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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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THE PLAGUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

In 1837 I was a resident in Galata, one of the faubourgs of Constantinople, sufficiently near the scenes of death caused by the ravages of the plague to be thoroughly acquainted with them, and yet to be separated from the Turkish part of the population of that immense city. It is not material to the present sketch to dwell upon the subject of my previous life, or the causes which had induced me to visit the capital of the East at such a period of mortality; and I will therefore only add, that circumstances of a peculiarly painful nature obliged me to locate myself in Galata, where there were none to sympathize in my feelings, or any one with whom I could even exchange more than a word of conversation. I saw none but the widowed owner of the house in which I had a chamber, her daughter Aleukâ, and Petraki, her little son.

While the epidemic raged, we four endeavored to keep up a rigid quarantine. Each recommended to the other the strictest observance of our mutual agreement not to receive any thing from without doors, except the necessaries of life; and whenever we left the house, which was to be as seldom as possible, not to come in contact with any one. Whenever I went out I invariably wore an oil-cloth cloak, and by the aid of my cane prevented the dogs of the streets, which are there so numerous, from rubbing against me. If I visited any one, which I seldom did, I always sat on a bench or chair to prevent conveying or receiving contagion; and before even entering the house, I always underwent the preparation of being smoked in a box, which during the prevalence of the plague is placed near its entrance for that purpose. These boxes were some eight feet high by three square, the platform on which the feet rested elevated about a foot above the earth, so as to admit under it a dish containing the ingredients of the prophylactic, and a hole in the door to let the face out during the smoking of the clothes and body. We procured our daily supply of provisions from a *Bakkal*, a retail grocer, whose shop was directly under our front window; an itinerant *Ekmekjer*, or bread-man, brought our bread to the door; our vegetables were procured from a gardener close by, and our water we drew from a cistern under the house: in fine, our food was either smoked or saturated before we touched it, and every possible precaution observed to cut our little family off from the dreadful scourge, 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction which wasteth at noon day.' The mother and daughter throughout the day spun silk, knitted woolen suits, or embroidered kerchiefs for head dresses, called in Romaic *fakiolee*, and even to a late hour of the night they frequently continued the same employment, until the plague prevented the sale of their handiwork, and their materials were all used up. All day long they would sit upon the sofa of their little apartment, facing the street, and while their hands toiled for a subsistence, the widow's daughter hummed a plaintive air, or occasionally broke the silence by conversing with her mother. The son was yet too young to be of assistance to his desolate mother and sister, and except when he said his letters to them, spent the day in idleness. As to my own employment, the dull period of time passed with them was a blank in my existence; and yet, such is the influence of past penury and pain, that I now recall them with pleasure.

The weather was generally very warm, and south-west breezes over the sea of Marmora prevailed. From our highest windows we could observe sluggish seamen lounging on the decks of their vessels in the port, afraid to land amid the pestilence. Here and there a vessel strove against the current of the Bosphorus to gain an anchorage; or would slowly float down that stream into the open sea, on its way to healthier and happier Europe. The starving dogs at nightfall would howl dismally, bewailing the loss of the benevolent hands from which they usually received their food; the gulls

and cormorants floated languidly over our dwelling, overpowered by the heat; and the dead silence, which in the afternoon and evenings prevailed, made a most melancholy and affecting impression on my mind.

The plague that summer, (I may limit the period to three months,) carried off more than fifty thousand persons. For some time the mortality amounted to a thousand *per diem*. The number of corpses which passed the limited range of my window daily increased; and after witnessing the spectacle for some time, I always insensibly avoided the sight of the dead, and felt a cold shudder run over my frame whenever the voice of the priest accompanying the corpses struck my ear. So dreadful is the malady, so surely contagious, and so mortal, that so soon as attacked, the unfortunate being is deserted by relatives and friends, and when dead, two or four porters beside a priest were generally the only persons who attended the body to the grave. When the deceased is a Mussulman, he is more frequently attended during his illness, and after death to his tomb, than if a Christian. With the former, the plague is a visitation of Providence, from which it is both useless and a sin to escape, while with the latter not only is it deemed necessary to provide for one's own life, but even to do so at the sacrifice of the dearest friend. Often I noticed a dead body tied on a plank which a single porter carried on his back; at other times the object would be concealed within a bag, and then the grave was a ditch common to all, into which the porter would shake off his load and return for another. No priest or Imam there presided over the funeral scene; few or none were the prayers that were said over the remains: he who but a short week before had been proud of his strength or condition, or she who in the same short space of time previous excelled in beauty and grace, there lay confounded in one neglected, unhonored, and putrefying mass. The air became impregnated with the effluvia; the houses around the Turkish cemeteries, which are mostly in the heart of the city, where the dead are interred, but some three feet beneath the surface, were soon deserted, their owners dead. The ever-green cypress trees under whose umbrageous quiet the beautiful children once played, now moaned over their little graves; and in fine, every one in the deserted city walked with measured steps, apprehensive of threatening death: awe and consternation filled the minds of all.

The Sultan's own household was not free from the scourge. By some means it found access to his servants and carried off about fifty of them. Their bodies were cast into the Bosphorus, and the Sultan fled to another palace. The ministers of the Sublime Porte suffered severely in their families; their wives and slaves died off in numbers; and even the minister of foreign affairs is said to have taken it and narrowly escaped. Few survived when once attacked, and the chances of recovery were scarcely worth calculating. And yet among the Mussulmans little or no precaution was taken; for although by a government order all the principal offices were provided with fumigatory boxes, they were seldom used. The Mussulman Sheiks declared that the contagion came from Heaven, and could only be averted by Almighty power. Yet it was a well-known fact that cleanliness of habits went far toward preserving against the disease; and frequent change of apparel, with ordinary precautions, sufficed to preserve many who otherwise would doubtless have taken it.

But I think the reader will be able, from the preceding sketch, to form some idea of the nature and extent of the mortality of the plague in 1837. While it raged, every feeling approaching to a similarity with what is known to denote an attack, excites apprehension. A pimple, through the medium of the imagination, is transformed into a horrid *bubo*; a cold or a simple head-ache, however trifling, are attributed to the dreaded malady; and even the firmest mind at such times quails under trifling appearances. In some cases the scene of agony closes in a few hours—even minutes; they fall down and almost immediately expire. Others linger for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or several days elapse before death puts an end to their sufferings. Some again bear it in their systems for several days, and attend to their usual occupations: at length it appears, they fall ill and expire, or recover. Few account for their being attacked; they do not remember having touched any one suspected or exposed; and again, the porters, whose duty it is to convey the attacked to the hospitals and the corpses to their graves, escape. The mother attends upon her dying child, sacrifices every apprehension to her affection, and yet escapes, or the child brings it to its parent, who dies, while the innocent cause survives. No cure has yet been found for it; and Nature must be left to take her course. Extreme heat or cold have a favorable effect upon it; but the temperate climate of Constantinople, with the frequent dearth of water, the dust, and other impurities, tend greatly to its dissemination.

It was therefore during this painful period that I resided in Galata; free, as I had hoped, from the contagion; and yet it found its way into our little family, accompanied by all its horrors.

One morning in the latter part of the month of October, invited by the clearness of the air and a fresh breeze which had scarcely strength sufficient to ruffle the water of the harbor, I left my humble apartment and ascended the steep hill of Pera. The view—from the small tuft of graves near the Galata tower, some of which were fresh; of the surrounding villages and the great city itself, where, although devastation had been and still was being carried on with horror, there seemed to reign the most perfect tranquility, resembling the calm bosom of the treacherous sea, quiet over the lifeless bodies of its victims and the wreck of the noble vessels which had furrowed its surface—relieved the monotony of my existence. I gazed longingly upon the many ships lying before me at anchor in the stream, which could in a few days bear me far away from the scenes of death and desolation that surrounded me; or I exchanged a word with any passing acquaintance who ventured from Pera to his counting-house in Galata. A longer walk gave rise to too many sad reflections. Farther on was the *Petit Champ des Morts*, a small Turkish cemetery, here and there spotted with new-made graves, over which more than one aged female mourned the loss of her life's companion, or perhaps it would be one of fewer years, who wept the fatal destiny of her young husband, brother, sister, or child.

After spending the best part of the day in walking about, I returned to the house of my residence. As usual, I found the door fastened; I knocked, but no one answered me. Again I knocked, and called repeatedly before my voice was heard. At length a low moan, and then a scream, issued from within. Petraki, the widow's son, opened the door, and with a pale and frightened countenance told me his mother had suddenly been taken very ill. There was no alternative. I entered her sitting-room, where in the company of the family I had spent many quiet hours. Now how changed! The mother lay upon the sofa, pale; and breathing with difficulty. Aleukâ, the daughter, knelt by her side on the floor, though greatly agitated herself, and endeavoring to calm her mother's apprehensions. Without once reflecting on the possible consequences, I sat down on a chair beside the sufferer, felt her pulse, and as well as I could, made inquiries after her health. Her pulse was quick, her tongue white and thickly furred, and extreme lassitude was shown by her dejected countenance. Uncertain as to the nature of her disease, and unable to offer any alleviation of her sufferings, I

retired to my apartment. There I *did* reflect on the danger which I had incurred, and the possibility of the widow having caught the plague.

Every hour she became worse; her sufferings were intensely painful; and to shorten the recital of the sad scene of that night, I will only add, that the horrid disease showed itself on her person before midnight, and at break of day her spirit fled. Of course my mind now prepared for death. I felt confident that I also should soon be a victim to the plague. Early in the morning I called a passing priest and had the widow's remains conveyed to their last abode—I knew not where. I had no place to fly to; every door would be closed against me; and I retired to my apartment, feeling that I was stepping into my tomb while yet alive. There I was not long kept in suspense, for soon the plague attacked first Petraki then myself. When giddiness, the first symptom of the plague, seized me, and I could no longer stand, but fell despairingly on my bed, what were my feelings! But let me not recall them *now*; the mental agony which I suffered it is impossible to describe, and I shudder at the recollection. Aleukâ attended upon me and her brother with all the tenderness and care and forgetfulness of self which is so characteristic of the female character. I begged her to leave me to die alone, to place water by my side and depart, but she would not hear of it.

The first night after his attack Petraki expired, and on the following morning was borne away; and I have an indistinct recollection of being visited on the evening of the same day by the priest and porters. They endeavored to prevail upon Aleukâ to desert me, saying that in a few hours I would cease to exist. But she constantly refused, determined she replied, to remain by my side until my sufferings were ended.

.....

For several days I was delirious. I remember I knew of nothing; nothing but water passed my lips. Sores broke out over my body, and those on my groins and arm-pits were not closed for some months. My neck however was free, and this no doubt saved my life. On the seventh day I regained my senses, and found myself in my apartment, the wasted figure of my guardian angel still watching over me. I remember, on perceiving in me a favorable change, how her countenance was lit up with joy! Oh, Friendship! how seldom are you found with the sincerity which I then beheld in an humble and uneducated girl! Just when I thought all my prospects in life were blighted; when I had keenly felt the unkindness of mankind, and despaired of ever again finding any thing in this world worth living for; when I had already bidden it farewell, and the other world was full in view; I found what alone can make life delightful even in poverty and misfortune—friendship and love. Soon the violence of the disease abated, and I was saved.

I must hastily pass over my long and painful convalescence. A month elapsed before I could venture to go beyond doors. Aleukâ attended upon me, and through her economy my purse yet held out. The plague had greatly subsided; the month of December set in with uncommon severity of cold, and checked its progress. Oh! the exquisite delight with which I left my hard and burning bed and close apartment, the scenes of all my sufferings, for the first time! With a prayer of thankfulness on my lips, I crossed the threshold of the humble dwelling, and once more slowly mounted the steep hill of Pera.

It was a bright, sunny, clear morning; the fresh, cool breeze from the Black Sea blew over me, infusing new strength and life into my shattered frame. The streets were again re-peopled, and business renewed. No one recognized me in my pale, haggard and swollen countenance; and when I presented myself at the door of a countryman in Pera, he drew back with an exclamation of surprise, as if he had beheld a spirit.

My short story is told. I have comprised in a few words the tale of many long days of agony and suffering, both mental and corporeal. I fast regained my strength and vigor; the hollow furrows of my forehead and cheeks soon gave way to the effects of a generous diet; and I once more stood forth in health and full powers.

But you will ask, 'And where is she who watched over you during your moments of suffering?—whom you called your guardian angel, and of whose friendship and love you spoke in such feeling terms?' I reply, that she sits even now at my side; her handsome and intelligent countenance reading in my face the varied emotions to which the tracing of these lines give rise. Devoted Aleukâ is my loving and much-loved wife.

J. P. B.

A SONG

BY JOHN WATERS.

Time was I thought that precious name

Less meet for Court than Alley;

But now, no thrilling sound hath Fame,

No clarion note, like Sally!

There seems at first, within the word,

Some cause to smile, or rally;

But once by her sweet glance preferr'd,

Ev'n Heaven itself loves Sally!

The world moves round when move her Eyes,

Grace o'er each step doth dally,
The breath is lost in glad surprize;
There is no belle, like Sally!
Old hearts grow young, off flies the gout,
Time stops, his Glass to rally;
I hardly know what I'm about—
When lost in thought on Sally!
Sometimes she's small, sometimes she's tall,
I can't tell how, vocally;
For there's a spirit over all,
That beams abroad from Sally!
A spirit bright, a beam of light,
Ah! fear not that I rally—
No man can Evil think in sight
Of this pure-hearted Sally!
And yet Time was, I thought the name
For Court less fit, than Alley;
While now, no herald sound hath Fame,
No clarion note, but Sally!

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER THREE.

Under the circumstances related in my last number, it will readily be inferred that sleep was out of the question. The only alternative was to sit or lie down and meditate upon the next change which might befall us. There was but little disposition for merriment at such a time and place; yet there was one man, named John Young, but called by his companions 'Old John Young,' who in despite of empty stomach and aching limbs, amused himself and annoyed all others by singing a line of one and a verse of another, of all the old songs he could recollect from his earliest boyhood; dispensing his croaking melody with such untiring zeal as to keep the most weary awake had they been inclined to sleep.

At break of day we began to try to move about, and gradually straighten ourselves, which was something of an effort, stiffened and benumbed as we were with remaining in our wet clothing so many hours. We had now an opportunity of examining our habitation. It was a building of about four hundred feet long, by seventy-five or eighty wide, three stories high, and built of stone, with massive doors and strongly-grated windows, the floors being of stone or cement, and perfectly fire-proof. Each floor formed one entire room, except being divided by five rows of posts running the whole length of the building, by which the prisoners slung their hammocks. The prisoners were divided off in 'messes' or families of six or eight, each occupying room sufficient to sit around one of their chests, which usually served as a mess-table. One row or tier of these messes were ranged next to the walls on each side, and two rows down the centre, back to back, as it were, leaving two avenues, or thoroughfares, the whole length of the building. The entire arrangement resembled the stalls in a stable, more than any thing else I can compare it to.

There were seven of these prisons, all of about the same size and construction, one of which was not occupied. The whole was enclosed in a circular wall of about twenty feet high, and covering a space of from eight to ten acres of ground. This was divided in three parts by a wall similar to the outside one. The centre yard was occupied by No. 7, allotted to the colored prisoners, and the other two yards had three prisons in each. On the outside wall were platforms and sentry-boxes at short distances, for the guards. About fifteen feet within that wall was a high iron railing. In front of the main entrance was a large square, used for drilling soldiers and other purposes, and twice a week as a market for the country people; and on each side of this were the barracks and hospital, and in front of these were the officers' quarters. This dépôt was situated upon a hill, surrounded by a vast common of many miles in extent, without a bush or tree to relieve the dreary waste; and from its elevated position it was generally shrouded by clouds, rendering it chilly and uncomfortable the greater part of the year.

The daily allowance of food consisted of a pound of beef, a pint of soup, and a pound of bread to each man; that is to say, at the rate of one hundred pounds of raw beef to an hundred men. The meat was cut up and put into large boilers, with sufficient barley to thicken it for soup. This was boiled until the meat would leave the bone, and the barley was well cooked; and when ready, was served up to the different messes. By the time each person got his beef it was almost too small to be seen, being shrunk up by long boiling; and the bone being taken out, it was no larger than a small-sized

tea-cup. The pound of bread was not much larger: it was made of barley, slack-baked, and very dark, though sweet. Indeed it was good enough, what there was of it. On Fridays the fare was varied by the same amount in fish and potatoes.

As some require more nutriment than others, the same quantity of fare did not satisfy all the prisoners alike. I frequently saw many of them devour their day's allowance at one meal without appeasing their hunger; and before the next day's rations were served out, they would be almost frantic from starvation. Some became so exhausted that they were compelled to go to the hospital until they recovered strength. Those who possessed a little money fared somewhat better, as they could indulge in the luxury of bullock's liver, fried in water for the want of fat, or a hot pumgudgeon fried in the same material. This exquisite dish is not appreciated according to its merits. It commonly bears the undignified title of 'codfish-balls;' and is well known at the present day among our eastern brethren, though not held in the same veneration by them as clam-chowder. 'Dartmoor pippins,' or potatoes, were also held in high estimation with us.

Dartmoor prison was a world in miniature, with all its jealousies, envyings and strife. How shall I describe the scenes enacted within its walls? how portray the character of its inhabitants? If I but held the pen of Dickens or the pencil of Mount, I might hope so to bring the objects before the mind's eye of the reader, that they would stand forth in full relief, inducing him almost to imagine that he stood in their midst. Though many years have rolled by since those events occurred, they still linger in my memory like the vivid scenes of a high-wrought drama; and often in the 'dead waste and middle of the night' do I revisit in my dreams scenes which I should be sorry to survey when awake.

I think it one of the greatest blessings granted by an all-wise and benevolent Creator, that He has bestowed upon man an intellectual and physical capacity, which enables him to pass in comparative happiness many a lonely hour. Many were the aerial maps and charts laid down for our future journeyings through life, and plans formed, which were never to be realized. And perhaps all was for the best; for we are all creatures of circumstance. Not one in a thousand follows out his plans through life. Half of our existence is imaginary; and wise-acres may scoff as much as they please at what they term 'castle-building,' I believe all mankind indulge in it more or less; and it is an innocent, harmless pastime, which injures no one. I consider it the 'unwritten poetry,' the romance of life, which all feel; but many, like the dumb, strive in vain to give utterance to their thoughts.

Many of the prisoners busied themselves in making some trifling article, which, while it afforded amusement, aided in obtaining for them a little money, and thereby added to their comfort. Many of the most ingenious specimens of art I ever saw were made there; some of which were models of vessels, of various classes, from the clipper-built brig to the line-of-battle ship; made too of beef bones, obtained from the cook. They were built up precisely like a large vessel; human hair twisted into ropes of suitable sizes being employed for rigging. When completed, they made a beautiful toy. Desks, work-boxes, etc., were also made here; violins, some of which were of excellent tone, were likewise constructed. But it would be useless to enumerate the endless variety of queer things made at this multifarious manufactory. Some organized a music-society, with various instruments, and used occasionally to give concerts; others got up a theatre, screening it off with bed covering. I recollect some pretty good performances among them. In short, all were employed in some way, to divert their minds from the contemplation of their miserable condition. Some would read while others listened; some practice fencing; some sing, some dance. Others would relate their adventures, many of which savored rather too strongly of the marvellous to be readily believed, while others partook in an equal degree of the ludicrous. One of these latter was related by 'Old John Young'—a tale of his early courtship. In his youthful days he lived somewhere in Pennsylvania, where also resided an old farmer, with his wife and two daughters, one of whom, contrary to the old gentleman's wishes, he used to visit. One night while there, unknown to the old people, they having retired, a huge pot of mush was left boiling over the fire, getting ready for the next day. Late in the evening the old gentleman called out for the girls to go to bed; and as they did not retire in time to suit him, he began to stir round, to see why his orders were not obeyed. Young, hearing him coming, took off his shoes to prevent a noise, and glided silently up a ladder into the loft above. The old farmer, having sent the girls to bed, lifted off the boiling pot, which by accident he placed at the foot of the ladder; then putting out the light, and covering the fire, he retired again to bed. When all was still and quiet, Young, with shoes in hand, stole down the ladder, and landed in the pot! Although badly burned, he escaped in some degree by having his stockings on. He left his tracks on the floor, but got out of the house unobserved. He had 'put his foot in it' in good earnest; and mounting his horse, he bade a final adieu to the old farmer and his family.

Winter was now pretty well advanced, and many suffered for the want of clothing. After considerable delay, however, a small portion was sparingly dealt out, but was accepted by those only who stood in the utmost need. The cause was, that the agent or contractor, having a quantity of garments on hand, over what had been a sufficient supply for some English convicts, who had been confined here at some former period, they were now offered to us, but were rejected by all who could do without them. Those who did receive them, cut a curious figure! I can almost imagine one standing before me now, dressed in a jacket and trowsers of bright yellow cloth; and as they were served out indiscriminately, the consequence was, that large stalwart men were crammed into trowsers which looked more like breeches, and jackets with sleeves terminating at the elbows; and small men with jackets, the sleeves of which dangled far below the hands, and an extra length of pantaloons turned up to the knees; the whole figure surmounted by a knit-woollen cap, resembling an inverted wash-basin; coarse brogans completed the costume. Just pause a moment, reader, and contemplate the figure!

What with starving and freezing, many became ill, and had to be removed to the hospital. This was what all dreaded; and the consequence was, they were so far gone before they went, that they survived but a short time after getting there, although it was understood that the physician was a skilful and humane man, and did all in his power to alleviate their distress. I was taken very ill with the dysentery. I know of no disease which brings a man down more rapidly. Two or three days weakened me so much that I could scarcely move; and with it came a despondency of mind that was almost insupportable. I had been for years a wayfarer in strange lands, but never, during the whole time, did I so forcibly feel the want of a home, and the solace and care of friends, as now. How did I long to be once more under my father's roof, with an affectionate mother and kind sister! I had a sad foreboding that I should soon be numbered among the multitude whose spirits had ascended from their prison-house, and whose bodies were deposited outside the walls,

in the ground assigned for that purpose.

The small-pox had also appeared in our midst, spreading havoc on all sides; and despair seemed to rule triumphant. Of those who left for the hospital, but few returned to their comrades. Among those taken ill, was a young man who had been brought up on a farm. Like many others, he had left home to 'go a-privateering,' and was taken prisoner. He never saw home again. He messed just opposite to me, and was I think one of the most exquisite amateur performers on the violin that I ever heard. For hours have I listened with rapture to his delightful music. He was absent a day, and his instrument was silent. The next day I enquired for him; he had been taken suddenly ill, was removed to the hospital, and the second evening brought me tidings of his death. There was another one, who had been for weeks sullen and gloomy. Despair seemed to have thrown its pall over him. He conversed with none, but shunning his companions, spent the day muttering to himself. Early one morning he was discovered in a secluded part of the prison, cold and stiff. He had hung himself.

And was there no one to look after the spiritual or temporal welfare of this mass of isolated beings? Was there none to soothe the troubled mind, to cheer the drooping spirit, nor to whisper hope in the ear of the desponding? Was there none of God's 'messengers of glad tidings' to offer consolation to the dying, and a prayer for mercy on the departing spirit of his suffering fellow-being? No; not one minister of the gospel, of any denomination, did I see while I was there; nor did I hear of any having been there, at any time; nor was there any person to see that the prisoners had suitable beds and clothing, or that their food was wholesome, during the many months that I was there. I was told that Reuben G. Beasley, who was appointed by our government, and who received its pay to see to American interests, had been there some months before, but had done nothing for them; and to the letters of remonstrance written to him, stating their wants, their insufficiency of food and clothing, etc., he turned a deaf ear. He did not deign a reply to them; and what more could be expected of a man who could be so base as to do what I will here state?

About three years ago I met an old ship-mate. We went to India in the same ship. He held a midshipman's warrant in the United States' navy, and went out on this voyage for practice in seamanship. He was made prisoner at the same time I was. In the shiftings and changes which took place, we were separated; and when I saw him, several years after, he stated that after parting with me he remained in London, endeavoring in vain to get employment on board some ship; that becoming destitute, he went to Mr. Beasley, (*Beastly* it should be,) to get advice and assistance, stating who and what he was; and that, in consequence of the unsettled mode of life in which he had been living, he had unfortunately lost his warrant; and urged him, as an act of humanity, to point out some method whereby he might help himself. He turned away from him with indifference, saying he could do nothing for him. After a lapse of several days, finding no hope of extricating himself from his embarrassed situation, as a last resource he went once more to Mr. Beasley, and asked assistance. The reply was: 'Be off! and if you trouble me again I will put you on board of an English man-of-war!' This gentleman¹ is now Lieutenant Commandant in our navy. He told me he had seen Mr. Beasley not long before, in his official capacity as consul at Havre, but did not make himself known to him. Is it not strange, that one who was so regardless of the duties of his office and the feelings of humanity should hold so lucrative and responsible a situation as the one which he enjoys to this day? There have been serious complaints made against him, within a year or two, by several respectable captains of vessels.

The number of prisoners on my arrival at the *dépôt* I understood to amount to about three thousand; notwithstanding the deaths had gradually increased, the number was kept good by detachments sent in from time to time, many of them from English ships of war, who had been impressed into the service; and although they had frequently asked for a discharge, they could not get it until the European war had ended, and there was but little farther use for them. But they obtained their dismissal, and with it the pay and prize-money due to them at the time.

Such occasions afforded a kind of jubilee, as the money they brought was soon put in circulation through the prisons, from whence it speedily evaporated, being spent in provisions, vegetables, and fruits, brought there by the country-people for sale, and for which an enormous price was paid. Many of the men thus delivered up, had spent several years of the prime of life in fighting the battles of a foreign nation, and were then dismissed with the most brutal treatment. As an instance: a man by the name of Slater, a tall, robust man, just such an one as they like to get hold of, in the service where he had been several years, had made frequent but unavailing applications for a discharge. At length when the war broke out, he made more urgent solicitations for a release. The answer was, 'Yes, you shall have it; but we will first give you something to remember us by.' And tying him up, they gave him three dozen lashes, and sent him to Dartmoor. Such was the reward of his services!

THE SONG OF DEATH.

I.

Silent and swift as the flight of Time,

I've come from a far and shadowy clime;

With brow serene and a cloudless eye,

Like the star that shines in the midnight sky;

I check the sigh, and I dry the tear;

Mortals! why turn from my path in fear?

II.

The fair flower smiled on my tireless way,

I paused to kiss it in summer's day,
That when the storm in its strength swept by
It might not be torn from its covert nigh;
I bear its hues on my shining wing,
Its fragrance and light around me cling.

III.

I passed the brow that had learned to wear
The crown of sorrow—the silver hair;
Weary and faint with the woes of life,
The tempest-breath and fever-strife,
The old man welcomed the gentle friend
Who bade the storm and the conflict end.

IV.

I looked where the fountains of gladness start,
On the love of the pure and trusting heart;
On the cheek like summer roses fair,
And the changeful light of the waving hair;
Earth had no cloud for her joyous eye,
But I saw the shade in the future's sky.

V.

I saw the depths of her spirit wrung,
The music fled, and the harp unstrung;
The love intense she had treasured there,
Like fragrance shed on the desert air:
I bore her to deathless love away;
Oh! why do ye mourn for the young to-day?

VI.

I paused by the couch where the poet lay,
Mid fancies bright on their sparing way;
The tide of song in his heaving breast
Flowed strong and free in its deep unrest;
His soul was thirsting for things divine—
I led him far to the sacred shrine.

VII.

The sage looked forth on the starry sky,
With aspiring thoughts and visions high,
He sought a gift and a lore sublime
To raise the veil from the shores of Time,
To pierce the clouds o'er the soul that lie;

I bade him soar with a cherub's eye.

VIII.

And now, neath my folded wing I bear

A spotless soul like the lily fair;

The babe on its mother's bosom slept;

Ere I bore it far, I paused and wept;

'Twas an angel strayed from its fairer home:

Peace to the mourner!—I come! I come!

Shelter-Island. Mary Gardiner.

MARY MAY: THE NEWFOUNDLAND INDIAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The tribe of aborigines to which Mary May, the heroine of our little sketch, belonged, has been named by the Newfoundlanders, 'Red Indians;' for what reason, I could never learn. This tribe, or probably the miserable remnant of it, since the English have settled the island has been regarded as altogether remarkable and undefinable. They have never, in a single instance, been induced to visit the white settler since British subjects have resided there. Little is known of their numbers, habits, or general spirit, although the most sedulous exertions have been made to bring about an amicable understanding and a reciprocal intercourse. They have chosen to remain isolated and insolated; keeping their history, their wisdom, and their deeds to themselves. They will hold no communion with others of their own race. There are the Esquimaux, very near their northern boundary; a people disposed to extend the rites of hospitality in peace, and a trading tribe; but these have no more knowledge of the 'Red Indian' than the white man; and they remain wrapt up in a historical mantle as dark as the shades of their own impenetrable complexion.

Much, of a marvellous character, has been said about the Red Indians. The fishermen of the island, as a mass, believe that these poor creatures are semi-human. They will tell you of their having been seen one moment cooking their venison, and composedly regaling themselves, and the next, upon learning the contiguity of the white man, they would vanish from sight, and not a trace could be found of their departure; that they descend far under ground in winter, and lead a kind of fairy life; that they have power to change themselves into birds and fishes, and to sustain life for hours together under water. But all this is of course unnatural and absurd. The Indians of Newfoundland are flesh and blood, and partake, in common with other races of rational beings, of properties holding them within 'delegated limits of power.' And in my opinion, they are as much entitled to a character of consistency as the generality of tribes on our continent. The secret of their shyness, and their unsocial and vindictive disposition, may better be accounted for, from the probable fact that they were inhumanly treated by the early discoverers of the island, the Portuguese and Spaniards. These monsters without doubt butchered and made havock of these poor natives as they did the South American Indians, and indeed wherever their lawless adventures led them, in this new world.

Various governors have been appointed to the Newfoundland station since Great-Britain has possessed the island, and all have used more than ordinary means to reach the Red Indians, and reconcile them to the pale-faces, who have taken possession of the bays and harbors of their bold and rugged coast. The last, of any magnitude, that was made, was during the summer of 1830, and immediately preceding the administration of Sir Thomas Cochran. It consisted of a regular exploring expedition, numbering about fifty persons, a part of whom were regular soldiers, and a part volunteer citizens, which left St. John's, the capital of the island, with instructions to explore the interior, and traverse every portion of it in quest of the Indians, and to bring some back with them; but to use no cruelty, unless absolutely necessary. After traversing the internal wilds for some ten days, the expedition discovered smoke in the distance, and in a few hours came upon a party of Indians in their wigwams. The red men were greatly surprised, and appeared much alarmed. But upon being presented with some showy ornaments, accompanied by smiles, and other friendly indications, their fears somewhat subsided, and two of them became apparently willing to accompany the expedition into St. John's, on learning by signs that two of the white men would remain as guarantees of their good treatment and return. The white men left were supplied with a large quantity of ornaments and trinkets to distribute among other Indians whom they might find during the absence of their party, a period which was not to be prolonged beyond a month. The good-bye was given, and the expedition started on their return home. It had not travelled many hours before an uncontrollable disposition seized them to go back again to the spot of separation to see if all was well, for some declared that they had a presentiment that there had already been foul play. Back they went, and when they reached the spot where good wishes had just been interchanged, the first spectacle which met their eyes was the mutilated dead bodies of their faithful hostages! Without any consultation, or a moment's delay, the commander of the expedition ordered the two Indians in their keeping to be shot, and their bodies left exposed, as they had found those of their comrades. This order was promptly executed.

Soon after Sir Thomas Cochran was appointed governor of Newfoundland, he offered a reward of one hundred pounds for the harmless capture of a Red Indian, the person to be brought him at the capital. This reward was advertised in the summer of 1832; and the next spring a fisherman, at a distant, unfrequented part of the island, saw on a pleasant afternoon a young female Indian, laving at the edge of the water. She was alone, and unconscious of danger, and went through the offices of the bath with singular grace and activity. After watching her for some time, he took his measures for her capture. He first cut off her retreat, then approached her carefully, and at the instant of surprise, obtained possession of her person. She made no resistance, but acted as one paralyzed by fear or wonder. He brought her to Sir

Thomas, and received his reward. It being the month of May when she was captured, she was given the name of Mary May. She was apparently about eighteen years of age; an angelic creature, tall, with perfect symmetry of proportion, agreeable features, good complexion, and as agile and graceful as a fawn. The governor and the officers of the garrison, and the élite of St. Johns, vied with each other in plans and devices for her gratification. She was taken to parties, to the theatre, to military reviews; in short, she was flattered, caressed, and made the reigning belle. But the poor Indian showed an almost blank indifference to the various schemes devised for her pleasure. She was not *at home*. Every face, every habit, every object was new, and appeared strange to her. She undoubtedly pined to go back again into the dark wilds among her own people. Perhaps her heart, that wonderful controller of human destiny, was in the keeping of some extolled brave: at all events, it was not in the scenes that were passing before her; and the efforts so generously put forth for her amusement and happiness were like the crystal droppings upon the hard insensible stone, falling in full profusion, but leaving no impress.

