speech universally used by well-bred persons in Persia, seems to indicate that they ascribe considerable hygienic importance to that feature. All my researches to discover the origin and symbolical meaning of this courtesy have proved in vain; I have never obtained a satisfactory explanation to my questions on this head: all I can say is, that the hackneyed forms of salutation in use among European nations have since seemed to me far less absurd than they formerly did."

We have no doubt that even should Prince Keikhobade-Mirza have departed this life, another original might be found for the following picture of a Persian prince in reduced circumstances:

"On my return home I found an Armenian merchant waiting for me who seemed somewhat less of a rogue than his brethren. He had brought me a *Sipehr* (shield) in delicately wrought steel, ornamented with inscriptions and arabesques, inlaid in gold; it belonged, he said, to Prince Mohammed-Veli-Mirza, and he demanded a sum of thirty-six *toumans* (about eighteen pounds), which I gave without hesitation. It was not dear at that price. This Mohammed-Veli-Mirza, one of the numerous sons of the late Fet-Ali-Schah, had been, if I mistake not, governor of Schiraz. His reputation, as well as that of his brother Keikhobade-Mirza, (indeed, I might say of all his brothers), was so well established in the country, that the Armenian begged I would not consider the bargain as concluded until he had paid the money into the prince's hands, lest he should wish to recede from his word. You know, he said, that these *Schahzadès* have no scruples in these matters,—that they are all *tamamkharab*, that is to say, bad characters—*kharab*, meaning a thing that is bad—decayed, dilapidated. Fortunately the fears of the prudent Armenian were not realized; for a wonder, Mohammed-Veli-Mirza was contented with the sum he had first asked, and the *Sipehr* was added to my collection. A few days later I received a deputation from Prince Keikhobade-Mirza, offering me a similar shield as a present. In the first impulse of my gratitude I hastened to present my thanks to the generous donor. His house was the abode of poverty; his appearance was noble and dignified, and his countenance very handsome, although he squinted. The portrait of his royal father, the late Fet-Ali-Schah, hung in the room, and I was struck with the resemblance between father and son. The full-length portrait of my gracious host was there also—in the full dress of a prince of the blood holding a shield. Keikhobade-Mirza, whose gracious and cordial reception touched me the more on account of the evident poverty of his household, pointed to this latter portrait,—saying that in his father's lifetime he was, as I could see, his *selictar*, or royal shield-bearer, and enjoyed a brilliant station, but that now he was fallen; adding that he had sent me the shield which he had inherited—the same which I saw represented

in the picture—knowing that I had been looking out for curious arms at the bazaar. I was profuse in my expressions of gratitude, although thanks in Persia denote a man of mean station, and though my Persian servant, who had accompanied me, was making signs to me to stop. 'It is a mere trifle,' said the Prince, 'and I hope to find some other articles more worthy your acceptance, for my only desire is to be agreeable to you.' The morrow brought me his *Nazir*, or steward, to ask for three hundred *toumans* (150*l.*); and as I seemed in no hurry to give them, he sent for his shield back again. Some time afterwards, he came to see me, and asked why I had returned it. 'You sent for it by your nazir,' I said. 'My nazir,' he replied, (although the man was present and looking on with an ambiguous smile,) 'is a rogue and a storyteller; give me a hundred toumans and I will let you have the shield, which indeed is yours. I begged you to accept it as well as every thing else I may possess.' And so the matter ended."

The foregoing picture of Oriental munificence can scarcely be more disenchanting than the sight of the sketch of Mohammed-Schah which Prince Soltykoff had the honor to take. The large head, the heavy inexpressive features, the clumsy frame, are sad dream dispellers; and were it not for the redeeming Persian cap, the "Centre of the World" might be mistaken for a grocer of the Rue St. Denis in a shawl dressing-gown. On grand occasions the appearance of the Schah must be still more incongruous, if we are to believe the description which the author gives of the state dress preserved in the royal treasury. One can scarcely fancy a gouty Centre of the World attired in a European uniform of *blue cloth*, with the facings embroidered in diamonds, ruby buttons, and epaulets formed of immense emeralds, to which are attached fringes of large pearls. We translate a description of a last sitting, and of the exchange of courtesies between the royal model and the amateur artist; it may serve to reconcile some of our readers to the rather monotonous form in which royal munificence is usually displayed in European courts. When compared to a lame horse, a gold snuff-box appears—if not an ingenious—at least a convenient present:

"On the 31st of January I went for the last time to the Palace to take leave of the Schah, and make another portrait of him.... He proposed at first to sit for his profile, but as I objected on the score of its being less interesting:—'Well, well, he said, 'as you wish; you understand the thing better than I do.' He then resumed his conversation with the courtiers, who were ranged in a row at the other end of the room,—sounding my praises in Turkish in the most exaggerated terms, according to the rules of Persian politeness, and remarking among other things how difficult it was to catch an exact likeness so quickly—doubtless to set me at my ease, for he saw I was hurrying in my task. To all these remarks the courtiers merely replied: '*Bêli, bêli*, yes, yes,' in a monotonous and inexpressive tone. The Schah seemed much surprised to learn that I was to leave Teheran the following day. He inquired what motive induced me to leave Persia so soon. I replied, that I was eager to join my family and friends, to inform them of the favors I had received at the hands of His Majesty. For these latter words the interpreter substituted the words 'Centre of the World.' I added, that I intended returning to Teheran with my brother in the course of the following year, at which the Prince of course appeared delighted—'Return soon,' he said, 'you will always be welcome at my court.' Then turning to Mirza-Massoud, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had accompanied me:—I have known many Franks,' he remarked, 'but none who pleased me as much as this one.' This phrase, it must be said, loses somewhat of its effect when it is known that the good Prince never failed to address it to every stranger who presented himself. He next inquired of the Minister for Foreign Affairs if the presents he intended for me were ready, and particularly recommended that they should not be worth less than three hundred toumans. I then took leave of His Majesty, backing out of the room as well as I could, while he continued to bestow on me his smiles and gracious words. The next day, on my way to the Russian Embassy, I met four of the King's servants, slowly leading in great ceremony a tall, lame, bay horse. Before they accosted me to tell me so, I had guessed that it was intended for me. I had not had time to take on a fitting air for the occasion before my groom, who was walking beside my horse, began to abuse the Schah's people in most lively terms, refusing to admit such a sorry jade into my stables. In spite of my opposition to so rude an action, and my exclamations in bad Turkish, the Persians returned to the Palace stables, where they chose another horse, which they brought me direct to the Embassy. My groom was not more inclined to receive it than the first, nor to listen to my remonstrances, and those of a dragoman of the Embassy, whose aid I had invoked in order to declare that I accepted the royal gift with due respect. All was useless; the quarrel proceeded,—my squire insisting on performing his duty in spite of myself, and only interrupting himself to make me understand that he was acting in my interest. The Schah's servants at last, reduced to silence by the observations of so zealous a follower, departed once more with their horse to submit the affair to the Prime Minister, who was to decide in his wisdom whether the animal was or was not worthy of being offered to me. A mixture of cleverness and cunning, with an almost childish naïveté, seemed to me a striking feature in the Persian character. Hadji-Mirza-Agassi pronounced the steed to be to a certain degree valuable, and requested me to excuse it,—for the present a better could not be offered,—adding, that on my return I should receive a magnificent one."

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Prince Soltykoff's remarks generally relate more to the habits and indications of character observable among those whom he visits than to any material objects or physical sensations. The notions entertained of politeness in Persia seem especially to have struck him, as our readers may have seen by the extracts which we have given. We will give one more illustrating the same subject. It has often been said that a knowledge of foreign countries is apt to make us better satisfied with our own, and we have shown how an experience of Oriental gifts may restore the oft-derided snuff-box to honor. Who knows whether even saucy children may not in future be more patiently endured by our readers after the following anecdote. For our own part, we know of no "dear little pickle" whom we would not prefer to this very well-behaved Persian boy:

"Three days afterwards I was at Gazbine, installed in the house of a certain Scherif-Khan, and received in his absence by his four sons, who were all dressed alike, and the eldest of whom was barely eleven. In the midst of the ruins of the town—all Persian towns indeed are mere abominable ruins of mud walls—I considered myself fortunate in obtaining a room and a fire-place. One of the walls of the apartment to which I was conducted consisted of small bits of colored glass, checkered at regular intervals with small squares of wood, for glass is both rare and expensive in Persia. As, however, the greater part of the colored glass was broken, and the wind came rushing through the holes and crevices, I was half frozen and nearly stifled with smoke, until an end was put to my sufferings by stopping the holes and nailing some felt on the doors. The children of the house came, under the guidance of a sort of servant who filled the office of tutor, to pay me a visit, and seated themselves on the floor. The second, who was about ten, and who by right of his mother's superior rank was to inherit all the paternal titles and wealth, inquired after my health; and on my asking him in my turn how he felt, replied with a very stiff little air, 'that in my presence every body must feel satisfied.' I then offered him some cakes, requesting to know if they were to his liking.—'All you offer is very good,' he said, 'and all you eat must be excellent.' I had a cap on my head, and another lay on the table; I questioned him on the value which he attached to the two articles, and asked which he preferred. 'Both are superb,' he replied, 'but the one you prefer is undoubtedly the best.' After this piquant specimen of the civility of the country, it may be supposed that I was not sorry to end the conference, and to get rid of such an excessively well bred child. I took care, however, to send a cup of tea to his mother, who, the tutor informed me, was young and pretty, and lived in the house with three other wives of Scherif-Khan. She found it so much to her liking that she sent to beg for a pound of it."

One word more: Ehlenschläger used to complain that when he wrote in Danish he wrote for two hundred readers; Russians are very much in the same case, and Prince Soltykoff, like all his countrymen who desire to have a public, has been obliged to have recourse to a foreign language. But the misfortune is so easily and gracefully borne, that we can scarcely find pity for it. The drawings are well lithographed by French artists. Our neighbors are much fonder of lithographic illustrations than we are, and, it must be admitted, excel us in that branch of art. We have noticed especially the lithographs executed by M. Trayer, a young artist, who is also a painter of promise.

From Leigh Hunt's Journal.

DUELLING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

SIR THOMAS DUTTON AND SIR HATTON CHEEK.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Peace here, if possible; skins were not made for mere slitting and slashing! You that are for war, cannot you go abroad, and fight the Papist Spaniards? Over in the Netherlands there is always fighting enough. You that are of ruffling humor, gather your truculent ruffians together; make yourselves colonels over them; go to the Netherlands, and fight your bellyful!

Which accordingly many do, earning deathless war-laurels for the moment; and have done, and will continue doing, in those generations. Our gallant Veres, Earl of Oxford and the others, it has long been their way; gallant Cecil, to be called Earl of Wimbledon; gallant Sir John Burroughs, gallant Sir Hatton Cheek,—it is still their way. Deathless military renowns are gathered there in this manner; deathless for the moment. Did not Ben Jonson, in his young hard days, bear arms very manfully as a private soldado there? Ben, who now writes learned plays and court-masks as Poet Laureate, served manfully with pike and sword there, for his groat a day with rations. And once when a Spanish soldier came strutting forward between the lines, flourishing his weapon, and defying all persons in general—Ben stepped forth, as I hear; fenced that braggart Spaniard, since no other would do it; and ended by soon slitting him in two, and so silencing him! Ben's war-tuck, to judge by the flourish of his pen, must have had a very dangerous stroke in it.

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"Swashbuckler age," we said; but the expression was incorrect, except as a figure. Bucklers went out fifty years ago, "about the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth"; men do not now swash with them, or fight in that way. Iron armor has mostly gone out, except in mere pictures of soldiers; King James said, It was an excellent invention; you could get no harm, and neither could you do any in it. Bucklers, either for horse or foot, are quite gone. Yet old Mr. Stowe, good chronicler, can recollect when every gentleman had his buckler; and at length every serving man and city dandy. Smithfield—still a waste field, full of puddles in wet weather,—was in those days full of buckler duels, every Sunday and holiday in the dry season; and was called Ruffian's Rig, or some such name.

A man, in those days, bought his buckler, of gilt leather and wood, at the haberdasher's; "hung it over his back, by a strap fastened to the pommel of his sword in front." Elegant men showed what taste, or sense of poetic beauty, was in them by the fashion of their buckler. With Spanish beaver, with starched ruff, and elegant Spanish cloak, with elegant buckler hanging at his back, a man, if

his moustachios and boots were in good order, stepped forth with some satisfaction. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; a decidedly truculent-looking figure. Jostle him in the street thoroughfares, accidentally splash his boots as you pass—by heaven the buckler gets upon his arm, the sword flashes in his fist, with oaths enough; and you too being ready, there is a noise! Clink, clank, death and fury; all persons gathering round, and new quarrels springing from this one! And Dogberry comes up with the town guard? And the shopkeepers hastily close their shops? Nay, it is hardly necessary, says Mr. Howe; these buckler fights amount only to noise, for most part; the jingle of iron against tin and painted leather. Ruffling swashers strutting along with big oaths and whiskers, delight to pick a quarrel; but the rule is you do not thrust, you do not strike below the waist; and it was oftenest a dry duel—mere noise, as of working tinsmiths, with profane swearing! Empty vapping bullybrooks and braggarts, they encumber the thoroughfares mainly. Dogberry and Verges ought to apprehend them. I have seen, in Smithfield, on a dry holiday, "thirty of them on a side," fighting and hammering as if for life; and was not at the pains to look at them, the blockheads; their noise as the mere beating of old kettles to me!

The truth is, serving-men themselves, and city apprentices had got reckless, and the duels, no death following, ceased to be sublime. About fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away. Holles, in Sherwood, as we saw, fought with rapier, and he soon spoiled Markham. Rapier and dagger especially; that is a more silent duel, but a terribly serious one! Perhaps the reader will like to take a view of one such serious duel in those days, and therewith close this desultory chapter.

It was at the siege of Juliers, in the Netherlands wars, of the year 1609; we give the date, for wars are perpetual, or nearly so, in the Netherlands. At one of the storm parties of the siege of Juliers, the gallant Sir Hatton Cheek, above alluded to, a superior officer of the English force which fights there under my Lord Cecil, that shall be Wimbledon; the gallant Sir Hatton, I say, being of hot temper, superior officer, and the service a storm-party on some bastion or demilune, speaks sharp word of command to Sir Thomas Dutton, who also is probably of hot temper in this hot moment. Sharp word of command to Dutton; and the movement not proceeding rightly, sharp word of rebuke. To which Dutton, with kindled voice, answers something sharp; is answered still more sharply with voice high flaming;—whereat Dutton suddenly holds in; says merely, "He is under military duty here, but perhaps will not always be so;" and rushing forward, does his order silently, the best he can. His order done, Dutton straightway lays down his commission; packs up, that night, and returns to England.

Sir Hatton Cheek prosecutes his work at the siege of Juliers; gallantly assists at the taking of Juliers, triumphant over all the bastions, and half-moons there; but hears withal that Dutton is at home in England, defaming him as a choleric tyrant and so forth. Dreadful news, which brings some biliary attack on the gallant man, and reduces him to a bed of sickness. Hardly recovered, he dispatches message to Dutton, That he shall request to have the pleasure of his company, with arms and seconds ready, on some neutral ground,—Calais sands for instance,—at an early day, if convenient. Convenient; yes, as dinner to the hungry! answers Dutton; and time, place, and circumstances are rapidly enough agreed upon.

And so, on Calais sands, on a winter morning of the year 1609, this is what we see most authentically, through the lapse of dim Time. Two gentlemen stript to the shirt and waistband; in two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched; their looks sufficiently serious! The seconds, having stript, equipt, and fairly overhauled and certified them, are just about retiring from the measured fate-circle, not without indignation that *they* are forbidden to fight. Two gentlemen in this alarming posture; of whom the Universe knows, has known, and will know nothing, except that they were of choleric humor, and assisted in the Netherlands wars! They are evidently English human creatures, in the height of silent fury and measured circuit of fate; whom we here audibly name once more, Sir Hatton Cheek, Sir Thomas Dutton, knights both, soldadoes both. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the pit is this?

Dutton, though in suppressed rage, the seconds about to withdraw, will explain some things if a word were granted, "No words," says the other; "stand on your guard!" brandishing his rapier, grasping harder his dagger. Dutton, now silent too, is on his guard. Good heavens! after some brief flourishing and flashing,—the gleam of the swift clear steel playing madly in one's eyes,—they, at the first pass, plunge home on one another; home, with beak and claws; home to the very heart! Cheek's rapier is through Dutton's throat from before, and his dagger is through it from behind,—the windpipe miraculously missed; and, in the same instant, Dutton's rapier is through Cheek's body from before, his dagger through his back from behind,—lungs and life *not* missed; and the seconds have to advance, "pull out the four bloody weapons," disengage that hell-embrace of theirs. This is serious enough! Cheek reels, his life fast-flowing; but still rushes rabid on Dutton, who merely parries, skips, till Cheek reels down, dead in his rage. "He had a bloody burial there that morning," says my ancient friend. He will assist no more in the Netherlands or other wars.

Such scene does history disclose, as in sunbeams, as in blazing hell-fire, on Calais sands, in the raw winter morning; then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting night, over it, and passes on elsewhither. Gallant Sir Hatton Cheek lies buried there, and Cecil of Wimbledon, son of Burleigh, will have to seek another superior officer. What became of the living Dutton afterwards, I have never to this moment had the least hint.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

Continued from page 550, Vol. II.

BOOK IV.—INITIAL CHAPTER:

COMPRISING MR. CAXTON'S OPINIONS ON THE MATRIMONIAL STATE, SUPPORTED BY LEARNED AUTHORITIES.

"It was no bad idea of yours, Pisistratus," said my father graciously, "to depict the heightened affections and the serious intentions of Signior Riccabocca by a single stroke—*He left off his spectacles!* Good."

"Yet," quoth my uncle, "I think Shakspeare represents a lover as falling into slovenly habits, neglecting his person, and suffering his hose to be ungartered, rather than paying that attention to his outer man which induces Signior Riccabocca to leave off his spectacles, and look as handsome as nature will permit him."

"There are different degrees and many phases of the passion," replied my father. "Shakspeare is speaking of an ill-treated, pining, wobegone lover, much aggrieved by the cruelty of his mistress—a lover who has found it of no avail to smarten himself up, and has fallen despondingly into the opposite extreme. Whereas Signior Riccabocca has nothing to complain of in the barbarity of Miss Jemima."

"Indeed he has not!" cried Blanche, tossing her head—"forward creature!"

"Yes, my dear," said my mother, trying her best to look stately, "I am decidedly of opinion that, in that respect, Pisistratus has lowered the dignity of the sex. Not intentionally," added my mother mildly, and afraid she had said something too bitter; "but it is very hard for a man to describe us women."

The Captain nodded approvingly; Mr. Squills smiled; my father quietly resumed the thread of his discourse.

"To continue," quoth he, "Riccabocca has no reason to despair of success in his suit, nor any object in moving his mistress to compassion. He may, therefore, very properly tie up his garters and leave off his spectacles. What do you say, Mr. Squills?—for, after all, since love-making cannot fail to be a great constitutional derangement, the experience of a medical man must be the best to consult."

"Mr. Caxton," replied Squills, obviously flattered, "you are quite right: when a man makes love, the organs of self-esteem and desire of applause are greatly stimulated, and therefore, of course, he sets himself off to the best advantage. It is only, as you observe, when, like Shakspeare's lover, he has given up making love as a bad job, and has received that severe hit on the ganglions which the cruelty of a mistress inflicts, that he neglects his personal appearance: he neglects it, not because he is in love, but because his nervous system is depressed. That was the cause, if you remember, with poor Major Prim. He wore his wig all awry when Susan Smart jilted him; but I set it all right for him."

"By shaming Miss Smart into repentance, or getting him a new sweetheart?" asked my uncle.

"Pooh!" answered Squills, "by quinine and cold bathing."

"We may therefore grant," renewed my father, "that, as a general rule, the process of courtship tends to the spruceness, and even foppery, of the individual engaged in the experiment, as Voltaire has very prettily proved somewhere. Nay, the Mexicans, indeed, were of opinion that the lady at least ought to continue those cares of her person even after marriage. There is extant, in Sahagun's *History of New Spain*, the advice of an Aztec or Mexican mother to her daughter, in which she says—'That your husband may not take you in dislike, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and let your garments be clean.' It is true that the good lady adds,—'Do it in moderation; since, if every day you are washing yourself and your clothes, the world will say you are over-delicate; and particular people will call you—*TAPETZON TINEMAXOCH!*' What those words precisely mean," added my father modestly, "I cannot say, since I never had the opportunity to acquire the ancient Aztec language—but something very opprobrious and horrible, no doubt."

"I dare say a philosopher like Signior Riccabocca," said my uncle, "was not himself very *tapetzon tine*—what d'ye call it?—and a good healthy English wife, like that poor affectionate Jemima, was thrown away upon him."

"Roland," said my father, "you don't like foreigners: a respectable prejudice, and quite natural in a man who has been trying his best to hew them in pieces, and blow them up into splinters. But

you don't like philosophers either—and for that dislike you have no equally good reason."

"I only implied that they were not much addicted to soap and water," said my uncle.

"A notable mistake. Many great philosophers have been very great beaux. Aristotle was a notorious fop. Buffon put on his best laced ruffles when he sat down to write, which implies that he washed his hands first. Pythagoras insists greatly on the holiness of frequent ablutions; and Horace—who, in his own way, was as good a philosopher as any the Romans produced—takes care to let us know what a neat, well-dressed, dapper little gentleman he was. But I don't think you ever read the 'Apology of Apuleius?'"

"Not I—what is it about?" asked the Captain.

"About a great many things. It is that sage's vindication from several malignant charges—amongst others, and principally indeed, that of being much too refined and effeminate for a philosopher. Nothing can exceed the rhetorical skill with which he excuses himself for using—tooth-powder. 'Ought a philosopher,' he exclaims, 'to allow any thing unclean about him, especially in the mouth—the mouth, which is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought! Ah, but Æmillianus [the accuser of Apuleius] never opens *his* mouth but for slander and calumny—tooth-powder would indeed be unbecoming to *him*! Or, if he use any, it will not be my good Arabian tooth-powder, but charcoal and cinders. Ay, his teeth should be as foul as his language! And yet even the crocodile likes to have his teeth cleaned; insects get into them, and, horrible reptile though he be, he opens his jaws inoffensively to a faithful dentistical bird, who volunteers his beak for a toothpick.'"

My father was now warm in the subject he had started, and soared miles away from Riccabocca and "My Novel." "And observe," he exclaimed—"observe with what gravity this eminent Platonist pleads guilty to the charge of having a mirror. 'Why, what,' he exclaims, 'more worthy of the regards of a human creature than his own image,' (*nihil respectabilius homini quam formam suam!*) Is not that one of our children the most dear to us who is called 'the picture of his father?' But take what pains you will with a picture, it can never be so like you as the face in your mirror! Think it discreditable to look with proper attention on one's self in the glass! Did not Socrates recommend such attention to his disciples—did he not make a great moral agent of the speculum? The handsome, in admiring their beauty therein, were admonished that handsome is who handsome does; and the more the ugly stared at themselves, the more they became naturally anxious to hide the disgrace of their features in the loveliness of their merits. Was not Demosthenes always at his speculum? Did he not rehearse his causes before it as before a master in the art? He learned his eloquence from Plato, his dialectics from Eubulides; but as for his delivery—there, he came to the mirror!"

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Caxton, returning unexpectedly to the subject—"therefore it is no reason to suppose that Dr. Riccabocca is averse to cleanliness and decent care of the person, because he is a philosopher; and, all things considered, he never showed himself more a philosopher than when he left off his spectacles and looked his best."

"Well," said my mother kindly, "I only hope it may turn out happily. But I should have been better pleased if Pisistratus had had not made Dr. Riccabocca so reluctant a wooer."

"Very true," said the Captain; "the Italian does not shine as a lover. Throw a little more fire into him, Pisistratus—something gallant and chivalrous."

"Fire—gallantry—chivalry!" cried my father, who had taken Riccabocca under his special protection—"why, don't you see that the man is described as a philosopher?—and I should like to know when a philosopher ever plunged into matrimony without considerable misgivings and cold shivers. Indeed, it seems that—perhaps before he was a philosopher—Riccabocca *had* tried the experiment, and knew what it was. Why, even that plain-speaking, sensible, practical man, Metellus Numidicus, who was not even a philosopher, but only a Roman censor, thus expressed himself in an exhortation to the people to perpetrate matrimony—'If, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all dispense with that subject of care (*eâ molestiâ careremus*); but since nature has so managed it, that we cannot live with women comfortably, nor without them at all, let us rather provide for the human race than our own temporary felicity.'"

Here the ladies set up a cry of such indignation, that both Roland and myself endeavored to appease their wrath by hasty assurances that we utterly repudiated that damnable doctrine of Metellus Numidicus.

My father, wholly unmoved, as soon as a sullen silence was established, re-commenced—"Do not think, ladies," said he, "that you were without advocates at that day; there were many Romans gallant enough to blame the censor for a mode of expressing himself which they held to be equally impolite and injudicious. 'Surely,' said they, with some plausibility, 'if Numidicus wished men to marry, he need not have referred so peremptorily to the disquietudes of the connection, and thus have made them more inclined to turn away from matrimony than given them a relish for it.' But against these critics one honest man (whose name of Titus Castricus should not be forgotten by posterity), maintained that Metellus Numidicus could not have spoken more properly; 'For remark,' said he, 'that Metellus was a censor, not a rhetorician. It becomes rhetoricians to adorn, and disguise, and make the best of things; but Metellus, *sanctus vir*—a holy and blameless man, grave and sincere to whit, and addressing the Roman people in the solemn capacity of censor—was bound to speak the plain truth, especially as he was treating of a subject on which the observation of every day, and the experience of every life, could not leave the least

doubt upon the mind of his audience. 'Still Riccabocca, having decided to marry, has no doubt prepared himself to bear all the concomitant evils—as becomes a professed sage; and I own I admire the art with which Pisistratus has drawn the precise woman likely to suit a philosopher.'

Pisistratus bows, and looks round complacently; but recoils from two very peevish and discontented faces feminine.

Mr. Caxton (completing his sentence),—"Not only as regards mildness of temper and other household qualifications, but as regards the very person of the object of his choice. For you evidently remembered, Pisistratus, the reply of Bias, when asked his opinion on marriage: "Ἦτοι καλήν εἴξεις, ἢ αἰσχρὰν καὶ εἰ καλήν, εἴξεις κοινὴν εἰ δὲ αἰσχρὰν, εἴξεις ποιῆν."

Pisistratus tries to look as if he had the opinion of Bias by heart, and nods acquiescingly.

Mr. Caxton.—"That is, my dears, 'the woman you would marry is either handsome or ugly: if handsome, she is *koiné*, viz: you don't have her to yourself; if ugly, she is *poiné*—that is, a fury.' But, as it is observed in Aulus Gellius, (whence I borrow this citation,) there is a wide interval between handsome and ugly. And thus Ennius, in his tragedy of *Menalippus*, uses an admirable expression to designate women of the proper degree of matrimonial comeliness, such as a philosopher would select. He calls this degree *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty, which is not liable to be either *koiné* or *poiné*. And Favorinus, who was a remarkably sensible man, and came from Provence—the male inhabitants of which district have always valued themselves on their knowledge of love and ladies—calls this said *stata forma* the beauty of wives—the uxorial beauty. Ennius says, that women of a *stata forma* are almost always safe and modest. Now Jemima, you observe, is described as possessing this *stata forma*; and it is the nicety of your observation in this respect, which I like the most in the whole of your description of a philosopher's matrimonial courtship, Pisistratus, (excepting only the stroke of the spectacles,) for it shows that you had properly considered the opinion of Bias, and mastered all the counter logic suggested in Book v. chapter xi., of Aulus Gellius."

"For all that," said Blanche, half-archly, half-demurely, with a smile in the eye, and a pout of the lip, "I don't remember that Pisistratus, in the days when he wished to be most complimentary, ever assured me that I had a *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty."

"And I think," observed my uncle, "that when he comes to his real heroine, whoever that may be, he will not trouble his head much about either Bias or Aulus Gellius."

CHAPTER II.

Matrimony is certainly a great change in life. One is astonished not to find a notable alteration in one's friend, even if he or she have been only wedded a week. In the instance of Dr. and Mrs. Riccabocca the change was peculiarly visible. To speak first of the lady, as in chivalry bound, Mrs. Riccabocca had entirely renounced that melancholy which had characterised Miss Jemima: she became even sprightly and gay, and looked all the better and prettier for the alteration. She did not scruple to confess honestly to Mrs. Dale, that she was now of opinion that the world was very far from approaching its end. But, in the meanwhile, she did not neglect the duty which the belief she had abandoned serves to inculcate—"She set her house in order." The cold and penurious elegance that had characterised the Casino disappeared like enchantment—that is, the elegance remained, but the cold and penury fled before the smile of woman. Like Puss-in-Boots after the nuptials of his master, Jackeymo only now caught minnows and sticklebacks for his own amusement. Jackeymo looked much plumper, and so did Riccabocca. In a word, the fair Jemima became an excellent wife. Riccabocca secretly thought her extravagant, but, like a wise man, declined to look at the house bills, and ate his joint in unreproachful silence.

Indeed, there was so much unaffected kindness in the nature of Mrs. Riccabocca—beneath the quiet of her manner there beat so genially the heart of the Hazeldeans—that she fairly justified the favorable anticipations of Mrs. Dale. And though the Doctor did not noisily boast of his felicity, nor, as some new married folks do, thrust it insultingly under the *nimis unctis naribus*—the turned-up noses of your surly old married folks, nor force it gaudily and glaringly on the envious eyes of the single, you might still see that he was a more cheerful and light-hearted man than before. His smile was less ironical, his politeness less distant. He did not study Machiavelli so intensely,—and he did not return to the spectacles; which last was an excellent sign. Moreover, the humanising influence of the tidy English wife might be seen in the improvement of his outward or artificial man. His clothes seemed to fit him better; indeed, the clothes were new. Mrs. Dale no longer remarked that the buttons were off the wrist-bands, which was a great satisfaction to her. But the sage still remained faithful to the pipe, the cloak, and the red silk umbrella. Mrs. Riccabocca had (to her credit be it spoken) used all becoming and wifelike arts against these three remnants of the old bachelor Adam, but in vain. "*Anima mia*—soul of mine," said the Doctor tenderly, "I hold the cloak, the umbrella, and the pipe, as the sole relics that remain to me of my native country. Respect and spare them."

Mrs. Riccabocca was touched, and had the good sense to perceive that man, let him be ever so much married, retains certain signs of his ancient independence—certain tokens of his old identity, which a wife, the most despotic, will do well to concede. She conceded the cloak, she submitted to the umbrella, she concealed her abhorrence of the pipe. After all, considering the natural villany of our sex, she confessed to herself that she might have been worse off. But, through all the calm and cheerfulness of Riccabocca, a nervous perturbation was sufficiently

perceptible;—it commenced after the second week of marriage—it went on increasing, till one bright sunny afternoon, as he was standing on his terrace gazing down upon the road, at which Jackeymo was placed,—lo, a stage-coach stopped! The Doctor made a bound, and put both hands to his heart as if he had been shot; he then leapt over the balustrade, and his wife from her window beheld him flying down the hill, with his long hair streaming in the wind, till the trees hid him from her sight.

"Ah," thought she with a natural pang of conjugal jealousy, "henceforth I am only second in his home. He has gone to welcome his child!" And at that reflection Mrs. Riccabocca shed tears.

But so naturally amiable was she, that she hastened to curb her emotion, and efface as well as she could the trace of a stepmother's grief. When this was done, and a silent self-rebuking prayer murmured over, the good woman descended the stairs with alacrity, and, summoning up her best smiles, emerged on the terrace.

She was repaid; for scarcely had she come into the open air, when two little arms were thrown round her, and the sweetest voice that ever came from a child's lips, sighed out in broken English, "Good mamma, love me a little."

"Love you? with my whole heart!" cried the stepmother, with all a mother's honest passion. And she clasped the child to her breast.

"God bless you, my wife!" said Riccabocca, in a husky tone.

"Please take this too," added Jackeymo in Italian, as well as his sobs would let him—and he broke off a great bough full of blossoms from his favorite orange-tree, and thrust it into his mistress's hand. She had not the slightest notion what he meant by it!

CHAPTER III.

Violante was indeed a bewitching child—a child to whom I defy Mrs. Caudle herself (immortal Mrs. Caudle!) to have been a harsh stepmother.

Look at her now, as, released from those kindly arms, she stands, still clinging with one hand to her new mamma, and holding out the other to Riccabocca—with those large dark eyes swimming in happy tears. What a lovely smile!—what an ingenuous candid brow! She looks delicate—she evidently requires care—she wants the mother. And rare is the woman who would not love her the better for that! Still, what an innocent infantine bloom in those clear smooth cheeks!—and in that slight frame, what exquisite natural grace!

"And this, I suppose, is your nurse, darling?" said Mrs. Riccabocca, observing a dark foreign-looking woman, dressed very strangely—without cap or bonnet, but a great silver arrow stuck in her hair, and a filagree chain or necklace resting upon her kerchief.

"Ah, good Annetta," said Violante in Italian. "Papa, she says she is to go back; but she is not to go back—is she?"

Riccabocca, who had scarcely before noticed the woman, started at that question—exchanged a rapid glance with Jackeymo—and then, muttering some inaudible excuse, approached the Nurse, and beckoning her to follow him, went away into the grounds. He did not return for more than an hour, nor did the woman then accompany him home. He said briefly to his wife that the Nurse was obliged to return at once to Italy, and that she would stay in the village to catch the mail; that indeed she would be of no use in their establishment, as she could not speak a word of English; but that he was sadly afraid Violante would pine for her. And Violante did pine at first. But still, to a child it is so great a thing to find a parent—to be at home—that, tender and grateful as Violante was, she could not be inconsolable while her father was there to comfort.

For the first few days, Riccabocca scarcely permitted any one to be with his daughter but himself. He would not even leave her alone with his Jemima. They walked out together—sat together for hours in the Belvidere. Then by degrees he began to resign her more and more to Jemima's care and tuition, especially in English, of which language at present she spoke only a few sentences, (previously perhaps, learned by heart,) so as to be clearly intelligible.

CHAPTER IV.

There was one person in the establishment of Dr. Riccabocca, who was satisfied neither with the marriage of his master nor the arrival of Violante—and that was our friend Lenny Fairfield. Previous to the all-absorbing duties of courtship, the young peasant had secured a very large share of Riccabocca's attention. The sage had felt interest in the growth of this rude intelligence struggling up to light. But what with the wooing, and what with the wedding, Lenny Fairfield had sunk very much out of his artificial position as pupil, into his natural station of under-gardener. And on the arrival of Violante, he saw, with natural bitterness, that he was clean forgotten, not only by Riccabocca, but almost by Jackeymo. It was true that the master still lent him books, and the servant still gave him lectures on horticulture. But Riccabocca had no time nor inclination now to amuse himself with enlightening that tumult of conjecture which the books created. And if Jackeymo had been covetous of those mines of gold buried beneath the acres now fairly taken from the Squire, (and good-naturedly added rent-free, as an aid to Jemima's dower,) before the advent of the young lady whose future dowry the produce was to swell—now that she was

actually under the eyes of the faithful servant, such a stimulus was given to his industry, that he could think of nothing else but the land, and the revolution he designed to effect in its natural English crops. The garden, save only the orange-trees, was abandoned entirely to Lenny, and additional laborers were called in for the field-work. Jackeymo had discovered that one part of the soil was suited to lavender, that another would grow camomile. He had in his heart apportioned a beautiful field of rich loam to flax; but against the growth of flax the Squire set his face obstinately. That most lucrative, perhaps, of all crops, when soil and skill suit, had, it would appear, been formerly attempted in England much more commonly than it is now, since you will find few old leases which do not contain a clause prohibitory of flax, as an impoverishment of the land. And though Jackeymo learnedly endeavored to prove to the Squire that the flax itself contained particles which, if returned to the soil, repaid all that the crop took away, Mr. Hazeldean had his old-fashioned prejudices on the matter, which were insuperable. "My forefathers," quoth he, "did not put that clause in their leases without good cause; and as the Casino lands are entailed on Frank, I have no right to gratify your foreign whims at his expense."

To make up for the loss of the flax, Jackeymo resolved to convert a very nice bit of pasture into orchard ground, which he calculated would bring in £10 net per acre by the time Miss Violante was marriageable. At this, Squire pished a little; but as it was quite clear the land would be all the more valuable hereafter for the fruit-trees, he consented to permit the 'grass land' to be thus partially broken up.

All these changes left poor Lenny Fairfield very much to himself—at a time when the new and strange devices which the initiation into book knowledge creates, made it most desirable that he should have the constant guidance of a superior mind.

One evening after his work, as Lenny was returning to his mother's cottage very sullen and very moody, he suddenly came in contact with Sprott the tinker.

CHAPTER V.

The tinker was seated under a hedge, hammering away at an old kettle—with a little fire burning in front of him—and the donkey hard by, indulging in a placid doze. Mr. Sprott looked up as Lenny passed—nodded kindly, and said—

"Good evenin', Lenny: glad to hear you be so 'spectably sitivated with Mounseer."

"Ay," answered Lenny, with a leaven of rancor in his recollections, "You're not ashamed to speak to me now, that I am not in disgrace. But it was in disgrace, when it wasn't my fault, that the real gentleman was most kind to me."

"Ar—r, Lenny," said the Tinker, with a prolonged rattle in that said Ar—r, which was not without great significance. "But you sees the real gentleman who han't got his bread to get, can hafford to 'spise his cracter in the world. A poor tinker must be timbersome and nice in his 'sociations. But sit down here a bit, Lenny; I've summat to say to ye!"

"To me—"

"To ye. Give the neddy a shove out i' the vay, and sit down, I say."

Lenny rather reluctantly, and somewhat superciliously, accepted this invitation.

"I hears," said the Tinker in a voice made rather indistinct by a couple of nails which he had inserted between his teeth; "I hears as how you be unkimmon fond of reading. I ha' sum nice cheap books in my bag yonder—sum low as a penny."

"I should like to see them," said Lenny, his eyes sparkling.

The Tinker rose, opened one of the paniers on the ass's back, took out a bag which he placed before Lenny, and told him to suit himself. The young peasant desired no better. He spread all the contents of the bag on the sward, and a motley collection of food for the mind was there—food and poison—*serpentes avibus*—good and evil. Here, Milton's Paradise Lost, and there The Age of Reason—here Methodist Tracts, and there True Principles of Socialism—Treatises on Useful Knowledge by sound learning actuated by pure benevolence—Appeals to Operatives by the shallowest reasoners, instigated by the same ambition that had moved Eratosthenes to the conflagration of a temple; works of fiction admirable as Robinson Crusoe, or innocent as the old English Baron, besides coarse translations of such garbage as had rotted away the youth of France under Louis Quinze. This miscellany was an epitome, in short, of the mixed World of Books, of that vast City of the Press, with its palaces and hovels, its aqueducts and sewers—which opens all alike to the naked eye and the curious mind of him to whom you say, in the Tinker's careless phrase, "suit yourself."

But it is not the first impulse of a nature, healthful and still pure, to settle in the hovel and lose itself amidst the sewers; and Lenny Fairfield turned innocently over the bad books, and selecting two of three of the best, brought them to the tinker and asked the price.

"Why," said Mr. Sprott, putting on his spectacles, "you has taken the werry dearest: them 'ere be much cheaper, and more hinterestin'."

"But I don't fancy them," answered Lenny; "I don't understand what they are about, and this seems to tell one how the steam-engine is made, and has nice plates; and this is Robinson

Crusoe, which Parson Dale once said he would give me—I'd rather buy it out of my own money."

"Well, please yourself," quoth the Tinker; "you shall have the books for four bob, and you can pay me next month."

"Four bobs—four shillings? it is a great sum," said Lenny, "but I will lay it by, as you are kind enough to trust me; good evening, Mr. Sprott."

"Stay a bit," said the Tinker; "I'll just throw you these two little tracts into the bargaining; they be only a shilling a dozen, so 'tis but tuppence—and ven you has read *those*, vy, you'll be a reglar customer."

The Tinker tossed to Lenny Nos. 1 and 2 of Appeals to Operatives, and the peasant took them up gratefully.

The young knowledge-seeker went his way across the green fields, and under the still autumn foliage of the hedgerows. He looked first at one book, then at another; he did not know on which to settle.

The Tinker rose and made a fire with leaves and furze and sticks, some dry and some green.

Lenny has now opened No. 1 of the tracts: they are the shortest to read, and don't require so much effort of the mind as the explanation of the steam-engine.

The Tinker has now set on his grimy gluepot, and the glue simmers.

CHAPTER VI.

As Violante became more familiar with her new home, and those around her became more familiar with Violante, she was remarked for a certain stateliness of manner and bearing, which, had it been less evidently natural and inborn, would have seemed misplaced in the daughter of a forlorn exile, and would have been rare at so early an age among children of the loftiest pretensions. It was with the air of a little princess that she presented her tiny hand to a friendly pressure, or submitted her calm clear cheek to a presuming kiss. Yet withal she was so graceful, and her very stateliness was so pretty and captivating, that she was not the less loved for all her grand airs. And, indeed, she deserved to be loved; for though she was certainly prouder than Mr. Dale could approve of, her pride was devoid of egotism; and that is a pride by no means common. She had an intuitive forethought for others; you could see that she was capable of that grand woman-heroism, abnegation of self; and though she was an original child, and often grave and musing, with a tinge of melancholy, sweet, but deep in her character, still she was not above the happy genial merriment of childhood,—only her silver laugh was more attuned, and her gestures more composed, than those of children habituated to many play-fellows usually are. Mrs. Hazeldean liked her best when she was grave, and said "she would become a very sensible woman." Mrs. Dale liked her best when she was gay, and said "she was born to make many a heart ache;" for which Mrs. Dale was properly reproved by the Parson. Mrs. Hazeldean gave her a little set of garden tools; Mrs. Dale a picture-book and a beautiful doll. For a long time the book and the doll had the preference. But Mrs. Hazeldean having observed to Riccabocca that the poor child looked pale, and ought to be a good deal in the open air, the wise father ingeniously pretended to Violante that Mrs. Riccabocca had taken a great fancy to the picture-book, and that he should be very glad to have the doll, upon which Violante hastened to give them both away, and was never so happy as when mamma (as she called Mrs. Riccabocca) was admiring the picture-book, and Riccabocca with austere gravity dandled the doll. Then Riccabocca assured her that she could be of great use to him in the garden; and Violante instantly put into movement her spade, hoe, and wheelbarrow.