Mary was detained about a year, and was then given in charge of the fisherman who captured her, with express directions that she should be taken to the spot where he found her, and there be left to her own guidance. She was richly clad and profusely decorated before she was given her liberty, and was furnished with a large quantity of finery for distribution among the members of her tribe. It was hoped that this treatment, when communicated by one of their own blood, would cause a change of feeling among the Red Indians, and that gradually a reciprocity of confidence and intercourse would be established. But this experiment and this hope proved futile and delusive. In 1836 I left the island of Newfoundland, and up to that time not a glimpse of the red race had flitted across the vision of civilization since the dark captive was permitted again to bound over hill and dale without let or hindrance. Many idle reports and tales were circulated about Mary May, after meeting with her tribe; but little reliance is placed upon them, as they are for the most part contradictory, and strongly savor of the marvellous. But I will give the reader one, which is as well authenticated as any, and quite as probable.

On the second day after Mary was liberated, she found a portion of her people; and when they first saw her, they were much alarmed, judging from her fanciful, brilliant habiliments that she was some celestial visiter. But hearing their own language addressed to them, the parentage of the girl, and the cause of her absence, they became gradually calm, and curiosity took the place of fear, and this gave place to admiration, until the lost one was fairly constituted by acclamation a goddess, and to her surprise and grief, worshiped as such! The daughter's return had been communicated to the father, with such exaggerations and extravagances as pertain to the grossly superstitious; and he, instead of falling upon his child's neck, and receiving her as the lost found, came bowing and doing reverence and worship. Mary was bewildered, and almost wished herself back again with the pale-faces.

But there was one link in the chain of her destiny yet to be proved; if *that* should be found true, she had not returned in vain. About a year previous to her capture, on a sunny afternoon, she had strayed a mile or two from her father's camp, invited partly by the romance of her own nature, and partly by the novelty of new scenery, opened up by a change of camping-ground. While hesitating concerning her return, and gracefully leaning against a young sapling, she heard a rustling of leaves near her; and quickly directing her eyes to the spot whence the alarm came, she saw with terror a full-grown panther steadily and cautiously approaching her. She had no weapon of defence, and Indian though she was, had never participated in blood and strife. She knew that flight would be vain, for what human being could outrun a hungry panther? She raised one alarm-whoop, and awaited her fate. At the loud, piercing cry, the fierce animal seemed alarmed in his turn, and paused in his progress. But after some five minutes, he recovered his courage, and was making ready for the fatal spring, when an arrow pierced his heart; and the next moment a young, athletic brave sprang from the thicket, and clasped the dark damsel to his breast. She remained an instant, passive and bewildered; the next, she sprang from the embrace of the stranger, and with Indian dignity thanked him for his kind and timely aid. She then turned her face toward her father's camp, and with the fleetness of an antelope passed the intervening space, and soon found herself safe in her changing habitation.

But notwithstanding the assumed dignity and apparent coldness with which she addressed the young stranger, Mary in that moment of rescue was awakened to a new and impassioned existence. The image of the stranger was before her by day and in her dreams by night. Six or eight months passed, when the chiefs of the tribe celebrated a great festival, to which all the members were invited. The ceremonies were to last a week; many did not arrive until after the first day, and the father of Mary, and his camp, were of this number. But toward the evening of the first day of the festivities, a tall, graceful young brave stalked into the assembly, and with cool solicitude scanned the faces of the female visitors; and not appearing satisfied, he folded his arms upon his breast, and leaning against a rude post, listlessly observed the sports. But a close observer would have seen his eye lit up with unwonted interest when any new arrival was announced. No one knew him; his dress was peculiar; still he spoke their language, and the old chiefs passed him by for a future examination.

On the second day of the gathering, toward noon, Mary May arrived, and with her father, mother and sisters, entered that enclosure of merry hearts. She hoped to see at the festival the youth who had so strongly impressed her; and the moment she entered the rude structure, her eyes eagerly ranged round the assembly until they rested upon the person of her rescuer, who as eagerly returned her significant glance. During the continuance of the feast and frolic, the lovers had many interviews; and before it closed, their faith and vows were exchanged. They were to have been married the month after her capture; and now, since her return and deification, she had not learned a word about her 'brave,' and had come to the determination if he proved false to destroy herself. Day after day passed without the presence of the only one who could drive the dark cloud from her mind, and it was becoming every day more dense and oppressive, until she gave way to utter despondency, and bitterly bewailed her fate. One afternoon, about two months after her return, while some of her kindred were bowing before her in heathenish worship, hasty steps were heard approaching; the next moment the young brave appeared and clasped his lost treasure to his heart; and taking advantage of the bewilderment of the worshippers, occasioned by his sudden appearance, the happy pair escaped to the sea-coast, and passing over a portion of the bay, found a secure retreat among the Mickmacs, to which tribe the young brave belonged.

And there may they rest. I sometimes, though quite infrequently, meet with some one from Newfoundland; and among the first questions I ask is one touching the 'Red Indians;' and although I have not heard any thing which went to

confirm the hope that they may yet be brought to place confidence in the white man, yet I still trust that I shall; and when this result is brought about, or any other thing of interest shall be learned of these strange mortals, I shall take much pleasure in communicating the information, for the benefit of the readers of the Knickerbocker.

BIRTH-DAY MEDITATIONS.

I stand upon the wave that marks the round
Of Life's dark-heaving and revolving years;
Still sweeping onward from Youth's sunny ground,
Still changed and chequered with my joys and fears,
And colored from the past, where Thought careers,
Shadowing the ashes in pale Memory's urn;
Where perished buds were laid, with frequent tears,
That on the cheek of Disappointment burn,
As blessed hours roll on, that never may return.
What have they seen, those changed and vanish'd years?
Uplifted, soaring thoughts, all quelled by fate;
Affection, mournful in its gushing tears;
And midst the crowd that at the funeral wait,
A widowed mother's heart made desolate
O'er a war-honor'd Sire's low place of rest;
These are the tales that Memory may relate:
They have a moral for the aspiring breast,
A lesson of Decay on earthliness impress'd.
Yet Hope still chaunts unto the listening ear
The witching music of her treacherous song;
Still paints the Future eloquent and clear,
And sees the tide of Life roll calm along,
Where glittering phantoms rise, a luring throng;
And voiceful Fame holds out the laurel bough:
Where rapturous applause is loud and long,
Frail guerdon for the heart!—which lights the brow
With the ephemeral smile of Mind's triumphant glow.
C.

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

BY JOHN WATERS.

'For the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing in the market-place, and said unto them; Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you; and they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them. Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive.'—St. Matthew: XX, 1-7.

O thou blest Householder! the starry dawn,
The light crepuscular, the roseate morn,

Long since had melted into day!
Long since the glow of Youth's THIRD hour,
And the bird's song, and Fancy's magic power,
Long since have, traceless, pass'd away!
Ent'reth the sun into its zenith height!
Ent'reth the mortal into manhood's might!
Op'neth again the vineyard Gate
And Labourers are call'd! but Honour's dream
Entranc'd my soul, and made Religion seem
As nought, Glory was man's Estate!
The NINTH hour found me in the market place;
Fierce passion ruled my heart, care mark'd my face;
In vain, in vain, Thy blessed call!
To glitter, to achieve, to lose or gain,
Form'd every hope, or thought, delight, or pain:
The world, the world, was still my All!
The TENTH hour sounded in my startled ear!
Thy gracious Spirit touched my heart with fear!
The harvest ended with the day;
That thought imbued my mind—'not saved? too late?'
I left the throng; I sought the Vineyard Gate;
'Twas shut— Death-struck, I turn'd away!
Low sank the Sun adown the Western Sky!
Each cherish'd hope had prov'd its vanity!
Now neither Earth, nor Heaven was mine.
Rejected, sad, abandon'd, and forlorn;
Of God it seem'd not lov'd; of Hell, the scorn!
No hope, or human or Divine,
Brighten'd my dark, cold, doubting, wretched mind;
The world, a wilderness; Heaven's self, unkind!
'Blackness of darkness' seem'd my way:
Slow struck the ELEVENTH! Thy light around me broke!
And deep, unto my soul, these words were spoke:
'Why stand ye idle all the day?'
'Enter and work through the waning hour!'—
Lord of the Vineyard! grant Thy servant power
To labour, love Thee, and obey.
Let every thought, plan, word, deed, wish, be Thine!
Thine be all honour, glory, praise divine,
And let thy pardon close my day!

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the day but one after Rust's death, Mr. Kornicker was very busy in his office. His coat was off; his hat was on a chair, and in it was his snuff-box, a black silk neckcloth, and a white handkerchief, not a little discolored by the presence of snuff and the absence of water. In one corner of the room lay a confused heap, consisting of bed, bedding, and various odds and ends of wearing apparel; and from these Mr. Kornicker, after due reflection and calculation as to the order in which to make his choice, selected article after article. First, he spread upon the floor his counterpane, then his blanket, then a sheet not a little akin in appearance to his handkerchief, and then his bed: upon these he piled his apparel, in a confused heap, and proceeded to roll the whole into a large ball, which he secured with a piece of rope. 'Now then, the moving's begun,' said he, opening the door and rolling the bundle into the entry. 'The premises are ready for the next tenant.'

Having brushed his knees with the palm of his hands, and then dusted his hands by knocking them together, he put on his neckcloth, coat, and hat; pocketed his snuff-box and handkerchief, walked into the entry, locked the door, put the key over it, as he had always been in the habit of doing; seated himself upon his bundle, with his back leaning against the wall; and immediately lapsed into a fit of deep abstraction, which he occasionally relieved by kicking his heels against the floor, shaking his head, in a sudden and emphatic manner, or inhaling his breath rapidly and violently, producing a sound blending the harmonious qualities of a snort and a whistle.

'So,' said he, after indulging in one of the last mentioned performances with so much energy as to arouse him from his abstraction, at the same time nodding his head at Rust's office, '*his* cake being dough, our bargain's up; and here am I, Edward Kornicker, Esquire, attorney and counsellor at law, a man of profound experience, severe knowledge of the world, of great capacity in various ways, though of small means—I think I may say of d—d small means—once more in the market; for sale to the highest bidder. Such a valuable commodity is not met with every day. If any gentleman,' continued he, raising his hand and looking round at an imaginary audience, 'is extremely desirous of securing the eminent talents of one of the most prominent young men of the day—not exactly new,' added he, running his eye over his rusty coat, 'but wonderfully serviceable; no cracks, nor flaws, no pieces broken off—here is an opportunity which will not occur again. This is only a scratch on the surface,' said he, as he thrust his finger into a small hole in his coat-sleeve; 'the article itself is warranted to be perfectly sound, and of the best quality. How much is bid?—how much for the promising young man aforesaid? How much? One thousand dollars? Five hundred? Two fifty?—one?—fifty? It wont do,' said he, in a melancholy tone; 'strike him down to me. The gentleman's bought himself in; there being no demand for the article in this market, he thinks of disposing of himself to some respectable widow lady with a small family and a large purse. He may alter his mind, but that's his present intention.'

Here Mr. Kornicker concluded his rather extraordinary soliloquy by plunging his hands in his pockets, and dropping into a subdued whistle; in the course of which his thoughts seemed to have taken altogether a different channel; for it was not long before he said, as if in continuance of some unuttered train of thought:

'Well, old fellow, I promised you to look after your girl, although you didn't seem much struck with the offer. But I'll stick to my promise; although, to tell the truth, I don't exactly know how to commence. But nothing will be done by sitting on this bundle. So I'll to my work at once.'

He rose up hastily, and was descending the stairs when he abruptly turned back, went up to his luggage, and after eyeing it for a minute, said:

'It's a hazardous business to leave you here. You can't be distrained on, nor levied on, because you're exempt by law. So you are safe from landlords and creditors; the law makes you exempt from being stolen too; but thieves consider themselves like members of parliament, out of the reach of law. There's the rub. You might be stolen; and I very much regret to say, that the gentleman who should lay violent hands on you would walk off with all my goods, chattels, lands, tenements, and hereditaments; but I've no where to take you, and as I expect to sleep in this entry, you must take your chance. So, good bye, old acquaintance, in case you and I should never meet again.'

Having in a very grave manner shaken one corner of the counterpane, as if it were the hand of an old friend, he gave his head a sudden jerk, to settle his hat in the right place, and descended the stairs.

The task which Kornicker had imposed upon himself was by no means easy; but firm in his purpose of fulfilling his promise, he shut his eyes to all difficulties, and commenced his pursuit.

The first place to which he went was the prison, for he hoped that the keeper of it might know something about her, or that she might have left her address there, in case her father wished to see her when he was imprisoned. But he was disappointed. They could tell him nothing, except that Rust neither asked for her, nor mentioned her, and had always refused to see her. She had never succeeded in gaining admittance to him, except on the night of his death, when the jailer, a fellow unfit for his office, for he had some human feeling left, unable to resist her tears and entreaties, had let her in unannounced, as mentioned in the last chapter. She had left the cell abruptly, had hurried off, and had never returned. 'God help the poor child!' exclaimed the man, as he told the story. 'Such hearts as hers were made for heaven, not for this world. I have a daughter of her age; and even if she had robbed a church, I couldn't have treated her as that man treated his child.'

The man looked at Kornicker, as if to observe the effect of his last remark; but probably that gentleman viewed the robbing of a church in a less heinous light than the jailer, for he made no comment on it, but after a pause said:

'So that's all you know?'

The man nodded.

'Good morning to you, Sir,' said Kornicker; and he walked straight out of the building, and had crossed several streets before he had made up his mind what to do next. This however was soon settled, and he buttoned his coat tightly, pulled his hat firmly on his head, drew on a pair of shabby gloves, and performed a number of those little acts which in ancient times were known under the head of 'girding up the loins,' preparatory to setting out to his next point of destination, which was the girl's former home, the place where Rust had committed the murder. It was many miles off; and the distance which Rust, under the whip and spur of fierce passions, had traversed without trace of fatigue, drew from his clerk many a sigh, and many an expression of weariness.

When he got there he found the house deserted. He entered it, for there was no one there to hinder it, but the rooms were empty and dismantled. The house had been hired by Rust, and no sooner was he in the gripe of the law, than creditors innumerable, who like birds of prey were biding their time, kept in check by the unbending character of their debtor, came flitting in from every quarter; seized and sold the furniture, and left the house desolate. A single dark stain upon the library floor, where the murdered man had fallen, was all that was left to tell a tale of the past. The dust had gathered thickly on the walls, as if preparing to commence a slumber of years; and as Kornicker went out, the rats raced through the hall, startled at the tread of a stranger.

With a heart as heavy as his limbs, as he thought of the past life of the girl who had once tenanted this house, and then fancied what her present fate must be, Kornicker set out on his return. 'If it had been me,' said he, pausing to take a last look at the lonely house, 'if it had only been Edward Kornicker who was thus cast adrift, to kick his way through the world with empty pockets, and without a soul to say to him God speed, or 'I'm sorry for you,' it would have been right and proper, and no one would have any cause to grumble or find fault; but this being a girl, with no money, and consequently with no friends, no experience, as *I* have, it's a very hard case—a very hard case, indeed.'

Having arrived at this conclusion, Kornicker took off his hat, wiped his forehead, snuffed, and set out on his return.

Day after day for several weeks he prosecuted his inquiries without success; and just when he was in despair, chance led him to success. In the course of his rambles, he encountered a person who had been at Rust's trial, and happened to speak about him; for now that the criminal was dead and in his grave, when public opinion could be of no service to him, many who had hunted him down began to view less harshly the crime which had led to his death; and this man was one of the number. He said that, although he deserved punishment for his previous evil deeds, yet the best and purest act of his life had been that by which he had struck down the destroyer of his child.

'Poor thing!' said he, 'she must have led a miserable life since her father's death. I have met her several times since then in the street, but that was several weeks ago; and then she was very feeble, scarcely able to walk: perhaps she's dead now.'

Kornicker waited only long enough to ascertain that she lived in a certain out-of-the-way part of the town, which the man designated, and thither he directed his steps, and resumed his search; and after several days spent in fruitless inquiries, he discovered her.

The house in which he found her was a small ruinous building, sagged and jutting forward, as if struggling to sustain itself against time and dilapidation. The windows were broken; the doors and shutters unhung, except a solitary one of the latter, which creaked as it flapped to and fro in the wind; and this was the home of Rust's child.

Kornicker ascended the ricketty stairs and paused at the door of a room, which a slipshod woman had pointed out as that of the 'murderer's daughter.' He knocked, but there was no reply; he knocked again, but all was silent. Then he opened the door and looked in.

It was a small dingy room, unfurnished, with the exception of a bed on the floor, and a single chair, on which stood a candle whose flaring light served only to add to the gloom of the room by revealing its wretchedness. The girl was in bed; her hair lying in tangled masses about the pillow. Her cheeks were sunken and colorless, and her eyes deep-set and glowing, as if all that was left of life was concentrated in them.

Kornicker hesitated for a moment, and then pushed the door open and walked in. The girl looked listlessly up, but did not notice him; for she turned her head away with a weary, restless motion, and did not speak. Kornicker went to the bed, got on his knees beside it, and took her hand in his. As he did so he observed that it was very thin and shrunken, and that the large veins stood out like cords. It was hot as fire. 'You're very ill,' said he, in a low tone. 'I'm afraid you're very ill.'

'I'm dying of thirst,' said the girl, pointing to an empty pitcher, which stood on the floor. 'Give me water; the want of it is driving me mad. No one has been near me to-day. I tried to get it myself, but could not stand.'

Kornicker waited to hear no more, but seizing the pitcher, darted out to a pump, and in a very few minutes came back again with it filled to the brim. The girl's eye grew even more lustrous than before, as she saw it, and she attempted to rise, but was unable.

'You must excuse ceremony,' said Kornicker, as he placed his arm under her back and supported her while he held the pitcher to her lips. 'Nursing isn't in my line.'

The girl swallowed the water greedily, and then sank back on the pillow exhausted.

'Have you a doctor?' inquired Kornicker, placing the pitcher on the floor.

'No,' answered she feebly; 'I have no money; the last went yesterday. I'm deserted by all now.'

'Not quite,' exclaimed Kornicker, slapping his hand earnestly on his knee, while he experienced a choking sensation about the throat; 'not while I'm left. I'm sorry I a'nt a woman, for your sake; but as I don't happen to be, I hope you'll make no objections on that score; I'll look after you as if you were my own sister.'

It was the first word of kindness that the girl had heard for a long time, and the tears came in her eyes.

'There, there, don't cry,' said Kornicker. 'It bothers me; I don't know what to do when women cry. But you haven't a doctor; that will never do. Keep up your heart,' said he, rising; 'I'll return presently.' Saying this, and without waiting for a reply, he left the room.

Arriving in the street, his first impulse was not only to feel in his pockets, but with the utmost care to turn them inside out, and to examine them narrowly.

'Not a copper—pockets to let!' said he, restoring them to their former condition, after a long and unsuccessful search. 'But this girl must be looked after; that's settled. Now then,' said he, in a very meditative mood, 'who's able to do it and *will*?'

This seemed a question not easily answered, for he stood for more than a minute in profound thought, in endeavoring to solve it; but apparently making up his mind, he hurried along the street. The direction which he took was toward the upper part of the city, and he was some time in reaching his destination, which was no other than Harry Harson's house. He crossed the court-yard and knocked at the door, which was opened by Harson.

'I want a word with you,' said Kornicker, abruptly.

Harson told him to come in; led the way to his sitting-room, and pointing to a chair, told him to be seated.

'I haven't time,' said Kornicker, shaking his head. 'Do you know me?'

'I've seen you, but I can't recollect where.'

'*Here*,' said Kornicker, 'here, in this room. I breakfasted here. I'm Michael Rust's clerk.'

'Then you can scarcely expect a cordial reception from *me*,' said Harson, coldly.

'I don't care what sort of a reception you give *me*,' replied Kornicker; 'you may kick me if it will be any comfort to you, provided you only do what I ask. Michael Rust is dead, and his daughter is now dying, with scarcely clothes to cover her, or a bed to lie in; without a cent to buy her food or medicine; without a soul to say a single word of comfort to her. I wouldn't have troubled you, old fellow,' continued he, with some warmth, at the same time turning out his pockets, 'if I had a cent to give her. The last I had I spent in getting a breakfast this morning; and although it's the only meal I've eaten to day, damme if I would have touched it if I had thought to have found her in such circumstances. But since you won't help her, you may let it alone; I'm not so hard run but that I can do something for her yet.'

Kornicker had worked himself up into such an excitement, owing to Harson's cold reception of him, that he took it for granted his request was to be refused; and having thus vented his feelings he turned on his heel to go, when the old man laid his hand on his shoulder.

'Nature puts noble hearts in very rough cases,' said Harson, his eyes glistening as he spoke. 'You're a good fellow, but rather hasty. I didn't say I would not assist the poor girl; on the contrary, you shall see that I will. She has no doctor?'

'No.'

'No nurse?'

'No.'

Harson rang the bell. The house-keeper answered it.

'Martha, put on your things,' said Harson; 'I want you to sit up with a sick person to-night. Bring a basket, and lights, and cups, and every thing that's necessary for one who has nothing. I'll return in five minutes; you must be ready by that time. Now then, Sir, come along; you shall see what I'll do next.'

He went into the street, and walked rapidly on, turning one or two corners, but without going far, and at last knocked at the door of a small house.

'A very excellent fellow lives here,' said he to Kornicker; 'he's a doctor; and if this girl can be saved he'll do it. Hark! there he comes. I hear his step.'

The door was opened by the doctor himself, and a few words sufficed to explain matters to him.

'I'll be ready in a minute,' said he, darting in the room and as suddenly returning, struggling his way into the arms of a great-coat. 'Now then,' exclaimed he, buttoning a single button, and dashing into the street, 'which way?'

'Where does she live?' asked Harson. 'I'll go back and bring the nurse.'

Kornicker told him, and was hurrying off, when Harson touched his arm, and leading him a few steps aside, said in a low voice: 'You seem somewhat straitened for money, Mr. Kornicker; I wish you would accept a loan from me.' He extended a bank-note to him.

Kornicker buttoned his pockets up very closely, not omitting a single button, and then replied coldly: 'I ask charity for others, not for myself.'

'Come, come,' said Harson, kindly, 'you mustn't bear malice. I did not act well toward you at first; you must forget it; and to show that you do so, you must take this loan from me.'

'I don't wish to borrow,' replied Kornicker.

'Well, I'm sorry for it,' said Harson, taking his hand; 'but you're not angry?'

'No no, old fellow; it's not an easy matter to keep angry with you; you're a trump!'

'Perhaps you'll sup with me when we return?' said the old man, earnestly.

'I'll see how the girl is,' replied Kornicker; 'good bye. We're losing time.'

Saying this, he shook hands with Harson, and joining the doctor, they set out at a rapid pace for the girl's abode.

They reached it without interruption, other than a short delay on the part of the doctor, who being of a belligerent disposition, was desirous of stopping to flog a man who had intentionally jostled him off the sidewalk. Kornicker, however, by urging upon him the situation of the girl, had induced him to postpone his purpose, not a little to the relief of the offender, who in insulting him had only intended to insult an inoffensive elderly person, who could not resent the affront.

'Can it be possible that any thing human tenants such a den as this?' said the doctor, looking at the half-hung door of the girl's abode, and listening to the wind as it sighed through broken window-panes and along the entry.

'Come on, and you'll see,' replied Kornicker; and seizing him by the arm, he led him half stumbling up the stairs, and finally paused at the girl's room.

'Look in there, if you want to see comfort,' said he, with an irony that seemed almost savage, from the laugh which accompanied it. 'Isn't that a sweet death-chamber for one who all her life has had every thing that money could buy?'

The doctor glanced in the room, then at the fierce, excited face of his companion. 'Come, come,' said he, in a kind tone, taking Kornicker's hand; 'don't give way to these feelings. She'll be well taken care of now. Harry Harson never does a good action by halves. Come in.'

He pushed the door open very gently, and went to the bed. The girl seemed sleeping, for she did not move. He took the candle, and held it so that the light fell on her face. He then placed his hand gently upon her wrist. He kept it there for some moments, then held up the light again, and looked at her face; after which he placed it on the floor, rose up, and took a long survey of the room.

'It's a wretched place,' said he, speaking in a whisper. 'She must have suffered terribly here.'

'This is the way the poor live,' said Kornicker, in a low, bitter tone; 'this is the way *she* has lived; but we'll save her from dying so.'

The doctor looked at him, and then turned away and bit his lip:

'What are you going to do for her?' demanded Kornicker, after a pause: 'have you medicine with you?'

'She requires nothing now,' said the doctor, in a tone scarcely above a whisper. 'She's dead!'

Kornicker hastily took the light, and bent over her. He remained thus for a long time; and when he rose, his eyes were filled with tears.

'I'm sorry I left her,' said he, in a vain effort to speak in his usual tones. 'It was very hard that she should die alone. I acted for the best; but d—n it, I'm always wrong!'

He dashed his fist across his face, walked to the window and looked out.

At that moment the door opened, and Harson entered, his face somewhat attempered in its joyous expression; and close behind followed the house-keeper with a large basket.

'How is she?' asked he, in a subdued tone.

Kornicker made no reply, but looked resolutely out of the window, and snuffed profusely. It would not have been manly to show that the large tears were coursing down his cheeks. Harson threw an inquiring glance at the doctor, who answered by a shake of the head: 'She was dead when we got here.'

Harson went to the bed, and put back the long tresses from her face. There was much in that face to sadden the old man's heart. Had it been that of an old person, of one who had lived out her time, and had been gathered in, in due season, he would have thought less of it; but it was sad indeed to see one in the first blush of youth, scarcely more than a child, stricken down and dying in such a place, and so desolate.

'Was there no one with her—not a soul?' inquired Harson, earnestly, as he rose; 'not one human being, to breathe a word of comfort in her ear, or to whisper a kind word to cheer her on her long journey?'

The doctor shook his head: 'No one.' Harson's lips quivered, but he pressed them tightly together, and turning to

Kornicker said:

'Come, my good fellow, you must struggle against your feelings; you must not be downcast about it. She's better off than if she had lived—much better off.'

'I'm not in the least downcast,' replied Kornicker, in a very resolute manner; 'I don't care a straw about it. She was nothing to me; only it's a little disagreeable to be living in this world without a soul to care for, or a soul that cares for you; and then there was some satisfaction in being of use to some one, and in feeling it was your duty to see that no one imposed on her, or ill treated her; but no matter; it's all over now. I suppose it's all right; and I feel quite cheerful, I assure you. But you'll look to her, will you? I can be of no farther use here, and I'd rather go.'

'I will,' said Harson.

'You won't let her be buried as a pauper, I hope?'

'No, upon my honor she shall not,' replied Harry.

'Very well—good night.'

Harson followed him down the stairs, and again endeavored to force a sum of money upon him; but Kornicker was resolute in his refusal, nor could he be induced to go home with Harson that evening. He said that he was not hungry.

After several ineffectual efforts, the old man permitted him to depart, with the internal resolution of keeping his eye on him, and of giving him a helping hand in the world; a resolution which we may as well mention that he carried out; so that in a few years Mr. Kornicker became a very vivacious gentleman, of independent property, who frequented a small ale-house in a retired corner of the city, where he snuffed prodigally, and became a perfect oracle, and of much reputed knowledge, from the sagacious manner in which he shook his head and winked on all subjects.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

It was a clear, cloudless night without, and the stars twinkled and glistened as if the sky were full of bright eyes, looking gladly down upon the world, and taking a share in all its gayety and happiness. There was no moon, or rather the moon was a reveller, and kept late hours, and might be detected sneaking through the sky at about one or two in the morning, when she should have been a-bed; and in consequence of her neglect of duty the streets were dark, except where here and there the shop windows threw out bright streams of light, revealing now a wrinkled brow, now a fat, jolly face, and now a pair of bright sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks, and lips like a rose-bud, as the throng of people flitted past them; for an instant clear, distinct, with face, feature, and form plainly visible, and then lost in the darkness. Some paused to look in the windows, some to chat; and it might have been observed, that those who lingered longest in the light, were young, and such whose faces could bear both the test of light and scrutiny. But amid that crowd was a single man, who followed the same course as the rest; skulking in the dark corners, darting rapidly across the streams of light, with his head bent down and his hat slouched, as if he desired to avoid notice. When he reached those places which were comparatively less thronged, he paused and leaned against the iron railings of the houses, and more than once turned and retraced his steps, as if he had changed or mistaken his route. He was, as far as could be judged from the sudden and uncertain glimpses afforded of his person, tall and gaunt, with sunken eyes, long unshorn beard, and a face disfigured by a deep gash. He had the appearance of one broken down by ill health or suffering, and his panting breath, as he stopped, showed that he was taxing his strength by the pace at which he went. Although he paused often, and often turned back, yet in the end he resumed his journey, and finally reached the upper part of the city. There he struck into a dark cross-street. Once free from the crowd, and where few could observe him, his smothered feelings broke out; and muttering to himself, grating his teeth, blaspheming, now striking his clenched fists as if aiming a blow, he darted on. He did not pause until he came to the house of no less a person than Harry Harson. He crossed the doorway hastily, as if he feared his resolution might give way; opened the front door, for Harry had no enemies, and his door was unbolted, and entered the outer room. The door communicating with the inner room was open, so that he could see within; and perhaps never was there a greater contrast than between the occupants of those two rooms. In one was a man eaten up by fierce passions, desperate and hardened, with all that is noble in the human soul burnt out as with a hot iron; in the other sat an old man whose benevolent features beamed with good will to all mankind. There was scarcely a wrinkle in the broad full brow; the hair was sprinkled with gray; but what of that? His eye was bright; his mouth teemed with good nature; and his heart—God bless thee, old Harry Harson! what need to speak of thy heart?

The intruder had come in so noiselessly, although his motions were rapid and bold, that Harson had not heard him, but sat reading a newspaper, and was not a little startled in looking over it to see a man seated within a few feet of him, and gazing at him with eyes as wild and bright as those of a maniac.

'Who are you, in the name of heaven?' ejaculated he, too surprised even to rise, and looking at the stranger as if he still doubted the reality of his being in that spot.

The man laughed, savagely: 'Look at me, my master; look at me *well*; you've seen me afore. Try and recollect it.'

Harson's embarrassment was not of long duration, and he examined the man from head to foot. A vague recollection of having met him somewhere, mingled with an indefinable feeling of suspicion and pain, crossed Harson's mind as he studied the sunken features which were submitted unshrinkingly to his scrutiny. He thought, and pondered, and wondered; and still the man remained unmoved. He looked again; the man changed his position, and the light fell upon him from another direction. Harson knew him at once. He started up: 'Murderer, I know you!'

The man was on his feet at the same moment.

'Down to your seat, Sir!' said he, in a loud, savage tone. 'You're right; but you cannot take me alive, nor will mortal

man. In that room,' said he, in a low tone, and pointing toward the dark stair-case which led to the upper part of the house, 'I killed Tim Craig—the only man that ever loved me. He's been after me ever since!' He leaned his face toward Harson, and looking stealthily over his shoulder said in a whisper: 'He's waiting for me at the door. He sat down on the stoop when I came in. I don't know why I came here, but *he* made me do it, and I must see where I killed him. It wasn't me. It was Rust; it was Rust. Hark!' He cast a hasty glance in the room behind him. 'I'm going, Tim, I'm going,' said he. 'Quick! quick! give me the light!'

Seizing the candle, before Harson could prevent him, he rushed out of the room, and sprang up the stairs two at a time. Harson followed; but before he reached the door of the upper room, with a yell so loud and unearthly that it made the old man's heart stand still, the murderer darted out; his face livid; his hair bristling, his eyes starting with horror. With a single bound he cleared the stairs; crossed the antechamber, the gate swung heavily to, and he was gone! And this was the last that was ever known of Bill Jones. A few months afterward, the body of a man was found floating in one of the docks, and was supposed to be his; but it was so mutilated and disfigured, that it was impossible to ascertain the fact with any certainty, and it was deposited in the earth with none to claim it or care for it, and with no mark to designate that the soil above it shrouded a heart which had once throbbled with all the hopes and fears and passions that were burning in the bosoms of those who were carelessly loitering above its resting place.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

Ned Somers had followed Harson's advice in not making his visits to Rhoneland's too frequent. But whatever may have passed between him and Kate, and even if they did occasionally meet in the street and stop to speak, and sometimes to hold conversations which were neither short nor uninteresting to themselves, that is a matter between themselves with which we have nothing to do. Certain it is, however, that as Ned cooled off in his intimacy with Rhoneland, he appeared to rise in the old man's estimation; and he grew more cordial when they *did* meet. It may have been that the suspicions implanted by Rust were gradually giving way before the frank, honest nature of the young man; or it may have been that gratitude for the assistance which Somers had lent, (and which Harson was very particular to give its full weight) in disentangling him from the toils of Rust; or it may have been the secret influence of Harson, who ventured, whenever it could be done, to speak a good word for Ned; or it may have been the drooping face of his child, which he was wont more than ever to study anxiously, that gradually softened his feelings; but there is no doubt that, to Kate's surprise, he one day told her to get him pen, ink and paper, and to draw the table in front of him, as he was going to write a letter. And it must be confessed, that Kate's color heightened, and her heart beat fast when he had finished the letter, directed it to Mr. Edward Somers, and then asked if she knew the address of Somers, which of course she did; although she hesitated and stammered as if it were a profound secret, and the answer the most difficult thing in the world.

But her surprise was scarcely greater than that of Ned himself, when a boy came to him with a letter which ran thus:

'My dear Edward: Come to me as soon as you can; I wish to see you on a matter of much importance to both of us.