This last occupation brought her into immediate contact with Mr. Leonard Fairfield; and that personage one morning, to his great horror, found Miss Violante had nearly exterminated a whole celery-bed, which she had ignorantly conceived to be a crop of weeds.

Lenny was extremely angry. He snatched away the hoe, and said angrily, "You must not do that, Miss. I'll tell your papa if you—"

Violante drew herself up, and never having been so spoken to before, at least since her arrival in England, there was something comic in the surprise of her large eyes, as well as something tragic in the dignity of her offended mien. "It is very naughty of you, Miss," continued Leonard in a milder tone, for he was both softened by the eyes and awed by the mien, "and I trust you will not do it again."

"*Non capisco*," (I don't understand,) murmured Violante, and the dark eyes filled with tears. At that moment up came Jackeymo; and Violante, pointing to Leonard, said, with an effort not to betray her emotion, "*Il fanciullo e molto grossolano*," (he is a very rude boy.)

Jackeymo turned to Leonard with the look of an enraged tiger. "How you dare, scum of de earth that you are," cried he, ^[T] "how you dare make cry the signorina?" And his English not supplying familiar vituperatives sufficiently, he poured out upon Lenny such a profusion of Italian abuse, that the boy turned red and white in a breath with rage and perplexity.

Violante took instant compassion upon the victim she had made, and, with true feminine caprice, now began to scold Jackeymo for his anger, and, finally approaching Leonard, laid her hand on

his arm, and said with a kindness at once child-like and queenly, and in the prettiest imaginable mixture of imperfect English and soft Italian, to which I cannot pretend to do justice, and shall therefore translate: "Don't mind him. I dare say it was all my fault, only I did not understand you: are not these things weeds?"

"No, my darling signorina," said Jackeymo in Italian, looking ruefully at the celery-bed, "they are not weeds, and they sell very well at this time of the year. But still, if it amuses you to pluck them up, I should like to see who's to prevent it."

Lenny walked away. He had been called "the scum of the earth," by a foreigner too! He had again been ill-treated for doing what he conceived his duty. He was again feeling the distinction between rich and poor, and he now fancied that that distinction involved deadly warfare, for he had read from beginning to end those two damnable tracts which the Tinker had presented to him. But in the midst of all the angry disturbance of his mind, he felt the soft touch of the infant's hand, the soothing influence of her conciliating words, and he was half ashamed that he had spoken so roughly to a child.

Still, not trusting himself to speak, he walked away and sat down at a distance. "I don't see," thought he, "why there should be rich and poor, master and servant." Lenny, be it remembered, had not heard the Parson's Political Sermon.

An hour after, having composed himself, Lenny returned to his work. Jackeymo was no longer in the garden; he had gone to the fields; but Riccabocca was standing by the celery-bed, and holding the red silk umbrella over Violante as she sat on the ground looking up at her father with those eyes already so full of intelligence, and love, and soul.

"Lenny," said Riccabocca, "my young lady has been telling me that she has been very naughty, and Giacomo very unjust to you. Forgive them both."

Lenny's sullenness melted in an instant: the reminiscence of tracts Nos. 1 and 2,—

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

He raised his eyes, swimming with all his native goodness, towards the wise man, and dropped them gratefully on the face of the infant peacemaker. Then he turned away his head and fairly wept. The Parson was right: "O ye poor, have charity for the rich; O ye rich, respect the poor."

CHAPTER VII.

Now from that day the humble Lenny and the regal Violante became great friends. With what pride he taught her to distinguish between celery and weeds—and how proud too was she when she learned that she was *useful*! There is not a greater pleasure you can give to children, especially female children, than to make them feel they are already of value in the world, and serviceable as well as protected. Weeks and months rolled away, and Lenny still read, not only the books lent him by the Doctor, but those he bought of Mr. Sprott. As for the bombs and shells against religion which the Tinker carried in his bag, Lenny was not induced to blow himself up with them. He had been reared from his cradle in simple love and reverence for the Divine Father, and the tender Saviour, whose life, beyond all records of human goodness, whose death, beyond all epics of mortal heroism, no being whose infancy has been taught to supplicate the Merciful and adore the Holy, yea, even though his later life may be entangled amidst the thorns of some desolate pyrrhonism, can ever hear reviled and scoffed without a shock to the conscience and a revolt of the heart. As the deer recoils by instinct from the tiger, as the very look of the scorpion deters you from handling it, though you never saw a scorpion before, so the very first line in some ribald profanity on which the Tinker put his black finger, made Lenny's blood run cold. Safe, too, was the peasant boy from any temptation in works of a gross and licentious nature, not only because of the happy ignorance of his rural life, but because of a more enduring safeguard—genius! Genius, that, manly, robust, healthful as it be, is long before it loses its instinctive Dorian modesty; shamefaced, because so susceptible to glory—genius, that loves indeed to dream, but on the violet bank, not the dung-hill. Wherefore, even in the error of the senses, it seeks to escape from the sensual into worlds of fancy, subtle and refined. But apart from the passions, true genius is the most practical of all human gifts. Like the Apollo, whom the Greek worshipped as its type, even Arcady is its exile, not its home. Soon weary of the dalliance of Tempé, it ascends to its mission—the archer of the silver bow, the guide of the car of light. Speaking more plainly, genius is the enthusiasm for self-improvement; it ceases or sleeps the moment it desists from seeking some object which it believes of value, and by that object it insensibly connects its self-improvement with the positive advance of the world. At present Lenny's genius had no bias that was not to the positive and useful. It took the direction natural to his sphere, and the wants therein—viz., to the arts which call mechanical. He wanted to know about steam-engines and artesian wells; and to know about them it was necessary to know something of mechanics and hydrostatics; so he bought popular elementary works on those mystic sciences, and set all the powers of his mind at work on experiments.

Noble and generous spirits are ye, who, with small care for fame, and little reward from pelf, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honor and revere ye; only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the pestilent,

and genius had not led to the self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lips drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics mean the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognized. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you, practised statesman, at your post on the treasury bench—to you, calm dignitary of a learned church—or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain. Sad rubbish to you! But seems it such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world! For ye see, these "Appeals to Operatives" represent that same world-upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable—a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsy-turvy! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of "Appeals" with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics—"Abuses of the Aristocracy"—"Jobs of the Priesthood"—"Expenses of Army kept up for Peers' younger sons"—"Wars contracted for the villainous purpose of raising the rents of the land-owners"—all arithmetically dished up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonored his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and ministers of religion! All this passionately advanced, (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way) may be rubbish; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defence.

Our poor friend Lenny drew plenty of this stuff from the Tinker's bag. He thought it very clever and very eloquent; and he supposed the statistics were as true as mathematical demonstrations.

A famous knowledge-diffuser is looking over my shoulder, and tells me, "Increase education, and cheapen good books, and all this rubbish will disappear!" Sir, I don't believe a word of it. If you printed Ricardo and Adam Smith at a farthing a volume, I still believe that they would be as little read by the operatives as they are now-a-days by a very large proportion of highly cultivated men. I still believe that, while the press works, attacks on the rich, and propositions for heave-a-hoys, will always form a popular portion of the Literature of Labor. There's Lenny Fairfield reading a treatise on hydraulics, and constructing a model for a fountain into the bargain; but that does not prevent his acquiescence in any proposition for getting rid of a National Debt, which he certainly never agreed to pay, and which he is told makes sugar and tea so shamefully dear. No. I tell you what does a little counteract those eloquent incentives to break his own head against the strong walls of the Social System—it is, that he has two eyes in that head, which are not always employed in reading. And, having been told in print that masters are tyrants, parsons hypocrites or drones in the hive, and land-owners vampires and bloodsuckers, he looks out into the little world around him, and, first, he is compelled to acknowledge that his master is not a tyrant, (perhaps because he is a foreigner and a philosopher, and, for what I and Lenny know, a republican.) But then Parson Dale, though High Church to the marrow, is neither hypocrite nor drone. He has a very good living, it is true—much better than he ought to have, according to the "political" opinions of those tracts; but Lenny is obliged to confess that, if Parson Dale were a penny the poorer, he would do a pennyworth's less good; and, comparing one parish with another, such as Roodhall and Hazeldean, he is dimly aware that there is no greater CIVILIZER than a parson tolerably well off. Then, too, Squire Hazeldean, though as arrant a Tory as ever stood upon shoe-leather, is certainly not a vampire nor bloodsucker. He does not feed on the public; a great many of the public feed upon him; and, therefore, his practical experience a little staggers and perplexes Lenny Fairfield as to the gospel accuracy of his theoretical dogmas. Masters, parsons, and land-owners! having at the risk of all popularity, just given a *coup de patte* to certain sages extremely the fashion at present, I am not going to let you off without an admonitory flea in the ear. Don't suppose that any mere scribbling and typework will suffice to answer the scribbling and typework set at work to demolish you—*write* down that rubbish you can't—*live* it down you may. If you are rich, like Squire Hazeldean, do good with your money; if you are poor, like Signor Riccabocca, do good with your kindness.

See! there is Lenny now receiving his week's wages; and though Lenny knows that he can get higher wages in the very next parish, his blue eyes are sparkling with gratitude, not at the chink of the money, but at the poor exile's friendly talk on things apart from all service; while Violante is descending the steps from the terrace, charged by her mother-in-law with a little basket of sago, and such-like delicacies, for Mrs. Fairfield, who has been ailing the last few days.

Lenny will see the Tinker as he goes home, and he will buy a most Demosthenean "Appeal"—a tract of tracts, upon the "Propriety of Strikes," and the Avarice of Masters. But, somehow or other, I think a few words from Signor Riccabocca, that did not cost the Signor a farthing, and the sight of his mother's smile at the contents of the basket, which cost very little, will serve to neutralise the effects of that "Appeal," much more efficaciously than the best article a Brougham or a Mill could write on the subject.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Spring had come again; and one beautiful May-day, Leonard Fairfield sate beside the little fountain which he had now actually constructed in the garden. The butterflies were hovering over the belt of flowers which he had placed around his fountain, and the birds were singing overhead.

Leonard Fairfield was resting from his day's work, to enjoy his abstemious dinner, beside the cool play of the sparkling waters, and, with the yet keener appetite of knowledge, he devoured his book as he munched his crusts.

A penny tract is the shoeing-horn of literature; it draws on a great many books, and some too tight to be very useful in walking. The penny tract quotes a celebrated writer, you long to read him; it props a startling assertion by a grave authority, you long to refer to it. During the nights of the past winter, Leonard's intelligence had made vast progress: he had taught himself more than the elements of mechanics, and put to practice the principles he had acquired, not only in the hydraulical achievement of the fountain, nor in the still more notable application of science, commenced on the stream in which Jackeymo had fished for minnows, and which Lenny had diverted to the purpose of irrigating two fields, but in various ingenious contrivances for the facilitation or abridgment of labor, which had excited great wonder and praise in the neighborhood. On the other hand, those rabid little tracts, which dealt so summarily with the destinies of the human race, even when his growing reason, and the perusal of works more classical or more logical, had led him to perceive that they were illiterate, and to suspect that they jumped from premises to conclusions with a celerity very different from the careful ratiocination of mechanical science, had still, in the citations and references wherewith they abounded, lured him on to philosophers more specious and more perilous. Out of the Tinker's bag he had drawn a translation of Condorcet's *Progress of Man*, and another of Rousseau's *Social Contract*. These had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's was a joke—tracts so mild and mother-like in their language, that it required a much more practical experience than Lenny's to perceive that you would have to pass a river of blood before you had the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invited you to repose—tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffodillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pastoral ballet in which St. Simon pipes to the flock he shears; or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom, that

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,"

substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier's symmetrical phalanstere, or Mr. Owen's architectural parallelogram. It was with some such tract that Lenny was seasoning his crusts and his radishes, when Riccabocca, bending his long dark face over the student's shoulder, said abruptly—

"*Diavolo*, my friend! What on earth have you got there? Just let me look at it, will you?"

Leonard rose respectfully, and colored deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fouriers and St. Simons sit straddling and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

"All this is as old as the hills," quoth Riccabocca irreverently; "but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!" and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. "Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions? No! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?"

"Why, sir," said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, "I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable."

"Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his, who believes in such visions as these?"

Leonard bit his lip.

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued:

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lycurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. They are the suggestions of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's *Eclogues* as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry—and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners, that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis, or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his *Utopia*. Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the dreamers of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason and live in a Paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state, in which talent, and action, and industry are a certain capital;—why Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers, had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labor, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested; literature is neglected; people are too busy to read any thing save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring; men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an uphill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level a mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pick-axe it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. '*Cospetto!*' quoth the doctor, 'it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!'"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and, stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.

CHAPTER IX.

Shortly after this discourse of Riccabocca's, an incident occurred to Leonard that served to carry his mind into new directions. One evening, when his mother was out, he was at work on a new mechanical contrivance, and had the misfortune to break one of the instruments which he employed. Now it will be remembered that his father had been the Squire's head-carpenter; the widow had carefully hoarded the tools of his craft which had belonged to her poor Mark; and though she occasionally lent them to Leonard, she would not give them up to his service. Amongst these, Leonard knew that he should find the one that he wanted; and being much interested in his contrivance, he could not wait till his mother's return. The tools, with other little relics of the lost, were kept in a large trunk in Mrs. Fairfield's sleeping room; the trunk was not locked, and Leonard went to it without ceremony or scruple. In rummaging for the instrument, his eye fell on a bundle of MSS.; and he suddenly recollected that when he was a mere child, and before he much knew the difference between verse and prose, his mother had pointed to these MSS. and said "One day or other, when you can read nicely I'll let you look at these, Lenny. My poor Mark wrote such verses—ah, he *was* a scollard!" Leonard, reasonably enough, thought that the time had now arrived when he was worthy the privilege of reading the paternal effusions, and he took forth the MSS. with a keen but melancholy interest. He recognized his father's handwriting, which he had often seen before in account-books and memoranda, and read eagerly some trifling poems, which did not show much genius, nor much mastery of language and rhythm—such poems, in short, as a self-educated man with a poetic taste and feeling, rather than poetic inspiration or artistic culture, might compose with credit, but not for fame. But suddenly, as he turned over these 'Occasional Pieces,' Leonard came to others in a different handwriting—a woman's handwriting—small, and fine, and exquisitely formed. He had scarcely read six lines of these last before his attention was irresistibly chained. They were of a different order of merit from poor Mark's; they bore the unmistakable stamp of genius. Like the poetry of women in

general, they were devoted to personal feeling—they were not the mirror of a world, but reflections of a solitary heart. Yet this is the kind of poetry most pleasing to the young. And the verses in question had another attraction for Leonard; they seemed to express some struggle akin to his own—some complaint against the actual condition of the writer's life, some sweet melodious murmurs at fortune. For the rest, they were characterized by a vein of sentiment so elevated that, if written by a man, it would have run into exaggeration; written by a woman, the romance was carried off by so many revelations of sincere, deep, pathetic feeling, that it was always natural, though true to a nature from which you would not augur happiness.

Leonard was still absorbed in the perusal of these poems, when Mrs. Fairfield entered the room.

"What have you been about, Lenny?—searching in my box?"

"I came to look for my father's bag of tools, mother, and I found these papers, which you said I might read some day."

"I doesn't wonder you did not hear me when I came in," said the widow sighing. "I used to sit still for the hour together, when my poor Mark read his poems to me. There was such a pretty one about the Peasant's Fireside, Lenny—have you got hold of that?"

"Yes, dear mother; and I remarked the allusion to you; it brought tears to my eyes. But these verses are not my father's—whose are they? They seem a woman's hand."

Mrs. Fairfield looked—changed color—grew faint—and seated herself.

"Poor, poor Nora!" said she falteringly. "I did not know as they were there; Mark kep' 'em; they got among his"—

Leonard.—"Who was Nora?"

Mrs. Fairfield.—"Who?—child,—who? Nora was—was my own—own sister."

Leonard (in great amaze, contrasting his ideal of the writer of these musical lines in that graceful hand, with his homely, uneducated mother, who can neither read nor write.)—"Your sister—is it possible? My aunt, then. How comes it you never spoke of her before? Oh, you should be so proud of her, mother."

Mrs. Fairfield (clasping her hands).—"We were proud of her, all of us—father, mother,—all! She was so beautiful and so good, and not proud she! though she looked like the first lady in the land. Oh! Nora, Nora!"

Leonard (after a pause).—"But she must have been highly educated?"

Mrs. Fairfield.—"Deed she was!"

Leonard.—"How was that?"

Mrs. Fairfield (rocking herself to and fro in her chair).—"Oh! my Lady was her godmother—Lady Lansmere I mean—and took a fancy to her when she was that high! and had her to stay at the Park, and wait on her ladyship; and then she put her to school, and Nora was so clever that nothing would do but she must go to London as a governess. But don't talk of it, boy!—don't talk of it!"

Leonard.—"Why not, mother?—what has become of her?—where is she?"

Mrs. Fairfield (bursting into a paroxysm of tears).—"In her grave—in her cold grave! Dead, dead!"

Leonard was inexpressibly grieved and shocked. It is the attribute of the poet to seem always living, always a friend. Leonard felt as if some one very dear had been suddenly torn from his heart. He tried to console his mother; but her emotion was contagious, and he wept with her.

"And how long has she been dead?" he asked at last, in mournful accents.

"Many's the long year, many; but," added Mrs. Fairfield, rising, and putting her tremulous hand on Leonard's shoulder, "you'll just never talk to me about her—I can't bear it—it breaks my heart. I can bear better to talk of Mark—come down stairs—come."

"May I not keep these verses, mother? Do let me."

"Well, well, those bits o' paper be all she left behind her—yes, keep them, but put back Mark's. Are *they* all here?—sure?" And the widow, though she could not read her husband's verses, looked jealously at the MSS. written in his irregular large scrawl, and, smoothing them carefully, replaced them in the trunk, and resettled over them some sprigs of lavender, which Leonard had unwittingly disturbed.

"But," said Leonard, as his eye again rested on the beautiful handwriting of his lost aunt—but you call her Nora—I see she signs herself L."

"Leonora was her name. I said she was my Lady's godchild. We called her Nora for short"—

"Leonora—and I am Leonard—is that how I came by the name?"

"Yes, yes—do hold your tongue, boy," sobbed poor Mrs. Fairfield; and she could not be soothed

nor coaxed into continuing or renewing a subject which was evidently associated with insupportable pain.

CHAPTER X.

It is difficult to exaggerate the effect that this discovery produced on Leonard's train of thought. Some one belonging to his own humble race had, then, preceded him in his struggling flight towards the loftier regions of Intelligence and Desire. It was like the mariner amidst unknown seas, who finds carved upon some desert isle a familiar household name. And this creature of genius and of sorrow—whose existence he had only learned by her song, and whose death created, in the simple heart of her sister, so passionate a grief after the lapse of so many years—supplied to the romance awaking in his young heart the ideal which it unconsciously sought. He was pleased to hear that she had been beautiful and good. He paused from his books to muse on her, and picture her image to his fancy. That there was some mystery in her fate was evident to him; and while that conviction deepened his interest, the mystery itself, by degrees, took a charm which he was not anxious to dispel. He resigned himself to Mrs. Fairfield's obstinate silence. He was contented to rank the dead amongst those holy and ineffable images which we do not seek to unveil. Youth and Fancy have many secret hoards of idea which they do not desire to impart, even to those most in their confidence. I doubt the depth of feeling in any man who has not certain recesses in his soul in which none may enter.

Hitherto, as I have said, the talents of Leonard Fairfield had been more turned to things positive than to the ideal; to science and investigation of fact than to poetry, and that airier truth in which poetry has its element. He had read our greater poets, indeed, but without thought of imitating; and rather from the general curiosity to inspect all celebrated monuments of the human mind, than from that especial predilection for verse which is too common in childhood and youth to be any sure sign of a poet. But now these melodies, unknown to all the world beside, rang in his ear, mingled with his thoughts—set, as it were, his whole life to music. He read poetry with a different sentiment—it seemed to him that he had discovered its secret. And so reading, the passion seized him, and "the numbers came."

To many minds, at the commencement of our grave and earnest pilgrimage, I am Vandal enough to think that the indulgence of poetic taste and reverie does great and lasting harm; that it serves to enervate the character, give false ideas of life, impart the semblance of drudgery to the noble toils and duties of the active man. All poetry would not do this—not, for instance, the Classical, in its diviner masters—not the poetry of Homer, of Virgil, of Sophocles, not, perhaps, even that of the indolent Horace. But the poetry which youth usually loves and appreciates the best—the poetry of mere sentiment—does so in minds already over predisposed to the sentimental, and which require bracing to grow into healthful manhood.

On the other hand, even this latter kind of poetry, which is peculiarly modern, does suit many minds of another mould—minds which our modern life, with its hard positive forms, tends to produce. And as in certain climates plants and herbs, peculiarly adapted as antidotes to those diseases most prevalent in the atmosphere, are profusely sown, as it were, by the benignant providence of nature—so it may be that the softer and more romantic species of poetry, which comes forth in harsh, money-making, unromantic times, is intended as curatives and counterpoisons. The world is so much with us, now-a-days, that we need have something that prates to us, albeit even in too fine an euphuism, of the moon and stars.

Certes, to Leonard Fairfield, at that period of his intellectual life, the softness of our Helicon descended as healing dews. In his turbulent and unsettled ambition, in his vague grapple with the giant forms of political truths, in his bias towards the application of science to immediate practical purposes, this lovely vision of the Muse came in the white robe of the Peacemaker; and with upraised hand, pointing to serene skies, she opened to him fair glimpses of the Beautiful, which is given to Peasant as to Prince—showed to him that on the surface of earth there is something nobler than fortune—that he who can view the world as a poet is always at soul a king; while to practical purpose itself, that larger and more profound invention, which poetry stimulates, supplied the grand design and the subtle view—leading him beyond the mere ingenuity of the mechanic, and habituating him to regard the inert force of the matter at his command with the ambition of the Discoverer. But, above all, the discontent that was within him, finding a vent, not in deliberate war upon this actual world, but through the purifying channels of song—in the vent itself it evaporated, it was lost. By accustoming ourselves to survey all things with the spirit that retains and reproduces them only in their lovelier or grander aspects, a vast philosophy of toleration for what we before gazed on with scorn or hate insensibly grows upon us. Leonard looked into his heart after the enchantress had breathed upon it; and through the mists of the fleeting and tender melancholy which betrayed where she had been, he beheld a new sun of delight and joy dawning over the landscape of human life.

Thus, though she was dead and gone from his actual knowledge, this mysterious kinswoman—"a voice, and nothing more"—had spoken to him, soothed, elevated, cheered, attuned each discord into harmony; and if now permitted from some serener sphere to behold the life that her soul thus strangely influenced, verily, with yet holier joy, the saving and lovely spirit might have glided onward in the eternal progress.

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We call the large majority of human lives *obscure*. Presumptuous that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to

CHAPTER XI.

It was about a year after Leonard's discovery of the family MSS. that Parson Dale borrowed the quietest pad mare in the Squire's stables, and set out on an equestrian excursion. He said that he was bound on business connected with his old parishioners of Lansmere; for, as it has been incidentally implied in a previous chapter, he had been connected with that borough town (and I may here add, in the capacity of curate) before he had been inducted into the living of Hazeldean.

It was so rarely that the Parson stirred from home, that this journey to a town more than twenty miles off was regarded as a most daring adventure, both at the Hall and at the Parsonage. Mrs. Dale could not sleep the whole previous night with thinking of it; and though she had naturally one of her worst nervous headaches on the eventful morn, she yet suffered no hands less thoughtful than her own to pack up the saddle-bags which the Parson had borrowed along with the pad. Nay, so distrustful was she of the possibility of the good man's exerting the slightest common sense in her absence, that she kept him close at her side while she was engaged in that same operation of packing up—showing him the exact spot in which the clean shirt was put, and how nicely the old slippers were packed up in one of his own sermons. She implored him not to mistake the sandwiches for his shaving-soap, and made him observe how carefully she had provided against such confusion, by placing them as far apart from each other as the nature of saddle-bags will admit. The poor Parson—who was really by no means an absent man, but as little likely to shave himself with sandwiches and lunch upon soap as the most common-place mortal may be—listened with conjugal patience, and thought that man never had such a wife before; nor was it without tears in his own eyes that he tore himself from the farewell embrace of his weeping Carry.

I confess, however, that it was with some apprehension that he set his foot in the stirrup, and trusted his person to the mercies of an unfamiliar animal. For whatever might be Mr. Dale's minor accomplishments as man and parson, horsemanship was not his forte. Indeed, I doubt if he had taken the reins in his hand more than once since he had been married.

The Squire's surly old groom, Mat, was in attendance with the pad; and, to the Parson's gentle inquiry whether Mat was quite sure that the pad was quite safe, replied laconically, "Oi, oi, give her her head."

"Give her her head!" repeated Mr. Dale, rather amazed, for he had not the slightest intention of taking away that part of the beast's frame, so essential to its vital economy—"Give her her head!"

"Oi, oi; and don't jerk her up like that, or she'll fall a doincing on her hind-legs."

The Parson instantly slackened the reins; and Mrs. Dale—who had tarried behind to control her tears—now running to the door for 'more last words,' he waved his hand with courageous amenity, and ambled forth into the lane.

Our equestrian was absorbed at first in studying the idiosyncrasies of the pad, and trying thereby to arrive at some notion of her general character: guessing, for instance, why she raised one ear and laid down the other; why she kept bearing so close to the left that she brushed his leg against the hedge; and why, when she arrived at a little side-gate in the fields, which led towards the home-farm, she came to a full stop, and fell to rubbing her nose against the rail—an occupation from which the Parson, finding all civil remonstrances in vain, at length diverted her by a timorous application of the whip.

This crisis on the road fairly passed, the pad seemed to comprehend that she had a journey before her, and giving a petulant whisk of her tail, quickened her amble into a short trot, which soon brought the Parson into the high-road, and nearly opposite the Casino.

Here, sitting on the gate which led to his abode, and shaded by his umbrella, he beheld Dr. Riccabocca.

The Italian lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, and stared hard at the Parson; and he—not venturing to withdraw his whole attention from the pad, (who, indeed, set up both her ears at the apparition of Riccabocca, and evinced symptoms of that surprise and superstitious repugnance at unknown objects which goes by the name of "shying,")—looked askance at Riccabocca.

"Don't stir, please," said the Parson, "or I fear you will alarm this creature; it seems a nervous, timid thing;—soho—gently—gently."

And he fell to patting the mare with great unction.

The pad, thus encouraged, overcame her first natural astonishment at the sight of Riccabocca and the red umbrella; and having before been at the Casino on sundry occasions, and sagaciously preferring places within the range of her experience to bournes neither cognate nor conjecturable, she moved gravely up toward the gate on which the Italian sate; and, after eyeing him a moment—as much as to say "I wish you would get off"—came to a dead lock.

"Well," said Riccabocca, "since your horse seems more disposed to be polite than yourself, Mr. Dale, I take the opportunity of your present involuntary pause to congratulate you on your

elevation in life, and to breathe a friendly prayer that pride may not have a fall!"

"Tut," said the Parson, affecting an easy air, though still contemplating the pad, who appeared to have fallen into a quiet doze, "it is true that I have not ridden much of late years, and the Squire's horses are very high fed and spirited; but there is no more harm in them than their master when one once knows their ways."

"Chi v`a piano, v`a sano,
E chi v`a sano v`a lontano,"

said Riccabocca, pointing to the saddle-bags. "You go slowly, therefore safely; and he who goes safely may go far. You seem prepared for a journey?"

"I am," said the Parson; "and on a matter that concerns you a little."

"Me!" exclaimed Riccabocca—"concerns me!"

"Yes, so far as the chance of depriving you of a servant whom you like and esteem affects you."

"Oh," said Riccabocca, "I understand you: you have hinted to me very often that I or Knowledge, or both together, have unfitted Leonard Fairfield for service."

"I did not say that exactly; I said that you have fitted him for something higher than service. But do not repeat this to him. And I cannot yet say more to you, for I am very doubtful as to the success of my mission; and it will not do to unsettle poor Leonard until we are sure that we can improve his condition."

"Of that you can never be sure," quoth the wise man, shaking his head; "and I can't say that I am unselfish enough not to bear you a grudge for seeking to decoy away from me an invaluable servant—faithful, steady, intelligent, and (added Riccabocca warming as he approached the climacteric adjective)—exceedingly cheap! Nevertheless go, and Heaven speed you. I am not an Alexander, to stand between man and the sun."

"You are a noble great-hearted creature, Signor Riccabocca, in spite of your cold-blooded proverbs and villainous books." The Parson, as he said this, brought down the whip-hand with so indiscreet an enthusiasm on the pad's shoulder, that the poor beast, startled out of her innocent doze, made a bolt forward, which nearly precipitated Riccabocca from his seat on the stile, and then turning round—as the Parson tugged desperately at the rein—caught the bit between her teeth, and set off at a canter. The Parson lost both his stirrups; and when he regained them, (as the pad slackened her pace,) and had time to breathe and look about him, Riccabocca and the Casino were both out of sight.

"Certainly," quoth Parson Dale, as he resettled himself with great complacency, and a conscious triumph that he was still on the pad's back—"certainly it is true 'that the noblest conquest ever made by man was that of the horse:' a fine creature it is—a very fine creature—and uncommonly difficult to sit on,—especially without stirrups." Firmly in *his* stirrups the Parson planted his feet; and the heart within him was very proud.

CHAPTER XII.

Lansmere was situated in the county adjoining that which contained the village of Hazeldean. Late at noon the Parson crossed the little stream which divided the two shires, and came to an inn, which was placed at an angle, where the great main road branched off into two directions—the one leading towards Lansmere, the other going more direct to London. At this inn the pad stopped, and put down both ears with the air of a pad who has made up her mind to bait. And the Parson himself, feeling very warm and somewhat sore, said to the pad benignly, "It is just—thou shall have corn and water!"

Dismounting therefore, and finding himself very stiff, as soon as he had reached *terra firma*, the Parson consigned the pad to the ostler, and walked into the sanded parlor of the inn, to repose himself on a very hard Windsor chair.

He had been alone rather more than half-an-hour, reading a county newspaper which smelt much of tobacco, and trying to keep off the flies that gathered round him in swarms, as if they had never before seen a Parson, and were anxious to ascertain how the flesh of him tasted,—when a stage-coach stopped at the inn. A traveller got out with his carpet-bag in his hand, and was shown into the sanded parlor.

The Parson rose politely, and made a bow.

The traveller touched his hat, without taking it off—looked at Mr. Dale from top to toe—then walked to the window, and whistled a lively impatient tune, then strode towards the fire-place and rang the bell; then stared again at the Parson; and that gentleman having courteously laid down the newspaper, the traveller seized it, threw himself on a chair, flung one of his legs over the table, tossed the other up on the mantel-piece, and began reading the paper, while he tilted the chair on its hind legs with so daring a disregard to the ordinary position of chairs and their occupants, that the shuddering Parson expected every moment to see him come down on the back of his skull.

Moved, therefore, to compassion, Mr. Dale said mildly—

"Those chairs are very treacherous, sir. I'm afraid you'll be down."

"Eh," said the traveller, looking up much astonished. "Eh, down?—oh, you're satirical, sir."

"Satirical, sir? upon my word, no!" exclaimed the Parson earnestly.

"I think every free-born man has a right to sit as he pleases in his own house," resumed the traveller with warmth; "and an inn is his own house, I guess, so long as he pays his score. Betty, my dear."

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For the chambermaid had now replied to the bell.

"I han't Betty, sir; do you want she?"

"No, Sally—cold brandy and water—and a biscuit."

"I han't Sally either," muttered the chambermaid; but the traveller turning round, showed so smart a neckcloth and so comely a face, that she smiled, colored, and went her way.

The traveller now rose, and flung down the paper. He took out a pen-knife, and began paring his nails. Suddenly desisting from this elegant occupation, his eye caught sight of the Parson's shovel-hat, which lay on a chair in the corner.

"You're a clergyman, I reckon, sir," said the traveller, with a slight sneer.

Again Mr. Dale bowed—bowed in part deprecatingly—in part with dignity. It was a bow that said, "No offence, sir, but I *am* a clergyman, and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Going far?" asked the traveller.

Parson.—"Not very."

Traveller.—"In a chaise or fly? If so, and we are going the same way—halves."

Parson.—"Halves?"

Traveller.—"Yes, I'll pay half the damage—pikes inclusive."

Parson.—"You are very good, sir. But," (*spoken with pride*) "I am on horseback."

Traveller.—"On horseback! Well, I should not have guessed that! You don't look like it. Where did you say you were going?"

"I did *not* say where I was going, sir," said the Parson drily, for he was much offended at that vague and ungrammatical remark applicable to his horsemanship, that "he did not look like it."

"Close!" said the traveller laughing: "an old traveller, I reckon."

The Parson made no reply, but he took up his shovel-hat, and, with a bow more majestic than the previous one, walked out to see if his pad had finished her corn.

The animal had indeed finished all the corn afforded to her, which was not much, and in a few minutes more Mr. Dale resumed his journey. He had performed about three miles, when the sound of wheels behind made him turn his head, and he perceived a chaise driven very fast, while out of the windows thereof dangled strangely a pair of human legs. The pad began to curvet as the post horses rattled behind, and the Parson had only an indistinct vision of a human face supplanting these human legs. The traveller peered out at him as he whirled by—saw Mr. Dale tossed up and down on the saddle, and cried out, "How's the leather?"

"Leather!" soliloquised the Parson, as the pad recomposed herself. "What does he mean by that? Leather! a very vulgar man. But I got rid of him cleverly."

Mr. Dale arrived without farther adventure at Lansmere. He put up at the principal inn—refreshed himself by a general ablution—and sate down with a good appetite to his beef-steak and pint of port.

The Parson was a better judge of the physiognomy of man than that of the horse; and after a satisfactory glance at the civil smirking landlord, who removed the cover and set on the wine, he ventured on an attempt at conversation. "Is my lord at the park?"

Landlord, still more civilly than before: "No, sir, his lordship and my lady have gone to town to meet Lord L'Estrange."

"Lord L'Estrange! He is in England, then?"

"Why, so I heard," replied the landlord, "but we never see him here now. I remember him a very pretty young man. Every one was fond of him, and proud of him. But what pranks he did play when he was a lad! We hoped he would come in for our boro' some of these days, but he has taken to foren parts—more's the pity. I am a reg'lar Blue, sir, as I ought to be. The Blue candidate always does me the honor to come to the Lansmere Arms. 'Tis only the low party puts up with the Boar," added the landlord with a look of ineffable disgust. "I hope you like the wine, sir?"

"Very good, and seems old."

"Bottled these eighteen years, sir. I had in the cask for the great election of Dashmore and

Egerton. I have little left of it, and I never give it but to old friends like—for, I think, sir, though you be grown stout, and look more grand, I may say that I've had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"That's true, I dare say, though I fear I was never a very good customer."

Landlord.—"Ah, it is Mr. Dale, then! I thought so when you came into the hall. I hope your lady is quite well, and the Squire too; fine pleasant-spoken gentleman; no fault of his if Mr. Egerton went wrong. Well, we have never seen him—I mean Mr. Egerton—since that time. I don't wonder he stays away; but my lord's son, who was brought up here,—it an't nat'ral like that he should turn his back on us!"

Mr. Dale made no reply, and the landlord was about to retire, when the Parson, pouring out another glass of the port, said—"There must be great changes in the parish. Is Mr. Morgan, the medical man, still here?"

"No, indeed; he took out his ploma after you left, and became a real doctor; and a pretty practice he had too, when he took, all of a sudden, to some new-fangled way of physicking—I think they calls it homysomething—"

"Homœopathy!"

"That's it—something against all reason: and so he lost his practice here and went up to Lunnun. I've not heard of him since."

"Do the Avenels keep their old house?"

"Oh, yes!—and are pretty well off, I hear say. John is always poorly; though he still goes now and then to the Odd Fellows, and takes his glass; but his wife comes and fetches him away before he can do himself any harm."

"Mrs. Avenel is the same as ever?"

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"She holds her head higher, I think," said the landlord, smiling. "She was always—not exactly proud like, but what I calls gumptious."

"I never heard that word before," said the Parson, laying down his knife and fork. "Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially amongst young folks at school and college."

"Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptious is gumptious," said the landlord, delighted to puzzle a Parson. "Now the town beadle is bumptious, and Mrs. Avenel is gumptious."

"She is a very respectable woman," said Mr. Dale, somewhat rebukingly.

"In course, sir, all gumptious folks are; they value themselves on their respectability, and looks down on their neighbors."

Parson, still philologically occupied. "Gumptious—gumptious. I think I remember the substantive at school—not that my master taught it to me. 'Gumption,' it means cleverness."

Landlord, (doggedly).—"There's gumption and gumptious! Gumption is knowing; but when I say that sum un is gumptious, I mean—though that's more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small beer of hisself. You take me, sir!"

"I think I do," said the Parson, half-smiling. "I believe the Avenels have only two of their children alive still—their daughter, who married Mark Fairfield, and a son who went off to America?"

"Ah, but he made his fortune there, and has come back."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it. He has settled at Lansmere?"

"No, sir. I hear as he's bought a property a long way off. But he comes to see his parents pretty often—so John tells me—but I can't say that I ever see him, I fancy Dick doesn't like to be seen by folks who remember him playing in the kennel."

"Not unnatural," said the Parson indulgently; "but he visits his parents: he is a good son, at all events, then?"

"I've nothing to say against him. Dick was a wild chap before he took himself off. I never thought he would make his fortune; but the Avenels are a clever set. Do you remember poor Nora—the Rose of Lansmere, as they called her? Ah, no, I think she went up to Lunnun afore your time, sir."

"Humph!" said the Parson drily. "Well, I think you may take away now. It will be dark soon, and I'll just stroll out and look about me."

"There's a nice tart coming, sir."

"Thank you, I've dined."

The Parson put on his hat and sallied forth into the streets. He eyed the houses on either hand with that melancholy and wistful interest with which, in middle life, we revisit scenes familiar to us in youth—surprised to find either so little change or so much, and recalling, by fits and snatches, old associations and past emotions. The long High Street which he threaded now began

to change its bustling character, and slide, as it were gradually, into the high road of a suburb. On the left, the houses gave way to the moss-grown pales of Lansmere Park: to the right, though houses still remained, they were separated from each other by gardens, and took the pleasing appearance of villas—such villas as retired tradesmen or their widows, old maids, and half-pay officers, select for the evening of their days.

Mr. Dale looked at these villas with the deliberate attention of a man awakening his power of memory, and at last stopped before one, almost the last on the road, and which faced the broad patch of sward that lay before the lodge of Lansmere Park. An old pollard oak stood near it, and from the oak there came a low discordant sound; it was the hungry cry of young ravens, awaiting the belated return of the parent bird. Mr. Dale put his hand to his brow, paused a moment, and then, with a hurried step, passed through the little garden and knocked at the door. A light was burning in the parlor, and Mr. Dale's eye caught through the window a vague outline of three forms. There was an evident bustle within at the sound of the knocks. One of the forms rose and disappeared. A very prim, neat, middle-aged maid-servant now appeared at the threshold, and austere inquired the visitor's business.

"I want to see Mr. or Mrs. Avenel. Say that I have come many miles to see them; and take in this card."

The maid-servant took the card, and half-closed the door. At least three minutes elapsed before she reappeared.

"Missis says it's late, sir; but walk in."

The Parson accepted the not very gracious invitation, stepped across the little hall, and entered the parlor.

Old John Avenel, a mild-looking man, who seemed slightly paralytic, rose slowly from his arm-chair. Mrs. Avenel, in an awfully stiff, clean, and Calvinistical cap, and a gray dress, every fold of which bespoke respectability and staid repute—stood erect on the floor, and, fixing on the Parson a cold and cautious eye, said:

"You do the like of us great honor, Mr. Dale—take a chair! You call upon business?"

"Of which I have apprised you by letter, Mr. Avenel."

"My husband is very poorly."

"A poor creature!" said John feebly, and as if in compassion of himself, "I can't get about as I used to do. But it ben't near election time, be it, sir?"

"No, John," said Mrs. Avenel, placing her husband's arm within her own. "You must lie down a bit, while I talk to the gentleman."

"I'm a real good blue," said poor John; "but I an't quite the man I was;" and leaning heavily on his wife, he left the room, turning round at the threshold, and saying, with great urbanity—"Any thing to oblige, sir?"

Mr. Dale was much touched. He had remembered John Avenel the comeliest, the most active, and the most cheerful man in Lansmere; great at glee club and cricket, (though then stricken in years,) greater in vestries; reputed greatest in elections.

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"Last scene of all," murmured the Parson; "and oh well, turning from the poet, may we cry with the disbelieving philosopher, 'Poor, poor humanity!'"^[U]

In a few minutes Mrs. Avenel returned. She took a chair at some distance from the Parson's, and, resting one hand on the elbow of the chair, while with the other she stiffly smoothed the stiff gown, she said—

"Now, sir."

That "Now, sir," had in its sound something sinister and warlike. This the shrewd Parson recognized with his usual tact. He edged his chair nearer to Mrs. Avenel, and placing his hand on hers—

"Yes, now then, and as friend to friend."

FOOTNOTES:

- [T] It need scarcely be observed, that Jackeymo, in his conversations with his master or Violante, or his conferences with himself, employs his native language, which is therefore translated without the blunders that he is driven to commit when compelled to trust himself in the tongue of the country in which he is a sojourner.

AN INEDITED LETTER OF EDWARD GIBBON.

The following is an inedited letter of the celebrated author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is addressed to his friend M. D'Eyverdun (who was at that time at Leipsig), and has lately been found among a mass of papers in the house which M. D'Eyverdun possessed at Lausanne, and where Mr. Gibbon resided several years.

To M. D'Eyverdun, at Leipsig.

London, May 7th, 1776.

My long silence towards you has been occasioned (if I have properly analyzed what has lately passed in my mind) by different reasons. During the Summer there was indolence and procrastination; since the opening of parliament the necessity of finishing my book, and at the same time of subduing America. I have been involved in a multitude of public, private, and literary business, such as I had never experienced in the whole course of my life. The materials of my correspondence I have gradually accumulated, and despairing of being able to say any thing, I have wisely finished by saying nothing. Meantime, it is not necessary to inform my dear reader that I love him just as much as if I had written to him every week.