Yours truly,
Jacob Rhoneland.'

Ned felt something bouncing about in a very queer manner directly under his ribs, as he read this note; but the sensation was not so painful as to prevent his obeying it with a speed that was perfectly marvellous; for to Rhoneland it seemed that the letter could scarcely have reached its destination before Ned was back with it in his hand.

'You got my note,' said he gravely, as Somers entered, his face flushed with the rapidity with which he had come.

'I have.'

'Don't go, Kate,' said he to his daughter, who with an inkling of what was to follow, was stealing away. 'What I have to say relates to both of you.'

'Some time since,' said he, rising, and standing in front of Ned, 'I wronged you, by making charges against you which I am now convinced were false. My mind was poisoned by one who has gone to his long account, and whose evil deeds may sleep with him. For this,' said he, extending his hand, 'I ask your pardon; much more frankly and freely than I did on the day when we met at Mr. Harson's.'

Ned took the proffered hand; at the same time pouring out a confusion of words, the sum and substance of which was intended to be, that he had taken no offence; that he knew Jacob was misled by others; that he was not only perfectly willing, but very happy, to make up the matter, and say no more about it; which no doubt was very true, for within six feet of him stood Kate, with her soft eyes fixed on his face, and her little mouth dimpled with smiles, as she observed how swimmingly matters were going on. And could he be crusty and dogged? or could he cherish a grudge against *her* father? The thing was impossible. The extended hand was grasped, and grasped warmly.

'Another thing I have to speak of,' said Rhoneland, relaxing somewhat at the cordial tone of Ned's feelings. 'It is but a short time since I learnt the full extent of my obligations to you, for the part you took in unmasking the character of Rust, and in obtaining from him a disavowal of charges against me, which, false as they were, were hard indeed to bear, and were breaking me down. I have not finished,' said he, raising his hand to prevent the interruption which Somers was endeavoring to make; 'let me complete what I have to say, and you may speak as much as you like, afterward. I will not thank you, for thanks are but words, and too often mean nothing. Is there any thing that I can *do*, to lessen my indebtedness to you?—or is there any way in which I can pay it off altogether?'

He stopped, and looked earnestly in Ned's face. The red blood dashed up to Somers' very forehead, and he could scarcely breathe for the thumping of his heart, as the idea crossed him that now was the time to ask for Kate; nor was his agitation at all diminished by casting a glance at her, and seeing her cheeks crimson and her eyes downcast, as if she anticipated what was going on in his mind. It must be confessed, however, that had Rhoneland had no other clue to

his wishes than that afforded by his words, he would have been very much in the dark; for although Ned attempted to speak out boldly, his lips trembled very much, and his voice was not as obedient as he could wish; and all that was distinctly audible was the girl's name.

'Why lad, what ails thee?' asked Rhoneland, unbending, as he observed the embarrassment of his guest. 'You used to be as bold as a lion. Come here Kate,' said he to his daughter; 'this young fellow has lost his voice; can *you* tell me what he wants?'

It was now Kate's turn to grow confused, and the color to deepen on her cheek; nor did she utter a word.

'Young man,' continued Rhoneland, in a grave tone, 'I did not send for you to trifle with your feelings. You love my daughter, and would ask for *her*, and you fear to do so lest the request should be refused. She is yours. Treat her kindly, and keep even a shadow of sorrow from falling upon her brow. If you do not, an old man's curse will rest upon you; and even though I be dead, and mouldering in my grave, where my voice cannot reach you, that silent curse will follow you.' He turned abruptly away, and left the room.

Ned Somers took Kate's hand in his; passed his arm about her waist, and drew her to him in so singular a manner, that their lips could not but meet; and not only once, but at least some half-a-dozen times.

'So you're mine at last, Kate!' said he, looking into her very eyes, whenever they were raised enough for him to do so. 'Did I not tell you to cheer up; and that all would be well? Did I not say so; and wasn't I right? And now, Kate,' said he, in a less confident tone, 'your father, though a most worthy old gentleman, is somewhat whimsical, and might change his mind; so when shall *it* be?'

Kate's reply was so very low, that it reached no ears except those of Ned; but whatever it was, it is certain that on that day month they had been married a week, and were deep in preparations for a merry-making to be held on that very evening at Rhoneland's old house, which had been so furbished up and renovated, under the auspices of the young couple, that every thing in it seemed to shine again. A party at Jacob Rhoneland's! It was a thing unheard of, and produced quite a sensation in the drowsy part of the town where he lived. Never had a household been in such a flutter as his was. What deep consultations were held to prevent the old man—who seemed to have grown quite cheerful and light-hearted, and chirruped about the house like some gay old old cricket—from meddling in every thing, and to throw dust in his eyes, so as to make him suppose that he was having every thing in his own way, when in fact he was having nothing. And then what a time it took, and what entreaties, to prevail on him to let the great wooden chest, studded with brass nails, which he never took his eye from, be removed to an upper-chamber, to make room for their guests. But Harry Harson, who was in the thick of all the doings, in and out a dozen times in an hour; rubbing his hands and enjoying the bustle, giving advice, suggesting this thing and that, and setting every thing wrong; managed to get the great chest out of the way, for he dragged it up stairs under Rhoneland's very nose, and in the teeth of his remonstrances; and depositing it in a little out-of-the-way room, very difficult of access, by reason of the angles and turns in the entry, and the size of the chest, told Rhoneland that if he wanted it below he might take it there himself; but that it was better where it was, and much more safe and out of the way; in which opinion Rhoneland finally coincided.

Betimes Kate came down stairs to receive her guests, looking so charmingly, and her eyes flashing with such malicious brightness, that on meeting her in the entry Ned stopped to kiss her, and tell her that she was looking 'gloriously;' a performance and observation by the way, which he had already repeated half-a-dozen times in the course of the last hour. By twos and threes the guests began to arrive, and went up stairs. There was a great clatter above, where they were taking off their things. It took a wonderful time to remove the hats and shawls; for although for a long time up they went, none came down. There must have been thirty assembled above stairs. At last Harry Harson, who was in the room with Ned and Kate, dressed in his best black suit, and looking as young and merry as any of them, vowed that he would not stand it, and sallied up stairs and sent them down in a drove. How bright and cheerful they all were! how the congratulations poured in upon Ned and Kate; and hopes for his future happiness, and that he might have a large fortune, and a large family to help him take care of it.

A loud scraping and jingling announced that the music was there, and put a stop to such flummery as conversation. The young folks were going into the business of the evening. The little stunted black fiddler with rings in his ears, was mounted on one chair; the big, fat fiddler, who fiddled with his eyes shut, was seated on another; and the goggle-eyed negro, with a self-satisfied face, who simpered on every body, and flourished the tambourine, was placed like an umbrella in the corner, to be out of the way.

The fat fiddler called out for the gentlemen to choose their partners for a quadrille. Then came the long premonitory screeching of the fiddle-bow across the cat-gut; then the slight, tremulous jingle of the tambourine, as if the goggle-eyed negro were dying to begin; then the bustling and hustling, and squeezing of the couples, until they had obtained their places in the dance. Then the scientific look of the fat fiddler, as he opened his eyes and surveyed the whole, to see that all was right; then the slight clearing of his throat, as he threw his head on one side, bellowed out 'right and left,' and forthwith plunged into the matter, might and main. Away he went, but fast and furious at his heels followed the little stunted fiddler; and loud above the din of both, rose the rattle of the tambourine. 'Right hand across! forward two; balancez; ladies chain; forward four; dos-à-dos; chassez to the right; cross over; all round;' here, there, every where, and all over—he was up to it all. In vain the dancers fairly flew; the fat fiddler was equal to all emergencies; he never lagged; he was sometimes too fast, but never—no, not for a single instant—was he behind.

'Whew!' said he, as he gave the final flourish of his bow, and laying it aside, wiped his forehead on his coat-sleeve, and called for a tumbler of cold water. And thereupon the stunted fiddler and the tambourine made the same request; the latter suggesting that his glass might be tempered with a 'small spirit of gin,' without hurting his feelings.

In that dance, the lightest step and merriest voice was that of Harson, who led out the bride, and footed it there with the best of them; and who through the whole evening was bustling around the room, with a kind word for every one,

and as much at home as if the house, and the company, and even the bride, belonged to him. And in fact, one or two of the guests—but they were unsophisticated people from the country—were for some time under the delusion that Harry was the bridegroom, instead of the quiet young fellow who was seen walking about the rooms, talking to the disagreeable old women, and getting partners for the ugly young ones, without their knowing it; but all in such an unobtrusive manner that he seemed quite a nobody when compared with Harson.

But there must be an end even to the merriest meetings; and when they had kept it up until the night had got among the small hours, they began to drop off. And here, amid the adieus of departing guests, we will take our leave of the young couple; for it is far pleasanter to bid farewell to those whose friendship we have cherished when hope is strong and bright, than when care or disappointment has flung its shadow over their hearts.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A few weeks had elapsed, and a small group were gathered one evening at Harson's fireside. It was composed of three persons beside Harson. The first was a man of about fifty; he might have been younger; and the heavy wrinkles which were scored across his forehead may have been the fruit of trouble and care, for they were almost too deep for his years; his mouth was firmly compressed, like that of one in the habit of mastering strong feelings; and the whole character of his face would have been stern, but for his dark, gray eye, which at times brightened up almost to childish playfulness. This was Mr. Colton, the father of Harson's protégé, Annie. The child herself was seated on Harson's knee, sound asleep, with her head resting on his breast. The only other person in the group was the wife of Mr. Colton. She was quite young, and had once possessed great beauty—the beauty of youth and happiness; but that was gone, and in its place was the patient look of one who had suffered much, and in silence. She spoke seldom, and in a low tone, so soft and musical that one regretted when the voice ceased.

'Your letter,' said Mr. Colton, in continuation of a previous conversation, 'put an end to all my plans respecting my poor niece. I had hoped to assist her; for knowing her father's hostility to her, I feared that she might be in want. Her death was a very melancholy one.'

He looked in the fire in deep thought, and for a short time a silence ensued which no one seemed inclined to break.

'I never saw her,' said his wife, after some moments; 'I think *you* did.'

'Yes, once—at the trial,' replied he, uttering the last words with an effort, as if the subject were painful. 'She was very beautiful.'

'Did she resemble her father?' inquired Mrs. Colton.

'Perhaps I can settle that question more easily than any one,' said Harson, rising up, 'by letting you judge for yourself.'

He went to a small curtain which hung against the wall, and drawing it aside, disclosed a portrait of Rust's daughter—the same which Rust had brooded over with such mingled emotions on the night previous to the murder. The same childlike, innocent smile, played round the small, dimpled mouth; the same calm, thoughtful expression of intellect mingled with gentleness, shone out of the eyes. All was as it was when father and child last looked upon it—the criminal and her accuser. Every line was unaltered; but where were they? Dust! They had acted their part on earth; their love, their hate, their fears, their remorse, were past. The tide of time was hurrying on, bringing life and death, and hopes and fears to others, but sweeping from the earth all trace of their footsteps. To them forever, aye even until the last trump, time and thought, and care and feeling, had no existence!

Mrs. Colton's eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon the picture. 'She deserved a happier fate,' said she, in a subdued tone, as if she feared to disturb the spell which seemed to hang about it.

'It was ordained for the best,' replied Harson, in a grave tone, as he regarded the portrait with a kind of solemn interest. Then, after a moment, he added: 'That *was* her, before want and suffering had laid their iron finger upon her. When I saw her, she was dead. She was very beautiful even then; but in the short time that had elapsed since her father's imprisonment, the work of years had been performed; she seemed much older and thinner, and more care-worn.'

'How did you get this?' inquired Mr. Colton, pointing to the picture.

'A friend of mine, the person who aided the girl in her last moments, accidentally learned that it was for sale, and begged me to buy it. He was too poor to do it, and I was willing to gratify him; and so the picture became mine.'

Mr. Colton looked at him for a few moments, as if on the point of making some remark, and then walked to the other end of the room and took a seat without a word. He was aroused by the child climbing on his knee, and putting her arms about his neck.

'God protect you, my child!' said he, laying his hand affectionately on her head; 'may you never know the misery which has fallen upon that poor girl!'

The words were intended to be inaudible, but they reached the ear of his wife, who going up to him, and laying her hand on his arm, said in a low voice: 'Come, come, George, do not give way to these feelings. You must not be gloomy.'

He looked at her sadly, and then placing his finger on his heart, said: 'Is not what has been going on here, for years, enough to wither to the root every feeling of cheerfulness, so that it should never again put forth a blossom?'

'Hush! hush!' interrupted his wife, in a whisper; 'if you *have* suffered, you have gained at last what you have always prayed for; while *he*, the one who caused it all, has paid the penalty of his misdeeds. Remember what his fate was.' She

pointed to the picture: 'Remember too, the fate of his only child. George, George! his punishment has been terrible, even in *this* world!'

'You are right, Mary—God forgive me! I'll think of it no more. *He* and I were nursed in the same arms, and watched by the same fond mother. From the bottom of my heart I forgive him. It would be sacrilege to her memory, for me to harbor an unkind feeling toward even a stranger, if she had loved him.'

He was silent for a moment, and then addressing Harson, enquired:

'Who is this Mr. Kornicker?'

'A poor fellow, with little to help him through the world but careless habits and a good heart.'

'What character does he bear?' inquired the other.

'Such as might be expected from his position,' replied Harson; 'full of flaws, but with a vein of gold running through it. Nature has given him fine feelings, and fortune, unluckily, has placed him in a situation where such feelings are impediments rather than otherwise. But he is a noble fellow for all that.'

'Where can he be found?' asked his guest.

Harson probably anticipated the object of this inquiry, for he said with a laugh:

'He has been taken care of; he has been placed where the means of livelihood and competence are in his grasp, if he will but work for them. And what is better yet, he seems disposed to do so, although not much can be expected of him at first. I do not think,' added he, 'that it contributes to the happiness of a young man, with a long life before him, to be altogether idle. I will do all that I can to help him; but he must work. It will be more easy for him as he gets used to the traces.'

The stranger acquiesced in this remark, and then added: 'I will take his address, nevertheless, for I must see him when I return to the city, which will be very shortly; but you seem to have anticipated me in every thing. Even the lawyer, Mr. Holmes, declined to be paid for his services. He said that *this* was not strictly a business matter, and that what he had done was out of friendship for you, and that I had better pocket the fee and drop the subject; at the same time, he said he was going to dinner, and asked me to join him, which I did, and a very pleasant time we had of it.'

A good-natured laugh was indulged at the peculiarities of the old lawyer, and many stories told of him, and of others who have figured in this history. Nor was it until the little clock over the mantel-piece seemed to give a very vehement wag of its pendulum as it struck twelve, and Spite, who had been asleep in the corner, bounced up, alarmed at the lateness of the night, and barked vociferously, that they dreamed of going to bed.

The strangers were Harson's guests that night; and the old man, having escorted them to their room, and wished them good night, was himself soon in bed and asleep.

Bright and early the next morning, they were astir; for they were to leave the city, and Harson was up and ready to see them off. It was a fine morning; the trees were just beginning to put forth their spring leaves, and the grass in the public squares was looking quite fresh and green, as they drove down to the wharf, where the steamer lay, whizzing and puffing, and groaning as if in mortal pain, and tugging at its cable like some shackled sea-monster struggling to escape to its home in the deep. Early as it was, crowds were hurrying to and fro; carts driving up and unloading; porters staggering along with trunks and bales on their shoulders; carriages dashing up at a gallop, filled with people afraid of being too late, and going off more leisurely after the passengers were deposited on the wharf. People were bustling hither and thither, elbowing their way to one place, merely to find out where to elbow it to the next; friends were bidding each other adieu; and in particular, a stout lady from the country, in yellow ribbons, from the upper part of the boat was sending a confidential message to her family and friends by a gentleman who stood in the crowd some sixty yards off.

Through this throng the coach containing our friends drove, and just in good time, for as they stepped on board, the last bell rang.

'All aboard!' shouted the captain; 'take in the plank.'

Harson shook hands with his friends. 'God bless thee, my child!' said he, pressing Annie in his arms. The next moment he stepped on shore; and the boat glided from the dock, and shot out upon the green water.

'Ah, Annie!' said the old man, as he stopped waving his hand, and turned away from the river, 'I had hoped that you would have been mine own as long as I lived; but it's all right as it is. Your brother,' added he, 'I did not miss much, when his parents took him, but *you* had become a part of my home. Well, well!'

No doubt there was a great deal of hidden consolation in these last words; for Harson's face soon recovered its usual cheerful character, and he steadily trudged toward his home.

A few words respecting the other characters, and our task is ended.

Grosket was induced by Mr. Colton to remove to the country, where an intercourse with different and better men than those with whom he had hitherto associated tended in a great measure to soften his character, and temper his fierce passions—the offspring of persecution and suffering.

Mrs. Blossom, at first alarmed by the fear of the law, grew penitent and rigorous in the discharge of her moral obligations to society; but the Law being a notorious sleepy-head, and never appearing to have its eyes open, she

gradually fell into her old habits, reöpened her 'seminary for lambs;' and from the great quantity of her disciples which frequent the thoroughfares of the city at present, I should judge is getting along prosperously. Mr. Snork was extremely desirous of becoming a partner in the concern, and made several overtures to that effect, which might have been accepted by the lady, had he not objected to being deprived of his eye-sight, and seated at a corner to receive pennies from passers-by. It was in vain that the lady represented to him that this would be the making of their respective fortunes; that blind beggars, particularly if they were remarkably disgusting, as was the case with him, had been known to retire with handsome fortunes, and that some of them even bought snug little farms in the country, and kept a horse and 'shay.' Mr. Snork however, was obstinate; his proposals were accordingly rejected, and he returned disconsolately to his abode, which was now lonely, his wife having paid a visit to the penitentiary, for the benefit of the country air.

The widow, Mrs. Chowles, still lives in her quiet, blinking little house, as cheerful and contented as ever; as happy as ever to hear Harry's heavy step, and to see his honest face in his old corner in her parlor; and although he is no longer accompanied by Spite, who has grown old and rheumatic, so that he is unable to stir from the chimney-corner, where he passes his time in crabbed solitude, except when he turns up his dim eyes to his old master, as he hears his voice, and feels his caressing hand on his head: all else is as it was in that little household; and that it may long continue, is our warmest wish.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. Stites' manuscript was written at different times, and in different hands. The little man was evidently troubled with a defective memory, (although I would not tell him so for the world,) and has permitted many strange mistakes and anachronisms to creep into his tale, which inclines me to think that the whole matter is not so authentic as he pretends, but has been gleaned in various parcels from the regions of romance. But as he is not a little tetchy on the score of his veracity, I can only suggest that the tale be regarded by his good natured readers rather as a fiction than sober truth.

From beginning to end, strong disapprobation has been expressed by Mr. Snagg, who says that 'that d—d dog is enough to kill any story, and that for his part, he doesn't think much of Stites; never did, and never will; and that a single hair of Slaughter's tail was worth Stites' marrow, fat and kidneys, all done up together.'

It is useless to argue with him; and I find the most judicious mode of disposing of the matter is to let the question remain unanswered; by which means he soon comes round, begins to discover a few merits in the manuscript, and finally concludes with a warm panegyric upon Mr. Stites himself, always however with a reservation as to the dog, whom he swears 'he never shall be able to stomach.'

In all respects, my quiet old home remains as it was. The same mystery hangs about it as formerly. The interest which for a time was excited respecting it, when I gave an account of the murder which had left it shunned and tenantless, has died away; and with the exception of Mr. Snagg, Mr. Stites, and my dog, I have few visitors. Perhaps it is best that it should be so; for I have the spectres of no hard feelings nor bitter thoughts, nor painful recollections to haunt me, requiring excitement and bustle to drive them off; and old age demands time for solemn thought and serious meditation, to enable it to wean itself from the past, and look cheerfully forward to the future.

But no more of myself. My task is ended; and I now bid you farewell!

John Quod.

THE PAST.

I.

Despair not, though thy course is drear,
The past has pleasures for us all;
Bright scenes and things to hearts most dear,
And those how fondly we recall.

II.

Such as some lovely girl we knew;
Such as some touching song we heard;
Such as some evening spent, when flew
The hours as swift as passing bird.

III.

Such as some well-trying friend we had;
Such as some acts of kindness done,
Yet rising up to make us glad,

And so will rise when years are gone.

IV.

Despair not! still be innocent;
Admire the beautiful, the good,
And when the cry of woe is sent,
Turn to relieve, in pitying mood.

V.

So shall the present, when 'tis past,
Rich with harmonious scenes appear,
No gloomy shadows o'er it cast,
No spectres there, to make thee fear.

E. G.

THE HEARTH OF HOME.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

The storm around my dwelling sweeps,
And while the dry boughs fierce it reaps,
My heart within a vigil keeps,
The warm and cheering hearth beside;
And as I mark the kindling glow
Brightly o'er all its radiance throw,
Back to the years my memories flow,
When Rome sat on her hills in pride;
When every stream and grove and tree
And fountain had its deity.
The hearth was then, 'mong low and great,
Unto the Lares consecrate:
The youth arrived to man's estate
There offered up his golden heart;
Thither, when overwhelmed with dread,
The stranger still for refuge fled,
Was kindly cheered, and warmed, and fed,
Till he might fearless thence depart:
And there the slave, a slave no more,
Hung reverent up the chain he wore.
Full many a change the hearth hath known;
The Druid fire, the curfew's tone,
The log that bright at yule-tide shone,
The merry sports of Hallow-e'en;
Yet still where'er a home is found,
Gather the warm affections round,

And there the notes of mirth resound,
The voice of wisdom heard between:
And welcomed there with words of grace,
The stranger finds a resting place.
Oh! wheresoe'er our feet may roam,
Still sacred is the hearth of home;
Whether beneath the princely dome,
Or peasant's lowly roof it be,
For home the wanderer ever yearns;
Backward to where its hearth-fire burns,
Like to the wife of old, he turns
Ever the eyes of memory.
Back where his heart he offered first—
Back where his fond young hopes he nursed.
My humble hearth though all disdain,
Here may I cast aside the chain
The world hath coldly on me lain;
Here to my Lares offer up
The warm prayer of a grateful heart;
Thou that my household guardian art,
That dost to me thine aid impart,
And with thy mercy fill'st my cup;
Strengthen the hope within my soul,
Till I in faith may reach the goal.

PROFESSOR SHAW.

A SKETCH.

Plutarch Shaw, the naturalist, was lately in the stocks, which has been a matter of much talk among the virtuosi, and a good deal of malicious laughter on all hands. He cut a devil of a figure, rest assured, propped up in a straight jacket, his eye fiery with vengeance; the innocent victim of 'circumstances,' and that very common error of putting the saddle on the wrong horse. A very little explanation will serve to place this matter in the right light, and show by what a fantastic adventure an honest man, who was always given to roam over much territory, was suddenly placed upon the limits, and one of the most profound explorers of the curious became himself for the time being a curiosity.

Mr. Shaw is so much of an enthusiast, that it is very unpleasant to stand near him when he is talking about his bugs, or exhibiting his specimens, on account of being spattered all over with the spray of his eloquence. A bat shot down in the dusk of the evening is enough to set him half crazy, and make the saliva fly all over; it rolls and surges against the bulwarks of his jagged teeth in a rabid foam, showers out with his descriptions, and makes him only tolerable at arm's length. The beetles and butterflies which he has transfixed are innumerable; and he is perpetually syringing down the humming-birds, as stationary on vibrating wings, these beautiful creatures of the air plunge their beaks deep into the cups of flowers. With him pin-money is an item. If he marks any thing curious in the natural world, he 'sticks a pin there,' and keeps it for future reference; any thing from a lady-bug ready to unfold suddenly the gauze upon its hard back, where you would think no wings existed, and fly away, to an offensive black beetle that snuffs the candle, or cracks its head against the wall, thence upward in the scale to the bird which Liberty loves as her sublimest emblem, the proudest of the proud, the bird of our own mountains, and the eagle of our own skies.

'I would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm,'

writes Cowper: not so however with the great Shaw, whose collection of worms is most disgusting; exceeded only by his reptiles preserved in spirits, with all their sickening exhibition of claws. He has got some dragons that fall little short of the Devil himself in general hideousness and outrageous tails; some noots brought from Nootka Sound; some green monsters from Green Bay; some devilish things from Van Diemon's land; and finally, Plutarch is himself hideous, and ought to be put in a collection, which by the by, he lately *was*. It was a great era in his life time when he shot a wild-cat;

that however has nothing to do with the present story, and must be told shortly. He threw a stone at him, it seems, to frighten him out of the bushes, where by dint of sneaking he discovered something with a white and black fur, moving about in a short compass. Breathless with excitement, standing on tip-toe, dodging his head among the brambles, all ready, and meaning to have a shot at him 'pretty soon,' he was whispering to himself, telling himself in a mysterious voice to 'hold fast,' not to budge, but wait for the next movement; when this *pole-cat*—there is a distinction, it is well known in the species, nor in the present instance was it a 'distinction without a difference'—opened the batteries with the precision of an artillery officer. 'O my eyes!' was the exclamation of Professor Shaw, 'my eyes! my eyes! my eyes!' It was a great era in his life time also when he shot a plover; *that* however has little to do with the present story, and must be told shortly. It was on the Big Plains, where not a tree nor shrub may be seen for miles around; where ambuscades are unknown, and it is very hard to steal a march upon the timid birds which are frightened at a very shadow; only they do not fear the flocks and herds which pasture upon the plains, but tamely pick up the worms beneath their feet. Professor Shaw hit upon an expedient to surprise them, which no other person would have thought of, than one of his extreme ingenuity: a big box, opened at both ends, into which he crawled with fowling-piece in hand. First, however, he procured an ox-hide at the stall of a neighboring farm, with all its apparatus of horns, and placed it over the box, to give it the appearance at a distance, of a *bonâ fide* ox. Sure enough, this scheme worked well. On came the plovers, hopping about with much unconcern. Shaw chuckled. He flattered himself that he should be the death of some of them, if his own life were only spared a few moments. While he hammered the flint of his fowling-piece with an old jack-knife, he heard a distant rumbling sound, which soon waxed terrible, and caused him to thrust out his head. Thunder and Mars! what should he do? If he ran, it was all up with him, and he was a dead man if he staid where he was. A wild bull of the prairies was cutting up shines at no great distance, tearing up the sod with hoofs and horns, and threatening to demolish that refuge of lies. Shaw poked out his head, and drew it in again, clutching his fowling-piece convulsively, and trembling in an agony of fear. Involuntarily he began to say his prayers. 'Our Father who art in heaven,' said he, with great fervor. The bull was now up, bellowing in a tumultuous passion, galloping round and round in circles which were diminishing with every turn, getting his horns ready to toss the whole fiction of an ox, box, hide, horns, Plutarch Shaw and all, into the air. 'Help! help!' shrieked the philosopher; 'I'll come out; I must, I must, I *must!*' And he *did* come out, by far the most sneaking object for miles around on the Big Plains. Some men who were hunting plover from a wagon, (which is the right way,) saw his fantastic position with mingled laughter and alarm. They drove to his assistance, but the horses shyed off at the terrific conduct of the bull, whose onslaught was now made upon the box, which he attacked hoof and horn. Mr. Shaw had barely strength to reach the shelter of the wagon, into which he was taken, much chap-fallen, and resuscitated with brandy-and-water, which were luckily at hand.

He was an 'odd fish,' unanimously so styled, by those who knew him, nor did his appearance belie him, as he started forth on a geological excursion in the month of May last, making poems and tuning pianos by the way. He strung up the old harpsicords to the satisfaction of the country girls, who thought he 'played on music' with great skill, but his eyes were the very wildest. Was Professor Shaw crazy? By no means. As a proof of it, he had written several poems as voluminous as the Fredoniad; which were unavailing for the present, but which he *did* hope that his 'country would not willingly let die;' added to this, some marches in double quick time, some intricate and inwoven harmonies in the transcendental style, stanzas set to music, thrown forth when the excitement was upon him, and fugitives from justice. Yet all these were nothing, to judge by dark and mysterious hints which were given out, of some GREAT WORK at which he was now laboring, which the world, (he said it with a presentiment of triumph) would be *compelled* to own. But, as I remarked, his appearance did not belie him. Whoever might doubt his metaphysics, his legs were unquestionably the very longest, by the assistance of which he had lately won a foot-race on the Union course for a hundred dollars, to enable him to pursue his studies for the ministry. 'Accoutred as he was,' on one fine day in the month of May, he had wandered to a distant part of the country with a walking-stick, furnished at the extremity with a small hammer. Absorbed in revery, and constructing verses by the way, he arrived at last in a romantic valley, where he was soon busily employed in cracking rocks, and collecting specimens for his cabinet.

The solitude and pleasant walks were eminently suited to the mind of Professor Shaw. The babbling of the rills which came down the hill sides and washed the pebbles at his feet, were soothing to the sense, and the birds sang sweetly on the trees, which were covered with the blossoms of the spring. Only a single dwelling was seen on one of those swelling hills which rose above each other, gently and far away, till their last undulating lines were limited by the horizon's blue verge. The eye wandered with pleasure over the diversified prospect, which included the boundaries of three sovereign states, with various rivers, valleys and fertile fields. On such a spot, where Nature reigned and developed herself in quiet beauty, whether in the voluptuous budding of the spring, or in the year's gorgeous decline, Charity had taken the hint and erected an asylum for the insane. Happy invocation of Nature, most kind and gentle saviour of the sick, who meeting her in her quiet haunts may touch her beautiful garments and be whole! In the exhilarating sunshine, in the fields garnished so exquisitely by our good God, in the religious woods, the circling hills, and the unbounded sky, there is a force of healing, when Art has consigned the victim to despair, and the soothing hand aggravates the deep-rooted sorrow. Nature gently re-conducts the lost mind through its labyrinth of error, speaking sweet consolation in the passing breeze, and a volume of beauty in each unclasping flower.

Professor Shaw was doubling up his grotesque figure over the stones, gathering garnets. With the intent look of a gold digger, or an alchemist prying into his crucible, he was seeking for treasures, cracking up rocks into the size of sugar-lumps, and Macadamizing all the place for yards round. His shadow stalked with him with colossal strides, according to the declension of the sun, and the hammer in his shadowy arm fell on the projection of the shadowy rocks. But not farther off than where his grotesque head and slanting extremity were measured on the next wall, two clowns had gee'd their oxen under a tree, and left their basket of potatoes in the furrow, (w—hoy—gee, there—I tell yer to gee!) for the sake of giving their undivided attention to the Professor. Geology they had never heard of, beyond its application to stone fence; so they considered the conduct of a man very queer indeed, who was muttering to himself, and filling his pocket full of stones. After a little silence, they nodded to each other with a knowing look, and said with one consent, 'He's as crazy as a coot.' They approached Mr. Shaw, dubiously. 'See his eyes!' said they; 'aint they wild? Mister?' said the elder clown.

Shaw made no reply.

'Mister, look a-here; aint you—aint you—?'

'Fel-spar,' said Shaw, cabalistically.

'Oh dear me! that's enough! My dear feller, we've got a duty to perform. I guess we know where you come from. Mister, aint you—?'

'Are you addressing me?' said Professor Shaw, mildly, looking up. 'Are you addressing your remarks to me, my friend?'

'Wonderful cunnin', but it wont do. 'Twont sarve you; I'm a-feard we shall have to—'

'Well, Sir, my name is Shaw.'

'What's that you got onto your cane? What you doin' in Queens cēounty? Do tell, aint you—got loose from somewhar? Honor bright!'

The professor, lost in amazement, answered only by a broad stare. He then bethought him that two lunatics had escaped from yonder mansion. The idea satisfied his mind, and surprise gave way at once to a smile, full of benevolence and pity. 'My poor friends,' said he, 'do go back; you have surely wandered from home; do go up the hill—do go up the hill.' Then stamping his foot with an air of authority, he exclaimed, stretching out the hammer of his cane, 'Go back to the asylum, in-stan-taneously!'

'I guess the one in the loft will be long enough,' whispered the rustic; 'but fetch the longest of the two *ropes*, and make haste. Oh, he's stark!'

'Ah! how sad!' soliloquized Professor Shaw, as both of his new friends retreated, and one hurried out of sight, 'how sad a spectacle! the deluded, wandering mind, told by such unerring symptoms; the wild eye, strange words, and fantastic pleasantness; reason hurled from her own throne, and that steady light exchanged for the fitful flickering over decay! They mistake me for one of their melancholy fraternity, poor lunatics! whereas my lamp of life, and reason, it appears to me, never shone brighter. I shall yet work out something of which my country will be proud, and which shall inscribe on an enduring pedestal the name of Shaw.' The professor (with his hammer) split a rock. 'If those men come back, what had I better do with them? I will contemplate the remarkable phenomenon of the mind in ruins. Humanity suggests to me that I ought to coax them back with sophistry as far as the garden-gate, and then holler for help.' Shaw was the best hearted of men; he would not hurt a human being in the world, cruel as he was to bugs, and to centipedes an 'outer barbarian.' In the course of ten minutes he was at the base of a large rock, scooping out garnets, and thinking casually of that 'great work which his country would not willingly let die,' when a rope was let over his head and shoulders from above, and the professor was noosed. The countrymen jumped down, and began to drag him from the other end, squeezing his bowels, and winding him round and round, till coming to close quarters, they knocked his hat off, wrested his hammer out of his hand, and seizing him by the collar, almost throttled him with the knuckles of their immense fists.