Where, then, shall I begin this letter? Can this question be put to a man who has just published his book? I shall speak of myself, and I shall enjoy the pleasure which renders the conversation of friends so delightful,—the pleasure of talking of one's self with somebody who will take an interest in the subject. It is true I should greatly prefer conversing with you, walking backwards and forwards in my library, where I could, without blushing, make to you all the confessions which my vanity might prompt. But at this lamentable distance from London to Leipsig we cannot do without a confidant, and the paper might one day disclose the little secrets which I am obliged to confide to you.

You know that the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has had the most complete success, and the most flattering to the author. But I must take up the matter a little further back. I do not know whether you recollect that I had agreed with my bookseller for an edition of 500 copies. This was a very moderate number; but I wished to learn the taste of the public, and to reserve to myself the opportunity of soon making, in a second edition, all the changes which the observations of critics and my own reflections might suggest. We had come, perhaps, to the twenty-fifth sheet, when my publisher and my printer, men of sense and taste, began to perceive that the work in question might be worth something, and that the said 500 copies would not suffice for the demands of the British readers. They stated their reasons to me, and very humbly, but very earnestly, begged me to permit 500 more to be printed. I yielded to their entreaties, not, however, without fearing that the younger brothers of my numerous family might be condemned to an inglorious old age, in the obscurity of some warehouse. Meantime the printing went on; and, in spite of paternal affection, I sometimes cursed the attention which I was obliged to pay to the education of my children, to cure them of the little defects which the negligence of their preceptors had suffered to pass without correcting them.

At length, in the month of February, I saw the decisive hour arrive, and I own to you that it was not without some sort of uneasiness. I knew that my book was good, but I would have had it excellent; I could not rely on my own judgment, and I feared that of the public,—that tyrant who often destroys in an instant the fruit of ten years' labor. At length, on the 16th of February, I gave myself to the universe, and the universe—that is to say, a small number of English readers—received me with open arms. In a fortnight the whole edition was so completely exhausted that not a single copy was left. Mr. Cadell (my publisher) proposed to me to publish a second edition of 1000 copies, and in a few days he saw reason to beg me to allow him to print 1500 copies. It will appear at the beginning of next month; and he already ventures to promise me that it will be sold before the end of the year, and that he shall be obliged to importune me a third time. The volume—a handsome quarto—costs a guinea in boards; it has sold, as my publisher expresses it, like a sixpenny pamphlet on the affairs of the day.

I have hitherto contented myself with stating the fact, which is the least equivocal testimony in favor of the *History*. It is said that a horse alone does not flatter kings when they think fit to mount him; might we not add, that the bookseller is the only person who does not flatter authors when they take it into their heads to appear in print? But you conceive that from a small number of eager readers one always finds means to catch praises, and for my part, I own to you that I am very fond of these praises; those of women of rank, especially when they are young and handsome, though not of the greatest weight, amuse me infinitely. I have had the good fortune to please some of these persons, and the ancient *History* of your learned friend has succeeded with them like a fashionable novel. Now hear what Robertson says in a letter which was not designed to fall into my hands:—

"I have read (says he) Mr. Gibbon's *History* with great attention, and with singular pleasure. It is a work of great merit. We find in it that sagacity of research, without which an author does not merit the name of an historian. His narrative is clear and interesting; his style is elegant and vigorous, sometimes rather too labored, and, perhaps, studied: but these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the language, and sometimes by a rare felicity of expression."

Now listen attentively to poor David Hume:

"After having read with impatience and avidity the first volume of your *History*, I feel the same impatience to thank you for your interesting present; and to express to you the satisfaction which this production has afforded me, under the several points of view, of the dignity of the style, the extent of your researches, the profound manner in which the subject is treated. This work is entitled to the highest esteem. You will feel pleasure, as I do myself, from hearing that all the men of letters in this city (Edinburgh) agree in admiring your work, and in desiring the continuation of it."

Do you know, too, that the Tacitus and Livy of Scotland have been useful to me in more ways than one. Our good English folk had long lamented the superiority which these historians had acquired; and as national prejudices are kept up at a small expense, they have eagerly raised their unworthy countrymen by their acclamations to a level with these great men. Besides, I have had the good fortune to avoid the shoal which is the most dangerous in this country. A historian is always to a certain degree a political character, and every reader according to his private opinion seeks in the most remote ages the sentiments of the historian upon kings and governments. A minister who is a great friend to the prerogatives of the crown has complimented me, on my having everywhere professed the soundest doctrines.

Mr. Walpole, on the other hand, and my Lord Camden, both partisans of liberty, and even of a republic, are persuaded that I am not far from their ideas. This is a proof, at least, that I have observed a fair neutrality.

Let us now look at the reverse of the medal, and inspect the means which Heaven has thought fit to employ to humble my pride. Would you think, my dear sir, that injustice has been carried so far as to attack the purity of my faith? The cry of the bishops and of a great number of ladies, equally respectable for their age and understanding, has been raised against me. It has been maintained, that the last two chapters of my pretended *History* are only a satire on the Christian religion—a satire the more dangerous as it is concealed under a veil of moderation and impartiality: and that the emissary of Satan, after having long amused his readers with a very agreeable tale, insensibly leads them into the infernal snare. You perceive all the horror of this accusation, and will easily understand that I shall oppose only a respectful silence to the clamors of my enemies?

And the Translation? Will you soon cause me to be read and burnt in the rest of Europe? After a short suspension, the reasons for which it is useless to detail, I re-commenced sending the sheets as they issued from the press. They went regularly by way of Gottingen, where M. Sprengel has, doubtless, taken care to forward them to you; so that the whole of the English original must have been long since in your hands. What use have you made of it? Is the translation finished? When and where do you intend it shall appear? I cannot help fearing accidents that may have happened by the way, and still more apprehending your indolence or forgetfulness; and the more so, as I have learned from several quarters that you are engaged in the translation of some German work. Notwithstanding my silence, you might have informed me of the state of things; at all events you have not a moment to lose, for the Duke de Choiseul, who is quite delighted with my work, has signified to Mr. Walpole his intentions to have it translated as soon as possible. I believe I have put a stop to this design by assuring him that your translation was in the press at Leipsig; but we cannot long answer for events, and it would be equally unpleasant to be anticipated by a *bel esprit* of Paris, or by a manœuvre of an Amsterdam bookseller.

This is a pretty decent letter; I know, however, that you ought not to give me credit for it, because it is all about myself. I have a thousand other things to tell you, and as many questions to ask you. Depend on another letter in a week. Fear nothing, I swear by holy friendship; and my oath will not remain without effect.

Ever yours,

ED. GIBBON.

FOOTNOTES:

[U] Mr. Dale probably here alludes to Lord Bolingbroke's ejaculation as he stood by the dying Pope; but his memory does not serve him with the exact words.

RELICS OF MADISON.

Among the household effects of Mrs. Madison, sold in Washington lately, were an original portrait of Washington by Stuart, and others of Jefferson, Madison, and Mrs. M. by the same artist; one of John Adams, by Col. Trumbull, and one of Monroe, by Vanderlyn, all originals, painted especially for Mr. Madison, and never out of the possession of the family. Besides these there were portraits of three discoverers, Vespuccius, Columbus, and Cabot, and many other very valuable paintings.

THE FIRST SHIP IN THE NIGER.

BY WILLIAM ALLAN RUSSELL.

'Tis tropic noon! and not a single sound
Breathes on the eternal stillness all around;
'Tis tropic noon! and yet the sultry time
Seems like the twilight of some fairy clime.
Spreading in lone luxuriance round is seen
The mangrove's tangled maze of sombre green;
Thro' mists that dwell those baneful fens upon
Large orb'd and pale peers out the shrouded Sun,
And struggling sickly thro' the vaporous day,
Dull on the windless waters falls the pallid ray.
So slumb'ringly the glassy river goes,
The water-lily dips not as it flows;
The swallow, haunter of the charmed spot,
Skims through the silence, and awakes it not;
Perch'd as in sleep, the gray kingfisher broods,
A sentinel among the solitudes;
And faints the breeze beneath the heavy sky,
Nor bends the bulrush, as it loiters by
Thro' long green walls of forest trees, that throw
Unwavering shadows in the flood below;
And droops from topmost boughs (like garlands dight
By elfin hands) the gaudy parasite:
Crowning the wave with flow'rs; and high above,
The tall acacia moves, or seems to move
Its feathery foliage in the enamor'd air,
That seems, tho' all unheard, to linger there:
Might'st fancy all, the earth, the air, the stream,
Still unawaken'd from Creation's dream.
When, hark! there sounds along the lonely shore
A voice those wilds had never heard before;
The wild bird dipp'd—the diamond-eye'd gazelle
Started and paused,—then fled into the dell;
Stirr'd by no breeze, the tree-tops seem'd to sigh—
When, lo! again the still repeated cry;
Hark! 'tis the leadsman, chanting loud and clear
The changing fathoms, as a ship draws near,—
And all at once rings out the Briton's hearty cheer!

Historical Review of the Month.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Thirty-first American Congress, after a session of a little more than three months, closed on the 4th of March. The conclusion of the session was much more interesting and important than its commencement. Our record of the previous month closed with the passage by the Senate, on the 13th of February, of the joint resolution authorizing the President to confer the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General on General Scott. Mr. Benton, on the following day, attempted to revive his bill paying to Missouri two per cent. on her sales of public lands, but was unsuccessful. The River and Harbor Bill was taken up in the House on the 13th, and debated for several days; it finally passed on the 18th, by a vote of 114 to 75. During the debate an altercation took place between Mr. Inge of Alabama and Mr. Stanley of North Carolina, which resulted in a duel. The parties met in Maryland, beyond the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia, and after an ineffectual exchange of shots, agreed to a reconciliation.

Several exciting debates arose in the Senate, in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law, growing out of the following circumstances: On Saturday, February 21st, an alleged fugitive slave, named Shadrach, was arrested in Boston by the U.S. Marshal, and taken before the U.S. Commissioner for examination. The counsel for defence asked for a postponement of the case for two days, which was granted, Shadrach remaining in the U. S. Court Room, in custody of the U. S. Deputy Marshal, since, by a law of the state, the use of the jail is forbidden for the confinement of a fugitive slave. Soon after the adjournment of the Court the doors were suddenly burst open by a mob of negroes, the officers overpowered, and the prisoner carried off. After being hurried rapidly through the streets, he was secreted in a remote part of the city, and in the evening made his escape to Canada. The announcement of this case produced much excitement in Washington. A conference of the Cabinet was immediately called, and on the following Tuesday the President

issued a proclamation calling on the commanders of the U. S. military and naval forces at Boston to aid the government officers with their troops, if need be, in the discharge of their duty. In reply to a resolution offered by Mr. Clay, and unanimously adopted by the Senate, the President addressed to that body a special message on the subject. He regards the rescue of the slave as an act of sudden violence, unexpected by the authorities, and not as proceeding from or sanctioned by the general feeling of the citizens of Boston. He quotes the laws of Congress, of 1789 and 1799, in relation to the safe-keeping of prisoners committed under the authority of the United States, and the Massachusetts state law of 1843, making it a penal offence for any officer of the commonwealth to aid in the arrest or detention of a fugitive slave: considering that, though such state legislation may create embarrassment, it cannot impair the constitutional provision for the delivery of fugitives bound to labor in another state. He recommends a modification of the general law, enabling the President to call upon the militia, and place them under the control of any civil officer of the government, without requiring any previous proclamation, in cases where the civil authority is menaced.

The California Duties Bill, giving the new state \$300,000 out of the duties collected while she was a territory, to defray the expenses of the state government up to the time of her admission, passed the Senate February 25th. The Cheap Postage Bill, as amended, passed the following day, by a vote of 39 to 15. This bill provides a rate of three cents when pre-paid, five cents when not pre-paid, on letters less than half an ounce, and for any distance exceeding three thousand miles double these rates. Instead of a uniform rate of one cent on newspapers, it provides a tariff postage from five to twenty-five cents per quarter for weekly papers, according to distances; semi-weeklies to pay double, tri-weeklies triple, and dailies five times these rates. The House afterwards added an amendment providing for the coinage of three-cent pieces, which was concurred in by the Senate. The law will take effect on the 1st of July next.

On Saturday, February 22d, Mr. Rantoul, of Massachusetts, appeared and took his seat for the remaining ten days of his term. The bill abolishing constructive mileage on the part of the Senate passed both houses. The River and Harbor Bill, appropriating between two and three millions of dollars for the improvement of the harbors of the coast and the lakes, and the river navigation of the interior, was taken up in the Senate, on Saturday, March 1st, by a vote of 31 to 25. The debate continued until past midnight, when the Senate adjourned. The subject was resumed on Monday morning, the opponents of the bill, who were in the minority, exercising their ingenuity in order to prevent a vote. There being now but a few hours of the session remaining, the utmost activity and excitement prevailed in both houses. The indispensable Appropriation Bills were yet to be passed, the Postage Bill was waiting its final vote, and a number of important measures, disposed of by one house, were waiting the action of the other. The discussion in the Senate was continued through the whole of Monday night, until four o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the majority yielded to a motion postponing its consideration for four hours, in order to allow the necessary Appropriation Bills to be acted on.

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In the House, on Monday, the Senate's Joint Resolution requesting the President to authorize one of our vessels in the Mediterranean to bring Kossuth and his companions to this country, was passed by a large majority. The resolution relieving Mr. Ritchie from the terms of his printing contract, and giving him one-half the proceeds fixed by the law of 1819, passed the House by a majority of five, and was taken up in the Senate about half an hour before the close of the session, but was lost for want of time. Among the last acts of the house were, the passage of the Senate bill paying \$40,000 to the American Colonization Society for expenses incurred in supporting the Africans recaptured from the bark Pons; the defeat of the resolution creating the rank of Lieutenant-General; and the act founding a Military Asylum for the relief of disabled soldiers. The French Spoliation Bill, the bill making Land Warrants Assignable, the bill granting ten million acres of the public lands to the states for the relief of the indigent insane, and all the proposals for new steamship lines, as well as Mr. Collins's application for an additional appropriation to his Liverpool line, were lost for want of time. In the Senate, after the River and Harbor Bill was dropped, the Army and Navy and Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bills, the Post Route Bill, and the Light House Bill, were all passed. Both houses adjourned at noon, on Tuesday, March 4th.

After an interval of twenty minutes, the Senate was again called to order, a Special Session having been ordered by the President to consider Executive business. Messrs. Bright, Bayard, Cass, Jefferson Davis, Hamilton, Mason, Pratt, Rusk, and Dodge of Wisconsin, Senators elect, appeared and were qualified. Mr. Foote, of Vermont, appeared on the 8th and was sworn in. Mr. Yulee presented a communication, claiming to have been elected by the Legislature of Florida, he having received 29 votes when the remainder were blank. The Judiciary Committee reported against allowing the California Senators mileage by the Panama route, but the discussion of the subject was postponed till the next session.

On Friday, the 7th, the Senate ratified the treaties lately negotiated with Portugal, with Switzerland, and the treaty with Mexico respecting the Tehuantepec route from the Gulf to the Pacific. The treaty of extradition with Mexico was rejected. The treaty with Switzerland was amended in some particulars.

A message was received in reply to a resolution calling on the State Department to furnish copies of the correspondence with Turkey regarding Kossuth. In addition to the correspondence which has already appeared, Mr. Webster in February, addressed a letter to J. P. Brown, Dragoman of the Legation at Constantinople, concerning the probable intentions of Turkey; to which Mr. Brown replied that in May, 1851, the year for which the Sultan promised Austria to retain the

Hungarians will expire. Mr. Webster thereupon addressed a letter to Mr. Marsh, U. S. minister to Constantinople, in relation to the approaching release of Kossuth and his companions, and the offer to be made to them and to the Sublime Porte, in accordance with the joint resolution of Congress. Mr. Webster requests our minister to state that though the United States has no intention to interfere in any manner with the international relations of other Governments, yet, in this case, it hopes that suggestions proceeding from no other motives than friendship and respect for the Porte, and sympathy for the unhappy exiles, may be received as a proof of national goodwill. He alludes in terms of high commendation to the course of the Porte in refusing to deliver the exiles into the hands of their pursuers, and while acknowledging the force of the considerations through which they have been detained up to the present time, urges that their transportation to this country cannot longer be reasonably opposed. The tone of Mr. Webster's letter is humane, eloquent and dignified; it will be read with earnest satisfaction by the friends of Liberty throughout the Globe.

The action of the Executive Session of the Senate was chiefly upon nominations made by the President. These having been completed and some resolutions adopted, calling for information on various subjects, to be communicated to the next session, the Senate adjourned on the 13th of March. The following are the principal nominations: Hon. Robert F. Schenck, of Ohio, Minister to Brazil; John B. Kerr, of Maryland, Chargé to Nicaragua; John S. Pendleton, of Virginia, Chargé to the Argentine Republic; Mr. Markoe, of the State Department, Chargé to Denmark; Y. P. King, of Georgia, Chargé to New-Granada; Samuel G. Goodrich, of Massachusetts, Consul at Paris; John Howard Payne, Consul to Tunis; Mr. Easby, of Washington, Commissioner of Public Buildings; Grafton Baker, of Mississippi, Chief Justice of New-Mexico; Ogden Hoffman, Jr., of San Francisco, District Judge for California; George G. Baker, of Ohio, Consul to Genoa; Henry A. Homer, of Massachusetts, Dragoman to the Turkish Legation; H. Jones Brooke, of Penn., Consul at Belfast; and Charles Russell, Collector at Santa Barbara, California. Jacob B. Moore, of New-York, was confirmed as Post-Master, and T. Butler King, of Georgia, as Collector, at San Francisco.

M. Marcoleta, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Nicaragua, arrived in this country from Europe, and was officially presented to the President on Saturday, Feb. 22. The addresses on both sides were of the most cordial character. Commodore Jones, whose trial by Court Martial has been going on at Washington for some time past, has been found guilty of speculating in gold dust with the public funds, and is suspended from his command for five years, half of the time without pay.

The Superintendent of the Census has published a table, compiled from the returns of the Marshals, which are complete in all the principal States. From this it appears that the entire population of the United States will be about 23,200,000, of which 8,070,734 are slaves. The entire representative population will be 21,710,000, and the ratio of representation 93,170, the law of May, 22, 1850, determining the number of representatives at 233. The States which gain, in all, are as follows: Arkansas 1, Indiana 1, Illinois 2, Massachusetts 1, Mississippi 1, Michigan 1, Missouri 2, Pennsylvania 1—10. The following States lose, viz; Maine 1, New Hampshire 1, New-York 1, North Carolina 2, South Carolina 2, Vermont 1, Virginia 2. The free States gain six members and lose four; the slave States gain four and lose six.

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No Senator has yet been elected in the State of Massachusetts. On the eighteenth ballot, Mr. Sumner lacked nine votes of an election, after which the matter was postponed to the 2d of April. In the New-York Legislature, a joint resolution providing for the election of a U. S. Senator finally passed at 2 A. M. on the 19th, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish, ex-Governor of the State, was then elected. In the Ohio Legislature, an election was finally reached on the 15th of March, Benjamin F. Wade, the Whig candidate, receiving a majority of three. The New Jersey Legislature has chosen Commodore Robert F. Stockton, on the 27th ballot, by a majority of one, three of the members being absent. Commodore Stockton resigned his place in the Navy last year.

The one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated throughout the United States with more than the usual honors. In New-York City, a large military and civic procession was arranged, under the direction of the Common Council, succeeded by a brilliant illumination in the evening. An oration was delivered at the celebration instituted by the Union Committee, by the Hon. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi. At the dinner which succeeded, the Hon. Edward Everett made an eloquent speech on the American Constitution.

Considerable excitement has arisen in different localities of the Free States, on account of the seizure of colored persons claimed as fugitive slaves. The Boston case has become exceedingly complicated, through a series of counter-arrests, on the parts of State and U. S. officers. Mr. Elizur Wright, editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*, and six other persons, mostly negroes, are held for trial on a charge of aiding in the escape of the slave Shadrach. On the other hand, the U. S. District Attorney, Commissioner and Deputy Marshal, were arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$10,000 each, on charge of arresting the fugitive, the suits being brought on the ground that the Fugitive Slave law is unconstitutional, and that the officers acted without authority. Several arrests of fugitive slaves have been made in various parts of Pennsylvania, but there has been no violent resistance to the law. The Governor of Pennsylvania lately made a requisition on the Governor of Maryland, for the delivery of a man charged with kidnapping a free black child five years old, born in Pennsylvania of a fugitive slave, and reclaimed with her. The Governor of Maryland refused to surrender the accused, and replied in a long letter sustaining his course by the authority of the Attorney General.

Few measures of interest have been passed by the several State Legislatures, during the past

month. The State of New Jersey has abolished the freehold qualification. In the Legislature of Wisconsin a land limitation bill, fixing the limit at 640 acres, passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House. The Maryland Convention for the revision of the State Constitution, has adopted a clause abolishing imprisonment for debt, by a vote of 60 to 5. The Indiana Convention has completed a revised Constitution for that State, which will be submitted to the votes of the people. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed a joint resolution of thanks to the Hon. Daniel Webster, for his letter to Hülsemann, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

Several severe storms have been experienced in the Western States. The town of Fayetteville, Tenn., was nearly destroyed by a tornado, on the 24th of February. The place was enveloped in impenetrable darkness, and many lives were lost in the crash of the falling buildings. Forty-two houses were blown down. A terrific gale passed over Pittsburg, tearing the steamers from their moorings, and injuring a great number of buildings.

The family of Mr. William Cosden, in Kent Co., Md.,—including himself, his wife, sister, sister-in-law, and a black servant, were murdered on the 25th of February. A small boy made his escape and gave the alarm. The murderers have not yet been taken.

The trials of the Cuban invaders at New Orleans have at last been brought to an end. After three unsuccessful attempts to procure a verdict in the case of Gen. Henderson, the jury in each instance being unable to agree, the prosecution was withdrawn. The trial of Gen. Quitman and the other persons who had been arraigned, was also relinquished, and the matter will be suffered to drop.

Jenny Lind has reached St. Louis, on her tour of triumph in the West. The proceeds of her thirteen concerts in New Orleans amounted to \$200,000. On the 13th of March, she gave a concert at Natchez which produced \$6,600, \$1,000 of which was devoted to charitable objects.—A great meeting in favor of railroads in the Mississippi Valley, was held in New Orleans on the 24th of February.—The cholera has appeared in a mild form on some of the Western rivers. In the town of Franklin, Tenn., there have been already fourteen deaths from it.

Henry Clay sailed from New-York for Havana, on the 11th of March. He intends remaining a few weeks in that city to rest from the fatigues of the late session. He was received in New-York with great enthusiasm; thousands of persons crowded the docks to witness his departure.

The steamer Oregon, while on her passage from Louisville to New Orleans, burst her boiler near Vicksburg, killing and wounding about seventy persons. The boat afterwards took fire and burned to the water's edge. The surviving passengers were taken off by the steamer Iroquois, which fortunately happened to be in the vicinity. A steam-ferry boat at St. Louis burst her boiler on the 23d of February, killing about twenty persons. Several other slight explosions and collisions have occurred on the Western rivers.

A notorious person, named Wm. H. Thompson, (better known as "One-Eyed Thompson,") who was supposed to have been a confederate of various gangs of counterfeiters and burglars, was arrested on the 1st of March, on a charge of counterfeiting, and committed suicide the next day in his cell. He left a letter addressed to the Coroner and another to his wife, written in a style which shows him to have been a man of more than ordinary intellect. He stated that, being of no farther use to his family, he felt it his duty to die. He had always cherished a disposition to commit suicide, as he had no means of solving the mystery of life, and desired death, either as an explanation or as an eternal sleep.

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The latest accounts from Texas, represent that State as being in a most flourishing condition. Emigrants are continually arriving from all quarters, and especially from Germany. The subject of Popular Education is beginning to attract attention, and the agricultural interest is receiving the support of many gentlemen of wealth and intelligence. The Indians still continue their depredations in the neighborhood of Rio Grande City, and all along the Mexican frontier. Several engagements between them and the U. S. troops, have taken place in the vicinity of Laredo. Gen. Brooke is organizing an expedition against the Camanches, and as soon as the spring opens, a campaign will be made directly into their hunting grounds. A singular being, known as the Wild Woman of Navidad, who has baffled the search of the hunters for several years, has lately been caught by a party who were out after deer. It appears that she was a negress who fled to the wilderness after Fannin's defeat, fifteen years ago, since which time she has lived in the woods, subsisting on acorns and other wild fruits.

News from El Paso to the 31st of December, state that the Boundary Commissioners have fixed the initial point of their survey at the parallel of 32° 22' N., on the Rio Grande, a point conjectured to be about 20 miles north of El Paso. The line will run thence 3° westward, and then due north, to the Gila River. From two to three years will be required to complete the survey. The American Commission, numbering more than one hundred persons, is divided into three companies, and located at El Paso, Socorro, and the Mission of San Elizario.

The last mail from the Salt Lake, Utah Territory, reaches to the beginning of December. The settlement was then in a very prosperous condition, the weather being remarkably mild. Grain and vegetables of all kinds were very abundant, 200,000 bushels of wheat having been gathered the past season. Several saw and grist mills were in active operation, and a woollen factory and brewery were in course of erection. Large supplies of coal and iron have been discovered in the Valley of the Little Salt Lake, about 350 miles to the south-west of the Mormon settlement, and a colony has been sent there. The snows in the Timpanozu and Bear River Mountains have greatly

retarded the mails between the Salt Lake and Missouri.

We have news from California to the 1st of February. The amount of gold dust shipped from San Francisco on that day and the 15th of January, was about \$3,500,000. The Legislature of California convened on the 6th of January. Gov. Burnett's Message, which was transmitted on the following day, gives a general review of State affairs. A reduction of fees and salaries is recommended, and an increase of the tax on real and personal estate, in order to keep up the financial credit of the State, without recourse to foreign loans. The Governor also favors the passage of laws excluding negroes from the State, and extending the punishment of death to the crime of grand larceny. A few days subsequent to the meeting of the Legislature, Gov. Burnett tendered his resignation, and Lieut. Gov. McDougal was inaugurated as Governor the following day. A bill to remove the capital of the State from San José to Vallejo, has passed the Senate, and will probably pass the House. A bill appointing the 3d of February for the election of a U. S. Senator, has passed the House. The total debt of the State on the 15th of December last, was \$485,460. If the proposed reductions in the expenses are made, the estimated balance in the Treasury at the end of June, will be \$220,346, nearly half the total debt.

California has again been excited with the rumored discovery of a gold placer, far surpassing any previous account. The steamer Chesapeake, it appears, sailed from San Francisco for the Klamath River with a company of adventurers, and after an absence of two weeks, returned with news of the discovery of a beach of golden sand, on the coast, twenty-seven miles north of the mouth of Trinity River. From the fact of this beach being bounded by a bluff from one to four hundred feet in height, the name of "Gold Bluff" was given to the locality. The beach extends for a distance of six miles and is from twenty to fifty yards in width. It is a mixture of gray and black sand, through which the gold is disseminated in particles so fine that it cannot be separated with ordinary washing. This sand is constantly shifting, under the action of the waves, and at times the ocean covers the entire beach, breaking against the bluffs. The amount of gold in the sand is variously represented, at from ten cents to ten dollars. A constant surf breaks along the shore, rendering the landing in the boats impracticable except in very calm weather, while it is almost equally difficult to reach the spot by land.

An Association called the "Pacific Mining Company" was immediately formed, with a stock of 12,000 shares at \$100 each. One thousand shares were sold immediately, and several vessels were put up at once for the Gold Bluff, the miners flocking from all parts of the diggings, to join in the adventure. The original stockholders, however,—about thirty in number—lay claim to the best parts of the beach, and have erected log cabins and laid in a large store of provisions, preparatory to washing the sand on an extensive scale. The reports of the richness of this locality are doubtless very greatly exaggerated.

Business in San Francisco and the inland towns and trading communities of the mountains, was remarkably dull. Goods had been sold at very low rates, in some instances lower than the first cost. The winter has been so remarkably clear and fine, that the miners—who had removed to the dry diggings, in anticipation of rain—have been greatly embarrassed in their operations. They have occupied themselves in throwing up dirt, and only await a week's rain to wash out sufficient gold to restore the trade of the country. New discoveries of gold in quartz rock continue to be made, and some of the specimens, which have been assayed, are of almost incredible richness. The mining region in the north, on the Klamath, Shaste, and Umpqua Rivers, is yielding a rich return. The agricultural capacities of this region are also highly commended.

The difficulties between the miners and the Indians continue to increase, and a general war with all the tribes of the Sierra Nevada, is threatened. The principal depredations have been committed on the Mariposa and the American Fork. The Indians are supposed to be leagued together, and to have their head-quarters near the source of the Cattee river. In consequence of a murder on Fresno Creek, a company of seventy-five Americans, under the command of Capt. Barney, attacked one of their strongholds. It was a fortified village, built on the summit of a mountain, and accessible only at one point. The battle lasted three hours, the Indians being finally driven off with the loss of sixty men. It was reported in San José that the Indians had surprised a company of seventy-two men, on Rattlesnake Creek, and murdered them all. In consequence of these occurrences, the Governor dispatched Col. Johnson to the scene of disturbance, ordered out 200 men, and applied to Gen. Smith for the assistance of the United States troops.

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A large business is now done in bringing droves of sheep from New Mexico and Sonora into California. The expedition dispatched for the purpose of exploring the Colorado River has reached a point thirty miles from its mouth. Several meetings have been held in favor of constructing a railroad between San Francisco and San José, and half the stock was subscribed at the last accounts.

We have dates from Oregon to Jan. 25th. The papers speak with enthusiasm of the climate and agricultural capacities of the country. On the coldest day of January, at Portland, Oregon, the thermometer only fell to 23°. A large steamer, named the "Lot Whitcomb," has been built at Milwaukie, and was launched on Christmas Day with great ceremony, Gov. Gaines giving her the christening. She is 160 feet in length, and is to run on the Willamette River.

EUROPE.

England presents a history of more than usual interest for the past month. Parliament was

opened on the 3d of February. The Queen's speech contained no decided feature beyond recommending a reform in the administration of the Courts of Equity. An excited address arose on the Parliamentary address in reply to the speech. Lord John Russell took strong grounds against the acts of the Pope, and proposed that the most stringent measures, regulating the conduct of all Catholic functionaries, should be adopted. On the 17th of February, the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid before the Commons the budget for the current year. It appears that the surplus of last year was £2,500,000, half of which the Chancellor proposed to apply to the national debt. He also proposed to abolish the window-tax, but to introduce a house-tax in its stead. Several other modifications were made, but unfavorably received; and on the 20th, on the question of a bill giving the franchise to every householder paying £10 taxes, the Ministry was left in a minority of 48 votes. After this reverse, the Cabinet, which for some time previous had been rapidly losing ground, had no alternative but to resign. It entered upon office in July, 1846, and consequently ruled for nearly five years. The resignation took effect on Saturday, Feb. 22d. The Queen at once accepted it, and sent for Lord Stanley, who declined undertaking the construction of a new Government. Her Majesty then returned to Lord John Russell, who tried unsuccessfully to induce Sir James Graham to enter the Ministry. Lord Aberdeen was then summoned and Lord Stanley a second time, but no arrangement could be made. Finally, a meeting of the resigned Ministry was held on the 28th, and it was rumored that a new Cabinet would be formed from the old one, substituting Sir James Graham in the place of Lord John Russell. Another report is, that the Queen intends to advise with the Duke of Wellington, in relation to the crisis.

During this interregnum, very little has been done in Parliament. On a motion of D'Israeli, involving the principle of free trade, the Government only carried its point by a majority of 14 in a full House. The House of Lords has rejected the bill allowing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, its principal opponents being the Bishops, who resisted it on religious grounds. The anti-papal agitation is still kept up, but in a less violent form. The great Crystal Palace in Hyde Park is now completed, and the throng of visitors is very great. Contributions are continually arriving from all quarters of the world.

In France the President's influence appears to be on the decline. Having sent into the National Assembly his demand for a donation of \$360,000 in addition to the salary provided for him in the Constitution, it was lost after a sharp debate, by a majority of 102. A national subscription to relieve the President from his pecuniary embarrassments, was proposed, but this he declined, preferring to reduce his private expenses. A sale of his horses, however, did not bring more than half their cost.

A number of Diplomatic changes have been made. Among the appointments are: Gen. Aupick, Ambassador to England; Lavalette, to Constantinople; M. de Sartiges, to the United States; M. Bourboulon, to China; M. de Saint-Georges, to Brazil, &c. The National Assembly has accomplished nothing of importance. The subjects of Labor and Agriculture have been discussed, but without reaching any conclusion. The third anniversary of the Republic was celebrated throughout all parts of France, with the greatest enthusiasm. The manifestations of republican sentiment were so sincere and so universal, that the Orleanists and Legitimists were struck dumb. At the latest dates, it was rumored that they were about forming a union, on the basis of the restoration of Henry V., acknowledging the Count de Paris as his successor. The Ex-Queen is said to have joined this movement, though the Duchess of Orleans will not consent to postpone the claims of her son.

Germany is still in a fog. The Dresden Conference has not yet been able to bring order out of the chaos. The reconstitution of the Central German Power was partly agreed on, each Government taking the Presidency by turns. Austria, however, claimed the Presidency without alternation. Prussia thereupon refused to sanction the installation of a Central Power until all the German Governments have stated their views concerning the revision of the Constitution of the Diet. A return to the old form of the Diet is recommended in many quarters, as the sole means of restoring harmony; but the prospect of a settlement which shall be generally acceptable, is as far off as ever. The Prussian Assembly was, at the last accounts, engaged in discussing a new law for the censorship of the Press.

Switzerland is menaced with a war on the part of the German Powers, for the purpose of recovering for Prussia the Canton of Neuchatel. It is stated that the Confederation will shortly march an army to the Swiss frontier: they have been restrained, up to the present time, by the fear of exposing themselves to revolution at home. England it is rumored will strongly oppose such a movement. The Federal Council of Switzerland has issued a decree, prohibiting French refugees from residing in the cantons on the French frontiers. The number of political refugees in the country amounts to about 500, large numbers having been sent to England and the United States, at the expense of the Federal Government.

ITALY is in a state of great alarm, in relation to Mazzini and his revolutionary designs. It is stated that he has raised a loan of more than two millions of francs, and is maturing his plan for an outbreak which shall sweep the whole Italian peninsula. Garibaldi (who is at present on Staten Island, near New-York) is reported to be on the coast with a large naval force. These rumors are made the pretext of an increase of the Austrian force in Italy. The forces of Piedmont are being put upon a war footing, in order to be ready for any emergency. It was stated, in Turin, on the 24th of February, that the German Powers have demanded of the Piedmontese government, the suppression of the liberty of the press, and reconciliation of the Court of Rome.

The bands of robbers which infest the mountains, in the Papal States, have been dislodged from some of their strongholds, by the united Austrian and Roman forces. A party of thirty of these brigands took possession of the town of Forlini-Popoli, and plundered the inhabitants, who were at the time congregated in the theatre of the place. In the island of Corsica, a robber named Mazoni has, for 18 months past, held possession of a fortified town called Ile-Rousse, with a population of 1,000 inhabitants. He communicates with the agents of the Government, his dispatches being drawn up in regular style, and signed "Mazoni, Bandit." Archbishop Hughes is still preaching in Rome, and it is said that he either has been or shortly will be made Cardinal.

The Government of NAPLES has completed its work of persecution. From twenty to thirty men, some of noble rank, some formerly Ministers of State, have been condemned to the prison or the galley. Of 140 Deputies, eighty-five are in various ways victims: twenty-four have been shut up in prison, unheard of for two years; and sixty-one are refugees.

The thirteenth Storthing (National Congress) of NORWAY, was opened on the 11th of February by King Oscar in person. Among other things, he recommended the construction of a railroad from the City of Christiana to Lake Miösen.

From TURKEY we learn that Gen. Dembinski has reached Constantinople. All the refugees have left Shumla, and 240 persons, chiefly Poles, had sailed from Constantinople on their way to America. Kossuth, with 300 Hungarians, still remains at Kutahya, where a very strict guard is maintained over all his movements. He is not allowed to communicate with his friends. A sale of Gen. Bem's effects was held at Aleppo on the 23d of January, and enormous prices were paid for trifles of all kinds, as relics. The troubles at Bagdad and Aleppo have been subdued. A difficulty arose between the Porte and Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, in relation to a retrenchment of the expenditures of the latter. At one time a war was anticipated, but our latest dates announce that the difference has been adjusted.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Mr. Howe, the Commissioner dispatched to England from Nova Scotia, writes from London that his mission on behalf of the Portland and Halifax Railroad will prove successful. A serious disturbance has taken place on the Great Western Railroad, near Hamilton, Canada West, 900 laborers having made a strike for higher wages. As they menaced the peace of the neighborhood, the inhabitants called on the executive for the aid of the troops to assist the civil authorities.

A large anti-slavery meeting was held at Toronto, on the 28th of February. Its avowed object is to furnish sympathy and aid to the American fugitives. A large class of persons, however, including the Government officials, are opposed to the movement. The Free School system is becoming popular in Canada, and is already partially adopted in the District of Toronto.

MEXICO.

We have news from the Mexican capital to the 15th of February. The country was remarkably quiet, the revolts in Chiapas and Guanajuato having been completely quelled. Congress has done nothing of importance. Señor Lacunza has declined the post of Minister to England, which has been given to Señor Payno, who has resigned the office of Minister of Justice. Munguia, the refractory Bishop of Michoacan, has given in his submission to the Government. President Arista is engaged in arranging an active plan of operations with his Cabinet, and favorable predictions are made in regard to the effects of his administration.

On the 16th of February, the City of Chihuahua was thrown into great alarm by the rumor that thirty American adventurers, leagued with a large body of Indians, armed with two field-pieces, were encamped at a short distance. The troops were ordered out, but could not find such a force, though the existence of a company of robbers among the mountains, headed by an American, was well ascertained. Great depredations are committed in the City of Mexico. On the 3d of February, eight armed men appeared on the public promenade, and plundered a large number of persons. The affairs of Yucatan are in a desperate condition. The treasury is exhausted, and the army called out against the Indians is without money or means to carry on the war.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

A war between the Central Government of Guatemala on one side, and the allied States of Honduras and San Salvador, has broken out. This rupture was occasioned by the British blockade of the Pacific ports of the latter States, which they attribute to the instigation of Guatemala. A joint army of 6000 men was raised for the protection of the frontier. The inhabitants of the mountain provinces of Guatemala, who are nearly all in favor of the Federal Union of the Central American States, sympathized with this movement, and large bodies of deserters from Carrera's forces joined the allied army. A plot of Carrera to excite a revolt in San Salvador was completely defeated. At the last accounts, the two armies had met near Chiquimula. One statement announces the total defeat of the allied forces by Carrera, while another says the former obtained possession of Chiquimula; and that the only victory gained by Carrera was over a company of deserters from his own ranks, near the village of San Geronimo.

In the State of Nicaragua, the chain of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is nearly completed. The engineers have nearly finished the survey of a road from Rio Lagæ, on the

western shore of the Lake, to the port of San Juan del Sur on the Pacific, a distance of twelve miles. Small boats are now building to run on the San Juan River, and it is expected that the transit from sea to sea will be made in twenty-four hours, and the journey from New-York to San Francisco in twenty-four days.

THE WEST INDIES.

On the 3d of March, Havana was in the midst of the Carnival, and given up to gayety of all kinds. The Captain General, Concha, has made himself exceedingly popular by his liberal measures, and it was rumored that he intended visiting Spain for the purpose of procuring further reforms in the government of the Island. Miss Fredrika Bremer was on a visit to Matanzas. The cholera has broken out at Cardenas, and there have been many fatal cases among the crews in the harbor and the negroes on shore.

This scourge is still prevailing in many parts of Jamaica, having made its appearance in some districts a second time with increased malignity.

In Hayti, the threatened war on the Dominicans has not been undertaken. The United States Government is interfering actively in the alleged imprisonment, without cause, of Captain Mayo, of the American brig *Leander*. The evidence in the case has been transmitted to the Emperor.

The inhabitants of Georgetown, Grand Caymanas, are digging up the beach around a certain inlet of the island, in search of a treasure supposed to have been buried by the pirate Gibbs. Several flat stones, marked with cabalistic letters, have been discovered, but no gold.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The workmen on the Panama Railroad are now engaged in laying the rails from Navy Bay to Gatun, a distance of three and a half miles. The first locomotive was landed on the 22d of February. A new steamer has been placed on the Chagres River, to run between Chagres and Gorgona, and another is building at Navy Bay for the same purpose, to form a daily line. The attention of Americans on the Isthmus is at present attracted towards the auriferous region of New Grenada, in the provinces of Choco and Antioquia, lying between the Pacific and the Magdalena River. About three hundred and fifty persons, principally Frenchmen, are engaged in working the Buenaventura mines, which yield from two to three ounces per day to each man. A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Carthagena on the 7th of February.

In VENEZUELA, the new President, Monagas, has been inaugurated; the country is quiet and prosperous.

The Presidential Election in PERU has terminated in favor of Echinique. Congress was to meet on the 20th of March.

One or two partial insurrections have occurred in BOLIVIA, and a decree has been issued for the banishment of all Buenos Ayreans, who were not married to Bolivian females. It is believed that the difficulty between Brazil and the Argentine Republic will be settled without war.

ASIA.

Late news from Canton announce the death of Commissioner Lin, who seized the English opium in 1839. Murders and piracy are on the increase in the Indian seas, notwithstanding the alleged severity of the Chinese authorities.

The British surveying ship *Herald* has arrived at Singapore, from the Arctic regions, bringing a rumor of news in relation to Sir John Franklin. Near the extreme station of the Russian Fur Company, the officers of the *Herald* learned from the natives that a party of white men had been encamped three or four hundred miles inland, that the Russians had made an attempt to supply them with provisions and necessaries, but had been prevented by the natives. No communication could be opened with the spot where they were said to be, as a hostile tribe intervened. The Esquimaux confirmed this rumor, with the addition that the whites had been murdered in a quarrel with the natives.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. XAVIER RAYMOND, a practised and accredited author, has begun a series of essays in the *Paris Journal des Debats*, on the British and American Steam Navigation Companies: historical details, statistics, modes of forming, organization—comparison. He agrees with our Secretary of the Navy, that it is better for government to subsidize companies, and partly or mainly rely upon them for war-steamers, than to build and maintain a steam-fleet for itself, at greater cost, and with no superiority of adaptation for belligerent service. He admits that this plan would not find grace with the European Ministers of Marine; but, for them, circumstances are different. The report of the Secretary has been received here as able and satisfactory. M. Raymond observes that, notwithstanding the amount of subsidies granted in England and America, to various Companies of Steam Navigation, he knows but one among those which operate on a line of more than five hundred leagues that is in a prosperous condition. This may be a mistake.