Shaw. (Kicking violently.) Murder! murder! murder!

Rustics. It won't do no good; we got yer; you may as well come fust as last. You're crazy as a coot, and wuss now than when we fus see you. Your eyes shows it.

Shaw. I'll go with you, my friends, but don't kill me; oh! I beseech you don't kill me!

Rustics. No, we wont hurt you; only come along to the house. Come along.

Shaw. Take your knuckles out of my throat, please. *Aside.* Their hallucination is extreme; the symptoms of their disease have taken a form the most vindictive. Yes, my friends, conduct me safe. We shall soon reach the house; then all will be explained.

At this very hour an amusing scene was enacting among the lunatics in the large hall of the asylum. One who professed magnetism was trying his skill upon a subject, to the great entertainment of his fellows. He was making the passes after a singular fashion, upon a docile fellow who sat bolt upright in a chair with a face of the most stolid gravity. Standing at a distance, he would rush up with long strides, make a wavy flourish with his hands over the face of the subject, and retreat as rapidly. Then with eager, swelling eyes, aiming with the fore-finger of each hand, he would run up and point at some phrenological bump upon the cranium. But the patient sat immovable, and was neither to be soothed into slumber, nor coaxed into giving any indication that the organs were excited; as is the case with the well-drilled *protegés* of your itinerant lecturers.

Nearly all the inmates were witnesses of this scene, except a few who were restricted, and one fair girl who walked in the garden sobbing; and never did tears fall out of more beautiful eyes, or shed over such a sweet face the interest of sorrow. They gushed profusely on the rosebud in her hand; fit emblem of herself; for she had not yet broke into the bloom of womanhood. Where tears flow, despair has been already softened to sorrow, and smiles may yet shine out of the darkness, as the bow of promise bridges only a firmament of cloud. This poor creature, frightened at a disturbance at the gate, fled like a fawn to her own apartment. The professor was lugged in by the head and ears, with unnecessary roughness. Appearances were much against him, as he always had a crazy look. His strange dress and equipments, his unshaven beard, his long hair straggling over his forehead, his long nose and long legs, his much-abused and bunged-up hat, which yawned wide open at the crown and showed the lining, wore the external tokens of a mind ill at ease. Added to this, a sickly smile shed a yellow glare over his features, of which the effect was neither natural nor pleasant; and as the lunatics pressed around, and the clowns still clutched him by the throat, even that passed away, and left an expression of bewilderment and undisguised dismay. At that moment the physician arrived, and glancing at the new subject just brought to the establishment, and concluding that his present wildness would need some coercion at first, requested him to be brought into the nearest apartment. The four formed a singular group. 'Sit down,' said the doctor, nodding calmly to the professor, as he prepared to study the case. 'Ha! ha!' exclaimed Professor Shaw, dropping into a

chair, and striving hard to be amused at his predicament, 'ha! ha! ha! My dear Sir, ha! ha! yes, I think I may say ha! ha! ha!'—and he laughed so obstreperously as to set the whole company in a roar. 'This excursion for scientific purposes; near coming to an unpleasant termination; some of your poor fellows, doctor,' casting a knowing look at the clowns, 'are strongly possessed they brought me here against my will.'

The doctor smiled.

'Let me explain all,' said Mr. Shaw, recovering breath, and speaking with preternatural calmness. 'Oblige me first by having those men removed. Their presence disturbs me. I pity them from my lowest soul; but they have—it is ridiculous—ha! ha! ha! yes, it *is* ridiculous—but they have hurt me very much and disturbed my equanimity. You should confine them more strictly, Sir, and not let them go at large to murder strangers by the way-side.'

The doctor smiled.

'In search of relaxation, during the intervals of a great work which I have in hand, having been made an honorary member of the Tinnecum Association, I came here for the prosecution of scientific purposes, and for the collection of botanical and mineralogical specimens, which I have at present in my breeches pocket.'

Rustics. He! he! he! that's enough—see his eyes!

Shaw. (*Smiling.*) Doctor, how long have these subjects been in your institution? Their insanity has not taken a very mild form. Will you oblige me by removing them from the room? Indeed it hurts me to see the immortal mind astray.

The doctor smiled.

Shaw. (*Enthusiastically.*) As I entered these doors, a most lovely being shot across my path. It was but an instant; a quick light, a momentary flash, and all was gone! But it was enough! I saw her! I never shall forget her. Who is she? That sweet girl has impressed her image on my soul!

Doctor. My friend, be calm.

Shaw. Oh, my dear Sir! understand me. I *am* calm, I *am* calm.

Doctor. Perhaps you will be so kind as to inform me where your *friends* reside, and when you left them upon this journey.

'My friends!' exclaimed the professor, with a bitter sneer; 'who are my friends? Where have I found any whose friendship was other than a name? My books, my cabinet, my studies, the great work on which I am now laboring—these are my friends; it is only through these that I shall be raised to fame. *Sic itur ad astra.*'

Doctor. I am satisfied that we had better secure——

Shaw. Do you want any assistance, Sir? I will willingly help you to get these poor fellows to their rooms.

Rustics. He's the cunningest we ever seen.

Doctor. Yes, he would deceive any one. Wait a minute my men.

Shaw. If you don't need me I'll bid you good day; I can't stay any longer.

Doctor. Oh no, we can't let you go, in common humanity, till we have communicated with your friends.

Professor Shaw, in the utmost alarm, attempted to plunge out of the room. He was laid violent hands on by all three; his indignation boiled over; he struggled most desperately, knocked down the doctor, and attempted to jump out of the window, but in the end was overcome, a straight-jacket put on him, the stones were taken out of his pocket, he was conducted to a separate apartment, and as the shades of night fell around him, he almost doubted himself whether he was in his sound mind. His wits seemed to be indeed scattered. In vain he tried to collect them, and to realize his present position, which was the most false and unfortunate one in which he had ever been placed. He charged the Devil with conspiracy. He had already sneered at the suggestion of having friends; how should he be the victim and laughter of his enemies! He imagined them holding their gaunt sides and shaking with a spectre-like malignity. Then he thought of the fair girl whom he had seen in the garden shedding tears on roses, and strove to weave a chaplet of verse which should be more unfading than flowers. What a strange destiny was his! The victim of untoward accidents, persecuted by some evil spirit, and leading an aimless, desultory life, which he yet feared would lead on to lunacy. What should he do in the present instance? Be patient? Yes, he would be calm, forgiving, philosophical as ever. Footsteps are approaching; the door of his cell opens; perhaps it is already the token of his release. Yes, one of his own townsmen enters. Alas! he owed the professor a grudge, and assured the doctor that he was cracked, and begged him to hold on to him by all means; he would go and inform his friends. 'Ha! ha! ha!' exclaimed Shaw, as the door closed; 'there it is again; in luck as usual; ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!'

As it grew dark, and he lay on his pallet, a crowd of thoughts and imaginations pursued him through a long sleep, and when he opened his eyes to the morning light, he gazed around the strange place with astonishment, and tried in vain to persuade himself that his present position was not a dream.

In three days he was released from limbo; retracing his steps, with all the bugs and specimens which he had collected. And, for those who feel an interest in Professor Shaw, it may be agreeable to know, that in his wanderings, having discovered in a green lane, on the margin of a duck-pond, a district school in want of a pedagogue, he forthwith assumed the birch, and may be now seen at almost any hour of the day, in the midst of his noisy populace, commanding silence, or dusting them on their least honorable parts. 'Tough, are you? I'll see if I can find a tender spot. Come, no

bawling, or I'll flog you till you stop. Thomas Jones, take your book, and stick your nose in the c-o-rner. First division may go out. First class in geography——'

F. W. S.

STANZAS

TO THE SPIRITS OF MY THREE DEPARTED SISTERS.

WRITTEN AT MID-WINTER.

Sweet sisters! ye have passed away,
In solemn silence one by one,
And left a brother here to stray,
In doubt and darkness—and alone!
For like three lamps of holy flame,
Ye shone upon my weary way,
Till a chill breath from heaven came,
And quenched for aye the kindly ray.
Where are ye now?—where are ye now?
Those loving hearts and spirits, where!
O'er three new graves in grief I bow,
But ye are gone—ye are not there!
The winds that sigh while wandering by,
Curl the bright snow in many a wreath,
And sing in mournful melody,
O'er the cold dust that sleeps beneath.
The birds that sang when ye were here,
Are singing in another clime;
Have left the hedge and forest sere,
And gone where all is summer-time.
The frail bright flowers that bloom'd around,
When ye were blooming bright as they,
Lie crushed and withered on the ground,
Their fragrance heavenward passed away.
And ye are gone where genial skies
And radiant suns eternal shine,
Where peaceful songs forever rise,
From saintly tongues and lips divine.
And like the flowers whose sweet perfume
Has left the soil and risen above,
Has risen from your silent tomb
The holy fragrance of your love.
But often when the silver beams
Of the pale stars are on my bed,
Ye come among my sweetest dreams,

And bend in silence o'er my head;
And throngs of bright imaginings
Float round and o'er me till the dawn;
I hear the fluttering of wings!
I start—I wake! but ye are gone.
Oh! I am sad; yet still the thought
That when this tired though willing hand
Its earthly destiny hath wrought,
Ye wait me in that distant land,
And that ye long to have me there,
More that I pine your absence here,
Shall heal the touch of every care
And quench the sting of every fear.
No marble stands with towering shaft
To catch the stranger's curious eye;
No tablet graved with flattering craft,
Tells where your silent ashes lie;
But there is one secluded spot
In the deep shadows of my soul,
Where stranger foot intrudeth not,
Nor winter's wanton tempests roll.
And there in Friendship's burial-ground
The willow of remembrance bends,
And ye my sisters there have found
A home among my choicest friends;
And modelled with ethereal grace,
The form of Hope with heavenward eyes,
Stands calmly on your burial-place,
And points her finger to the skies.

I. G. Holland.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PRAIRIE HERMIT.

EDITED BY PETER VON GEIST.

It happened on the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, that I, Peter Von Geist, found myself, in the natural course of events, journeying on horse-back along the northern bank of the Ohio river, in the state of Illinois. The space between me and the house where I designed to stop, and the time between then and sun-down, were somewhat disproportionate; so I pricked gallantly forward; as gallantly at least as could be expected from a tired horse, and a knight whose recreant thoughts were intensely fixed on dollars and cents, supper, and other trifling affairs. By dint however of much patience in the steed, and much impatience in the rider, we got over the ground, and approached a house that had been in sight for some distance.

It was placed on the summit of a steep, conical hill; there was no smoke from its chimney, or voices to be heard, or persons to be seen, or other signs of life, in its precincts. The grass grew high and green all around the hillock, and there was no road, not even a foot-path, visible on its side. Nevertheless, I dismounted, left my horse to improve the opportunity of snatching a light repast on the abundant herbage, and forced my way up to the top of the knoll.

The building was constructed in the rude fashion of the country; but the chinking had fallen out from between the logs; the chimney had partly tumbled down; tall weeds sprung up between the stones of the door-steps; the door itself was

fastened with a huge padlock; the windows were nearly all beaten in, and every thing about it gave evidence that it had not been inhabited for several years. The summit of the hill was smooth and level. A few stumps grew around the edge; and the ground seemed to have been, at some former time, a garden.

The situation was exceedingly fine, and the view on all sides very beautiful. The eminence commanded on one hand three or four miles of the river, and on the other an unlimited tract of prairie. At the particular moment when I first visited it, the level sun-light came glancing over the face of flood and field, tinging every thing that it touched with its own mellow hue, and casting gigantic and ill-defined shadows of the hill, the house, and myself, on the plain beyond. At the distance of a mile and a half below, stood a couple of one-story houses, the logs of which they were built newly hewed, evidently of recent construction. The inhabitants of this old building, then, must have stood where I am standing, and gazed over the vast extent of country that is spread out before me, without meeting a single habitation of man, or any thing having life, except perhaps a wolf or a buffalo. And it could not have been desire of wealth that induced a family of refinement and taste, such as the little decorations and ornaments show that this was, to select this solitude for their home; for not more than an acre of land, at the foot of the hill, had ever been invaded by the plough.

There were several circumstances like these, that were unusual and unaccountable; but not being in a mood just then to be much perplexed about it, I descended the knoll, remounted, and hurried on towards the more hospitable dwellings below.

Of course, the traveller was received with a welcome, and his bodily wants speedily and abundantly cared for. After this most important duty had been satisfactorily performed, and quietude of spirit consequent thereon was restored to my breast, it chanced that the host and his blue-eyed, golden-haired, neatly-dressed, smiling-faced, half-matron, and half-girlish young wife, who had lately set up business on their own account, and I, seated ourselves without the door, to feel the cool air of the evening. It chanced too that the door faced the east; and the old house towered up darkly in the distance before us. In answer to my inquiries, they were able to give but little information concerning it, and that chiefly derived from others.

It appeared that there was on the other side of the river, and a little lower down, a small settlement. It had stood there from time immemorial; at least, the memory of the tidy little wife did not run to the contrary, and she had received her birth and education there, and ought to know. She remembered, one of the first things that she could remember, a middle-aged gentleman, in a black hat and coat, who used to row over the river from the other shore in a small skiff, and walk into her father's store to make his purchases, with a grave, but not cold or forbidding face, and used to pat her on the head, with such a fatherly smile, and say a few words in such a kind tone, as to fill her little breast quite full with delight. She remembered more distinctly, a few years later, how this same gentleman used to come into the settlement as often as once-a-week, and how glad every one appeared to meet him and shake hands with him. The villagers seemed to repose unlimited confidence in him. The moment he landed, half-a-dozen were ready to ask his advice, or to show him papers, to see if all were correctly done. He was the umpire in all differences and quarrels, and seldom failed to send away the disputants at peace with each other. If there was a wedding, he of course must be present. On May-day, when the boys and girls went out into the woods to romp, and afterward to sit down to a rustic pic-nic, he was sure to walk into their midst, just at the right moment, bearing in his hand a wreath of flowers, so beautiful, and so tastefully made, that all the girls cried when at length it fell to pieces; and he would place it on the head of the Queen of May with such a gentle, sweet little speech, that she would blush up to the tips of her ears, and all her subjects would clap their hands and laugh out with pleasure.

At Christmas parties his place was never empty; and while he was there, mirth never flagged. Perhaps their sports were not so boisterous as they would have been if he had not been a spectator; but they were quite as pleasant at the time, and a great deal pleasanter when looked back upon from the next day. He used to sit in one corner, by the huge, roaring fire, and look on, apparently as much interested as they themselves were. Nothing went amiss; and there was never wanting some slight, good-natured remark or act, to rectify mistakes and set them all going again.

But much as he was loved by the villagers, he was no less respected. They did not even know his name. Many would have been glad to, and wearied themselves by indirect methods to find it out. But as no one had courage to ask him, and as it never happened to fall from him incidentally, they remained in the dark about it. He was known and addressed however, by the appellation of 'the Lawyer,' as their conversation with him was chiefly asking his advice on points of law too knotty for them, which he freely gave. He affected no mystery or reserve; yet there was something in his bearing, affable and unaristocratic as it was, that caused those very men—who, if the governor of the state had come among them, would have slapped him on the back, and offered him a glass of liquor—to rise in his presence and approach him with respect.

My bright-eyed informant, with her musical voice, recollected, a good while ago, when she was about ten years old, and he had become gray and wrinkled—though he never needed a staff, nor was his eye dim—that he rowed over one spring afternoon, and requested the men to leave their work for a few minutes, and hear something that he had to say to them. Accordingly, they collected 'considerable of a little crowd' around her father's store. The lawyer stood in the door, while she made her way through the throng and sat down on the door-step, at his feet. She did not remember all that he said; only that he talked to them for about half an hour, in a calm, conversational tone, on the importance of building school-houses and educating their children. They seemed to be much pleased with what he said; and after another half hour's free discussion, the whole village turned out, and went to work felling trees and hewing timber; and in the course of a few days a substantial school-house was erected. From that time forth, she and all her brothers and sisters, and all her play-mates, at stated hours and seasons, were rigidly imprisoned therein, and diligently instructed in the rudiments of science.

About this time, she and a brother who was about two years older embarked on a voyage of discovery. They pulled up the river, at least he did, for she only held the rudder, two miles, till they come in sight of the residence of the Great Unknown. There stood the old house, as she had often gazed at it with wondering eyes from the opposite bank, just as grim, and dark, and gloomy. It had been their intention to make an open descent upon it, and boldly beat up the premises. But now, the building was so silent, and deserted, and frowning, their hearts failed them, and they crept

cautiously along up the southern shore till they were concealed by a bend in the river; then striking across, they floated down, by accident as it were, close under the northern bank. When they arrived under the hill, on the top of which the object of their curiosity was placed, they looked anxiously up at it; but every thing was as silent as the grave. Seeing it thus unguarded, they took courage, ran the skiff ashore, and prepared to land. But when on the point of stepping on the beach, the door of the house opened, the man himself walked out therefrom and advanced to the brow of the eminence. There he stood; black all over, except his face, which at that instant appeared to wear a peculiarly terrible and ferocious aspect. The children were frightened, and hastily shoved off their little cockle-boat. But the man came down to the edge of the water, and called them by name to return. *She* thought how far off home was, and no one near to afford assistance in case of need; and when she thought, she would have been glad to have retreated as fast as possible; but her brother was commander of the expedition, and without more words he pushed back to land.

They went ashore, neither of them altogether devoid of fear and trembling, and sat down on the grassy bank, by the side of their venerable friend. He soon talked away their timidity; and seemed so mild and affectionate, that in a few minutes they were chatting and laughing as merrily as ever children could. He showed them his garden, his trees, and flowers, and fruits. He gave them a little basket, which they filled with strawberries, some of which he squeezed between his fingers and rubbed on her cheeks, to see he said, if they could be made any redder. In fine, he amused them so much with his stories, and was so pleasant and kind, that they fell more than ever in love with him; and after promising a dozen times to come and see him every week while it was summer, they returned gaily home.

But the old man died at last. The children went up one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit, and found the house all still, and the door locked. They knocked and knocked, but no one answered. They peeped in at the window and saw him stretched at length on the bed, fully dressed, with a handkerchief over his face, and his gray hair lying dishevelled on the pillow. They called to him; but still there was no answer. Then they became alarmed, and hurried home. Some men came up, broke open the door, and found him dead. Without sickness, or premonition of any kind, he had calmly passed away.

They dug his grave by the side of the cottage, and laid him in it, with his feet to the east and his head to the west; and left him to rest there, unknown and unnamed in death, as he had been in life. The whole village, men, and women, and children, mourned for him many days. But when the days of lamentation were ended, and they saw his face no more, though their grief abated, his memory did not, and has not yet passed from their hearts.

I observed the voice of my hostess to falter more than once, while telling this simple and dream-like story of her childhood. I could see by the night-lights too that her bright eyes sometimes became brighter and sometimes dimmer; both of which circumstances made it only the more pleasant for me to sit and listen to her words.

'There were no letters,' she said, found in his possession from which they could learn his name. There were no writings of any kind, except a bundle of old papers, which she had looked into, but they seemed to be only disconnected thoughts and memoranda of events and feelings, and threw no light on his history. At my request she produced a lamp and spread out the papers on the table. I turned over the worn and time-stained manuscripts; but the leaves were loose, unnumbered, and put together at random, and it was some time before I could find a place to begin at.

At length, however, I managed to bring a few sheets in juxtaposition, such, that with a little stretch of the imagination I could discern a slight connection between them. And thus, by dim lamp-light, alone, with the silence of night around, and the old house lifting up its dark and shadowy form in the distance, I read some of the old man's papers.

Those which I read I took the liberty of putting into my portmanteau, arguing that though they might be of no use to me, they certainly would be of none to their present possessors. Some of these papers having appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, and met with 'acceptance bounteous,' I am induced to transcribe for the edification of the reader, a portion of the autobiography of the writer. It is contained in the last chapter, or sheet, and is written in a different and more aged hand than the rest; and gives the 'moving why' of the old man, in isolating himself from his kind, in one of the great green deserts of the West, 'for which the speech of England hath no name.'

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

Sixty years old! Many sorrows, many storms encountered, both within and without, and much journeying along the road of life, have left their traces on my features and on my head; but I am thankful that they have not touched my heart. I live alone, but not solitary; for I hold daily communion with the absent and beloved; communion also, sad but sweet, with the departed. The forms of those once hated too, are ready to rise up at my bidding; but they are never summoned. For I wish all within me to be gentleness and repose; and it ill becomes me on this my last failing foothold on the verge of the grave, to allow thoughts of hatred to stir up the turbid waters of bitterness which have been slumbering so many years in my heart.

So I stand up here calmly at the end of my journey, and look back on the path which I have trodden. And what a path! Far back it runs, growing fainter and narrower, till I lose sight of it, an indistinct line, in the distance. I shall not say how many steep hills it crosses, where it might better have kept in the plains; how many deviations it makes from a straight course, apparently for the sole purpose of wandering through difficult places; or how often it runs along over burning sandy deserts, parallel with, and but a few steps from, the verge of a cool and pleasant meadow. I shall say nothing of this; for of the million of paths that intersect this vast plain of Life, there is probably not one which, when the traveller looks back upon it, does not like mine seem marked out by the veriest caprice of chance. Each one gropes its way along, like the crooked track of a blind man; and when it would appear the easier and almost the only way to keep on up the gentle eminence, whereon might have been found renown and happiness, by that same constant fatality, it suddenly turns short off to one side, plunges down into the rocky ravine, and pants on, for many a weary mile. That man shapes not his own ends, is a truth which I felt long since, and which each day's experience brings home to me with the freshness of a new discovery. It is a truth which rises up and mocks us, when we sit down to calculate or plan for the future; and it almost staggers our confidence in the connection between human means and the desired result.

But what a path! Proceeding out of the darkness of morning, it struggles through a brief day, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in shade, and ends in the darkness of night. I glance along it, and the care-worn faces of the companions of my manhood rise up, on either side, and farther back, the speaking countenances of the friends of my youth. It is but a narrow space, the land of Youth, and soon passed; but pleasant, and full of images of beauty. The sun is not so bright and hot upon it as on some other parts of the path; but we do not expect happiness in the garish light of mid-day and reality. The mellowness of a summer evening sunset lays on it, and thereby it becomes a faëry land, a land of bliss and dreams. How throng up, as I gaze, the forms of those early and best-loved friends! How distinct and life-like, even at this distance, are their characters and features! They are all there; not one name has been erased, and not one picture dimmed, on the tablet of memory. The same warm smile of kindling pleasure greets me; the same hands are thrown out, as if to touch my own; and those bright eyes grow brighter as they are turned toward me.

It is with such companions that I spend the last days of my earthly pilgrimage; and thus, as I said before, though alone I am not solitary. Is not such companionship sweet? When they visit me, I throw off old age, as a garment. Smiling thoughts come gently over me, and life and happiness, as of wont, course like the mad blood of fever through my veins. I feel over again those old feelings, repass through those same scenes, and my heart beats faster or grows pale in the same places and in the same manner as it once did. The old fields and houses and roads come up too, clothed at my command, in the snows of winter, or in the beauty of summer. Old scenes, but still fresh and young; and I am sometimes tempted to believe that the intervening years have been the illusion of a dream, and that I am awakening in their midst.

All this, some will say, is the weakness of age. It seems to me to be rather its strength. The future in life is nothing; and what is the bare present to any one? The past, then, alone is left me. And if by living in it I can keep my affections alive, instead of letting their fires, according to the course of nature, or rather of custom, die down into cold ashes, I do not call myself weak if I do as much as possible forget the present.

I had, when I was young, many dreams; such as I dare say all have. They seem such to me now, only not at all shadowy. On the contrary, they become more and more like reality as my distance from them increases, while their hues are as well marked and distinct as ever. Many and bright; but the brightest of all, the dream of my youth, is that which flashes across my recollection, when there comes into my heart the thought of my cousin Jane!

My cousin Jane! Her form comes up before me, light and elastic and joyous, as though summoned for the first time, and as though it had not been my daily visitor for many a long year. Time writes no wrinkle on thy snowy brow, my first love! That glad smile knows no weariness, and I know no weariness in gazing on it. Those deep eyes, full of feeling; those soft words that thrill; I see and hear and feel them now, as I saw and heard and felt them first. Wilt thou never be tired of looking up to me, with that sweet, timid, confiding, tearful glance? Will the rising flush of thy cheek and thy subdued smile, be always fresh as now, and as in that hour when first we met? Thou hast been my companion, my un murmuring, ever-present, unchanging companion, through many a dark time and stormy scene; and thou and the heart in which thou livest will die together.

We met, my cousin Jane and I, when she was just putting on womanhood; had begun to find out the depths of her own heart, to doubt whether those depths ever could be filled, and to feel that unless they were, life would be but a blank. Not that there were not many willing enough to love her and be loved; the beauty of her form and character drew around her a crowd of admirers. But among them all, her nice perception saw that there was not one, of whom the exterior did not form by far the largest part of the man. Her admirers were good, honorable men; she respected and esteemed them; but still, gentle and timid and humble as she was, without knowing why, she felt that there was an impassable gulf between her and them. Their thoughts were not like her thoughts. Her social disposition led her much into their way, and though she tried to avoid it, she was told more than once, that the happiness or misery of her devoted lover depended on her smiles. It was a painful situation for one of her retiring and benevolent disposition, to be sure; and it is doubtful to which of the two, the lover or the mistress, every such rejection caused the keenest pang.

But this was not the end of it. Malice soon prefixed to her name the epithet scornful; and among her school-girl friends there were some who always passed by on the other side. Poor girl! She wept bitter tears over these sneers and slights, for she had not studied the world enough to learn and despise its despicable things. Even then, dear girl! too, she tried to love all the world, that is, all her native village. And she succeeded, at least far enough to forgive them all, and thus to feel her own mind at peace and resigned. But there was a tinge of sadness left on her Grecian face after all; for to the young, when the out-stretched hand of kindly feeling is coldly put aside, the grief is as great as though the repulse were deserved.

And I—I hardly know what I was, when I first saw my cousin. I was without father or mother; the world seemed wide and rather cheerless; and there was a settled impression on my mind, that it was my business to glide along through life, calmly and noiselessly; attach my affections to no external object; exist without being the cause of joy, and die without being the cause of tears, to any human being. I came and took up my abode in the pleasant village where my uncle resided, and set down to gain some knowledge of that noble science, civil law. I took up the study, not because I had any intention of engaging in the active duties of the profession, but for the name's sake, and because I loved it for itself. My uncle, he was a kind, good man, showed himself a father to me, took me into his family, tried to encourage and rouse me; and for his kindness, though it failed of its end, he had at the time, and has always had, my sincere though unexpressed thanks.

I had hardly become acquainted with my relatives, uncle, aunt, and their three children, when I entered my office, shut the door, and immersed myself in books and my own thoughts. That those thoughts were not of the most joyous nature, I need hardly say. Still, looking back to that period, from where I stand now, I cannot say they were misanthropic. If I did not love all my species, it was because I saw nothing lovely in any body; but I did not hate them. I felt that I was an insignificant, an unnoticeable drop in the great world; that it was my misfortune to be so constituted as to be incapable of uniting closely and mingling with other drops; and that, without offending my neighbors, it would be my duty and pleasure to keep myself distinct from the rest, and hidden in some obscure corner. In one word, the prevailing feeling was, that nobody cared for me, and I cared for nobody.

And yet, strange as it may appear, I was far from being unhappy. Sometimes, it is true, my in-turned thoughts became weary, and pined for human fellowship; and I grew sick at heart, as I contemplated the future, a vast, dry, waste, desolate desert of parched sand, over which I must toil and thirst, without one single being to speak a word of kindness, or give me a drop of water. But these were fits, fits of wildness, I called them, and seldom lasted long. And when they came over me, one attempt to link my sympathies with others was always sufficient to throw me back into a state of mind harder and colder than before. For it was so fated, that all my overtures, and they were not many, were met with open repulse or wary suspicion. It is true, suspicion is a necessary ingredient in human character; but I did not think of this then, and so it had the same effect as though I had found, indeed I thought I *had* found, that coldness and insensibility were the prominent characteristics of the race.

And yet, as I said before, I was not unhappy. If there was no happiness, there was at least no unhappiness, in sitting down for hours, and brooding over my own idiosyncrasies. It made me proud, to see and despise the weakness of others; and it gave me stern joy, to walk about and feel that there was a kind of armed neutrality between them and me. By degrees there arose, also, a gloomy pleasure in dwelling on, and picturing in deeper colors, the failings and baseness of my neighbors. Humble and weak as I knew myself to be, I exulted in my strength, because there were some still more weak and humble. Far back as my recollection ran, there had never been any thing in the world that seemed to me worthy of very much exertion or toil to obtain; but now I first learned to despise others for possessing feeble energies, as well as for directing them to the attainment of little objects. I am afraid, if left to myself, I should have hardened into a genuine hater; but I was not left to myself.

I have mentioned my uncle's kindness; his whole family were not less kind. My cousin Jane, especially, saw that I was silent, and fancied that I was unhappy, and tried, by a thousand little devices and arts, to lull me into forgetfulness of myself, and entice me into a more sociable frame of mind. I will not say that I was insensible to her enticements; I rather liked her, she was so gentle and mild and considerate. There was an air of truth and simplicity about her; she would sit herself down so cheerfully to amuse me, and there was such a sparkle in her blue eyes when, as she said, I condescended to interest myself in her little affairs, that I began, at length, to love to be with her. But proud as I was, when I viewed mankind at a distance, I no sooner came in contact with any one, who was not immeasurably beneath me, than I felt myself sinking immeasurably beneath him; and so, like a fool as I was, I fancied that all my cousin's kindness was the result of her sense of duty to her relation; or, what was worse, of pity for his moroseness. This faint suspicion became, in a little while, a strong certainty; and I confined myself more closely to my books, and looked into my cousin's guileless, enthusiastic face, with coldness.

I had known her now a year, and yet I hardly knew her at all; for I had seen her scarcely ever, except when it was impossible to avoid it, and those occasions were not frequent or long enough to enable me to learn perfectly her mind and character. From every such meeting, I went away resolved to see her no more in future; which resolution was sure to be overruled by second and more bitter thoughts. How I lived during that year, I scarcely know; or how it was that I grew uneasy away from her, and frequently surprised myself courting her society. But as time rolled on, so it was. There was a fascination about her, the magic of which was, that it charmed to sleep my vigilant suspicion. I did not perceive any change in myself, when night after night I was with her, talking to her about poetry, beauty, love, and the thousand themes that interest the unrestrained youthful heart; or that I was different from what I used to be, when I listened to her, with a gush of pleasure, as she spoke at once with lips and eyes, and in speaking, disclosed the unimagined riches of her mind and heart. So gradual was the change, that I was wholly unaware of it.

But of one thing I was aware; the face of nature and of man underwent a strange and sudden change in appearance. I looked into the face of my neighbor, and lo, he was my brother! The fire of benevolence and sympathy warmed every vein, and a new life animated every nerve within me. I felt no longer that I was alone, but that indissoluble cords bound me to the whole human family, to every being in whose nostrils was the breath of life; and that for his good, as well as for my own, it was my business to labor. New motives of action, (or rather motives of action, for there were none before,) were set before me; and I felt light of heart and wing; eager to bound forward and lend the strength of my arm to the cause of the race. The face of nature too was altered. Every part that came within the range of my vision, her seasons, her vestments in winter and summer, her sunshine and clouds, each one was a melody, and all together made harmony. Still, I was scarcely sensible that I was different from what I was a year ago; for at each period I felt that I was in my natural and proper state of mind. So slight are the influences necessary to turn the young heart into the permanent channel of selfishness, hatred and unhappiness, or into that of love and peace!

It was not long before I found out that I loved my cousin Jane. How I first discovered it I do not remember; but I do remember a firm and abiding resolution, even then, that I would not love her. I sat down by her side, I listened to her music, with that distinct impression. I would not for the world have had any body suspect my feelings, because I was ashamed of the weakness. I had persuaded myself, and could not convince myself to the contrary, that there was no hope of her returning my passion. And yet, with the words on my lips, 'This is folly—I will not!' I yielded myself to the delicious current, forgot all the world and myself, and in the intoxication of the hour, saw visions and dreamed dreams.

But there came a shock; one which awoke me from a trance like that of the Opium-eater. It was when I saw that my cousin's smiles and attentions were not all devoted to me. There was another, a young man of promise and expectations, a year or two my senior, and far beyond me in the graces and polish of society, who had lately become intimate in my uncle's family. Engaged in the same pursuits, and being much with him, I had rather liked him; in fact I liked him very much. He had seen, admired, and in less than six months, *loved* my Cousin Jane: this I knew, for jealousy is keen-eyed. You will not wonder then that I hated him; not on his own account—alter his feelings toward her, and I should have felt toward him as before; but on account of his love—hated him with a deadly hatred.

It would be useless to tell how often I have sat down and watched them, when my cousin's sensitive countenance would brighten at his bright thoughts, or burst forth into a merry laugh at his brilliant wit and ready repartee; or how often the iron has entered into my soul when I have seen her hang on his arm, and listen in breathless attention to his lightest word, and testify in a thousand ways her pleasure at his coming, and in his presence. And *he*, he looked on me with the most immovable indifference. He did not seem to consider me worthy of his attention; even as a rival. He went straight forward, calmly and quietly, as though I had not existed; and if he ever glanced at my pretensions, it was perhaps with a

smile of confident success. I knew he loved her; I fancied that she loved him, and I hated them both for it.

I went into my office one day—if it were not part of the dream I would not tell it—in a state of partial insanity. I knew, saw, heard, felt nothing but one unalterable purpose of revenge. There happened to be a small pistol lying in the back room; I took it up, and carefully loaded it; loaded it without the tremor of a single muscle, for my heart was lead. I put it into my pocket, and walked the streets up and down, an hour or two, or it may have been four hours. I did not take count of the time. The heavens reeled above me, and the earth reeled beneath. At last he came. A thrill, the first that day, a thrill of triumph ran through my whole frame. When we met I stopped and took hold of the pistol in my pocket, but had not power to draw my hand out again; the strings of volition seemed broken. He stopped also; looked at me in some surprise; made a remark that I ‘did not appear to be well,’ and passed on. I looked after him, sick at heart with revenge deferred, and cursed my own pusillanimity.

Well, well, we will let that pass. I had yielded my soul to the Author of Hatred for a time; but we will let it pass, and strive to forget it; I have been trying to ever since; I hope I shall succeed better in future. It is pleasant if we can think that the results of our evil passions do not extend beyond ourselves; and to me, it is pleasant to think that I did not break my gentle cousin’s heart, by letting her know that she had nearly driven me mad.

It was a month after this. How the intervening time had been spent, in what thoughts, and hopes, and fears, it would not be profitable to tell, or to recollect. I was sitting one evening by my cousin’s side; it was growing late, and we were alone. I had been heated, as though with wine, and had probably talked incoherently. The conversation turned on that never-failing theme, love. She delighted to hear me speak on that subject; she said I spoke eloquently. If eloquence consists in earnestness, no doubt I did. It began in sportiveness, but before long became deeply serious and interesting.

‘And you do not believe, my grave cousin,’ said she, in her own half-jesting, wholly earnest way, ‘that a woman can love as deeply and long as the man who loves her?’

‘Bah!’ said I, bitterly, ‘women sometimes, like men, are revengeful, proud, or ambitious, but it is on a smaller scale. Every thing about them, every feeling and impulse is on a small scale. Very good objects they make for men to love; because, when one *will* be such a fool, it doesn’t much matter where he places his affection.’

The poor girl looked grieved, but responded with a semblance of gaiety nevertheless: ‘Ah, you think so now, but you will be just such a fool yourself, one of these days; and then you will find out that it is necessary for a woman to have a soul; and more than that—that she has one.’

‘Much obliged for your flattering opinion,’ said I. ‘But see here, my bonny Jane, did it never enter into your innocent little heart to think how *you* would love?’

‘Oh yes,’ she answered quickly; ‘but that is all guess-work. I don’t know, because I haven’t yet found a man to my taste.’

Of course I knew that I could not be to her taste; but a plain man does not like to be told that he is ugly, though he may be perfectly conscious of the fact. And so this avowal, which was made with the most unthinking honesty and simplicity, while it added weight to my despair, by a very usual consequence, made me desperate.

‘You are certain,’ I asked, after a pause, ‘that you do not know what love is by experience?’

‘Perfectly,’ she answered, half laughing.

‘And that you mean to know, some time?’

‘To be sure,’ said she, ‘when the right man and the right time come.’

‘I do not know,’ said I, beginning slowly and calmly; but before the sentence was half completed, my voice and thoughts had escaped from under my control; ‘I do not know who the right man for you may be, but I—I love you—love you—love you!’

She looked at me for a few seconds, with a countenance filled with astonishment, not unmingled with alarm. She would have thought it a jest; but my manner probably convinced her that I was far from jesting. She tried to smile, but it was a painful effort, and she found it much easier to conceal her face in her hands and weep.

My recollection of the subsequent events of that evening is extremely dim. There was a confused crowd of flying thoughts; many tears and much friendship on one side, and much love on the other. She had received me as I knew she would, and though by the confession there was a great weight removed from my breast, the anguish was not less intense. One thing, however, among the hurried occurrences of that hour, I did not lose sight of, and that was pride. She did not suspect at the time how much of my heart, not to say existence, was bound up in her, or how greatly both were affected by her answer.

The closing scene of the interview is the one which I most love to remember. We were standing at the door, her hand in mine, a mournful smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. That bright, gentle face was pale with sorrow, and pity, and pain, and above all with fear. I gazed on it a moment, but in that moment the picture was graven indelibly on my memory. The ‘good night’ was spoken; and that is the last time I ever saw my cousin Jane.

The next morning I sat down at an inn by the way-side, several miles distant from home, and sent back a few lines of farewell:

‘My only beloved! You must pardon me for this note. The adieu of last evening was only for the night; I wish to say good bye this morning, for a longer time. Your answer to my suit was not unexpected; in fact, I knew it would be as it was; and it was only a fatality, a blind impulse, that drove me to make that disclosure. I fear that it has given you pain, and I beg you to forgive my thoughtlessness. And in turn, you may rest assured that I forgive you for all the anguish and

sickness of spirit that I have suffered on your account. There is nothing to be forgiven; I know that you would not cause unhappiness to any one, and it has been my own folly and madness. But I promise not to lay it up in my heart against you. I promise that in future years, wherever my lot may be cast, you shall be in my memory, only my pure, sweet, innocent cousin. And so, blessings be on your head! I go forth a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth. It is probable that you will never hear from me again; and I pray you to forget our last interview, that your thoughts may be only peace. I would live in your remembrance as I was when we first met. And do not think, because long years of silence and wide lands and many mountains divide us, that your cousin has forgotten you. Your image lives in his heart and can never die!’

STANZAS WRITTEN IN INDISPOSITION.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I.

The Spring is fair, when early flowers
Unfold them to the golden sun;
When, singing to the gladsome hours,
Blue streams through vernal meadows run;
When from the woods and from the sky
The birds their joyous anthems pour;
And Ocean, filled with melody,
Sends his glad billows to the shore.

II.

The Spring is sweet: its balmy breath
Is rapture to the wearied breast,
When vines with roses fondly wreath,
Fann’d by soft breezes from the West;
When, opening by the cottage eave,
The earliest buds invite the bee;
And brooks their icy bondage leave,
To dance in music toward the sea.

III.

The Spring is gay: but to my heart
The glorious hues she used to wear,
As sunset clouds in gloom depart,
Have vanish’d in the empty air:
They move not now my spirit’s wing,
As in the stainless days of yore:
The happy dreams they used to bring
Have pass’d—and they will come no more.

IV.

Not that those dreams have lost their sway—
Not that my heart hath lost its chords;
Still with affection tuned, they play,
And leap at friendship’s kindly words;

But 'tis that to my languid eye
A *newness* from life's scene hath flown,
Which once upon the open sky,
And o'er the teeming earth, was thrown.

V.

Yes! there IS *something*, which no more
In Nature's gorgeous round I find;
Something that charm'd in days of yore,
And filled with Sabbath peace my mind;
Which added lustre to the flower,
And verdure to the field and tree,
And wings to every sunny hour,
While roseate health remained with me!

VI.

But Time's stern wave hath roll'd along,
And now on Manhood's waste I stand,
And mourn young Fancy's faded throng
Of radiant hopes and visions bland;
Yet, kindling o'er my onward way,
The light of love divine I see,
And hear a voice which seems to say:
'Pilgrim! in Heaven there's rest for thee!'

May, 1832.

DISGUISED DERIVATIVE WORDS IN ENGLISH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Derivative words in English, as in other languages, are usually formed on regular principles. Some few of them, however, especially those derived from foreign languages, and coming into extensive use, are so corrupted or disguised, as greatly to obscure the derivation.

The following are examples:

1. **Church** and **kirk**: (Anglo-Sax. *circ* and *cyric*, Germ. *kirche*, old Germ. *chirihha*, Gr. κυριακόν, as if *the Lord's house*, derived from κύριος, *the Lord*, and this from κῦρος, *power, authority*;) a Christian temple.
2. **Clown**: (Lat. *colōnus*, from the root *col*, to cultivate;) a rustic. Compare Germ. *Köln* from Lat. *Colonia Agrippina*; also Lat. *patrōnus* from *pater*.
3. **Dropsy**: (Fr. *hydropisie*, Portug. and Span. *hidropesia*, Ital. *idropisia*, Lat. *hydrops* and *hydropisis*, Gr. ὕδρωψ, derived from ὕδωρ, water;) a corruption of *hydropsy*, an unnatural collection of water in the body.
4. **Parchment**: (Fr. *parchemin*, Portug. *pergaminho*, Span. *pergamino*, Ital. *pergamena*; also Germ. and Dutch *pergament*; Lat. *pergamena*, scil. *charta*, Gr. Περγαμηνή, scil. Χαρτή, from *Pergamus*, a city of Asia Minor;) skin prepared for writing.
5. **Periwig** and **peruke**: (Fr. *perruque*, Span. *peluca*, Ital. *parruca*; also Germ. *perrucke*, Dutch *parruik*, Swed. *peruk*, Dan. *perryk*, Tr. *percabhaic*, Gael. *pior-bhuic*; from Lat. *pilus*;) an artificial cap of hair.
6. **Priest**: (Anglo-Sax. *priost*, *preost*, Germ. and Dutch *priester*, Iceland *prestr*, Dan. and Swed. *præst*; also old Fr. *prestre*, Fr. *prêtre*, Portug. *presbytero*, Span. *presbitero*, Ital. *prete*, Latin *presbyter*, Gr. πρεσβύτερος, comparative of πρέσβυς, old;) one who officiates in sacred offices.
7. **Rickets**: (Fr. *rachitis*, Portug. *rachitis*, Span. *raquitis*, Lat. *rachitis*, Gr. ῥαχίτις, from ῥάχις, the back or spine;) a disease of children.
8. **Sciatica**: (Fr. *sciatique*, Portug. *sciatica*, *ciatica*, Span. *ciatica*, Ital. *sciatica*, Lat. *ischias*, gen. *adis*, Gr. ἰσχιᾶς, gen. ἄδος, from ἰσχίον, the hip;) the hip-gout.
9. **Such**: (Anglo-Sax. *swilc*, Meso-Goth. *swaleiks*, old Germ. *solih*, Germ. *solcher*; composed of *swa* or *so*, the ancient modal case of the demonstrative pronoun, and the ancient form of Eng. *like*;) a demonstrative adjective of quality,

denoting *of that kind or sort*.

10. **Which:** (Anglo-Sax. *hulic, hwylc, hwilc, hwelc*, Meso-Goth. *hweleiks*, or *hwileiks*, old Germ. *huelih*, Germ. *welcher*; composed of *hwe* or *hwin*, the ancient modal case of the interrogative pronoun, and the ancient form of Eng. *like*;) properly an interrogative adjective of quality, denoting *of what kind or sort?* but in use an interrogative partitive adjective.
11. **Wig:** a mutilation of the word *periwig*; see *periwig* above.

NEW-ENGLAND'S SABBATH BELLS.

I.

How sweet upon the morning air, the chime of Sabbath-bells,
As full and clear upon the ear the solemn music swells!
From many a church in sunny vale, and on the green hill side,
The jewels of New-England's crown, her glory and her pride.

II.

The busy hum of busy men, this morn forgets to wake,
In quiet deep the hushed winds sleep, as fearful they shall break
The holy silence which o'erspreads all nature like a spell,
With which in music sweet accords the Sabbath-morning bell.

III.

Those Sabbath-bells—they call us not to piles of mossy stone,
Temples of yore, with age now hoar, and ivy overgrown,
Through whose stained windows softly creeps a dim religious light,
Seeming as it were sanctified unto the Christian's sight.

IV.

Nor do they tell of royal courts, in which to worship God,
Where nobles gay in bright array bend to their monarch's nod;
No costly paintings please the eye, nor trappings rich and rare,
To draw the humble Christian's heart from sacred praise and prayer.

V.

But to the simple, hallowed fane, we turn our willing feet,
Where, rank unknown, the free alone in humble worship meet;
While 'Holiness unto the Lord' upon the walls we read,
No other ornament than this, no other record need.

New-Haven, May 10, 1844. A.

A PASSAGE

FROM A LEGEND OF THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

While the veteran Taric was making his wide circuit through the land, an expedition under Magued the renegado proceeded against the city of Cordova. The inhabitants of that ancient place had beheld the great army of Don Roderick spreading like an inundation over the plain of the Guadalquivir, and had felt confident that it must sweep the infidel invaders from the land. What then was their dismay, when scattered fugitives, wild with horror and affright, brought them tidings of the entire overthrow of that mighty host, and the disappearance of the king? In the midst of their consternation, the Gothic noble, Pelistes, arrived at their gates, haggard with fatigue of body and anguish of mind, and leading a remnant of his devoted cavaliers, who had survived the dreadful battle of the Guadalete. The people of Cordova knew the valiant and steadfast spirit of Pelistes, and rallied round him as a last hope. 'Roderick is fallen,' cried

they, 'and we have neither king nor captain: be unto us as a sovereign; take command of our city, and protect us in this hour of peril!'

The heart of Pelistes was free from ambition, and was too much broken by grief to be flattered by the offer of command; but he felt above everything for the woes of his country, and was ready to assume any desperate service in her cause. 'Your city,' said he, 'is surrounded by walls and towers, and may yet check the progress of the foe. Promise to stand by me to the last, and I will undertake your defence.' The inhabitants all promised implicit obedience and devoted zeal: for what will not the inhabitants of a wealthy city promise and profess in a moment of alarm? The instant, however, that they heard of the approach of the Moslem troops, the wealthier citizens packed up their effects and fled to the mountains, or to the distant city of Toledo. Even the monks collected the riches of their convents and churches, and fled. Pelistes, though he saw himself thus deserted by those who had the greatest interest in the safety of the city, yet determined not to abandon its defence. He had still his faithful though scanty band of cavaliers, and a number of fugitives of the army; in all amounting to about four hundred men. He stationed guards, therefore, at the gates and in the towers, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance.

In the mean time, the army of Moslems and apostate Christians advanced, under the command of the Greek renegado, Magued, and guided by the traitor Julian. While they were yet at some distance from the city, their scouts brought to them a shepherd, whom they had surprised on the banks of the Guadalquiver. The trembling hind was an inhabitant of Cordova, and revealed to them the state of the place, and the weakness of its garrison.

'And the walls and gates,' said Magued, 'are they strong and well guarded?'

'The walls are high, and of wondrous strength,' replied the shepherd; 'and soldiers hold watch at the gates by day and night. But there is one place where the city may be secretly entered. In a part of the wall, not far from the bridge, the battlements are broken, and there is a breach at some height from the ground. Hard by stands a fig tree, by the aid of which the wall may easily be scaled.'

Having received this information, Magued halted with his army, and sent forward several renegado Christians, partizans of Count Julian, who entered Cordova as if flying before the enemy. On a dark and tempestuous night, the Moslems approached to the end of the bridge which crosses the Guadalquiver, and remained in ambush. Magued took a small party of chosen men, and, guided by the shepherd, forded the stream, and groped silently along the wall to the place where stood the fig tree. The traitors, who had fraudulently entered the city, were ready on the wall to render assistance. Magued ordered his followers to make use of the long folds of their turbans instead of cords, and succeeded without difficulty in clambering into the breach.

Drawing their scimitars, they now hastened to the gate which opened toward the bridge; the guards, suspecting no assault from within, were taken by surprise, and easily overpowered; the gate was thrown open, and the army that had remained in ambush rushed over the bridge, and entered without opposition.

The alarm had by this time spread throughout the city; but already a torrent of armed men was pouring through the streets. Pelistes sallied forth with his cavaliers and such of the soldiery as he could collect, and endeavored to repel the foe; but every effort was in vain. The Christians were slowly driven from street to street, and square to square, disputing every inch of ground; until, finding another body of the enemy approaching to attack them in the rear, they took refuge in a convent, and succeeded in throwing to and barring the ponderous doors. The Moors attempted to force the gates, but were assailed with such showers of missiles from the windows and battlements that they were obliged to retire. Pelistes examined the convent, and found it admirably calculated for defence. It was of great extent, with spacious courts and cloisters. The gates were massive, and secured with bolts and bars; the walls were of great thickness; the windows high and grated; there was a great tank or cistern of water, and the friars, who had fled from the city, had left behind a good supply of provisions. Here, then, Pelistes proposed to make a stand, and to endeavor to hold out until succor should arrive from some other city. His proposition was received with shouts by his loyal cavaliers; not one of whom but was ready to lay down his life in the service of his commander.

For three long and anxious months did the good knight Pelistes and his cavaliers defend their sacred asylum against the repeated assaults of the infidels. The standard of the true faith was constantly displayed from the loftiest tower, and a fire blazed there throughout the night, as signals of distress to the surrounding country. The watchman from his turret kept a wary look out over the land, hoping in every cloud of dust to descry the glittering helms of Christian warriors. The country, however, was forlorn and abandoned, or if perchance a human being was perceived, it was some Arab horseman, careering the plain of the Guadalquiver as fearlessly as if it were his native desert.

By degrees the provisions of the convent were consumed, and the cavaliers had to slay their horses, one by one, for food. They suffered the wasting miseries of famine without a murmur, and always met their commander with a smile. Pelistes, however, read their sufferings in their wan and emaciated countenances, and felt more for them than for himself. He was grieved at heart that such loyalty and valor should only lead to slavery or death, and resolved to make one desperate attempt for their deliverance. Assembling them one day in the court of the convent, he disclosed to them his purpose.

'Comrades and brothers in arms,' said he, 'it is needless to conceal danger from brave men. Our case is desperate: our countrymen either know not or heed not our situation, or have not the means to help us. There is but one chance of escape; it is full of peril, and, as your leader, I claim the right to brave it. To-morrow at break of day I will sally forth and make for the city gates at the moment of their being opened; no one will suspect a solitary horseman; I shall be taken for one of those recreant Christians who have basely mingled with the enemy. If I succeed in getting out of the city, I will hasten to Toledo for assistance. In all events I shall be back in less than twenty days. Keep a vigilant look out toward the nearest mountain. If you behold five lights blazing upon its summit, be assured I am at hand with succor, and prepare yourselves to sally forth upon the city as I attack the gates. Should I fail in obtaining aid, I will return to die with you.'

When he had finished, his warriors would fain have severally undertaken the enterprise, and they remonstrated against his exposing himself to such peril; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose. On the following morning, ere the break of day, his horse was led forth, caparisoned, into the court of the convent, and Pelistes appeared in complete armor. Assembling his cavaliers in the chapel, he prayed with them for some time before the altar of the holy Virgin. Then rising, and standing in the midst of them, 'God knows, my companions,' said he, 'whether we have any longer a country; if not, better were we in our graves. Loyal and true have ye been to me, and loyal have ye been to my son, even to the hour of his death; and grieved am I that I have no other means of proving my love for you, than by adventuring my worthless life for your deliverance. All I ask of you before I go, is a solemn promise to defend yourselves to the last like brave men and Christian cavaliers, and never to renounce your faith, or throw yourselves on the mercy of the renegado Magued, or the traitor Julian.' They all pledged their words, and took a solemn oath to the same effect before the altar.

Pelistes then embraced them one by one, and gave them his benediction, and as he did so his heart yearned over them, for he felt towards them, not merely as a companion in arms and as a commander, but as a father; and he took leave of them as if he had been going to his death. The warriors, on their part, crowded round him in silence, kissing his hands and the hem of his surcoat, and many of the sternest shed tears.

The gray of the dawning had just streaked the east, when Pelistes took lance in hand, hung his shield about his neck, and, mounting his steed, issued quietly forth from a postern of the convent. He paced slowly through the vacant streets, and the tramp of his steed echoed afar in that silent hour; but no one suspected a warrior, moving thus singly and tranquilly in an armed city, to be an enemy. He arrived at the gate just at the hour of opening; a foraging party was entering with cattle and with beasts of burthen, and he passed unheeded through the throng. As soon as he was out of sight of the soldiers who guarded the gate, he quickened his pace, and at length, galloping at full speed, succeeded in gaining the mountains. Here he paused, and alighted at a solitary farm-house to breathe his panting steed; but had scarce put foot to ground when he heard the distant sound of pursuit, and beheld a horseman spurring up the mountain.

Throwing himself again upon his steed, he abandoned the road and galloped across the rugged heights. The deep dry channel of a torrent checked his career, and his horse, stumbling upon the margin, rolled with his rider to the bottom. Pelistes was sorely bruised by the fall, and his whole visage was bathed in blood. His horse, too, was maimed and unable to stand, so that there was no hope of escape. The enemy drew near, and proved to be no other than Magued, the renegado general, who had perceived him as he issued forth from the city, and had followed singly in pursuit. 'Well met, señor alcayde!' exclaimed he, 'and overtaken in good time. Surrender yourself my prisoner.'

Pelistes made no other reply than by drawing his sword, bracing his shield, and preparing for defence. Magued, though an apostate, and a fierce warrior, possessed some sparks of knightly magnanimity. Seeing his adversary dismounted, he disdained to take him at a disadvantage, but alighting, tied his horse to a tree.

The conflict that ensued was desperate and doubtful, for seldom had two warriors met so well matched or of equal prowess. Their shields were hacked to pieces, the ground was strewn with fragments of their armor, and stained with their blood. They paused repeatedly to take breath; regarding each other with wonder and admiration. Pelistes, however, had been previously injured by his fall, and fought to great disadvantage. The renegado perceived it, and sought not to slay him, but to take him alive. Shifting his ground continually, he wearied his antagonist, who was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood. At length Pelistes seemed to summon up all his remaining strength to make a signal blow; it was skilfully parried and he fell prostrate upon the ground. The renegado ran up, and, putting his foot upon his sword, and the point of his scimitar to his throat, called upon him to ask his life; but Pelistes lay without sense, and as one dead. Magued then unlaced the helmet of his vanquished enemy and seated himself on a rock beside him, to recover breath. In this situation the warriors were found by certain Moorish cavaliers, who marvelled much at the traces of that stern and bloody combat.

Finding there was yet life in the Christian knight, they laid him upon one of their horses, and, aiding Magued to remount his steed, proceeded slowly to the city. As the convoy passed by the convent, the cavaliers looked forth and beheld their commander borne along bleeding and a captive. Furious at the sight, they sallied forth to the rescue, but were repulsed by a superior force, and driven back to the great portal of the church. The enemy entered pell mell with them, fighting from aisle to aisle, from altar to altar, and in the courts and cloisters of the convent. The greater part of the cavaliers died bravely, sword in hand; the rest were disabled with wounds and made prisoners. The convent, which was lately their castle, was now made their prison, and in after-times, in commemoration of this event, was consecrated by the name of St. George of the Captives.

The loyalty and the prowess of the good knight Pelistes had gained him the reverence even of his enemies. He was for a long time disabled by his wounds, during which he was kindly treated by the Arab chieftains, who strove by every courteous means to cheer his sadness and make him forget that he was a captive. When he was recovered from his wounds they gave him a magnificent banquet to testify their admiration of his virtues.

Pelistes appeared at the banquet clad in sable armor, and with a countenance pale and dejected; for the ills of his country evermore preyed upon his heart. Among the assembled guests was Count Julian, who held a high command in the Moslem army, and was arrayed in garments of mingled Christian and Morisco fashion. Pelistes had been a close and bosom friend of Julian in former times, and had served with him in the wars in Africa; but when the count advanced to accost him with his wonted amity, he turned away in silence, and deigned not to notice him; neither during the whole of the repast did he address to him ever a word, but treated him as one unknown.

When the banquet was nearly at a close, the discourse turned upon the events of the war; and the Moslem chieftains, in great courtesy, dwelt upon the merits of many of the Christian cavaliers who had fallen in battle, and all extolled the valor of those who had recently perished in the defence of the convent. Pelistes remained silent for a time, and checked the grief which swelled within his bosom as he thought of his devoted cavaliers. At length, lifting up his voice, 'Happy are the dead,' said he, 'for they rest in peace, and are gone to receive the reward of their piety and valor! I could mourn over the loss of my companions in arms, but they have fallen with honor, and are spared the wretchedness I feel in

witnessing the thralldom of my country. I have seen my only son, the pride and hope of my age, cut down at my side; I have beheld kindred friends and followers falling one by one around me, and have become so seasoned to those losses that I have ceased to weep. Yet there is one man over whose loss I will never cease to grieve. He was the loved companion of my youth, and the steadfast associate of my graver years. He was one of the most loyal of Christian knights. As a friend he was loving and sincere; as a warrior his achievements were above all praise. What has become of him, alas! I know not. If fallen in battle, and I knew where his bones were laid, whether bleaching on the plains of Xeres, or buried in the waters of the Gaudalete, I would seek them out and enshrine them as the relics of a sainted patriot. Or if, like many of his companions in arms, he should be driven to wander in foreign lands, I would join him in his hapless exile, and we would mourn together over the desolation of our country!

Even the hearts of the Arab warriors were touched by the lament of the good Pelistes, and they said: 'Who was this peerless friend, in whose praise thou art so fervent?'

'His name,' replied Pelistes, 'was Count Julian.'

The Moslem warriors stared with surprise. 'Noble cavalier,' exclaimed they, 'has grief disordered thy senses? Behold thy friend, living and standing before thee, and yet thou dost not know him! This, this is Count Julian!'

Upon this, Pelistes turned his eyes upon the count, and regarded him for a time, with a lofty and stern demeanor; and the countenance of Julian darkened, and was troubled, and his eye sank beneath the regard of that loyal and honorable cavalier. And Pelistes said, 'In the name of God, I charge thee, man unknown! to answer. Dost thou presume to call thyself Count Julian?'

The count reddened with anger at these words. 'Pelistes,' said he, 'what means this mockery? Thou knowest me well; thou knowest me for Count Julian?'

'I know thee for a base imposter!' cried Pelistes. 'Count Julian was a noble Gothic knight; but thou appearest in mongrel Moorish garb. Count Julian was a Christian, faithful and devout; but I behold in thee a renegado and an infidel. Count Julian was ever loyal to his king, and foremost in his country's cause: were he living, he would be the first to put shield on neck and lance in rest, to clear the land of her invaders: but thou art a hoary traitor! thy hands are stained with the royal blood of the Goths, and thou hast betrayed thy country and thy God. Therefore, I again repeat, man unknown! if thou sayest thou art Count Julian, thou liest! My friend, alas! is dead; and thou art some fiend from hell, which has taken possession of his body to dishonor his memory and render him an abhorrence among men!' So saying, Pelistes turned his back upon the traitor, and went forth from the banquet; leaving Count Julian overwhelmed with confusion, and an object of scorn to all the Moslem cavaliers.

ON SEEING A LADY WEEP OVER A NOSEGAY.

Though plucked from off the parent stems,

The flow'rs forget to die,

When Beauty all their leaves begems

With tears from her sweet eye.

There is a heart which throb'd to-day

To see thee weep alone.

And longed to wipe those drops away,

Or make that grief its own.

Plutarch Shaw: 1844.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clarke. Parts Three and Four. New-York: Burgess, Stringer and Company.

The reception given to our notice of this serial work in our last number, has emboldened us to refer to the issues which have since appeared, containing a copious variety of matter which will be new to great numbers of our readers. One of the best evidences of the *naturalness* and ease of our author's writings, is to be found in the ready appreciation of them by all classes of readers. Whether the vein be a serious one, or the theme turn upon the humorous or the burlesque, it is not too much, we think, to say that the writer takes always with him the heart or the fancy of the reader. Without however pausing to characterize productions which bid fair to become very widely and favorably known, we shall venture, under favor of the reader, to present a few more extracts, 'which it is hoped may please.' The following illustration of a night-scene at the Kaatskill Mountain-House, on the evening of the Fourth of July, we can aver to be a faithful Daguerreotype sketch, for we saw it with the writer:

'Take my arm, and step forth with me from the piazza of the Mountain-House. It is night. A few stars are peering from a dim azure field of western sky; the high-soaring breeze, the breath of heaven, makes a stilly music in the neighboring pines; the meek crest of Dian rolls along the blue depths of ether, tinting with silver lines the half dun, half fleecy clouds; they who are in the parlors make 'considerable' noise; there is an individual at the end of the portico discussing his quadruple julep, and another devotedly sucking the end of a cane, as if it were full of mother's milk; he hummeth also an air from *Il Pirata*, and wonders, in the simplicity

of his heart, 'why the devil that there steam-boat from Albany doesn't begin to show its lights down on the Hudson.' His companion of the glass, however, is intent on the renewal thereof. Calling to him the chief 'help' of the place, he says: 'Is that other antifogmatic ready?'

'No, Sir.'

'Well, now, person, what's the reason? What was my last observation? Says I to you, says I, 'Make me a fourth of them beverages;' and moreover, I added, 'Just you keep doing so; be *constantly* making them, till the order is countermanded.' Give us another; go! vanish!—"disappear and appear!"

'The obsequious servant went; and returning with the desired draught, observed, probably for the thousandth time: 'There! that's what I call the true currency; them's the *ginooyne* mint-drops; HA—*ha*—ha!'—these separate divisions of his laughter coming out of his mouth at intervals of about half a minute each.

.....

'There is a bench near the verge of the Platform, where, when you sit at evening, the hollow-sounding air comes up from the vast vale below, like the restless murmurs of the ocean. Anchor yourself here for a while, reader, with me. It being the evening of the national anniversary, a few patriotic individuals are extremely busy in piling up a huge pyramid of dried pine branches, barrels covered with tar, and kegs of spirits, to a height of some fifteen or twenty feet—perhaps higher. A bonfire is premeditated. You shall see anon, how the flames will rise. The preparations are completed; the fire is applied. Hear how it crackles and hisses! Slowly but spitefully it mounts from limb to limb, and from one combustible to another, until the whole welkin is ablaze, and shaking as with thunder! It is a beautiful sight. The gush of unwonted radiance rolls in effulgent surges adown the vale. How the owl hoots with surprise at the interrupting light! Bird of wisdom, it is the Fourth! and you may well add your voice to swell the choral honors of the time. How the tall old pines, withered by the biting scathe of Eld, rise to the view, afar and near; white shafts, bottomed in darkness, and standing like the serried spears of an innumerable army! The groups around the beacon are gathered together, but are forced to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance, by the growing intensity of the increasing blaze. Some of them, being ladies, their white robes waving in the mountain breeze, and the light shining full upon them, present, you observe, a beautiful appearance. The pale pillars of the portico flash fitfully into view, now seen and gone, like columns of mist. The swarthy African who kindled the fire regards it with perspiring face and grinning ivories; and lo! the man who hath mastered the quintupled glass of metamorphosed *eau-de-vie*, standing by the towering pile of flame, and, reaching his hand on high, he smiteth therewith his sinister pap, with a most hollow sound; the knell, as it were of his departing reason. In short, he is making an oration!

'Listen to those voiceful currents of air, traversing the vast profound below the Platform! What a mighty circumference do they sweep! Over how many towns, and dwellings, and streams, and incommunicable woods! Murmurs of the dark, sources and awakeners of sublime imagination, swell from afar. You have thoughts of eternity and power here, which shall haunt you evermore. But we must be early stirrers in the morning. Let us to bed.

.....

'You can lie on your pillow at the Kaatskill House, and see the god of day look upon you from behind the pinnacles of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, hundreds of miles away. Noble prospect! As the great orb heaves up in ineffable grandeur, he seems rising from beneath you, and you fancy that you have attained an elevation where may be seen *the motion of the world*. No intervening land to limit the view, you seem suspended in mid-air, without one obstacle to check the eye. The scene is indescribable. The chequered and interminable vale, sprinkled with groves, and lakes, and towns, and streams; the mountains afar off, swelling tumultuously heavenward, like waves of the ocean, some incarnadined with radiance, others purpled in shade; all these, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'are too tedious to mention, but may be seen on the premises.' I know of but one picture which will give the reader an idea of this ethereal spot. It was the view which the angel Michael was polite enough, one summer morning, to point out to Adam, from the highest hill of Paradise.'

Many and many a young father will recognize, in the following, his own emotions, as he looks in moments of thoughtfulness upon the little 'olive-branches' around him, in whom he lives over again his own earliest years:

'To those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing—all 'moveables that I could tell you of'—he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depths of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered Nicodemus, is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I can not imagine that he will ever become a pilous adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition!—and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I can not tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm, the obstacle, the triumphant fever; the glory, the success, the far-reaching thoughts,

‘That make them eagle wings

To pierce the unborn years.’

The ‘Ollapodiana’ papers are concluded in the third number, and a portion of the issue is devoted to the commencement of the ‘Miscellaneous Prose Papers’ of the writer, which are both numerous and various, ‘A Chapter on Cats’ records an amusing story, replete with incident, which turns upon the deplorable consequences, in one sad instance at least, of cat-killing. An illustrative although not satisfactory passage is subjoined:

‘I am subject, in summer, to restlessness. Thick-coming fancies mar my rest, and my ear is peculiarly sensitive to the least inappropriate sound. One sultry evening in July, I returned home later than usual, from an arbitration, wherein I lost a cause on which I had counted certainly to win. I suspect I bored the arbitrators with too long a plea, and too voluminous quotations of precedents; for when I finished, two were asleep, and most of the others yawning. They decided against my client, and I came home mad with chagrin, and crept into bed, longing for speedy oblivion in the arms of Sleep.