The Paris *Moniteur* contains a very curious and interesting biography, by an able hand, Dr.

Parise, of Dr. Joseph Ignatius *Guillotin*, the inventor of the famous instrument of decapitation called after him. His character was benevolent, and his design humane. This is now realized. He proposed his machine (not altogether original, but improved laboriously) in 1789: a report was ordered on it, by the Legislative Assembly in 1792; and on the 21st August of that year, it was first used for a political execution. It gave occasion for numberless effusions of verse at his expense. No one experienced more horror at the abuse of it, than he uniformly testified. Seventy-six physicians and surgeons perished under its slider. He rescued as many intended victims as he possibly could. He was finally arrested himself, for execution; by some chance he escaped, and then withdrew, in despair, from the political theatre.

We noticed lately the death of the Italian Professor SARTI, whose anatomical museum was exhibited last year in Broadway. The library of the deceased professor was being sold at Rome, when the police came in and stopped the sale. Among his books were twenty-one volumes of manuscript correspondence between the governments of Rome and Venice, from the time of Pope Paul Caraffa downwards. Monsignor Molsa, a great friend of the late professor, knowing of these volumes, which were in cipher, with their interpretations, hastened to tell Cardinal Antonelli, who dispatched orders just in time to save the secrets of the state from further exposure. Sarti died in Liverpool.

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The Fine Arts.

The present king of Prussia, great and glaring as are his faults as a politician, deserves the credit of doing a great deal for the advancement of art and the decoration of his capital and residence, Berlin. He is building there a new metropolitan church which is expected to be a splendid edifice, and will be such as far as the most lavish expenditure of money can make it. He has just completed a New Museum to contain the large and excellent collections of Egyptian antiquities (including those brought home by Prof. Lepsius), of the antiquities of the middle ages, of Slavonic and Germanic relics, of plaster casts from the antique, the collection known as the "Copper-Plate Cabinet," &c., &c., all of which have heretofore been most inconveniently arranged for inspection in the Old Museum and in various royal palaces, or else packed away somewhere out of sight. This edifice was designed by the architect Stüler; its foundations were laid in 1843, and its interior has just been completed with a luxury, variety, and extent of ornament, in the mosaic work of the floors, and the decorations of the walls and ceiling, which are not equalled by any other public building. Among the artists employed in these decorations are the sculptors Wredow, Gramzow, Stürmer, Schievelbein, and Berges; here, too, is to be seen Kaulbach's great series of frescoes, of which the Babel is already finished, and the Destruction of Jerusalem nearly so. The landscape painters Græb, Pape, Biermann, Schirmer, Max Schmidt, contribute a great number of frescoes of Egyptian and oriental subjects. A critic in the *Grenzboten* who eulogizes the beauties both of design and execution in the separate parts of the edifice, still says, and we think not without reason, that it does not form a united and organic whole. He says, too, that in it the old works are rather used as decorations for the architecture than the latter as a setting for them; "I cannot avoid the impression that here the old monuments of art are not the end, but the means to the execution of the great edifice of modern times in which it is sought to embody the entire encyclopædistic, historical experience in art belonging to the present epoch."

Another edifice which this prince intends as a monument of his reign, is the new Campo Santo, or burial-place for members of the royal family, which he is erecting at Berlin. This building, which will surround a court where are the tombs, is to be ornamented with frescoes by the eminent painter Cornelius. This artist has just completed the third great cartoon for these frescoes. Its subject is the Resurrection. Its place is on the right of the "Heavenly Jerusalem" and opposite to the "Four sides of the Apocalypse," which is on the left of the "Downfall of Babylon." Thus on one side of the hall is represented the destruction of Evil, on the other the triumph of the Good. The Resurrection, which has been changed somewhat from the original design, is described as follows: On a rock is seen an angel in a position of repose, with the book of life and death unopened on his lap, his right hand grasping the sword of justice. His face is thoughtful and sublimely earnest. On the left are figures full of terror and despair, on the right all is heavenly joy and satisfaction. In the centre is a re-united family animated by the delight of meeting again. At the side of this family are two girls and above them three youths, noble and beautiful persons. The faces of the maidens are turned upward, illuminated by the eternal light of heaven. On the same side of the family are three persons advanced in age, one woman and two men, waiting in pious hope and submission for the decision of the judge; on the other side, a little higher, three figures seek and find that salvation is theirs; a youth whose foot reaches back among the condemned is drawn mildly forth by an angel, and beside him is a tender maiden with her young brother in her arms, whom she holds lovingly, as she follows the celestial messenger. The group on which Justice sorrowfully fulfils its office, occupies about a quarter of the canvas; it consists of two youthful and two more aged figures. On a height a woman wrings her hands in the anguish of remorse, while another gazes in despair upon the ground. A youth lies backward leaning on his right hand, shading his eyes with his left as if not to see the approach of destruction. The older pair, a man and woman, have thrown themselves to the earth; the woman hides her face in her hands, the man, leaning on his elbows, tears his hair with his hands; his face expresses the consciousness of a sin which can find no forgiveness. The artist has aimed throughout to convey the idea that salvation and damnation are not *inflicted* or *conferred* upon the persons, but are the

result of the inward state of each soul and conscience. The angel with the book of life and death can announce no sentence which has not already been pronounced by the very being to which it refers. The execution of the whole is spoken of as sublime and grandiose.

The well-known German painter, Hiltensperger, has received the commission to design and partly to execute for the new imperial palace at St. Petersburg (an edifice destined to serve as a museum of antique art) a series of paintings, representing the history of art among the Greeks and Romans. A part of the designs are already completed, and receive the warm praise of those to whom they have been exhibited. In order to avoid the monotony which seems inherent in the subject, he represents the peculiarities of each artist introduced by a symbolic picture; for instance, the inventor of battle pictures is designated by a picture of that sort; the discoverer of an effect of light, by a boy blowing a fire, &c. Historical epochs and their transitions are denoted by allegorical figures, like day and night.

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An old picture has been discovered in the city of Hanover which seems to be proved a genuine LEONARDO DA VINCI. It is known that Leonardo, as well as Zenale and the French artist Bourgogne, was commissioned by Ludovico Sforza, on occasion of the birth of his twin sons, to paint a picture glorifying the mother (Beatrice D'Este) and the event. Zenale and Bourgogne resorted to the Christian narrative, and represented the Duchess as the Virgin, and her two sons as the Saviour and John the Baptist; Leonardo, on the other hand, took his frame-work from the Greek mythology, and painted Leda and the Dioscures. The picture was greatly admired at the time, though that the figure of the Duchess of Milan should be represented nude was thought rather bad even then. The picture soon disappeared, and Vasari says that in his time it was no longer in existence, or else was probably at Fontainebleau. Other writers say it is in other places, but plainly none of them know any thing about it. The present picture was bought about five years since at an auction by a gentleman of Hanover. The conception and treatment agree perfectly with the original descriptions of Leonardo's work, while the coloring, drawing, and expression are pronounced altogether his.

The ART-UNION AT VIENNA opened its galleries to the public of that pleasure-loving city during December last, and more than two thousand persons visited them daily. The best pictures were by the Düsseldorf artists Tidemann and Achenbach. The *Religious Service of the Haugians*, by the first, is said by one critic to overwhelm the spectator by its spirit of earnest piety, before it allows him to admire the incomparable art of its execution. The members of the sect are represented as assembled in a simple room, which is lighted from above. The light is modified by the dust which is caused by the crowd. Simple grandeur, adds the writer, makes this picture one of the most remarkable productions of modern art. It was sold for 2400 florins, or about 1000 dollars. Achenbach's landscape *Venner Lake in Sweden*, was also greatly admired; its price was 1800 florins. Hübner's *Emigrants* and Hasenclever's *Pastor's Family* were also favorites. Among the Vienna artists Führichs carried off the palm in this exhibition. He is a historical painter.

The Gazette of Cremona states, that a very splendid picture by Raffaelle has been brought to light in that city by a learned connoisseur, who, of course, would part with the priceless gem for a fixed sum! The composition portrays the Virgin worshipping the Infant Saviour, with St. Joseph in the back-ground. The *Art Journal* altogether discredits the story we translated from the German for the last *International* respecting a picture by Michael Angelo, said to have been discovered in London.

Letters from Rome speak in high terms of an alto relievo monument just modelled there by the German sculptor STEINHAUSER for a family in Philadelphia. The monument was designed to commemorate two sisters and a brother, and to be erected in a chapel built specially for the purpose. The artist has represented the three persons as gently sleeping, in a partially sitting posture, at the foot of a cross. The elder sister leans against the cross, and clasps the younger sister with one arm and the brother with the other. This sister is made the personation of Love, the younger of Faith, with one hand on an open book, and the boy of Hope, bearing a pomegranate flower in his hand. Above them floats the angel of the resurrection. The figures are of the size of life, and are said happily to combine the classical antique in form with Christian sentiment in expression. The whole is to be executed in marble, and surrounded with a frame-work of Gothic architecture. The work was awarded to Steinhauser as the result of a public competition, in which Crawford was one of the participants.

ADOLF SCHRÖDTER, one of the first painters of the Düsseldorf School, has just produced a series of nine colored sketches by way of illustrations to a poem of A. von Maren's entitled "The Court of Wine." He represents King Wine as leading a triumphal march enthroned on a wine-press, wreathed with vine leaves and drawn with grape vines by jolly vintagers of every age and sex. Behind follow as chamberlains a band of coopers, a jester dancing on a cask, and a troop of gay youths full of all "quips and cranks and youthful wiles." Then come, represented by most happily conceived figures, the German rivers on whose shores are the world-famous vineyards whose names make epicures smack their lips; then the German impersonations of *Saus* and *Braus*, or Joviality and Good Living; after them a troop of cooks, and next a queer company of dancers. We see a poet crowned with vine leaves, a tipsy-happy Capuchin monk and a jester laughing at him. The series closes with a love-scene, broken in upon by a watchman armed with a big spit hung with herrings, beer-cans, sausages, and other furniture of a German restaurant. The whole are treated with that affluence of national humor for which Schrödter is unequalled.

MR. HILL, a retired clergyman residing near the Catskill mountains, where he has given his leisure to the study of photography, after numerous experiments, has succeeded in obtaining colored pictures of extraordinary beauty. Portraits and landscapes, by his process, are said to be as fresh and vivid in color as those produced by the best *camera obscura*. The subject is an interesting one, and will have an important bearing upon the arts. We have noticed it more fully under the head of *Scientific Miscellany*.

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MR. HACKETT, or *Baron Hackett*, as we believe he is entitled to be called, is now in England. We have seen no announcements of his appearance in the theatres, but believe that like Macready, he had engagements, and was to make a "last appearance" in London during the present season. As the originator of the line of Yankee characters, he has, like the originators of almost every thing else, seen others step in and divide the palm with him. As an artist, he is more finished than his competitors, and as a general actor he is above all comparison with them. They confine themselves to one range of characters, he shows a versatility of talent, and goes through a variety which it requires some genius to conceive, as well as mere talent at imitation. His Falstaff—though we cannot concede it to be exactly the character drawn by Shakspeare—is the best delineation in its way given by any actor now on the stage, and his Monsieur Mallet is in all respects admirable.

THE STATUE OF GIOVANNI DI MEDICI, by Baccio Bandinelli, has just been placed on its pedestal in the place before the church of San Lorenzo at Florence. It is three hundred years since this statue was made, and during all this time it has been kept in the great council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, while its proper pedestal has been vacant. It represents Giovanni (the famous leader of the *bande nere*, or black bands, the Bayard of Italy, and the father of Cosmo I., the first Grand Duke of Florence) in a sitting posture, with the commander's baton in his hand. It is of little value as a work of art.

LORTZING, the eminent German composer of operas, who died lately, left behind him only four Prussian thalers, or \$3, on which his family had to exist a week. This was his sole property aside from music-books and a little furniture. And yet during his life he was a great favorite of the German people, and could not justly be called a spendthrift.

A very interesting series of lectures, by Henry James, George W. Curtis, Parke Godwin, and Mr. Huntington, was delivered before the artists of New-York, at the hall of the Academy of Fine Arts, in January and February. The ability displayed in the lectures, and the interest they excited, will induce measures for another course of the same kind next year.

A suggestion for extending the Triennial Exhibition of the works of Belgian artists, which opens at Brussels in August of the present year, to the painters and sculptors of all nations, has been discussed in that city.

A colossal statue of Wallace has recently been finished by a Mr. Patrick Park, at Edinburgh. It was publicly uncovered in the presence of a large party, composed in part of a regiment of

Noticing Brady, Lester, and Davignon's *Gallery of Illustrious Americans*, the London *Spectator* observes:

"In no people do the chief men appear as more thoroughly incarnate of the national traits; each outwardly a several Americanism. Here we have the massive potency of Daniel Webster,—on whose ponderous brow and fixed abashing eyes is set the despotism of intellect; Silas Wright,—a well-grown and cultivated specimen of the ordinary statesman; Henry Clay and Col. Fremont,—two halves of the perfected go-ahead spirit; the first shrewd, not to be evaded, knowing; the second impassable to obstacles and alive only to the thing to be done. The heads are finely and studiously lithographed from daguerreotypes by Brady, and suffice to show how utterly fallacious is the notion that *character* is lost in this process."

A portrait of the author of *Don Quixotte*, after a painting by Velasquez, has been discovered in Paris, and has created some sensation, as none of the portraits of the great Spanish poet hitherto existing were considered very authentic. The renown of Cervantes being not fairly established till after his death, little pains were taken to preserve his features during lifetime. His portrait had been painted by Pacheco; but there existed but a poor copy of this, and it was from this copy that all engravings have been taken. The hope, therefore, of possessing a portrait of the poet by such a man as Velasquez, is cheering; and there are some facts which go far enough to prove the thorough authenticity of that now discovered.

The Exhibition of the British Institution was opened to private view, in London, on the 8th of February, and to the public on the Monday following. The number of works in painting and sculpture amounts to 548, and, as a whole, the Exhibition is considered as scarcely up to the average.

Of French Taste we have a new illustration in the fact that M. de Triqueti, the sculptor, has completed a statue of Our Saviour, six and a half feet high, for one of the decorations of the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The late railway works, undertaken near Prague, in Bohemia, have brought to light a great number of objects which may constitute a new species of European art, we mean that if the Czecho-Slaves before the introduction of Christianity. Some of the ancient sculptures found relate to the Slavian goddess Ziwa, most undoubtedly analogous to the Indian Siwa.

Mr. S. S. OSGOOD has recently completed several very admirable portraits, one of which is of himself, and painted with remarkable ability. Another is of Mary E. Hewitt, one of our most respected literary women, whose fine face is reflected with equal fidelity and felicity from Mr. Osgood's canvas.

Record of Scientific Discovery.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.—Two alleged improvements in Photography have laid claim to public attention: one the product of France, the other of the United States. The French discovery was recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, by M. Blanquart-Evrard, and consists in a mode of whitening the sides of the camera, and also the interior of the tube, to which opticians have hitherto been accustomed to give a coating of black. By the new improvement, it is claimed, a saving of one-half is effected in the time required to produce a picture, beside the additional advantages of increased uniformity of action, and less necessity for a powerful light, together with less resistance from red, yellow and green rays. The plan has been experimented upon with success both in France and England. The second and latest invention is the Hillotype; so-called, in the absence of a better name, from Mr. L. L. Hill, of Greene Co., N. Y., who claims the discovery of a process, whereby photographic impressions can be produced with the complete colors of nature. It is stated that a number of successful experiments have established the

practicability of the new plan, and that landscapes, sunset-scenes, portraits, &c., have been produced with marvellous fidelity. We shall presently know more of these asseverations. As yet, the entire process is concealed, and, as in certain other instances, may never come to light.

THE LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTS.—In a paper by Mr. MURCHISON, read before the London Society of Arts, we find an interesting account of the origin and early history of that distinguished body. Efforts having been perseveringly made for the establishment of an institution for the promotion of the arts, sciences, and manufactures of the kingdom, the Society of Arts was finally organized in London, in the year 1754, under the auspices of Lord Rodney and other prominent persons. The success of this organization was encouraging and signal. Subscriptions poured in upon it, and a large number of members were soon enrolled. Premiums were then established; the first being one of £30 for the discovery of pure cobalt, and another of the same amount for the cultivation of madder. The progress of the Society from that period to the present has been uniformly encouraging, and it now ranks among the foremost scientific institutions of the day.

An anecdote of the artist BARRY, some of whose best works adorn the walls of the Society's Rooms, is related in connection with this accompt. Barry being in distress, the sum of £1200 was subscribed by the members for his relief, and with this amount it was determined to procure for him a life annuity. The funds were so applied; the payment of the annuity to Barry being confided to the father of the late Sir Robert Peel. After the receipt of the first quarter of the first year, however, the artist died. The balance of the purchase money was absorbed in the coffers of Sir Robert.

GOLD.—M. FREMY, successor to Gay-Lussac in the chair of chemistry at the Garden of Plants, Paris, has submitted to the French Academy the results of his *Chemical Researches on Gold*. It was considered important to these researches to study the combinations of the oxides of gold with the alkalis so extensively employed in gilding. The aurates were easily produced, but it was impossible to obtain the combination of alkalis and the protoxide of gold. Auric acid was produced by boiling the perchlaide of gold with excess of potash, precipitating the auric acid by sulphuric acid, and purifying the former by solution in concentrated nitric acid; afterward precipitating by means of water and washing the auric acid until the liquor contained no trace of nitric acid. The auric acid combines immediately with potash and soda. Mr. Fremy promises an examination of the question whether gold is able, in combining with oxygen, to form a salifiable base, as has been asserted. The present experiment was undertaken mainly in reference to its use in electro-gilding.

LIGHT AND HEAT.—Prof. Moigno lately presented to the French Academy a memoir on the experiments of Neef, in Frankfort, on the development of *Light and Heat in the galvanic circuit*. M. Moigno witnessed these experiments in person, and considers it proved, first, that light always appears at the negative pole, and that this primitive light is independent of combustion; second, that the source of the heat is properly the positive poles, and that this heat is originally dark heat; thirdly, that light and heat do not unite at the instant of evolution, but only after the intensity of each has reached a certain point; from this union ensue the phenomena of flame and combustion.

CHINESE COAL.—A late number of the Chinese Repository contains some *notices of Coal in China*, by Dr. D. J. Macgowan, in which occur a number of curious and interesting facts. Coal deposits are found to exist throughout the mountain ranges which girt the great plain of China; but unskilful mining and the difficulty of transportation enhance its cost and limit the consumption, so that it is little used except for culinary and manufacturing purposes. The best comes from Pingting-chau in Shánsí; the quality most in demand in central China is called the Kwang coal, and is brought from various districts in Húnán. Numerous varieties are produced in the province of Kiángsú—slaty, cannel, bituminous and anthracite. This portion of the mineral wealth of China is computed at nearly six millions of dollars. The scarcity of the supply is owing not to the poverty of the mines, but chiefly to the want of facilities for mining, which can alone be supplied by the steam-engine.

WATER OF THE OCEAN.—The results of observations on the different *Chemical Conditions of Water*, at the Surface of the Ocean and at the Bottom, on Soundings, have been communicated by Mr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts; who states, that while pursuing the subject of copper

corrosion at the surface of the ocean, he was some years since led to examine samples of copper, which had remained some time at the bottom of the ocean. He found that copper and bronze, and even a brass compound, from the bottom, were thickly incrustated with a sulphuret of copper, frequently found in crystallized layers, having a constant chemical composition, entirely free from chlorine or oxygen, the corroding agents of the surface. Specimens of copper and bronze from mud and clay at different depths, and in one instance from clean sand below a powerful rapid, gave thick layers of sulphuret of copper, or copper and tin. Instances of the corrosion of silver are also adduced. Mr. Hayes concludes that the waters from the land, which are never destitute of organic matter in a changing state, exert a very important influence in causing the differences of chemical condition in the ocean. Organic matter, he argues, dissolved from the surface of the earth, or from rocks percolating the strata, assumes a state in which it powerfully attracts oxygen; and waters holding this matter in solution readily decompose sulphates of lime and soda even when partially exposed to atmospheric air.

THE ASTEROIDS.—A letter from Prof. LEWIS R. GIBBS, of the Charleston Observatory, given in the *Charleston Evening News*, enumerates thirteen Kuam *Asteroids*; three having been discovered during the past year. The following Table gives their names in order of discovery, date of discovery, name and residence of discoverer, and the mean distances of the Asteroids from the sun, that of the earth being called 1:

Name.	Date.	Discov'r.	Place.	M. Dist.
1. Ceres	1801, Jan. 1	Piazzi,	Palermo	2,766
2. Pallas	1802, Mar. 28	Olbers,	Bremen	2,772
3. Juno	1804, Sept. 1	Harding,	Lilienthal	2,671
4. Vesta	1807, Mar. 29	Olbers,	Bremen	2,361
5. Astræa	1845, Dec. 8	Hencke,	Driessen	2,420
6. Hebe	1847, July 1	Hencke,	Driessen	2,420
7. Iris	1847, Aug. 13	Hind,	London	2,385
8. Flora	1847, Oct. 18	Hind,	London	2,202
9. Metis	1848, April 25	Graham,	Markree	2,386
10. Hygeia	1849, April 12	Gasparis,	Naples	3,122
11. Parthenope	1850, May 11	Gasparis,	Naples	2,440
12. Clio	1850, Sept. 13	Hind,	London	2,330
13. Not named	1850, Nov. 2	Gasparis,	Naples	Unk'wn

It appears that of these thirteen Asteroids, three have been discovered by Hind of London, three by Gasparis of Naples, two by Hencke of Driessen, two by Olbers of Bremen, while Piazzi of Palermo, Harding of Lilienthal, and Graham of Markree, have each discovered one. Eight out of the twelve orbits ascertained have an inclination of less than ten degrees. The *London Athenæum* states that the Lalande Medal of the Paris Academy of Sciences has been awarded to M. de Gasparis for his discovery of the planet Hygeia. The prize for 1850 was shared between Gasparis for his two discoveries in November, and Mr. Hind for his discovery of Clio on the 13th of September.