‘But that calm sister of Death would not be won to my embrace. I lay tossing for a long time in ‘restless ecstasy,’ until vexed and overweared nature at last sunk to repose. I could not have slumbered over ten minutes, before I was awakened by the most outrageous caterwauling that ever stung the human ear. I arose in a fury, and looked out of the window. All was still. The cause for outcry appeared to have ceased. Now and then there was a low guttural wail, between a suppressed grunt and a squeal; but it was so faint that nothing could have lived ‘twixt that and silence. After a listening probation of a few minutes, I slunk back into my sheets.

‘I had scarcely dozed a quarter of an hour, when the obnoxious vociferations arose again. They were fierce, ill-natured, and shrill. I arose again, vexed beyond endurance. All was quiet in a moment. I am not given to profanity; I deem it foolish and wicked; but on this occasion, after stretching my body like a sheeted ghost, half out of the window, and gazing into the shadows of the garden to discover the object of my annoyance, I exclaimed in a loud and spiteful voice, which expressed my concentrated hate:

—‘*D—n that cat!*’

‘Young gentleman,’ said a passing guardian of the night, from the street, ‘you had better pop your head in and stop your noise. If you don’t, you will rue it; now mind-I-tell-ye.’

‘Look here, old Charley,’ said I, in return, ‘don’t be impertinent. It is your business to preserve the peace, and to obviate every evil that looks disgraceful in the city’s eye. You guard the slumbers of her citizens; and if you expect a dollar from me at Christmas, for the poetry in your next annual address, you will perform what I now request, and what it is your solemn and bounded duty to do. Spring your rattle; comprehend that vagrom cat, and take her to the watch-house, I will appear as plaintiff against the quadruped, before the mayor, in the morning. Her character is bad—her habits are scandalous.’

‘Oh, pshaw!’ said the watchman, and went clattering up the street, singing ‘N’hav p-a-st dwelve o’glock, and a glowdee morn.’

‘I reverted to my pillow, and fell into a train of conjectures touching the grimalkin. Possibly it might be the darling old friend of Miss Dillon. Then I thought of others—then I slept.

‘I cannot declare to a second how long my fitful slumber lasted, before I was startled from my bed by a yell, which proceeded apparently from a cat in my room. I had just been dreaming of a great mouser, with ears like a jackass, and claws, armed with long ‘pickers and stingers,’ sitting on my bosom, and sucking away my breath. I sprang at once into the middle of the room. I searched every where—nothing was in the apartment. Then there rushed toward the zenith one universal cat-shriek, which went echoing off on the night-wind like the reverberation of a sharp thunder-peal.

‘My blood was now *up* for vengeance. One hungry and fiery wish to destroy that diabolical caterwauler, took possession of my soul. At that instant the clock struck one. It was the death knell of the feline vocalist. I looked out of the window, and in the light of a stray lot of moonshine, streaming through the tall chimneys to the south-east, I saw Miss Dillon’s romantic favorite, alternately cooing and fighting with a large mouser of the neighborhood, that I had seen for several afternoons previous, walking leisurely along the garden wall, as if absorbed in deep meditation, and forming some libertine resolve. In fine, they each seemed saturate with the spirit of the Gnome king, Umbriel, in the drama, when he

—‘stalked abroad

Urging the wolf to tear the buffalo.’

‘The death of one of these noisy belligerents being determined on, I looked round my room for the tools of retribution. Not a moveable thing, however, could I discover, save a new pitcher, which had been sent home that very day, and to which my name and address were appended on a bit of card. I clutched it with desperate fury, and pouring into my bowl the water contained in it, I poised it in my hand for the deadly heave. I had been a member of a quoit club in the country, and the principles of a clever throw were familiar to me. I resolved to make the vessel describe what is called in philosophy a *parabolic curve*, so that while it knocked out the brains of one combatant, it should effectually admonish the survivor of the iniquity of his doings. I approached the window—balanced the pitcher—and then drave it home. Its reception was acknowledged by a loud, choking squall—a faint yell of agony, and then a respectful silence. Satisfied that my pitcher had been broken at the fountain of life, and that the silent tabby would not soon tune her pipes again, I retired to bed,

and slept with the serenity and comfort of one who is conscious of having performed a virtuous action.

'In the morning, the cat was found 'keeled up' on a bed of pinks, with her head broken in, and her ancient and venerable whiskers dabbled in blood. The shattered pitcher lay by her side. The vessel had done its worst—so had my victim.'

The story proper, upon the consecutive incidents of which we shall not touch, closes with the annexed whimsical anecdote:

'An anonymous wag not long ago, placed an advertisement in each of our city journals, signed by an eminent house on the Delaware wharf, and stating that Five Hundred Cats were wanted immediately by the firm. The said firm in the meantime knew nothing of the matter.

'On visiting their counting-house the next morning, the partners found the streets literally blocked up with enterprising cat-sellers. Huge negroes were there, each with ten or fifteen sage, grave tabbies tied together with a string. Old market-women had brought thither whole families of the feline genus, from the superannuated *Tom*, to the blind kitten. The air resounded with the squallings of the quadrupedal multitude. New venders, with their noisy property, were seen thronging to the place from every avenue.

'What'll you *guv* me for this 'ere lot?' said a tall shad-woman, pressing up toward the counting-room. 'The newspapers says you allows liberal prices. I axes a dollar a piece for the old 'uns, and five levys for the kittens.'

'You have been fooled,' said the chief partner, who appeared with a look of dismay at the door, and was obliged to speak as loud amid the din as a sea-captain in a storm. 'I want no cats. I have no use for them. I could not eat them. I couldn't sell them. I never advertised for them.'

'A decided mendicant, a member of the great family of loafers, with a red, *bulgy* nose, and bloated cheeks, who had three cats tied to a string in his hand, now mounted a cotton bale, and producing a newspaper, spelt the advertisement through as audibly as he could under the circumstances, demanding of the assembly as he closed, 'if that there advertysement wasn't a true bill?' An unanimous 'Sarting!' echoed through the crowd. Encouraged by the electric response, the loafer proceeded to make a short speech. He touched upon the rights of trade, the liberty of the press, the importance of fair dealing, and the benefits of printing; and concluded by advising his hearers to go the death for their rights, and 'not to stand no humbug.' Such was the effect of his eloquence, that the firm against which he wielded his oratorical thunder found it necessary to compromise matters by treating the entire concourse to a hogshead of wine. 'The company separated at an early hour,' consoled for the loss of their bargains and the emptiness of their pockets by the lightsomeness of their heads and hearts.'

Let us hope that our readers will find, in the entire work from which we quote, ample reasons for the favor which it is receiving at the hands of the public.

Mental Hygiene: or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions. Designed to illustrate their Influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By William Sweetser, M. D. In one volume. pp. 270. New-York: J. and H. G. Langley.

This is a work destined, as we can easily foresee, to produce great good. Its leading design, as its title implies, and as is stated indeed by the author in his preface, is to elucidate the influence of intellect and passion upon the health and endurance of the human organization; an influence which has been but imperfectly understood and appreciated in its character and importance, by mankind at large. The volume under notice is divided into two parts. Under the first are considered the intellectual operations in respect to their influence on the general functions of the body; under the second is embraced a view of the moral feelings or passions, in the relation which they also sustain to our physical nature. Of these a concise definition is offered, with such classification as is necessary to the leading design of the work. Their effects upon the different functions of the animal economy are next noticed; and a description is given of a few of the most important passions belonging to each of the three great classes; namely, pleasurable, painful and mixed, into which they are separated; their physical phenomena and individual influence on the well-being of the human mechanism being closely examined. A forcible exposition is also given of the evil consequences resulting from an ill-regulated imagination (acting through the instrumentality of the passions, morbidly excited by its licentious operation,) to the firmness of the nervous system, and the integrity of the general health. The volume is not addressed to any particular class of readers, and being free from technical expressions, is rendered plain and comprehensive to all. We commend this volume of Mr. Sweetser cordially to our readers, firmly impressed with the belief that the principles which it advances may be rendered subservient both to the physical and moral welfare of our countrymen.

Life in the New World, by Seatsfield: translated from the German by Gustavus C. Hebbe, LL. D., and James Mackay, M.A. New-York: J. Winchester, 'New World' Press.

The fourth number of this very remarkable work has been published; and we have had a fair opportunity of testing the merits of the mysterious author. The circumstances must now be generally known, under which these works appear before the public. It appears that Mundt, a German scholar, who is publishing a continuation of Schlegel's History of Literature, has in his delineations of character given almost unbounded praise to an American named Seatsfield. Among the various works attributed to him are 'Life in the New World,' 'Sea, Sketches,' 'South and North,' 'Virey,' the 'Legitimate,' and others, which are to be issued in rapid succession from the press of Winchester, 'the indefatigable,' as he may well be called; for the rapidity with which he sends out to the world the literary novelties of the day is a theme of public marvel. The German, in which these volumes are written, is said by competent judges, to be very pure and powerful: and indeed we may rest assured that if the case were otherwise, a critic of such high reputation as Mundt would never have spoken of Seatsfield in such enthusiastic terms. The publisher, we understand, obtained several of the works from the library of Columbia College, through the politeness of Professor Tellkampt.

The opinion, which some have expressed, that Seatsfield's books are made up of stolen selections from different American writers, is unfounded. We cannot recognize in his style or thought familiar passages; and beside, there does not appear to be any rational inducement for this species of plagiarism. It is evident that the writings are indeed what they appear to be, the genuine productions of an able man. The descriptions of natural scenery are very graphic. 'The first trip on the Red River,' and the description of the trappers, is one of the most animated sketches we have ever read. Our mountains, rivers, cataracts, ocean-lakes, and forests, are described with the most remarkable spirit and truth.' The translation, we are informed by the best judges, is extremely faithful.

Poetry and History of Wyoming. By William L. Stone, Esq. Second edition, enlarged. New-York: Mark H. Newman.

This indefatigable laborer in the mine of Indian history continues to throw off from time to time works upon that subject, which bear the marks of great industry, patient research, and extensive information, and which have deservedly given him a high literary reputation as an historical writer. What has yet appeared we believe is only the beginning of a series of works relating to Indian annals, which are to be completed as soon as the author's health, and the duties of an arduous profession, will allow. From a late honor conferred upon him by one of the remnants of the Six Nations, in electing him one of their chiefs, by the name of Sa-go-sen-o-ta, it seems plain that they highly approve of his efforts to preserve their history; and it may be considered as endorsing the accuracy of his investigations. In this light, the honor conferred, though coming from those whom civilization is crushing beneath its superior intelligence and power, is valuable and important. The present book takes the poetical share of its title from the fact that the author has prefixed Campbell's celebrated poem, preceded by a sketch of his life, furnished by Washington Irving. 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' though beautiful, and seeming to be a narrative of real incidents in a poetical dress, is nevertheless a fiction, albeit founded upon an actual tragedy, whose horrors can hardly be exaggerated by any pen. It has been the design of our author to record the real history of the section of country which was stained by this tragedy, and which for this reason, has a melancholy interest thrown over its natural charms.

The history of Wyoming does not commence, as many suppose, with the war of the American revolution. Long before, the conflict of human passions in the breast of savage and civilized man had discolored its soil with blood. During this antecedent period, its aboriginal annals are replete with incidents, which were greatly multiplied after the civil wars which disturbed the repose of that secluded valley had begun to be waged between the rival claimants to the territory from Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and which for twelve or thirteen years prior to the revolutionary war present a series of the most stirring events. The author, therefore, in order to render the history complete, has taken it up before the first known visit of the white men; of whom, among the earliest, were the Moravian missionaries. To the honor of these men, be it recorded, that in this instance, as in others, they plunged into the depths of the forest, and labored among the savages with a christian zeal and enterprize which have never been surpassed. The scenes of the revolution, embracing not only the great massacre in July, 1778, with its frightful horrors, but also a number of other bloody forays of the Indians upon the white men, are moreover faithfully described. But after all, perhaps the most interesting portion of the volume is formed of the narrative of the services and sufferings of individuals and families. These latter records are full of those wild and romantic incidents which are peculiar to border warfare; where the steady courage and determined bravery of the European appears in deadly conflict with the wiliness, cunning, and sleepless vengeance of the savage. To say that all this is narrated by the author in the spirit of accurate history, would be far below the meed of praise that is due. He has executed this part of the book in a style of animated and lively description, and with that flowing and finished diction, which can only be attained when the mind of a writer is perfectly familiar with the events, and when, by the force of imagination, he becomes himself as it were an actor instead of a spectator of the scenes which he narrates.

Additional interest is given to this spot, from the fact, which probably is not generally known, except to the professed historian, that the distinguished patriot Timothy Pickering took up his abode in the valley of Wyoming, attracted no doubt by its unrivalled beauties, to which he was first introduced during a military campaign, but which he afterward contemplated, on the return of peace, with an eye capable of being charmed by the picturesque in nature. The concluding chapter of the book is devoted mainly to a spirited account of the abduction of that gentleman, and his confinement in the wilderness by a gang of ruffians, who, after trying in vain to bend his soldier-like mind to a compliance with their violent designs, gave him an ungracious release, and allowed him to return to his family. Among the papers in the appendix, now first introduced to the public, will be found a deed of purchase, made from the Indians ninety years ago, by the Connecticut Land Company, containing the names of some six hundred of the most wealthy and distinguished people of that State. It is important as a means of showing the valuation of land at that period, and a proof that it was acquired by honest purchase. This edition has been enlarged to the amount of more than one hundred pages of letter-press; an addition found necessary by the discovery of increased materials by the author since the publication of the first edition.

In concluding this brief notice of a work written with decided talent, and designed to fill an important niche in the early history of this country, we are bound to thank the author, and to express the hope that he will be able to finish the historical design which he has sketched, pertaining to that interesting race, of whom it may be truly said, that 'the hour of their destiny has already struck.' This volume shows us, that in our own country may be found topics for literary effort, worthy of employing the gifted pens of America, without going abroad in quest of subjects, in the discussion of which we shall long be surpassed by foreigners, on account of their superior facilities and larger sources of information. As a book entirely American, we commend it to the reading public, confident that it will be received with favor wherever it is read, and be considered a valuable addition to the historical department of every gentleman's library.

A New Spirit of the Age. By R. H. Horne. In one volume. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

The Mr. Horne who stands sponsor for this 'child of many fathers' must not be confounded with Mr. Hartwell Horne, who in a literary point of view is quite another person. The author of the volume before us, however, with the aid of sundry fellow *littérateurs* 'of the secondary formation,' as Carlyle phrases it, has collected together quite a variety of materials, the whole being intended to form a sort of sequel to Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age,' a brilliant work, to which the present bears slight resemblance. We quite agree with a contemporary, that it manifests little or no independence of judgment or originality of thought. 'It is the result of the labor of many hands, and those not the most skilful or

experienced. It consequently wants that homogeneity of style which one would expect in a professed imitation of so excellent a model. The highest degree of merit that can be accorded to it is that of a collection of magazine articles of second rate merit. It is likely to prove popular with the generality of readers who do not trouble themselves to dip beneath the surface of things; but we must caution those who would form a just estimate of the characters and merits of the distinguished writers whose works are analyzed in it, that its premises are not always correct nor its deductions sound.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A day with the great Seatsfield.—The Boston Daily Advertiser recently divulged, with a most curious air of bewilderment, the name of a new, and as it seems hitherto unheard-of, ornament to American literature—the illustrious Seatsfield. Illustrious, however, only upon the other side of the water; for it appears that we Yankee cotton-raisers have somewhat else to do than to busy our brains about any letters except letters of credit, or any fame that is not reverberated from abroad. No one, of course, at all conversant with modern German literature, not even the slightest skimmer of their late periodical publications, or the most occasional peruser of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* or *Dresden Bluthundstaglich*, can have failed to notice with patriotic pride the gradual but gigantic progress of this new Voltaire to the highest pinnacle of popular renown. But, sooth to say, our western world is so overrun with pretenders; there are so many young gentlemen annually spawned by Yale and Cambridge, who affect to read German without being able to construe the advertisement of a Leipsic bookseller; so numerous are the blue-spectacled nymphs who quote Jean Paul betwixt their blanc-mange and oysters, without comprehending even the outermost rind of its in-meaning; so utterly ignorant are our so-called literati of any subject beyond the scope of a newspaper, that the name of Seatsfield sounded as strangely in American ears as if he had lately arrived from Herschel or Georgium Sidus in a balloon. It is true that some two or three of our eminent scholars, a few travellers, men of taste, who had wandered by the Rhine, were acquainted with his reputation, and in some degree with his productions. Emerson doubtless must have been aware of his renown; Professor Felton of course had read him as often as he has Homer; Jones, Wilkins, and F. Smith had studied him with delight. The 'Dial,' a journal of much repute, had even spoken openly, we are told, of his success in Europe. Mr. W. E. Channing, the poet, had evidently but perhaps unconsciously imitated his peculiar viscosity of style, and (if we may use such an expression.) extreme flakiness of thought. But in spite of these few exceptions to the general indifference, let it stand recorded, that when the name of Seatsfield returned to his own shore, it was an alien and unmeaning word. His own country, so deeply indebted to his powerful pen, absolutely knew him not. The literati stared, and the Boston Advertiser was struck aghast with wonder. What a comment upon the state of letters in America! 'Literary Emporium,' forsooth! 'Western Athens!' Medici of Manhattan! how grossly we Yankees do misapply titles! It was the very 'Literary Emporium' itself that was most astounded at the newly-discovered mine. Seatsfield's name had overspread civilized Europe; his productions had been dramatized at Munich and Bucharest; they had been translated into Russian and Turkish; the Maltese mariner had learned to solace himself with his 'Twilight Helmsman's Hymn,' and the merchants of Syra and Beyrout adorned their mansions with his bust; yet Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia had never heard his name! In the lack of more minute information with regard to this remarkable man, perhaps the following page or two from a traveller's journal may prove acceptable to the public. The absolutely total obscurity of the subject in America, may also, it is hoped, serve as an apology for the openness of detail and apparent breach of etiquette in regard to private intercourse.

'It has been my fortune to spend a day in company with the man who of all men has done the most to illustrate our manners and character; yet who, strange to say, is less known than 'Professor' Ingraham. As it was then my fortune to speak *with* him; I now consider it my duty to speak *of* him, and to do what little I am able, to extend his name among his compatriots.

'In the spring of the year previous to this, or to be exact, in April, 1843, I found myself at Berlin. My friend, Mr. Carlyle, of London, had given me a letter to Theodore Mundt, and I had learned soon after my arrival that this distinguished man was in town. I had consequently looked over my letters, after dinner, and had selected the one addressed to Mundt, and laid it under a little plaster bust of Schiller that stood just over the stove, in the room where I dined. In the evening I walked into the *Ermschlagg Buchzimmer*.² Several students were making annotations from huge volumes, and many grave, pale gentlemen were turning over the reviews and periodicals of the day. Among these I recognized an Englishman whom I had fallen in with at Cologne but parted with at Heidelberg. He had been in Berlin three days before me, and I was truly glad to meet with an acquaintance even of so recent a date, to whom I could apply for information or advice as to the best way of seeing the lions. While I was whispering to him, a grim-visaged old Teuton looked up at us with a stern frown, and my friend observed, 'We must retire into the *Sprechensaale*, or conversation-room.' As soon as we had entered this adjoining apartment, to the evident satisfaction of the aforesaid grim Teuton, I observed a tall, thin man, of angular and wiry aspect, see-sawing his body in front of the stove, toward which he had turned his back, as he stood in apparently deep cogitation. 'You don't know who that is,' quoth my friend; 'there is *one* of the lions, to begin with. I found out his name this morning: that is Theodore Mundt.' Struck as I was with the stranger's aspect, which appeared to me altogether American, I stared at him till he suddenly raised his dark eyes, and fixed them on mine. To disembarass myself from my seeming rudeness as politely as possible, I bowed to his gaze, and said inquiringly: 'I have the honor to address Mr. Mundt?'

'You have the *luck*,' he said, 'but the honor is *his*.'

'Honors are even, then,' said I, as brusquely as I dared; and of all animals a traveller is the most impudent. 'I have in my pocket,' I continued, 'a letter for you from my friend Carlyle.' At the name of Carlyle he raised his hands in surprise, then rubbed them with delight, and began to eulogise his friend.

'All this while I was fumbling in my pocket for my letter, when suddenly it flashed over me that I had put it under the bust in the tavern. I grew confused for a moment, and then as Mynheer Mundt held out his hand for the letter, I burst into a laugh, and confessed that I had left my letter at home. Mundt looked very serious, and quoted from Othello, "That is a fault;" and then from Macbeth, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." I thought there was a little affectation in this; perhaps it was merely complimentary; but the immediate result of our imperfect acquaintance was, that I made

bold to introduce my friend to Mundt, who invited us both to his rooms to supper. On our way thither, as we passed the *Brunswik Gasthaus*, where I lodged, I stepped in to procure my letter, and Mundt appeared rejoiced to hear directly from his 'very *fine* friend' Carlyle, as he queerly styled him.

'I should feel that I was venturing on forbidden ground were I to reveal more of what passed between us that evening. There was some drawing of corks and some puffing of Hamburg-made Cheroots, which Mundt declared to be genuine Oriental; there was a ham of Westphalia, and a bit of La Gruyere. But with all this we have nothing to do. I fear that I have already made my preface too long. Enough be it then to say, that Mundt first revealed to me on this occasion (I am ashamed to own it) the name and talents of our countryman Seatsfield. How enthusiastic he was I will not describe; but his enthusiasm could only be equalled by his surprise that I was not familiar with his writings.

'On the next day Mundt gave me a letter to Seatsfield, directed to him at Bâsle, in Switzerland, near which he owns a beautiful villa. I did not find him at Bâsle, however, and I proceeded to Milan without delivering my letter. On my return from Italy, I happened to learn that Seatsfield was at Graffenburg in Silesia; and although it was forty leagues from my purposed route I encountered the delay, out of mere curiosity of seeing so distinguished a man. This time I was not disappointed. One day only I spent at Graffenburg, but that day was sufficient to fill me with a truly German (I wish I could say American) admiration of my countryman. Graffenburg, it should be remarked, is the famous scene of Doctor Priessnitz's wonderful hydropathic cures. Being there only for a single day, I did not think it best to submit in all points to the cold water treatment; neither did Seatsfield, for I noticed that he mixed two table-spoonfuls of gin with every gill of cold water. Seatsfield is a man of about middle-age, with a penetrating eye, and rather a good form, though not unusually muscular. His face bears a remarkable resemblance to the pictures of Numa Pompilius; the benign smile of each is the same. His chin is round and full, although partially concealed by a slight beard; his nose, which is of a truly German outline, is marked by the 'dilated nostril of genius;' and his whole aspect is that of a thorough man of the world. I will continue my reminiscence by extracting verbatim a page or so from my imperfect, though as far as it goes, authentic diary. I am convinced however that his remarks will lose much from the want of his pointed manner of enunciation. His English was faultless, and he spoke as well as if he had never been out of America. Very few Americans indeed, and no British-Islanders, talk so correct and chaste a dialect.

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

Graffenburg, July 4, 1844.

'I was very fortunate, they tell me, to find Seatsfield in so companionable a mood. He appeared in high spirits, and was exceedingly conversible. The glorious return of our national anniversary had a visible effect upon him. I presented my letter to him last evening, but he was weary, and retired early. When I first met him in the Upper Bath-room Walk, this morning, he congratulated me upon the brightness and brilliancy of the day. 'You have much to be thankful for, Sir,' he observed; 'the day is perfectly American. Just such a sun as this is now dawning upon Broadway and the Battery. The sound of India-crackers and the pleasant smell of lobsters is already perceptible to the senses of the awakening Manhattanese.'

'Boston, too, my native city,' I observed, 'is also alive to the holiday influences. Boston Common I dare say is already white with tents, and the fragrant commerce of the booths is just commencing on the Mall.'

Seatsfield: 'Yes, Sir; but Boston and Philadelphia both fail in developing the true character-stamp-work (*character-stampfen-werk*) of the day. To see the Fourth of July in its glory, one should visit New-York. To my senses, which are uncommonly acute, there is a peculiar smell about the Fourth of July in New-York, which differs in toto from that of any other holiday.'

'In Boston we also have the perfume of lobsters and egg-pop blended with that of orange-peel and pine-apple—'

Seatsfield: 'That, Sir, is but a feeble rationale of the New-York savor. I have often, in a jocose mood, amused myself with analyzing this odor. I have resolved it into the following elements: lobsters, gunpowder, trampled-grass, wheel-grease, and cigars. It is mainly to these ingredients, grafted upon the other ordinary city smells, that I attribute the Fourth of July smell.'

'There is one that you have failed to detect; namely, a faint whiff of barn-yards, owing I presume to the strong prevalence of farmers and other rustics from the surrounding country.' Seatsfield smiled at this, and acknowledged, in a laughing way, an occasional intimation of manure. 'Graffenburg,' I observed, 'is remarkably free from all strong odors; it is a very clean village.'

Seatsfield: 'That, Sir, is owing to the water: depend upon it, wherever water prevails neatness will ensue. Temperance and cleanliness go hand in hand. The ancients were a filthy race, and they were great wine-bibbers. What a condition of personal and mental nastiness is divulged by Horace in his 'Iter ad Brundisium;' yet Horace was a choice specimen of a Roman gentleman.'

'Have you had any poets among you here? or is the hydropathic system too repugnant to their art?'

Seatsfield: 'Our countryman, Longfellow, was here not long since. I sat at table with him frequently; but never introduced myself to him.'

'Do you think highly of his powers?'

Seatsfield: 'As a prolific generator of novel life-images, no; but as a vivid delineator of the inner-thought principle, as an artistical displayer of the higher subjective mood, he is of the very first class. I honor Longfellow.'

'He is perhaps our smoothest versifier, next to Halleck.'

Seatsfield: 'Nay, he is the only one among us who can combine extreme polish and the utmost facility of flow with deep-seated reflection.' Seatsfield then quoted, with a sublime energy, from the celebrated 'Psalm of Life:'

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow

Is our destined end or way,

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us farther than to-day.

'In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb driven cattle,

Be a hero in the strife.

'Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,

Let the dead Past, bury its dead;

Act, act in the glorious Present,

Heart within and God o'er head."

'You give the poet a great advantage,' I said, 'in quoting his very finest production, and picking out the choicest stanzas. Beside, his theme here is one of so general a nature, and so familiar to philosophy, that it would be hard for any one to moralize upon it in verse without accidentally hitting upon some sublimity. The commonest intellect has lofty and awful thoughts whenever it gives way to serious meditation upon our mortality.'

Seatsfield: 'That is partly true; but Longfellow is not only great upon that ground. His realm is very extensive. No man has the power (had he only the will) of depicting the simplicity of every-day life and objects with more grace or comprehensiveness. There are some touches in his 'Village Blacksmith' inexpressibly beautiful, and worthy of Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night:'

'His hair is crisp and black and long,

His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate'er he can,' etc.

And then again:

'He goes on Sunday to the Church,

And sits among the boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the gallery,

And it makes his heart rejoice.'

Seatsfield repeated these verses with much emotion; and I observed that a tear stood upon his lids. I therefore turned the conversation upon hydropathy, and introduced a quotation from Pindar: ἀρίστον μὲν ὕδωρ, *etc.*

Seatsfield: 'Pindar, Sir, has expressed a great truth; but I think that Pierpont has expressed it better. In his exquisite 'Ode on the Opening of the Marlborough Temperance-House' how beautifully he says, after speaking in regard to the virtues of cold water:

'Oh! had Eve's hair

Been dressed in gin,

Would she have been

Reflected fair?'

'And then, after describing the beauty of Eden, with its rills and pellucid brooks bubbling through the fresh meads, he goes on:

'Are not pure springs

And chrystal wells

The very things

For our Hotels?’

‘That, Sir, is excellent, and the somewhat homely imagery only enhances in my mind the truth of the sentiment. Pierpont, Sir, is a very great man.’

‘As great as Longfellow?’

Seatsfield: ‘No, Sir, perhaps not; there is a considerable difference of calibre between them. I should say now that Longfellow was a first-rate artist with a second-rate imagination, and that Pierpont was only a second-rate artist with a first-rate fancy. There is no mistake in Pierpont.’

I smiled at Seatsfield’s affectation of Americanisms, as if out of compliment to myself, or in honor of the day; and I rejoined: ‘There may be no mistake in Pierpont, but there is one or two in Longfellow.’

Seatsfield: ‘Grammatical or prosodiacal?’

‘Neither; but in the beginning of his ‘Psalm of Life,’ he says:

‘Tell me not in mournful numbers

Life is but an empty dream;

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.’

‘Here he evidently meant things *are* what they seem; for in the next stanza he goes on to say:

‘Life is real, life is earnest,

And the grave is not its goal;

‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’

Was not written of the soul.’

Consequently, if life *is* real and earnest, and the soul is incapable of mortality, things *must be* what they seem, and the soul *cannot* be dead that slumbers. And if the soul *is* dead that slumbers, and things are *not* really what they seem to be, life *is* indeed an empty dream.’ Seatsfield looked puzzled at this.

Seatsfield: ‘You are somewhat hypercritical. Great thoughts must not be trimmed to the exact dialect of business-men. Longfellow reveals important truths; he utters what is pent within him from the impulse of utterance: he tells us that ‘Art is long and Time is fleeting;’ now some arts are not long, and time often drags heavily. It will not do to be too precise in poetry.’

‘But is that sentiment original? Does not one of the ancients say, ‘*Ars longa, vita brevis?*’ and does not that come pretty near to Longfellow’s idea?’

Seatsfield: ‘Yes, Sir, but that is a little criticism which picks out words. Longfellow, or yourself, or any other man, would have arrived at the same conclusion, even had the ancient author never written it.’

‘We were here interrupted by a call to luncheon; and I take advantage of the break in my journal, to bring this article to a close. More of the Seatsfieldiana I reserve for another number, provided the public are not already glutted.’

Magazine Writing.—We know not how we can better evince our appreciation of the kind and flattering comments of a Southern correspondent, who will at once recognize our allusion, than by citing the somewhat kindred remarks of an old and favorite contributor, now passed away from earth. It was a pleasing matter, he said, to sit down with the proper afflatus stirring within him, to write an article for a Magazine. ‘If the work has a general prevalence; if its fame is rife on good men’s tongues, the inspiration is the stronger. One says to himself, how many friends of mine will overlook these very lucubrations, perceive my initials, and recognize my name? How many pleasing associations will thus be awakened, and peradventure commendatory remarks expressed, concerning my powers? What a *quid pro quo* for wakeful nights, emendations of phrases, the choosing of words, and toilsome revision! The other day,’ he continues, ‘while reading the proof-sheet of my article in the last Knickerbocker, I fell into a train of reflection upon the large amount of care and labor which must be entailed upon the publisher and editor of an original Magazine. Some one has observed, that when we listen to an exquisite opera, or any elaborate and intricate piece of music, we think not how vast were the pains and attention bestowed upon every note and cadence; what efforts for perfection in a solo, what panting for a warble, what travail for a trill! Taken separately, and at rehearsals, in disjointed fragments of sound, how different are they from that volume of sweet concords which is produced when they are all breathed forth in order, to the accompaniment of flutes and recorders, in one full gush of melody! This is just like a Magazine. How many minds does it engage! Cherished thoughts and cherished feelings, polished or sublimated, there find utterance, and demand that honor and deference to which they are entitled. In his beautiful Introduction to the Harleian Miscellany, Johnson sets forth the necessity and benefit of similar writings, with reasons as conclusive as the language in which they are expressed is chaste and strong. In a country like ours, where the vast population move by common impulse; think promptly, are enlightened with ease, and turn to the best account that knowledge which is received with the greatest facility; are inspired with sacred and patriotic feelings from the bar, the senate, the pulpit, and the press; it is important and just that the readiest methods and means of instructive moral amusement should be the most esteemed and the

best supported. I confess I never look into a Magazine, that I do not liken it to a large and pure reservoir of refreshing waters; derived from many streams, and pranked around its borders with the flowers and garniture of poesy; possessing qualities agreeable to every taste—the grave, the solid, the scientific, the light, the gay. It is a map of the higher moods of life. It conveys a sustenance with the relish of pleasure. All who favor it with their productions have different tastes and faculties of mind. Each one endeavors to do the best with his theme. He ornaments it in diction, or tasks his fancy, or explores the secrets of science, or illustrates the events and scenes of his country: he excites broad-mouthed laughter, by salutary jest and pun; he expatiates in pathetic sentences, or murmurs in the mellow cadence of song; or arouses interest by the embellishments wherewith history is refined, and which shed a light over the dim annals of the past, making them to smile,

—‘even as the radiant glow,

Kindling rich woods, whereon the ethereal bow

Sleeps lovingly awhile.’

‘Now what I thought beside, while looking over my proof, was this: that a ‘circulating medium,’ through which so many minds communicated their thoughts, produced and clothed with befitting language in solitary labor; smoothed, strengthened, or harmonized by revision, and rendered impressive by those helps and researches of which every *readable* writer must avail himself; such a medium, I say, merits the esteem and respect of all. It deserves not to be taken up for judgment, at a momentary glance, by the undiscerning eye of careless inquiry. It should be read impartially, and spoken of, in all worthy points, with praise; in faulty ones, with tenderness. Our literature, I take it, is not yet a sufficiently flowery pursuit, to enable any of its votaries to sow its walks with brambles. By its influence, *the country* is to be mentally illustrated; the clanking shackles of transatlantic humbug are to be thrown off; and the establishment of wholesome feelings, and reliance upon our own intellectual resources, firmly effected. I love to see the general press engaged now and then in cheering onward the laborers in the more unfrequented and toilsome avenues of our literary vineyard. It sends a God-speed to the bosoms of those whose travails are more for their country than themselves; and who are content, in anonymous pride, to believe, that it heralds that bright day of mental refinement which will ere long, among the freest and noblest confederacy of nations on earth, irradiate the utmost borders of that holy circumference,

‘Our Native Land!’