GEOLOGY OF SPAIN.—A late number of the Journal of the British Geological Society contains an interesting and valuable paper by Don JOAQUIN EZQUERRA DEL BAYO, on the Geology of Spain. The Geological constitution of the country is stated to consist of three principal divisions—the Crystalline, Transition, and Secondary formations. The gneiss rocks of the first division occupy about a fifth of the surface of the soil, extending longitudinally from north to south. The plutonic rocks which penetrate them are generally granite of various degrees of firmness. The most important of the granitic ramifications to the east passes by the Sierra de Gridos, Sierra d'Avila, and the Guadarrama, to Soma Sierra, in a north-east direction. The great granitic outburst of Truxillo and of the mountains of Toledo does not extend so far to the east. A third, which has probably given its present form to the Sierra Morena, terminates at Linares, in the province of Jaen. The rocks are not rich in useful metals compared with their great development, but lead and copper are found in great quantities in the district of Linares, and rich argentiferous veins have been lately discovered at Hiendeleucina. Other veins have become exhausted. The successive formations of the country present some curious features. "Our soil," says Don Joaquin, "has never been at rest, nor is it so even at present. Earthquakes are still often felt at Granada, and along the coast of the province of Alicante, where their effects have been disastrous." Among the numerous fossils found upon the coast of Spain are some species of mollusca of an extraordinary size, and in the vicinity of Cuevas de Vera the remains of elephants have been found, isolated and distributed in different directions, proving the existence of a more tropical climate in former times than now prevails in those districts.

In the Paris ACADEMY OF SCIENCES an extended Report was read at a recent meeting from a

committee on M. ROCHET D'HERICOURT's third journey in Abyssinia, in the northern part. He started in 1847, and returned in 1849. In Geography he determined directly, by observation of the meridian heights of the sun, the latitude of a large number of geographical points in Egypt, in Arabia Petræa, along the coasts of the Red Sea, and in the north of Abyssinia. His meteorological observations were constant, and are pronounced especially exact. So, those of the magnetic inclination. The results are furnished in the Report. He attended closely and successfully to the geology of the regions which he traversed. The geological constitution of Abyssinia is now made known over the greater part of its surface. The herbarium which the traveller brought to the Museum of Natural History, consists of 150 species, the most of them, however, of plants already known. Three new ones are described. He succeeded in getting home a sheep of Abyssinia, remarkable for the long hairs of its fleece. Some of his specimens of fish are new. Much attention is given to his new species of *Epeira*, or silk-spider. At the sight of the silk which forms the web of the insect, he conceived the hope that it might be turned to account for the silk-manufacture. It is very fine and soft, long and firm enough, and of a beautiful yellow color. This spider inhabits the large trees, shrubbery, and hedges, and extends its webs to the neighboring habitations; and the webs are nearly all more than a yard in diameter. The quantity is prodigious. "M. d'Hericourt," says the Report, "like every person who has attempted tissues with spiders' webs or cocoons, has not sufficiently regarded the difficulty of domesticating them, as is done with the silk-worm, in order to multiply them adequately, and provide them with such insects of prey, or sufficient nourishment." The Committee proposed the formal thanks of the Academy to the traveller, for the scientific harvest of his new journey, and an expression of the interest felt in the speedy publication of his narrative.

SHOOTING-STARS.—M. QUETELET states, in relation to the *Shooting-Stars of August, 1850*, that the number per hour on the evening of the 9th of August was about 60 for Brussels; on the evening of the 10th, 111 for Brussels, 180 for Markree, Ireland, and 58 for Rome. The direction was the same in each place.

Recent Deaths.

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DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF LOUIS XV.'S MOUSQUETAIRES.—The *Journal de Francfort* states that Viscount Frederic Adolphe de Gardinville, of Athies, mousquetaire gris in the service of Louis XV., and knight of the order of St. Louis, has just died, aged 113, at his country house, near Homburg. This officer was born on the twenty-eighth of January, 1738, and had retired to Homburg after the dissolution of the army of the Condé.

THE REV. JOHN OGILBY, D.D., of New-York, died in Paris on the second of February. He was rector of St. Mark's church, in the Bowery, and had been for nine years professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His health had been impaired for several years, and he had visited Europe in the hope that change of climate and associations would improve it.

The venerable and accomplished GEORGE THOMSON, the correspondent of Burns, died recently in Leith Links, at the advanced age of ninety-two. Mr. Thomson's early connection with the poet Burns is universally known, and his collection of Scottish Songs, for which many of Burns's finest pieces were originally written, has been before the public for more than half a century. His letters to the poet are incorporated with all the large editions of Burns, and the greater portion of them will be included in the new life by Chambers.

THE EMIR BECHIR, who, during fifty years, played so important a part in Syria, died lately at Kaokeni, a village on the Bosphorus. His eldest son, Halib, and younger son, Emir, who had both embraced Islamism, died a few days before him. Izzet Pasha is appointed Governor of Damascus.

DR. LEURET, the physician of Bicêtre, who is well-known to the scientific world by his profound works on mental derangement and the anatomy of the brain, died on the sixth of January, at Nancy, his birthplace, after a long illness.

The Dutch papers report the death, at Amsterdam, aged seventy-two, of a marine painter of eminence, M. KOCKKOEK, father of the distinguished landscape painter of the same name.

JOANNA BAILLIE, whose literary life reached back into the last century, and whose early recollections were of the days of Burke, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the great men who figured before the French Revolution, died at Hampsted, near London, on the evening of Sunday, the twenty-third of February, at the great age of nearly ninety years. During the principal part of her life she lived with a maiden sister, Agnes—also a poetess—to whom she addressed her beautiful *Birthday* poem. They were of a family in which talent and genius were hereditary. Their father was a Scottish clergyman, and their mother a sister of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter. They were born at Bothwell, within a short distance of the rippling of the broad waters of the Clyde. Joanna's child-life and associations are beautifully mirrored in the poem to which we have alluded. Early in life the sisters removed to London, where their brother, the late Sir Matthew Baillie—the favorite medical adviser of George III.—was settled as a physician, and there her earliest poetical works appeared, anonymously. When she began to write, she tells us in one of her prefaces, not one of the eminent authors of modern times was known, and Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward were the poets spoken of in society. The brightest stars in the poetical firmament, with very few exceptions, have risen and set since then; the greatest revolutions in empire and in opinion have taken place; but she lived on as if no echo of the upturnings and overthrows which filled the world reached the quiet of her home; the freshness of her inspirations untarnished; writing from the fulness of a true heart of themes belonging equally to all the ages. Personally she was scarcely known in literary society; but from her first appearance as an author, no woman commanded more respect and admiration by her works; and the most celebrated of her contemporaries vied with each other in doing her honor. Scott calls her the Shakspeare of her sex:

— "The wild harp silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice a hundred years roll'd o'er,
When SHE, the bold enchantress, came
With fearless hand and heart on flame,—
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspiring strain
Deem'd their own SHAKSPEARE lived again!"

Her first volume was published in 1798, under the title, *A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy*. A second volume was published in 1802, and a third in 1812. During the interval, she gave the world a volume of miscellaneous dramas, including the *Family Legend*, a tragedy founded upon a story of one of the Macleans of Appin, which, principally through the good offices of Sir Walter Scott, was brought out at the Edinburgh Theatre. She visited Scott, in Edinburgh, in 1808, and in the following year the *Family Legend* was played in that city fourteen nights in succession. Scott wrote for it a prologue, and Mackenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*, contributed an epilogue. The same piece was performed in London in 1814. The only "Play of the Passions" ever represented on a stage was *De Montfort*, first brought out by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and played eleven nights. In 1821 it was revived by Edmund Kean, but fruitlessly. Miss O'Neil then played the heroine. Kean subsequently brought out *De Montfort* in Philadelphia and New-York. No actors of inferior genius have ventured to attempt it, and probably it will not again be represented.

The "Plays of the Passions" are Miss Baillie's most remarkable works. In this series each passion is made the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. In the comedies she failed completely; they are pointless tales in dialogue. Her tragedies, however, have great merit, though possessing a singular quality for works of such an aim, in being without the earnestness and abruptness of actual and powerful feeling. By refinement and elaboration she makes the passions sentiments. She fears to distract attention by multiplying incidents; her catastrophes are approached by the most gentle gradations; her dramas are therefore slow in action and deficient in interest. Her characters possess little individuality; they are mere generalizations of intellectual attributes, theories personified. The very system of her plays has been the subject of critical censure. The chief object of every dramatic work is to please and interest, and this object may be arrived at as well by situation as by character. Character distinguishes one person from another, while by passion nearly all men are alike. A controlling passion perverts character, rather than develops it; and it is therefore in vain to attempt the delineation of a character by unfolding the progress of a passion. It has been well observed too, that unity of passion is impossible since to give a just relief and energy to any particular passion, it should be presented in opposition to one of a different sort so as to produce a powerful conflict in the heart.



J Baillie

In dignity and purity of style, Miss Baillie has not been surpassed by any of the poets of her sex. Her dialogue is formed on the Shakespearian model and she has succeeded perhaps better than any other dramatist in imitating the manner of the greatest poet of the world.

In 1823 Miss Baillie published a collection of *Poetic Miscellanies*, in 1836 three more volumes of *Plays*, in 1842 *Fugitive Verses*, and she was the author also of *A View of the General Tenor of the New Testament Regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ*.

A short time before her death—not more than six weeks—a complete edition of her Poetical Works was published in London, in a very large and compact volume of 850 pages, by the Longmans—"with many corrections and a few additions by herself." The volume opens with the *Plays on the Passions*. We have then the miscellaneous plays; and the last division includes her delightful songs and all her poetical compositions not dramatic nor connected with the plays; and here appears a poem of some length, recently printed for private circulation, as well as some short poems not before published. A pleasing and characteristic portrait accompanies the volume, and we have had it copied for the *International*.

Though Miss Baillie's fame always tended to draw her into society, her life was passed in seclusion, and illustrated by an integrity, kindness, and active benevolence, which showed that poetical genius of a high order may be found in a mind well regulated, able and willing to execute the ordinary duties of life in an exemplary manner. Gentle and unassuming to all, with an unchangeable simplicity of character, she counted many of the most celebrated persons of the last age among her intimate friends, and her quiet home was frequently resorted to by people of other nations, as well as by her own countrymen, for the purpose of paying homage to a woman so illustrious for genius and virtue.

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SPONTINI, the celebrated composer, author of *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, died on the 24th ult., at Majolati, near Ancona, where he had gone to pass the winter, in the hope of re-establishing his health. Being desirous of attending divine service, in spite of the severity of the season, he took cold on leaving the church, which in a short time led to a fatal result. He expired in the arms of his wife, the sister of M. Erard, the celebrated pianist. He was in the seventy-second year of his age. The life of this unfortunate *Maestro*, says the *Athenæum*, would be a curious rather than a pleasing story, were it thoroughly written. He was educated at the *Conservatorio de la Pietà* of Naples, and began his career when seventeen years of age, as the composer of an opera, *I Puntigli delle Donne*. To this succeeded some sixteen operas, produced within six years, for the theatres of Italy and Sicily, not a note of which has survived. In 1803, Spontini went to Paris, in which capital again he produced some half-a-dozen operas and an oratorio,—all of which have perished. It would seem, however, as if there must have been something of grace in either *Maestro* or music, since Spontini was appointed music-director to the Empress Josephine; and it was owing to court interest that his *La Vestale*—on a *libretto* rejected by both Mehal and Cherubini—was put into rehearsal at the *Grand Opéra*. The rehearsals went on for a twelvemonth. Spontini rewrote and re-touched the work while it was in preparation to such an excess, that the expense of copying the alterations is said to have amounted to *ten thousand*

francs (\$2,000)! *La Vestale*, however, was at last produced, in 1809, with brilliant and decisive success, so far as France and Germany were concerned. In 1809 he produced his *Fernand Cortez* at the *Grand Opéra*. That work, too, was favorably received, and still keeps the stage in Germany. In no subsequent essay was the composer so fortunate. *Olympie*, the third grand work written by him for France, proved a failure. During the latter part of his residence in Paris, he directed the Italian Opera, until it fell to Madame Catalani. It was in 1820 that the magnificent appointments offered to the *Maestro* by the Court of Prussia tempted him to leave Paris for Berlin; in which capital his last three grand operas were produced with great splendor. These were, *Nourmahal* (founded on 'Lalla Rookh), *Alcidor*, and *Agnes von Hohenstauffen*. None of them, however, could be called successful. In Berlin, Spontini continued to reside as first Chapel-master till the death of the late King,—and there his professional career may be said to have ended. A life in some respects more outwardly prosperous cannot be conceived. Spontini was rich,—girt with ribbons and hung with orders;—but it may be doubted whether ever official grew old in the midst of such an atmosphere of dislike as surrounded the composer of *La Vestale* at Berlin. He was mercilessly attacked in print,—in private spoken of by rival musicians with an active hatred amounting to malignity. There was hardly a baseness of intrigue with which report did not credit him. His music, even, was avoided in his own theatre; and it was an article in the contract of more than one *prima donna*, that she would not sing in Spontini's operas. Of later years, he rarely was seen in the orchestra save to direct his own works. In this capacity he showed a vivacity, a precision, and an energy almost incomparable. As a man, he had the courtliest of courtly manners; the air, too, of one well satisfied with his own personal appearance. He conversed chiefly concerning himself and his works, apparently taking little or no interest in other transactions of art. This might account for his ill odor in a capital where misconstructions and jealous evil-speaking have too often been the lot of the simplest, the most learned, and the least self-asserting of artists. The limited nature of his sympathies may be felt in Spontini's music. With all its spirit, this is generally dry—awkward without the excuse of learned pedantry—sometimes grand, very seldom tender—the rhythm more decided than the melody, which is often frivolous, often flat, rarely vocal. He has been accused of shallowness in the orchestral treatment of his operas,—in which noise is often accumulated to conceal want of resource. But allowing all these objections to be generally true to the utmost, the *finale* to the second act of *La Vestale* still remains—and will remain—a master-piece of declamation, spirit, and stage climax. The rest of *La Vestale* is carefully wrought,—but in power, and brightness, and passion, by many a degree inferior to that temple-scene. For its sake, the name of Spontini will not be forgotten, unsatisfactory as was his career in Art, and small as was his personal popularity.

CHARLES COQUERELL, a brother of the eminent Protestant minister, and himself well known and esteemed in the scientific circles of Paris, died in that city, early in February. He long reported the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences for the *Courrier Français*; and is the author, besides, of various works in general literature. He wrote a *History of English Literature—Caritéas, an Essay on a complete Spiritualist Philosophy*—and *The History of the Churches of the Desert, or of the Protestant Churches of France from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Reign of Louis the XVI*. In this last performance he introduces the substance of a mass of private and official correspondence from Louis XIV.'s time down to the revolution, relative to Protestantism in France, and the numberless and atrocious persecutions to which it was subjected. Many of the papers he obtained are of great literary and historical value, and he has taken measures for their preservation.

COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAMS, M. P. for Ashton, died on the nineteenth of December. He was born in St. John's Newfoundland, and is said to have joined the army of Burgoyne at the age of twelve years, and to have been present at the battle of Stillwater. He afterwards accompanied Lady Harriet Acland on her memorable expedition to join her husband in captivity. He afterwards saw much active service, and died aged eighty-seven, supposed to have been the last survivor of the army of Saratoga.

HERR CHARLES MATTHEW SANDER, described as one of the most celebrated surgeons of Germany, and author of many works not only in illustration of his more immediate profession and of medicine, but also on Greek phiology and archæology, died suddenly, at Brunswick, in his seventy-second year, while seated at his desk in the act of writing a treatise on anatomy.

NICHOLAS VANSITTART, Lord Bexley, was the second son of Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal, and was born on the twenty-ninth of April, 1776. Four years after, his father perished in the *Aurora* frigate, when that vessel foundered at sea, on her outward passage to India. In 1791 he was called to the bar, but, finding little prospect of forensic advancement, he deserted Westminster Hall for the more ambitious arena of the House of Commons, being elected member for Hastings in 1796. In 1801 he proceeded on a special mission to the Court of Copenhagen; but

the Danish Government, overawed by France and Russia, refused to receive an English ambassador. Soon after his return he became joint secretary of the treasury, which office he held until 1804, when the Addington ministry resigned. In 1805, he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland; in 1806, he resumed his former duties at the treasury; and, in 1812, on the formation of the Liverpool administration, he obtained the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, for which he was peculiarly fitted by the bent and information of his mind. So far back as 1796, he had addressed a series of pamphlets to Mr. Pitt, on the conduct of the bank directors; and in 1796 he had published an inquiry into the state of the finances, in answer to a very popular production, by a Mr. Morgan, on the national debt. The death of Lord Londonderry, in 1822, led to a reconstruction of the ministry; and Mr. Vansittart was offered a peerage and the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet, on condition that he quitted the Exchequer. This arrangement was carried out in the month of January following. At length, in 1828, he retired from public life, and since that period resided in comparative retirement, at Footscray, near Bexley, in Kent. Lord Bexley was F.R.S., D.C.L., and F.S.A.

JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D., F.R.S., one of the most eminent scholars and theological writers of the time, died at Guilford, near Leeds, in England, on the fifth of February, at the advanced age of seventy-six—having been born at Sheffield in 1775. His father was a bookseller, and it was intended to bring him up to the same business, but his early displays of talent, and his love of learning induced his father to send him to Rotherham College, where he greatly distinguished himself, and upon the completion of his terms of study became a classical tutor. In 1801—at the early age of twenty-five—he became theological tutor and principal of Homerton College, the oldest of the institutions for training ministers among the Independents. The duties of that responsible post he filled with untiring devotedness and the highest efficiency for the long space of fifty years. A theological professorship is naturally combined with ministerial duties; and in two or three years after his settlement at Homerton he received a call from the church at the Gravel Pits chapel, and continued the pastor of that church for about forty-seven years. The chief labor of Dr. Pye Smith's life, and his most enduring monument, was the work entitled *The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah: an inquiry with a view to a satisfactory determination of the doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures concerning the person of Christ*. This work is admitted by the greatest scholars to be the first of its kind. It is marked by profound and accurate learning, candid criticism, and by that reverential and Christian spirit which ought to govern every theological inquiry. He published several less important compositions, including one of decided value upon the relations of geology and revelation, which led to his election into the Royal Society; and he left a voluminous System of Christian Doctrine, in MS.



Ladies' Fashions for the Spring.

The advance of the spring appears to have brought increase of gayety in London and in Paris, in which cities fashionable society has received new impulses from circumstances connected with affairs. Heavy velvets have generally given place to silks and satins, and there is a prevailing airiness in the manner in which they are made up. The first of the above full-lengths represents a dress composed of a pale sea-green satin; the sides of the front decorated with *bouffants* or fullings of white *tulle*, formed in rows of three; at the top of each third fulling is a narrow border of green cord, forming a kind of gyp; these fullings reach up to each side of the point of the waist; low pointed corsage, the centre of which is trimmed to match the *jupe*; a small round cape encircles the top part of the corsage, descending halfway down each side of the front, trimmed with fullings of white *tulle* and narrow green cord; the lower part of the short sleeve is trimmed

to match. The hair is arranged in ringlets, and adorned on the right side with a cluster of variegated red roses.



In the second, is a dress of rich dark silk, made plain and very full, with three-quarter-high body, fitting close to the figure; bonnet of deep lilac.

Ball dresses are worn richly ornamented with ribbons, flowers, lace, and puffs, in great profusion.

Velvet necklaces, and bracelets, are much in vogue; the shades preferred are coral red, garnet, china rose, and, above all, black velvet, which sets off the whiteness of the skin. These bracelets and necklaces are fastened by a brooch or pin of brilliants or marcasite.

Dresses of heavy stuffs are rare in private drawing-rooms, and much more frequently seen at subscription balls, at the Opera, or exhibitions of art. Antique watered silk, figured pompadour, drugget, and lampus, attract by their wreaths of flowers; light net dresses, or mousselines, are rare.

Net dresses, with two skirts, are worn over a taffeta petticoat—the under and the upper skirts decked with small flowers, each trimmed with a dark ribbon. Wide lace also is worn in profusion, and the body as well as the sleeves is almost covered with it—the skirts having two or three flounces of English lace (application) or Alençon point; and these two kinds of lace are generally used for the heavy silk stuffs.

We have little to say about walking dresses. The choicest materials for morning dresses are dark damask satinated Pekin taffeta, and drugget.

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