A thrust with a two-edged Weapon.—We rather incline to the opinion that the ‘complainant below’ is infringing the law which forbids the use of concealed weapons; that are not the less to be guarded against, certainly, when as in the present case they cut both ways. But our readers shall judge: Dear Editor: The country, strange as it may appear, has peculiar and permanent inhabitants; neither dressing in skins, nor wearing their own feathers, but habited after the glimpses of fashion which reach them through their trees. As we have never yet met with a man who was so fortunate as to have no relations, we take it for granted that all city-zens, yourself among the rest, have country-cousins. Think of the countless multitudes that turn their longing eyes in the direction of a metropolis like this, yearning for a visit, and sending off by frequent *Opportunities*, never by mail, those remarkable epistolary compounds of hopes and wants which no other race of beings can compose in perfection: ‘Hope John is well, and Betsey will come and see us next summer; and want’—Lawson and Stewart! what do they *not* want? Every thing; from twenty yards of silk down to a penny’s-worth of tape. The letters run somewhat in this guise, though less poetically:

‘Cousin John, please to send down to-morrow,

At eight, by the Scarborough mail,

‘Claudine, or the Victim of Sorrow,’

Don Juan, two mops and a pail;

Six ounces of Bohea from Twining’s,

A peg-top, a Parmesan cheese,

Some rose-colored sarcenet, for linings,

A stew-pan, and Stevenson’s Glee;

A song ending ‘Hey-noni-noni,’

A chair with a cover of chintz,

A mummy dug up by Belzoni,

A skein of white worsted from Flint’s.’

Half the things that are sent for, they might buy at their own doors. Again and again we have known them put in commission and procure from an oppressed relative the identical productions of a manufactory within a mile of them. A singular virtue seems to abide in all that comes from the sunny side of Broadway.

‘You perhaps may not know what an Opportunity is. In love affairs you have undoubtedly experienced that it is every thing; but in rural affairs it is more. It is the common-carrier of a village. So soon as an inhabitant has expressed his intention of going to town, he becomes an Opportunity, and like a Chinese, liable to pains and penalties for leaving his native place. From every quarter pour in letters, bundles, and packages, which are to be carried with care and delivered with despatch. No thanks for his trouble, if they should reach their destination, and a general liability for the

uncertain value of their contents if they should chance to be lost. So that an Opportunity's advent in town ought to be announced in this way: 'Arrived, Hiram Doolittle, from Connecticut, with m'dze to Legion and Company.' The Opportunity not only transports, but acts as General Agent. Commissions are given him for a return freight. Hats, coats, dresses, are much wanted, which he is expected to select with taste, and to purchase cheap. Even the labyrinth of houses does not protect him from the Argus eyes of his consignees. They seek him out and insist upon his turning himself into a United States' mail and a Harnden's express. It is not a week since we heard a consignee's friend's friend request an Opportunity to carry home a loaf of sugar to his country correspondent.

'Perhaps, Friend Knick., we are wounding your feelings all this time, tender by reason of many cousins and commissions; but we can assure you that we have an infinite respect for all relationship, and are rather blessed than bored by the requisitions of our own rural branches. We trust, however, that your rustic kith and kin do not come upon your house in the spring, in shoals like the shad. Unhappy editor, if it be so; for until the day predicted by Alphonse Karr, when connexions shall be cooked and *côtelettes d'oncle à la Béchamel* and *têtes de cousin en tortue* shall smoke lovingly upon the table, there is nothing for you but to submit to your Fates, or to give up your house-keeping. But with country cozens, those provincials who are not bone of your bone, and who nevertheless at every visit to town call upon you with an eager look and covetous smile, as if to say, 'Ask us to dinner, we once invited you to tea,' there is but one method to pursue; the cut—the firm, unwavering, direct cut. Do not pretend not to see them, or to look fixedly in another direction, but give them the vacant, absent stare, as if you saw around them, and through them, and the image before you excited neither attention nor recollection. There are no terms to be kept with them. Their Shibboleth is not yours.

'In the 'Absentee,' a London fashionable lady, Mrs. Dazeville, goes to Ireland, and is hospitably received by Lady Clonbrony, stays a month at her country-house, and is as intimate with Lady Clonbrony and her niece Miss Nugent, as possible; and yet when Lady Clonbrony comes to London, never takes the least notice of her. At length, meeting at the house of a common friend, Mrs. Dazeville cannot avoid recognizing her, but does it in the least civil manner possible: 'Ah, Lady Clonbrony! Did not know you were in England! How long shall you stay in town? Hope before you leave England you will give us a day.' Lady Clonbrony is so astonished at this ingratitude, that she remains silent; but Miss Nugent answers quite coolly, and with a smile: 'A day? certainly, to you who gave us a month.' Miss Edgeworth evidently considers this a capital story; and we have no doubt that many stupid people who have read it consider it an excellent hit; but we can assure them that they know nothing of the woods and fields. It is a great favor to make people in the country a visit. It relieves them from the tiresome monotony of their rose-bushes and chickens; and by the active exertions in planning breakfasts and dinners, and making the one ride through the valley last for three afternoons, infuses if possible a certain degree of mental activity into their lives, which must be far from disagreeable to them. A cit too is in a certain degree a lion. The oldest town-jokes are as new in the country as last year's ribbons; and the neighbors gather together to view with delight a face that they have not seen every Sunday for the last fifty-two weeks, and are only too happy to engage the Novelty at a 'Tea.' But when they come to town, what can you do with them? Who the devil wants to see them? Your friends care little enough for you, still less for your agricultural acquaintances. You cannot bring yourself to go to Peale's Museum, or to see the talking-machine; and tickets at the opera are dear, unless you stand up. As we said before, you must cut them, or

'If you are a little man,

Not big enough for that,'

you must try to have them arrested as soon as they arrive, as disturbers of domestic peace, and confined in the Tombs during the whole of their intended stay. If the Legislature sat in New-York instead of in a *country city*, they would pass some law similar to the South Carolina free-black law, confining all rural visitors, or at least making those liable to an indictment for false pretences, who claim acquaintance with the 'people of the whirlpool.'

'If it were only for once, one might ask all his *rats des champs* to meet one another at a Tea. This might be amusing, if the jest did not grow painful by repetition. There is no reciprocity in your dealings with such invitees. You will probably never again reach their Siberian settlement, whereas they come to town three times a year! It is not fair. It is a base cheat. How can they be so ungenerous and illiberal as to accuse you of neglect and ingratitude for not cultivating them when in the city? They might as well abuse you for not having a green-house! This doctrine of ours is so clearly reasonable, that all people of any breeding admit its truth, and act accordingly. You may stay a week at a country-seat, and need make no acknowledgments of any kind to the owner thereof in his town-house; whereas a dinner in the city is a debt of honor, which must be paid. This is a well settled law. Not that your obligation is by any means cancelled. It is not dead, but dormant. Next summer you will feel deep gratitude for the kindness you received during the last; but no such indebtedness is payable in urbanity. George Selwyn met in St. James-street, London, a man whom he had known very well in Bath, and passed steadily by him without a look of recognition. His acquaintance followed him, and said: 'Sir, you knew me very well in Bath.' 'Well, Sir,' replied Selwyn, 'in Bath I may possibly know you again.' Farewell.

Another 'pellet' from Julian.—Not a word is necessary by way of introduction to the ensuing passages from an epistle lately received from our esteemed friend and correspondent Julian. Happy husband of a happy wife and happier mother! Happy father! may his joy never be less: 'We are in the country! When you write this way, say 'To the care of — —, Esq.', for we are designedly three miles from post-offices and newsboys. I have given warning that if any of the latter come within my grounds with his French things, I will souse him in the river, and hold him there till he shall be thoroughly chilled into a dislike of these parts. You will readily imagine why we are here. The excitements and distractions of city life for the last few months were too much for us, and there are some things that can only be enjoyed apart from the world. Here, we subside gradually and gracefully from that high and tense delirium from which I at least made my aërials, always coming back, however, to young Julian; who, by the way, is another occasion for country life, as I have great faith in first impressions, and I wish his to be bright and beautiful. Heaven preserve him from all darker colors; from the doubts, the glooms, the moral mistiness of your city atmosphere! Let no fog come between him and the bright sky, till he has well discovered that there is a heaven beyond, where there is neither cloud nor shadow, and up to which not one grain of all this dust and filth of the earth's whirling shall ever reach. It is quite enough that we are in sight and hearing of your great Babels; the jarring of their daily strife and the smoke of their torments. A lively and

dashing river rolls between us, going off at a hand-gallop among rocky islands, over which we see their spires pointing up like electric-rods to avert the wrath that might otherwise descend upon them; and mingling with the dash of waters, we hear now and then their petty alarms, their steamers and fire-bells, and the dozen other occasions upon which they see fit to make a great noise in the world; but the travelled sound has a courtliness that is rather pleasant than otherwise; and as a key-note to our mocking-birds, it is quite worthy of the sweet south that brings it up. Whenever there is any sudden ebullition that cannot be pared down to the common air, we are made aware of it by a cannonading that is doubtless very considerable down there, but for any thing so ambitiously meant, it sounds here very miserable; a wretched attempt at notoriety, of which the most noticeable is the smoke of their powder. And so with all their sky-flourishing and rocketing, which we look at as at a falling star; pretty, no doubt, but not in our way. Every morning a railroad train starts out, and approaching within a mile, disappears among the hills with a slight buzzing and squibbing, like the fly on the window; and then after it has gone, as we suppose, there is another squib, very smart and snappish, and we hear nothing more of it till the train comes down, frets a little again as it passes by, and goes on to discharge its contents in the great city. To all these things we say, 'Pass on!' the world is various, and must be amused; but for us, we respectfully withdraw. We have had enough of the intense; we now welcome the trifling, appropriating however as much of the serious as we care to admit in our still life. When the Sabbath comes round, there are seven bells that reach us, each with its separate voice; and these, with falling waters, and the morning incense going up from the hill-sides, are as much of 'mass' as we care to have in our worship. But we have a ready ear for all sweet sounds, and need no glasses to appreciate the beautiful. Sunrise and sunset; the grouping of clouds; the blue haze that now and then lies on the landscape, all one with my cigar-smoke; and the storms and lightnings of the young summer, so spitefully beautiful; all these, with whatever of glory there may be in the still watches of the night, find their place in our picture-gallery; but we leave them as God made them, and add no tint to their coloring.

'You are aware that the sun rises as per almanac. This is common; and so common, so much an every-day affair, that he gets very little credit therefor; and yet, that he will rise with great exactness, aside from all human calculation, and go on traversing the sky with a wonderful regularity that nothing can stop, is a very pleasant fact touching the prospect of to-morrow; and so also, that every thing in nature will be wrought with marvellous beauty and harmonies of sound; and oh! most satisfactory of all, there will still be an air that properly inhaled fills the *heart* as well as the lungs. It is from a calm consideration of this fact, that we have done with the *eagerness* of pleasure. No daily counting of hours to see that all have been properly brimmed; no grasping at a dozen things at once; no draining of the very dregs, lest that may be the last bottle, and we die to-morrow. But thankful as we are for to-morrow, and especially grateful for to-day, we don't care for noon-marks. We have kept no count lately, and for aught we know, Time may have stopped, but probably not. He is doubtless somewhere about, but we take no particular notice. Our watches have run down, and we care not to wind them again. The hours, if there are any, are all golden, and we have no occasion to note the passage one to the other; or if we start them, just to see the motion, they run on diamonds of the purest water; but mostly, whether it be morn, or mid-day, or the starry night, Sabbath or week-day, it is all one—all beautiful. Does it rain? It is quite proper. The earth needs it, no doubt, and it will look the more grateful therefor. Does it shine? Why then the birds will sing, and if they will come a little nearer, we will teach them that charming air from the last opera. Does a new star come out in heaven, or an old one disappear? The one will be an added glory, and the other not much missed; but they will little concern our astronomy. Expect no more rhapsodies, my friend, unless it be upon the wonderful ease with which every thing can be done without them. That we find all things pleasant, is the extent of our poetry. It is pleasant to wake; it is pleasant to sleep; it is pleasant to wake and sleep again; pleasant to watch the opening lid, and pleasant the smile that follows it; pleasant are kind words and tones, the touch of hands, and the touch of lips; the breath of flowers and those that love them; pleasant are the thousand infinitesimals, like the motes of the sun-beam, not less bright because of their minuteness; and pleasant the thought that sufficient as this heaven may be, there is another one above. And doubtless it is pleasant to breathe as usual, and feel the heart send round its currents with a touch of joy; but oh, pleasanter than all, to have no sigh or throb, to remind you that that breath must one day stop, and that warm blood turn cold. Oh! in the 'time' that is set apart 'for all things,' may heaven look kindly on and count these trifling hours!

'Shall we ever leave this charming retreat? Certainly not, while these things last; but it is not impossible that we may return with the cold weather. Meanwhile, I have made a chalk-mark about the grounds, and as yet nothing with a bite or sting has passed over it. Mrs. Julian, as she now insists upon being called, has become highly contemplative; and if I did not know that she was never so happy before, I should think her sometimes a little sad; she is so quiet, so demure, and so eternally bewitched with that boy! Why Sir, she will sit for half a day over the fellow, amusing herself and him with I know not what varieties and wonders of invention; with lullabies and ditties and homœopathies of language; and if he condescend to sleep for a few moments, how divinely still must every thing be! What infinite care is there in pinning the screen; what fortifications are built round about him; and what a world of protection in every movement! And then, when all is complete, she must still sit there, with that strange upward look which she has acquired lately, seeming to reach quite beyond the stars. She is a strange woman! Yesterday, having dined rather late, I happened to forget myself for a few moments on the lounge; and on waking, I found her kneeling before me, and looking up in my face with an expression that to me is peculiarly embarrassing; not the quick, joyous look, followed as quickly by the touch of lips; not that, but something quite indescribable. Perhaps I am not as considerate as I ought to be on such occasions, for doubtless she knows what she would be at, but I confess I do not. Indeed, she is constantly bringing out new points and flourishes, which to me are all vowels of the Hebrew; no doubt very sweet and musical, and certainly very necessary to the sense of the reading, but they are past all finding out. When she dazzles me with these brilliants, I sometimes reply in the Tartar, and so we are quits.

'Young Julian develops slowly. He has smiled once or twice, but in a manner so precocious, that it would be alarming, if he were at all delicate. Fortunately he is not. His utterance as yet is quite unintelligible, though no doubt he has his meaning. To Mrs. Julian it is all poetry. '*Poeta nascitur*' may be quite true, but if he rhymes, which is quite possible to her ear, I am constrained to think that it is entirely accidental. I hope, at least, that he is not so viciously gifted. ••• Have I told you that she refuses a nurse, and that too pretty sharply? Well, that is not all; I can hardly touch the boy myself. She is so afraid I shall crush it! My raptures, she says, are not becoming; she even says that I 'frighten the child!' But she is the strangest of women! Last night, happening to wake some time in the small hours, I heard a slight noise in the room, and emerging from a dream, in which I remembered to have heard a good deal of crying and hushing, I listened intently for some moments, but couldn't for my life guess what it could be. There was nothing

moving in the room, and the sound appeared to arise from some slow and uniform movement, so that it couldn't be the wind on the shutters; and if the mocking-birds had been sufficiently awake to swing, as they sometimes do, they would certainly have dropped a word or two, for they are great talkers. Now I often hear bells, fire-arms, and exclamations, and very often hear my name called, and questions asked, to which I reply in due form, all which I *know* at the time to be imaginary; but this sound, though it seemed to be familiar, I couldn't make out. I was so drowsy, however, that I had half a mind to consider it a dream; but then what if any thing should happen? I should be responsible. Rising, therefore, very carefully, not to disturb Mrs. J., I discovered by the shaded light on the table that she was quite sound asleep; but what was wonderful, her right arm, outside the bed, was moving up and down with the regularity of a pendulum! What the deuce was all that? Well, Sir, I bent over breathlessly, and found she was pulling at a string! And what, O Editor! who ought to know every thing, what do you think she was pulling? Why, Sir, she was pulling at young Julian's cradle. She was rocking the baby in her sleep! Oh!

Apropos of 'the baby': an agreeable correspondent, from whom we shall be happy to hear 'frequently if not oftener,' intimates to us that our friend Julian, when the 'lactiferous animalcule' whose advent into this breathing world he lately described in such glowing terms, shall have reached a more mature babyhood, may find occasion to 'change the paternal note;' and he cites for us the following passage, from an essay by a sometime contributor to the Knickerbocker, 'in justification of his fears:'

'In my bachelor visitations to my married friends, I have often chuckled over the bashfulness, contending with love, which distinguishes the YOUNG FATHER. In the pride of his heart, perhaps, when his little man has first given evidence of that degree of mental exertion called 'taking notice,' he clasps the crowing baby in his arms; he rests its lily feet upon his knees; he endures with philosophic patience all the 'gouging,' and pulling, and kicking, with which the young hero may testify his triumph; and while the young mother stands by, her eyes beaming with mingled love and pride, he becomes warmer in his romps; makes faces, as the nerveless fingers of the little one seek, with more earnestness, his eyes, or pull with a greater effort at his lips; and amid screams of laughter, he chases the flying hours, until at length a 'pale cast of thought' flits over the baby's face, like a cloud in a summer sky. This is the signal for immediate seriousness. The father grows grave—then frightened. He raises him gently from his lap, and with a single exclamation of 'Take him mother!' consigns the precious charge to her arms, and darting a hasty glance at his 'pants' he walks in silence from the room. Nor do we bachelors always escape with impunity. Anxious to win a smile from some fond mother, more than one of us may have dared to approach, with a kiss, the hallowed lips of her darling. But mark the quick wing of vengeance! Darting from its lurking place in the mouth, out flies the little doubled fist, and slams a well-beslabbered biscuit into the face of the intruder. He recoils, with his 'reeking honors fresh upon him,' and the little squab coos in triumph at his failure.'

National Academy of Design.—The growing interest felt in relation to the Fine Arts in this country, and the influence which the National Academy of Design has had in producing that interest, make it imperative upon us to notice the pictures which are annually sent to this exhibition. In passing through the Academy with this object in view, we have been at some loss to know where to begin. Finding however by chance at the end of the catalogue an alphabetical arrangement of the exhibitors' names, we have adopted this as the best method of laying the merits of the several pictures before our readers. We therefore begin with:

V. G. Audubon, A.—Mr. Audubon exhibits four pictures this season: of these, No. 133, 'Grove of Palm-trees' in the Island of Cuba, we prefer. This picture appears to be a faithful representation of the scene, and is handled with a free and firm pencil. The trees are perhaps a little too literally represented, to be agreeable to the eye, consisting as they do of so many equally straight and unpicturesque lines. No. 237, 'Moon-light Squall coming up,' is a pleasing representation of one of Nature's poetical moments. The light is clear and silvery, and the water transparent and truthful. The whole scene is interesting, and there is but little to find fault with; although perhaps parts would admit of more warmth of color.

J. D. Blondell has six pictures, the majority portraits. No. 80, 'Portrait of a Lady,' half-length, is a pleasing picture; warm in color and carefully painted, and gives evidence of rising talent. The head is perhaps slightly deficient in careful drawing; but few artists are competent to paint a lady's portrait; and this gentleman should not feel discouraged, though his work be found slightly deficient in that grace which is so difficult of attainment.

Boddington, (London,) exhibits three landscapes, all in a style peculiarly belonging to the English school. They possess great charms; facility of execution, and delicacy of handling.

Bonfield.—No. 168 is perhaps the best of his productions. If it were not for the pinky hue of the sky, this would indeed be a charming picture.

F. Bayle.—No. 25; 'Picture-Dealer.' A deep-toned, carefully-painted picture, and evincing much promise in so young an artist. We are glad to perceive that it is purchased by the American Art-Union.

G. L. Brown.—No. 400; 'View of the Tiber.' Too much of an imitation of old pictures. In seeking this quality, the artist has lost sight of the truth and freshness of nature.

Chapman, N. A.—Mr. Chapman presents nine pictures this season, and all in his usual brilliant style. No. 116, 'Peasant Girl of Albano,' is exceedingly rich in color, and forcible in effect: a few cool tints about the head-dress would give perhaps still greater value to the warm tones. No. 189, 'Hebrew Women,' is this artist's gem of the year. Well composed, pleasing in color, and carefully finished, it expresses the occurrence with fidelity and truth. No. 204, 'Boy in Indian Costume,' is an attractive picture; but No. 213, 'On the Fence,' is more to our liking. The story is well told; the city beau is carefully and truly represented; and the dogs are admirable. No. 263, portrait of Doctor Anderson, the father of wood-engraving in this country, is capital. No. 266, 'Lazy Fisherman,' is Laziness personified. No. 341, 'Sketch from Nature,' in water-colors, is an exemplification of this gentleman's versatility of talent.

J. G. Clonney, A., has two pictures in the exhibition, Nos. 7 and 160. No. 7, 'The New-Year's Call,' is decidedly the best. The negro is well painted. Mr. Clonney's works generally evince great observation of nature in this class of subjects.

T. Cole, N. A.—Mr. Cole exhibits but one picture, and that comparatively a small one. It possesses however many of the admirable characteristics of his works, particularly his early ones. It would be difficult to find a middle-ground and distance surpassing those of this picture.

T. Crawford, (Rome.)—Mr. Crawford gives us two full-length statues, in which the charm of the *marble* is strongly apparent. Mr. Crawford, we grieve to say, is evidently too impatient in the finish of his works to produce that correctness which is essential to a high effort of art.

J. F. Cropsey.—No. 68, 'View in Orange County,' is a careful representation of nature, and has the appearance to our eyes of having been painted on the spot; a practice very rarely to be found in young artists. A continuance in this course will place this artist in a prominent position as a landscape-painter. The sky is faulty in color, being too purple to meet our views of nature; and there is a lack of delicacy in the more receding portions of the work. But the fore-ground is carefully painted, and full of truth.

Cummings, N. A.—Mr. Cummings has but one picture. It possesses however the careful finish, gentlemanly character, and general truthfulness, so characteristic of this fine artist.

T. Cummings, Jr., a young artist. No. 149, 'The Ball,' is his best work. In thus attempting a subject of great difficulty of execution, he evinces promise of future ability. The picture has many pleasing points, marked however with some errors, which time and practice, let us hope, will correct.

C. Curtis.—Mr. Curtis has two pictures in the exhibition, and both of merit. No. 196 is among the best heads in the collection.

J. W. Dodge, A.—'Miniature Portraits.' Those of Henry Clay and Gen. Jackson are the most prominent. The likenesses are good, and the pictures carefully finished; a merit in works of this character frequently unattended to. There is, however, a want of dignity sometimes to be found in Mr. Dodge's portraits, which we could wish to see remedied: it would give an elevation to his paintings which they at present lack.

Paul P. Duggan.—'John the Baptist' is a model in plaster, which displays greater knowledge of anatomy than we are in the habit of finding in the works of even older artists. In this respect it possesses great merit. We understand it is his first effort in modelling. As such, it is truly a work of the highest promise.

Durand, N. A.—Mr. Durand has contributed largely to the present exhibition, in every sense of the word. His most prominent production is No. 36, 'The Solitary Oak.' For an exhibition-picture, perhaps it is not so striking as some of his previous works; yet it will bear examination better. Without any effort at warmth of color, it has that glow of sunlight which it is so difficult to express. A veteran tree, standing alone upon a gentle eminence, stretching forth its giant arms, that have withstood the storms of centuries, is truly a noble subject for an artist of Mr. Durand's reputation; and most truly has he depicted it. The distance is beautiful, and the introduction of cattle seeking their evening shelter gives an interest seldom to be found in works of this class. Should we attempt to find a fault, it would be the want of a little more warmth and clearness in the dark parts of the fore-ground. No. 134, another charming landscape; true to nature, of a silvery tone, and most exquisite sweetness of color and delicacy of touch. Nos. 181 and 258 are two careful studies from nature, wherein special care has been given to the trunks of trees, a feature in landscape-painting upon which sufficient attention is rarely bestowed. No. 244, 'Emigrant Family,' is full of interest. The travelling family are encamped under the shade of the trees, and the kettle hung over the fire shows that they are evidently preparing to refresh themselves for farther toil and journeying. The foliage of the trees is elaborately executed; the distance is well preserved; and the whole possesses great truth to nature; perhaps however, like all '*green*' pictures, it is less attractive in an exhibition than works of a warmer color. No. 163, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' has great force, and shows the artist's versatility of genius.

F. W. Edmonds, N. A.—No. 105, 'Beggar's Petition,' is a spirited and faithful representation of the cold indifference to the wants of others, displayed in the miser's disposition. The figures are of life-size, and well drawn. The female supplicating in behalf of the distressed, is graceful in attitude, and admirably contrasted with the hoarding miser. No. 205, 'The Image Pedler,' is an effort of a higher order; for the artist has attempted, and successfully too, to elevate the class of works to which it belongs. In short, he has invested a humble subject with a moral dignity, which we hope our younger artists, who paint in this department, will not lose sight of. An independent farmer has his family around him, apparently immediately after dinner, and a strolling pedler appears among them, to dispose of his wares; and this gives interest to the whole group. The grandmother drops her peeling-knife, and the mother takes her infant from the cradle, to gaze at the sights in the pedler's basket. The husband, who has been reading in the cool breeze of the window, turns to participate in the sport; while the grandfather takes a bust of Washington, places it on the table, and commences an earnest elucidation of the character of the, 'Father of his Country' to the little children around him. All the figures are intelligent, and the whole scene conveys to the mind a *happy family*. In color, light and shade, and composition, it is masterly; and we see in it that minuteness of detail and careful finish are not incompatible with a broad and luminous effect.

C. L. Elliott has five portraits in the exhibition. His 'Full-length of Gov. Seward' is a prominent one, although not his most agreeable picture. No. 61 is we think the best, and is a well-managed portrait, both in drawing and color.

G. W. Flagg, H.—No. 63, 'Half-length of a Lady,' has considerable merit. It is rich and mellow in color, and better we think than many of Mr. Flagg's recent works. No. 208, 'The Widow,' is a popular picture; pleasing in expression, and possessing more refinement of character than is observable in many of his other portraits. No. 102, 'Bianca Visconti,' we do not admire.

G. Freeman.—Miniature portraits, generally large, and highly finished. This gentleman has lately arrived from Europe,

and is we believe a popular artist; yet we do not like his productions.

J. Frothingham, N. A.—Nos. 32 and 35: portraits exhibiting Mr. Frothingham's usual bold and free style in this department of art; remarkably fine likenesses; true in color, and of pleasing general effect.

H. P. Gray, N. A.—Mr. Gray exhibits a number of his works this season. He seems to us to sacrifice every thing to color; and his color is not such as is generally seen in nature, but rather what he has seen in pictures. This we think a mistake, and one which we must be permitted to hope he will rectify. In the pictures which he formerly painted, a much closer attention to nature is observable. Mr. Gray has all the feeling of an artist, with no ordinary talent; and we regret to find that he wanders from the direct path. We were among the first, if not the very first, to call public attention to his merits, and it is with reluctance that we perform the duty involved in these animadversions. 'Comparisons,' Dogberry tells us, 'are odorous;' we cannot help remarking, however, that Mr. Gray's old fellow-student, Huntington, is (*longa intervallo*) in the advance. We prefer, of our artist's present efforts, the picture of 'His Wife.' It has a pleasing effect, and is more finished than usual, and more natural in tone than his 'Magdalen.'

J. T. Harris, A., has two pictures, and both portraits. No. 19 is the best. It exhibits a broad, free touch, and correct drawing, and is withal an excellent likeness. But we never look at Mr. Harris' works without being impressed with the idea that they are not finished. They seem to us, to borrow an artistical expression, as if they were in a capital state for 'glazing and toning up.' Otherwise, they are above the ordinary run of portraits.

G. P. A. Healy, H.—Mr. Healy is a resident of Paris, but an American. He is a favorite at the French court, and has by this means a reputation to which his works generally do not entitle him. We are bound in justice to say of his present effort, however, that it is an exceedingly fine picture. It is boldly and masterly executed; forcibly drawn, honestly colored, and well expressed. There is too about it a freedom from all the usual tricks of the profession, such as a red chair, velvet collar, and fantastic back-ground, which we particularly recommend to the attention of young artists.

Thomas Hicks, A., has eight pictures in the collection, but none, excepting his portraits, which equal his former productions. No. 264, 'The Mother's Grave,' is an oft-repeated subject, and should not be attempted unless the artist is able to treat it with entire originality. There are good points about it, but none sufficiently attractive to warrant particular notice.

Ingham, N. A., as usual has a fine collection of female portraits, all excellent for their careful drawing, lady-like expression, and high finish. The drapery and accessories of Mr. Ingham's portraits are always wonderfully exact to nature; and this greatly enhances the value of portraits of this description; for aside from their merit as likenesses, they will always be valuable as pictures. His male portrait, No. 113, of T. S. Cummings, Esq., is a most admirable likeness, as well as a highly-wrought and masterly-painted picture. No. 239, 'Portrait of a Lady,' with a fan in her hand, is our favorite among his female heads. There is a sweetness and modesty in the expression, not only in the countenance but in the whole figure, which makes it peculiarly attractive.

H. Inman, N. A.—No. 62, 'Portrait of the late Bishop Moore, of Virginia,' is the admiration of all who behold it. In color it surpasses any thing of Mr. Inman's we have seen in many a day. Clear and luminous, with great breadth of light, and a mild, pleasing expression. We of course mean this to apply to the head. The hand and part of the drapery are not, in our judgment, so well done. No. 104, 'Lady with a Mask,' we do not altogether like; yet it is remarkable for being foreshortened in every part, and possesses that singular charm of light and shadow, and accidental effect, which are the characteristics of our artist's pencil. No. 314, a Landscape, although small, is delicately handled, and 'touched in' with great neatness and accuracy. In effect it is attractive, and in color pleasing. The figure in the fore-ground equals in care and minuteness of finish the manner of Wouvermans.

N. Jocelyn.—No. 57, 'Portrait of Professor Silliman,' a faithful likeness, and carefully-painted portrait of a distinguished individual. No. 2, 'Portrait of a Child,' is another finished picture by this artist; clear and pearly in color and infantile in expression.

Alfred Jones.—No. 301, an engraving from Mount's picture of 'Nooning,' for the American Art-Union, is one of the largest line-engravings ever published in this country, and a work of high order. This style of engraving has heretofore received so little encouragement, that until the Art-Union started it, no one except Mr. Durand had ever before dared to attempt it. This effort of Mr. Jones does him great credit.

M. Livingstone, A., has several works in the exhibition, but we cannot rank them among the higher class of landscapes. They lack the poetry of landscape-painting; but as amateur productions, they are very good.

E. D. Marchant, A.—All portraits, but none of high merit. Mr. Marchant is a persevering artist, who paints good likenesses and pleasing pictures; and so far, is doubtless popular with those who employ him.

John Megarey has two portraits, and those far surpassing his former works. They are carefully painted, without an effort at any thing beyond the subject before the artist.

We shall resume and conclude our remarks upon the exhibition in our next number.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We are about to enter upon the TWENTY-FOURTH volume of the Knickerbocker, for the advertisement of which, please note the second and third pages of the cover of the present number. We have nothing farther to add, than that 'what *has been*, is that which *shall be*,' in our onward progress. This Magazine, much the oldest in the United States, has been established, by the ever-unabated favor of the public, upon a basis of unshaken permanence. Its subscription-list fluctuates only in advance; it has the *affection* of its readers, and all concerned in its production and promulgation, to a degree wholly unexampled; and it is designed not only to maintain, but continually to enhance, its just claims upon the liberal patronage of American readers. The arrangements for the next volume, if they do not 'preclude competition,' will be found, it is confidently believed, to preclude any thing like successful rivalry, on the part of any of our contemporaries. On this point, however, we choose as heretofore to be

judged by the public. ••• We gave in a recent issue two or three extracts from a lecture on '*The Inner Life of Man*' delivered by Mr. Charles Hoover, at Newark, New-Jersey. This admirable performance has since been repeated to a highly gratified audience in this city; and from it we derive the following beautiful passage, which we commend to the heart of every lover of his kind: 'It is a maxim of patriotism never to despair of the republic. Let it be the motto of our philanthropy never to despair of our sinning, sorrowing brother, till his last lingering look upon life has been taken, and all avenues by which angels approach the stricken heart are closed and silent forever. And in such a crisis, let no counsel be taken of narrow, niggard sentiment. When in a sea-storm some human being is seen in the distant surf, clinging to a plank, that is sometimes driven nearer to the shore, and sometimes carried farther off; sometimes buried in the surge, and then rising again, as if itself struggling like the almost hopeless sufferer it supports, who looks sadly to the shore as he rises from every wave, and battling with the billow, mingles his cry for help with the wild, mournful scream of the sea-bird; nature in every bosom on the shore is instinct with anxious pity for his fate, and darts her sympathies to him over the laboring waters. The child drops his play-things, and old age grasps its crutch and hurries to the spot; and the hand that cannot fling a rope is lifted to heaven for help. What though the sufferer be a stranger, a foreigner, an enemy even? Nature in trouble, in consternation, shrieks '*He is a man!*' and every heart and hand is prompt to the rescue.' 'To a high office and ministry, to a life of beneficence, pity and love, each man should deem himself called by a divine vocation, by the appointment of nature; and otherwise living, should judge himself to be an abortion, a mistake, without signification or use in a world like ours. And the beauty, the glory of such a life, is not to be reckoned among ideal things heard out of heaven but never encountered by the eye. This world has had its Christ, its Fenelons, its Howards, as well as its Caligulas and Neros. Love hath been at times a manifestation as well as a principle; and the train of its glory swept far below the stars, and its brightness has fallen in mitigated and mellowed rays from the faces of men. As the ambiguous stranger-star of Bethlehem had its interpreting angel-song to the herdsmen of the plains, so loving men in all ages have given glimpses and interpretations of the love of God, and of the pity that is felt for the miserable and the guilty in the palace and presence-chamber of Jehovah. What glory within the scope of human imitation and attainment is comparable to that of the beneficent, the sympathising lover of his race? What more elevated, pure, and beautiful is possible among the achievements of an endless progression in heaven itself? Milton represents the profoundest emotions of joy and wonder among the celestial hosts as occasioned by the first anticipative disclosures of divine pity toward sinning man; and a greater than Milton assures us that the transport and festival of angelic joy occurs when Pity lifts the penitent from his prostration and forgives his folly.' ••• Embellishment would seem to be the literary order of the day, in more ways than one. It has come to be the mode to express the most simple thought in the most magniloquent phrase. This propensity to lingual *Euphuism* has given rise to sundry illustrations, in embellished maxims, which are particularly amusing. They are of the sort so finely satirized by 'Ollapod,' on one occasion, two or three examples of which we annex. The common phrase of "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good' was transformed into 'That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefactions to nonentity;' 'Let well enough alone,' into 'Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude;' and 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' into 'The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, maybe relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.' Some London wag, in a kindred spirit, has illustrated the cockney song, 'If I had a donkey as wouldn't go, do you think I'd wallop him?' etc., as follows: 'The herbaceous boon and the bland recommendation to advance, are more operative on the ansinine quadruped than the stern imprecation and the oaken cudgel:

'Had I an ass averse to speed,

I ne'er would strike him; no indeed!

I'd give him hay, and cry 'Proceed,'

And 'Go on Edward!'

The same species of satire is now and then visited upon the 'Troubadour Songs,' which have become so afflictingly common of late years. Some of these we have already given; and we find them on the increase in England. We have before us, from the London press of Tilt and Bogue, 'Sir Whystleton Mugges, a Metrical Romaunte, in three Fyttes,' with copious notes. A stanza or two will suffice as a specimen. The knightly hero, it needs only to premise, has been jilted by his fair 'ladye-love,' who retires to her boudoir, while the knight walks off in despair:

'Hys herte beat high and quycke;

Forth to his tygere he did call,

'Bring me my palfrey from his stall,

For I moste cotte my stycke!'

'Ye stede was brought, ye knyghte jomped up,

He woulde not even stay to sup,

But swyft he rode away;

Still groanyng as he went along,

And vowing yet to come out stronge,

Upon some future day.

'Alack for poore Syr Whystleton,

In love and warre so bold!

Ye Ladye Blanche hym browne hath done,

He is completely solde!

'Completely solde alack he is,

Alack and wel-a-day;

Mort Dieu! a bitterre fate is hys

Whose trewe love sayth him nay!'

Thus endeth 'Fytte ye First.' We learn from the preface that the 'Rhime of the Manne whose Mothre did not Know he was Out,' and 'Ye Lodgemente of Maistre Fergisoune,' are also in the editor's possession, but owing to the imperfect state of the MSS., it is doubtful whether they will ever be published. They have however been submitted to the inspection of 'The Percy Society!' ••• We are well pleased to learn that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the distinguished author, is soon to visit the United States. That he will be warmly welcomed and cordially received, we cannot doubt; but we have good reason to believe that in the present instance at least our admiration of true genius will be tempered by all proper self-respect. Mr. Bulwer has for many years entertained a desire to visit America. In one of his letters to the late Willis Gaylord Clark, now lying before us, he writes: 'I have long felt a peculiar admiration for your great and rising country; and it gives me a pleasure far beyond that arising from a vulgar notoriety, to think that I am not unknown to its inhabitants. Some time or other I hope to visit you, and suffer my present prepossessions to be confirmed by actual experience.' ••• We have received and perused with gratification the last report of the '*New-York Asylum for Deaf Mutes.*' The institution is in the most flourishing condition, and its usefulness greatly increased. We are sorry to perceive, by the following 'specimen of composition' of a pupil in the eighth class, that the 'Orphic Sayings' of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott are taken as literary models by the deaf and dumb students. The ensuing is certainly much better, internally, than anything from the transcendental 'seer;' but the manner too nearly resembles his, for both to be original. There is the same didactic condensation, the same Orphic 'oneness,' which distinguishes all *Alcottism* proper. It is entitled 'Story of Hog:'

'I walked on the road. I stood near the water. I undressed my feet. I went in the water. I stood under the bridge. I sat on the log. I washed my feet with hands. I looked at large water came. I ran in the water. I ran out the water. The large water floated fast. I afraid. I wiped feet with stockings. I dressed my feet with stockings and shoes. I went on the ground. I stood on the ground. I seen at the hog ate grass. The hog seen at me. I went on the ground. I ran. The hog heard. The hog looked at me. It ran and jumped. The hog ran under the fence and got his head under the fence and want to ran out the fence! I caught ears its hog. The hog shout. I pulled the hog out the fence. I struck a hog with hand. I rided on the hog ran and jumped fast. The hog ran fell on near the water. I rided off a hog. I stood. I held one ear its hog. The hog slept lies on near the water. I waited. I leaved. I went from the hog. The hog awoke. It rose. It saw not me. It ran and jumped. The hog went from the water. The hog went in the mud and water. The hog wallowed in the mud and water became very dirty. It slept. I went. I went into the house.'

The Ekkalaeobion is the name given to an establishment opposite the Washington Hotel, in Broadway, where the formation of chickens, *ab initio*, is 'practised to a great extent.' And really, it is in some respects an awful exhibition, to a reflecting mind. It is as it were a visible exposition of the source of life. You see the pulse of existence throbbing in the yet unformed mass, which assumes, day after day, the image of its kind; until at length the little creature knocks for admittance into this breathing world; steps forth from the shell in which it had been so long 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in;' and straitway walks abroad, 'regenerated, disenthralled,' and ready for its 'grub.' By all means, reader, go and see this interesting and instructive exhibition. It is provocative of much reflection, aside from the mere contemplation of it as a matter of curiosity. ••• The correspondent who sends us the following, writes upon the envelope containing it: 'I have endeavored to preserve the measure of the original, and at the same time to present a literal translation.' It will be conceded, we think, that he has been successful in his endeavor. Perhaps in some lines (as in '*Pertransivit gladius*') the translation is a little *too* literal:

STABAT MATER.

I.

Stabat mater dolorosa,

Juxta crucem lacrymosa,

Dum pendebat filius:

Cujus animam gementem,

Contristantem et dolentem,

Pertransivit gladius.

I.

Near the cross the Mother weeping

Stood, her watch in sorrow keeping

While was hanging there her Son:
Through her soul in anguish groaning,
O most sad, His fate bemoaning,
Through and through that sword was run.

II.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater unigeniti:
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

II.

Oh how sad with woe oppressed,
Was she then, the Mother blessed,
Who the sole-begotten bore:
As she saw his pain and anguish,
She did tremble, she did languish,
Weep her holy Son before.

III.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum filio?

III.

Who is he his tears concealing,
Could have seen such anguish stealing
Through the Saviour-mother's breast?
Who his deepest groans could smother,
Had he seen the holy Mother
By her Son with grief oppressed!

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

IV.

Christ for Israel's transgression
Saw she suffer thus oppression,
Torment, and the cruel blow:
Saw Him desolate and dying;
Him she loved, beheld Him sighing
Forth His soul in deepest woe.

V.

Eja mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

V.

Source of love, thy grief, O Mother,
Grant with thee to share another—
Grant that I with thee may weep:
May my heart with love be glowing,
All on Christ my God bestowing,
In His favor ever keep.

VI.

Saneta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide:
Tui nati vulnerati,
Jam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

VI.

This, oh holy Mother! granting,
In my heart the wounds implanting
Of His cross, oh let me bear:
Pangs with which thy Son when wounded
Deigned for me to be surrounded,
Grant, oh grant that I may share.

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero:

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

VII.

Be my eyes with tears o'erflowing,
For the crucified bestowing,
Till my eyes shall close in death:
Ever by that cross be standing,
Willingly with thee demanding
But to share each mournful breath.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fadut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis ejus sortem,
Et plagas recolere.

VIII.

Thou of virgins blest forever,
Oh deny I pray thee never
That I may lament with thee:
Be my soul His death enduring,
And His passion—thus securing
Of His pains the memory.

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filii:
Inflammatum et accensus
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

IX.

With those blows may I be smitten,
In my heart that cross be written,
For thy Son's dear love always:
Glowing, burning with affection,
Grant me, Virgin! thy protection,
In the dreaded judgment-day.

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia:
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

X.

May that cross its aid extend me,
May the death of Christ defend me,
With its saving grace surround;
And when life's last link is riven,
To my soul be glory given,
That in Paradise is found.
St. Paul's College. G. H. H.

Our Pine-street correspondent, who addresses us upon the '*Fashionable Society in New-York*,' writes from the promptings of an honest-hearted frankness, *that* is quite clear; but he has not yet acquired that sort of useful information which is conveyed by the term, 'knowing the world.' The 'fashionable circles' *par excellence*, whose breeding and bearing he impugns, are of the Beauvoir school; persons who 'are of your *gens de cotorie*; your people of the real 'caste' and 'tone;' that is, your people who singly would be set down as nought in society, but who, as a 'set,' have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.' Our correspondent, we suspect, has one important lesson to learn in his intercourse with such persons; and it is a lesson which has been felicitously set forth by a late English essayist. There is a recipe in some old book, he says, 'How to avoid being tossed by a bull;' and the instruction is, '*Toss him.*' Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior; charge first, and give him to understand at once that he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all 'important' catiffs, and most punctual be your attention to any matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In the case alluded to, a pompous old baronet comes down stairs loaded to the very muzzle to repress 'familiarity' on the part of a young man, who from an estate of dependence has recently mounted by inheritance to a princely fortune; but the cool, quiet young gentleman finds the old baronet guilty of 'familiarity' himself, and makes him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences are exchanged between them. The secret of the whole thing was, a quiet look directly in the eye, and the preservation of a deliberate silence; the true way to dissolve your pompous gentleman or affected 'fashionable' lady. The baronet's long pauses the young heir did not move to interrupt. His mere *listening* drew the old aristocrat gradually out; his auditor replied monosyllabically, and made him pull him all the way. It was pitiful to see the old buzzard, who thought himself high and mighty, compelled to communicate with one who would have no notion of any body's being high and mighty at all; getting gradually out of patience at the obstinate formality he was compelled to encounter, which he was sure any direct overture toward intimacy on his part would remove; and at last, in the midst of his doubts whether he should be familiar with the young man, being struck with a stronger doubt whether such familiarity would be reciprocated; it was a rich scene altogether, and worthy of being remembered by our correspondent. ••• The May issue of the '*Cultivator*' agricultural Magazine, which under the supervision of the late Willis Gaylord reached a circulation of between forty and fifty thousand copies, contains an elaborate notice of its lamented editor, in which we find (in a letter from H. S. Randall, Esq.,) the following passage:

'His reading was literally boundless. He was as familiar with the natural sciences, history, poetry, and belles-letters, as with agriculture, and nearly if not quite as well qualified to discuss them. It was difficult to start any literary topic which you did not at once perceive had been examined by him with the eye of a scholar and critic. In one of my letters, half sportively, yet in a serious tone, I asked him 'what he thought of the German Philosophy?' In his answer, Kant and Fichte, and I think Schelling and Jacobi, were discussed with as much familiarity as most scholars would find themselves qualified to make use of in speaking of Locke, or Stewart, or Brown. In commenting on the report of mine, (on Common School Libraries,) alluded to by him in the last *Cultivator*, he betrays an extensive knowledge of the literature of nearly every nation in Europe. As a writer, the public have long been acquainted with Mr. Gaylord. He wrote on nearly every class of topics connected with human improvement; in papers, magazines, and not unfrequently in books. But it is as an agricultural writer that he is best known. Here, taken all in all, he stands unrivalled. There are many agricultural writers in our country who are as well or better qualified to discuss a single topic, than he was. But I deem it not disrespectful to say, that for acquaintance with and ability to discuss clearly and correctly every department of agricultural science, he has not, he never has had, an equal in this State. He was every way fitted for an editor. Placable and forgiving in his temper; modest, disinterested, unprejudiced; never evincing a foolish credulity; above deception, despising quackery; with an honesty of motive that was never suspected.'

No one who knew intimately our lamented relative and friend, but will confirm the justice of this encomium. We trust that a collection of Willis Gaylord's writings, literary, scientific, and agricultural, will be made by some competent hand. They are demanded, we perceive, by various public journals throughout the country. ••• Professor Gouraud's extraordinary exposition of *Phreno-Mnemotechny* seems to be winning him 'fame and fortune' wherever he goes. He

was in Philadelphia at the last advices, where his success was to the full as signal as in this city. It is obvious, we think, that the advantages of this great system will hereafter be chiefly enjoyed by the rising generation, who will thus be enabled to attain in six months an amount of information which in the ordinary way could scarcely be mastered in as many years. Still, the science has already been studied by hundreds of highly-endowed *men*, persons eminent in their own peculiar walks, who have cheerfully yielded their tributes of admiration to its vast resources. Several excellent articles upon this theme have from time to time appeared in the columns of the 'New World' weekly journal, from the pen of Mr. Mackay, one of the editors; who, being himself a pupil of Mr. Gouraud, writes from personal experience of the matter in question. 'A thousand dollars,' he avers, 'would not be a fair equivalent for the great advantages obtainable by Phreno-Mnemotechny;' and in this opinion there is a general concurrence of Professor Gouraud's pupils in this city. ••• What a power there is in much of the occasional music one hears, to stir the heart! Perhaps you never heard Brough, to the 'instrumentation' of that fine composer and most facile performer, 'Frank Brown,' sing Barry Cornwall's 'King Death,' or 'The Admiral and the Shark?' No? Then never let the opportunity to do so slip, if you should ever be so fortunate as to enjoy it. Listen to the words of the first-named:

I.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!

II.

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'er laden,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.

III.

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning
Like life to the fading rose.

IV.

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.

We should reluct at consorting with any citizen who could hear this song executed, in the manner of Brough, without feeling the electric fluid coursing *up* his vertebra, and passing off at the points of his hair, as the hollow tones waver down the chromatic, or wail in low and spondaic monotones. 'F. B.' was 'rich' in '*Over There*,' a song which, like the numerous platitudes of the 'Brigadier-General,' is indebted to its music for its popularity. There ensues a verse that is very striking:

'Oh! I wish I was a geese,
Over there! over there!
Oh! I wish I was a geese,
Over there!
'Oh I wish I was a geese,
'Cause they lives and dies in peace,
And accumulates much grease,
Over there!'

Nothing by the author of Thomas Campbell's 'Woodman Spare that Beechen-Tree' amended, equals the foregoing in the

melody of its language or 'breadth of effect.' Speaking of songs: what can be more delightful than those of our fair correspondent Mrs. Hewitt? Her translations are excellent; and the words she has written for the use of that great musical genius, Wallace, in his romance of 'Le Réve,' are 'beautiful exceedingly.' Mrs. Bailey, a most pleasing *artiste*, well remembered here, has recently produced them at her concerts in Baltimore, with great *éclat*. ••• The 'Spirit of the Times,' with its numerous and ample pages, filled to overflowing with a variety which always seems to embrace 'every thing that's going;' whether relating to all sorts of matters interesting to all sorts of sportsmen, or to literature, the drama, agricultural science, and the fine arts; this same widely popular journal is now afforded at FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR! 'Ask that gentleman to sit down; he's said enough!' ••• Every-body must remember the 'Boots' who figures in one of Dickens' stories, who was wont to designate all the lodgers by the names of their different kinds of boots, shoes, slippers, etc. The author of '*The Two Patrons*,' a capital tale in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, has a serving-man of a similar kind, who in commenting upon the visitors at his master's house, compares them to diverse dishes, as shadowing forth the relative degrees of aristocracy. He establishes some one supereminent article of food as a high ideal, to which all other kinds of edibles are to be referred; and the farther removed from this imaginary point of perfection any dish appears, the more vulgar and common-place it becomes: 'They are low, uncommon low; reg'lar b'iled mutton and turnips. They may be rich, but they a'nt genteel. Nothink won't do but to be at it from the very beginning; fight after it as much as they like; wear the best of gownds, and go to the fustest of boarding-schools; though they plays ever so well on the piando, and talks Italian like a reg'lar Frenchman, nothink won't do; there's the b'iled mutton and turnips sticking out still. Lady Charlotte, now, is a werry different affair; quite the roast fowl and bl'mange; how unlike *our* young ladies!—b'iled veals and parsley and butters—shocking vulgarity! And look at the father: I never see no gentleman with so broad a back, except p'raps a prize-ox.' There is another very amusing character in the same story; one of those stupid matter-of-fact persons, who can never appreciate a figure of speech, or understand the simplest jest. A 'benign cerulean,' enthusiastic for the 'rights of the sex,' remarks that woman's rights and duties are becoming every day more widely appreciated. 'The old-fashioned scale must be readjusted; and woman, noble, elevating, surprising woman, ascend to the loftiest eminence, and sit superior on the topmost branch of the social tree.' The ear of the matter-of-fact man catches the last simile, and he ventures to say: 'Uncommon bad climbers, for the most part in general, is women. Their clothes isn't adapted to it. I minds once I seen a woman climb a pole after a leg of mutting!' If looks could have killed the mal-apropos speaker, he would not have survived the reception which this ridiculous remark encountered from every guest at the table. He was himself struck with the mournful silence that followed his observation, and added, by way of explanation: 'That was a thing as happing'd on a pole; in coors it would be werry different on a tree, because of the branches.' At length, however, the theme of woman is renewed by the former advocate: 'Woman has not yet received her full development. The time will come when her influence shall be universal; when, softened, subdued, and elevated, the animal now called Man will be unknown. You will be all women: can the world look for a higher destiny?' 'In coors,' observed the old spoon, 'if we are all turned into woming, the world will come to an end. For 'spose a case; 'spose it had been my sister as married my wife, instead of me; it's probable there would'nt have been no great fambly; wich in coors, if there was no population—' What the fearful result of this supposed case would have been, was not permitted to transpire. The feminine 'b'iled veals and parsley and butters' immediately rose and left the table, and the matter-of-fact man to the ridicule of the male guests. ••• If our metropolitan friend 'S.,' who has disappointed us in a paper intended for the present number, 'by reason of that contemptible disorder, dyspepsia,' will take our advice, he will not be likely to fail us again, from a similar cause. Let him walk, as we do, some six or eight miles every day; and above all, pay frequent visits to our old friend Dr. Rabineau's spacious and delightful *Salt-Water Swimming Bath*, near Castle-Garden; always remembering to make free use of his 'crash towels.' Dyspepsia never made a call upon us; and it 'doesn't associate with any body' that keeps company with that public benefactor, Dr. Rabineau. ••• We should be reluctant to introduce the annexed profane story to our readers, but that it forcibly illustrates a characteristic vice of the wandering natives of a little island across the water, who are never at a loss for 'themes of disgust' in relation to America, and the 'revolting habits' of American citizens. On the continent, an Englishman is universally known by the *soubriquet* of 'Signor Goddam; and many of our readers wilt remember Byron's anecdote of the pompous Italian in London, who was desirous of imitating the English style in the British metropolis. 'Bring me,' said he, with an imperious tone, 'bring me some wine! Why don't you bring him?' The servant answered: 'I will, Sir.' 'You *will*?' rejoined the Italian; 'you *will*, eh? Goddam, you MUSHT!' And this settled the question. But to the story 'under notice,' which was picked up by our correspondent at Cairo, in Egypt:

'An impetuous Englishman, unacquainted with any language but his own, was desirous of seeing Egypt, and satisfying himself by ocular demonstration of the truth of the many wonders which he had heard of that celebrated land. To get to Alexandria was easy enough; and some acquaintances whom he had picked up on the way, kindly facilitated his journey to the Nile, and saw him fairly afloat in his *cangea* for Cairo. But here, left with an Arab captain, and five swarthy Egyptians, his difficulties commenced, and without knowing a single word of Arabic, he had to depend on his own resources. The boats on the Nile are very ticklish flat-bottomed affairs, wretchedly handled. Before the wind they rush up like steamers, but on a wind, go to leeward like feathers; while in consequence of the Nile being full of shifting sand-banks, with a daily varying depth of water, they are continually running aground in the middle of the river. To this add the laziness of the captain and crew, to whom time was of no consequence; to-day, to-morrow, the next day, or a week hence, was all the same to them; they had no preferment to look forward to, no release from labor but death; and wisely enough, perhaps, exerted themselves as little as they could. '*Inshalla!* God was great, and the sun was hot! Why should they weary themselves?' And so they took every opportunity to rest, cook their miserable fare, and dawdle the listless hours away. Of these dilatory habits of the natives the Englishman had been warned, and that whenever it happened, he was to prevent them from stopping, and force them to go on.

'The opportunity was not long wanting. Without any reason sufficiently apparent to him, the huge stone fastened to a coir cable, and doing duty for an anchor, was dropped overboard, and the crew betook themselves to sleep. What was to be done? Of Arabic he had not a word to tell them to proceed; but he had plenty of English; so by dint of shaking his stick at the captain, and a somewhat boisterous 'G-d d—n your eyes!' roared out in a tone sufficiently indicative of his wishes, the primitive 'anchor' was got up, and onward they proceeded. Delighted to find his most British remonstrance succeed, he did not let it rust for want of practice; but every time the lazy crew attempted to 'bring to,' the stamp, the roar, and the shake of the stick, with the never-failing objurgation, were resorted to, and invariably with the same results. The passage up to

Cairo averages three days, but vessels have been known to be as many as nine. Seven, eight, nine days past; twelve, fourteen; yet as if by magic, Grand Cairo seemed to recede before them. No time had been lost by him, for the wind had been strong in their favor, and he scarcely allowed the crew to take the necessary rest. It was very odd how greatly had he been misinformed in the distance! The very maps too seemed leagued against him; his manifold measurings and calculations were of no apparent avail. At last, at rising on the morning-of the fifteenth day, he found himself at anchor off a strange tumble-down-looking town, which by signs the captain gave him to understand was the place of his destination. Could that be 'Grand Cairo!' How odd! But then he was in a country of oddities; and on stepping ashore, he encountered a sun-burnt English-looking man gazing earnestly at the new arrival.

'Is this Grand Cairo, Sir?' inquired the astonished novice.

'Grand Cairo, Sir! Good God, no! This is Kennah, a thousand miles beyond! Why, how the devil did you manage to get up here without knowing it? Do you speak Arabic?'

'Not a word!'

'Umph! What language then *did* you speak?'

'No other than English; but when they stopped, I d—d their eyes soundly, and they seemed to understand very well what *that* meant, for they were up anchor and off in a jiffy!'

The stranger, who spoke Arabic fluently, sought an explanation of the native captain, and the mystery was quickly solved.

'How did you contrive to get up here, Ryis, instead of stopping at Cairo?'

'Why, Effendim, the Frank was the most impatient man in the world: no sooner did we stop to cook, to rest, or for the wind, than stick in hand, and raving with passion, he stamped on the deck, and with a gesture too imperious to be mistaken, shouted the only Arabic sentence which he seemed to know, which was '*Goddam Ryis!*'—and '*Inshallah!*' we got no rest, but were forced to work like devils. We passed Bourlac (Cairo) in the night, and *Allah Kherim!* here we are at a town which none of you Christians pass without stopping.'

'*God-dam*' is very good Arabic for 'go on;' and 'Ry-i-s,' means 'captain.' 'G-d d—n your eyes!' however thoroughly English it may seem to cockneys, is very tolerable Arabic for 'Go on, captain!' (*en avant.*)

'*A Story of Sorrow and Crime*' is an affecting monitory sketch, devoid of that mawkishness which is sometimes the characteristic of kindred performances. The writer's reflections upon the career of his hero, remind us of that beautiful passage in one of Blair's essays: 'Life is short: the poor pittance of seventy years is worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence! Look behind you through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of men. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.' ••• 'F. P.'s '*Western Adventures*' have good *points* about them, but if published entire, would we think disappoint himself perhaps as much as his readers. Here is an anecdote, however, which is worth 'jotting down' in types: 'I met not long after in New-York a man who had just been induced to rent the very hotel in Kentucky which was the scene of the reverses I have been describing. Aware that I had at one time kept the establishment, he was anxious to know my opinion of its pecuniary promise. 'I don't expect to make much the first year,' said he; 'I shall be satisfied if I 'realize' all expenses. But do you think I shall clear myself the first year?' 'I haven't the slightest doubt of it,' I replied; '*I cleared myself* before the first six months were up, and was d—d *glad* to get off so; and I rather guess that *you'll* be too, in about half that time.' And he was!' ••• Could there be a more affecting picture than that of a fond mother learning for the first time from the tell-tale prattle of her little ones that she is 'given over to darkness and the worm' by her friends, who had disguised from her the fatal truth? Such is the scene depicted in these pathetic lines:

'He speaketh now: 'Oh, mother dear!'

Murmurs the little child:

And there is trouble in his eyes,

Those large blue eyes so mild:

'Oh, mother dear! they say that soon,

When here I seek for thee

I shall not find thee—nor out there,

Under the old oak-tree;

'Nor up stairs in the nursery,

Nor any where, they say:

Where wilt thou go to, mother dear?

Oh, do not go away!’

There was long silence, a deep hush,

And then the child’s low sob:

Her quivering eyelids close: one hand

Keeps down the heart’s quick throb.

And the lips move, though sound is none,

That inward voice is prayer.

And hark! ‘Thy will, O Lord, be done!’

And tears are trickling there—

Down that pale cheek, on that young head;

And round her neck he clings;

And child and mother murmur out

Unutterable things.

He half unconscious, *she* deep-struck

With sudden, solemn truth,

That number’d are her days on earth—

Her shroud prepared in youth:

That all in life her heart holds dear

God calls her to resign:

She hears, feels, trembles—but looks up,

And sighs ‘Thy will be mine!’”

‘I came down from Albany the other evening,’ writes a correspondent, ‘in that floating palace, the Knickerbocker steamer; I slept in your Knickerbocker state-room; arrived in town, I took after dinner a Knickerbocker omnibus, and rode up to the ‘Westminster Abbey Bowling Saloon,’ named of Knickerbocker; I called on you with my article for the Knickerbocker Magazine; and on my way down, enjoyed a delightful ablution at the Knickerbocker Bath; stepped into the Knickerbocker Theatre, and ‘laughed consumedly’ over an amusing play; and finally, closed with a cup of delicious tea, green and black, and anchovy-toast, at Knickerbocker Hall. Every thing, I was glad to see, was Knickerbocker.’ Very flattering; yet we dare say our friend was not aware that this Magazine was the *pioneer* in the use of this popular name in Gotham, and that its example has suggested, one after another, the namesakes to which he has alluded. Such, howbeit, is the undeniable fact. ••• We remarked the example of *catachresis* to which ‘L.’ alludes, and laughed at it, we venture to say, as heartily as himself. It was not quite so glaring however as the confused images of a celebrated Irish advocate: ‘I smell a rat; I see it brewing in the storm; and I will crush it in the bud!’ ••• We find several things to admire in our Detroit friend’s ‘*Tale of Border Warfare*,’ but he can’t ‘talk Indian’—that is very clear. The ‘abrogynes’ are not in the habit of making interminable speeches: they leave that to white members of Congress, who pump up a feeling in a day’s speech ‘for Buncombe.’ Do you remember what Halleck says of Red-Jacket?

‘The spell of eloquence is thine, that reaches

The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;

And there’s one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,

The secret of their mastery—*they are short.*’

Not one man in a thousand can talk or write the true ‘Indian.’ Our friend Sa-go-sen-o-ta, formerly known as Col. William L. Stone, is one of the best Indian writers in this country. His late letter ‘To the Sachems, Chiefs, and Warriors of the Seneca Indians,’ acknowledging the honor they had done him in electing him a chief, is a perfect thing in its kind. May it be long before the ‘Master of Breath’ shall call him to ‘the fair hunting-grounds, through clouds bright as fleeces of gold, upon a ladder as beautiful as the rainbow!’ ••• Our entertaining ‘*Dartmoor Prisoner*’ has a pleasant story of a fellow-captive who on one occasion performed that ‘cautionary’ experiment which is sometimes denominated ‘putting your foot in it.’ The term is of legitimate origin, it should seem. According to the *Asiatic Researches*, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client and not the lawyer who ‘puts his foot into it!’ ••• We have commenced in the present, and shall conclude in our next number, a ‘*Legend of the Conquest of Spain*,’ by Washington Irving. We derive it from the same source whence we received the ‘Legend of Don Roderick,’ lately published in these pages. We commend its graphic limnings and stirring incidents to the admiration of our readers. ••• A friend and correspondent in a sister city dashes in with a rich brush, in one of his familiar letters to us, a sketch of a

boss-painter, who was renovating the writer's house with sundry pots of paint; a conceited, half-informed prig, who having grown rich, talks of 'going to Europe in the steam-boat,' and has a huge fancy for seeing Italy. 'Yes,' said the house-and-sign Raphael, 'I must see Rome and Athens; them Romans allers made a great impression on me; the land of Apelles and Xerxes; ah! that must be worth travelling for.' 'Would you not rather run over England?' I asked; but the ass *poohed* at England, and on the strength of his daubing our house-blinds, claimed an interest in the Fine Arts abroad: 'No, Sir, give me Italy—the Loover and the Vattykin; them's the places for my money! Gods! how I should like to rummage over them old-masters! They beat *us* all hollow—that's a fact. I'll give in to them. There never was such painters before, nor never will be. I want to study 'em.' 'Yes,' I rejoined; 'twould interest you, doubtless; and after having studied the great painters in Italy, you might return by way of Switzerland, and scrape acquaintance with the *glaciers*.' The booby did not *take*, but only stared and said: 'Oh, they're famous for glass-work there, be they?' This lover of the Fine Arts had a counterpart in the man who having 'made as much money as he wanted by tradin' in Boston,' went 'a-travelling abroad;' and while in Florence, called on Powers the sculptor, with a design to 'patronize' him a little. After looking at his 'Greek Slave,' his 'Eve,' and other gems of art, he remarked that he 'thought they'd look a good 'eal better if they had some clothes on. I'm pretty well off,' he continued, 'and ha'n't a chick nor child in the world; and I thought I'd price a *statty* or two. What's the damage, now, for that one you're peckin' at?' 'It should be worth from four to five thousand dollars, I think,' answered Powers. 'What! five thousand dollars for *that 'are!* I cal'lated to buy me a piece of *stattyary* before I went home, but *that's* out of the question! *Hasn't stattyary riz lately?* How's paintin's here now?' ••• Just complaints are made by our city contemporaries of the exorbitant rates of postage upon weekly periodicals. Mr. Willis complains, in the '*New-Mirror*' weekly journal, that country postmasters charge so much postage on that periodical by mail, that in many cases it would make the work cost to its country subscribers something like ten dollars a year! All postage in this country is at too high a rate; and so long as it remains so, the law will continue to be evaded. 'Cheating Uncle Sam' is not considered a very heinous offence. There is nothing one robs with so little compunction as one's country. It is at the very worst robbing only eighteen millions of people. ••• The lines sent us in rejoinder to the stanzas of 'C. W. D.,' in a late issue, would not be *original* in our pages; nor could we hope to have many *new* readers for them, after they have appeared in, and of course been copied from, that exceedingly pleasant and well-edited daily journal, the *Boston Evening Transcript*. ••• Hauffman, the German poet, was recently expelled from the Prussian dominions, and all his works proscribed thenceforth. 'Served him right;' for in one of his works appears the 'word following, to wit: '*Sleuerverweigerungsverfassungsmassigberechtigt!*'—meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. 'Myscheeves thick' must needs follow such terrific words. 'We have heard,' says a London critic, in allusion to this jaw-breaker, 'of a gentleman, a member of the *Marionettenschauspielhausengesellschaft*, who was said to be an excellent performer on the '*Constantinopolitanischetudelsackpfeife!*'' ••• We owe a word of apology to our friends the publishers, for the omission of notices which we had prepared of their publications, and which are crowded out by our title-page and index, that were forgotten until the last moment. We shall 'bring up arrears' in our next.

Footnotes

1. [Return to text](#) Stephen B. Wilson, Esq.
2. [Return to text](#) A new public library and reading-room in Berlin.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, JUNE 1844 ***

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