

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The International Magazine, Volume 2, No. 3, February, 1851

Author: Various

Release date: August 5, 2008 [eBook #26196]
Most recently updated: January 3, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Joshua Hutchinson, Josephine Paolucci and the
Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net>.
(This file was produced from images generously made
available by Cornell University Digital Collections.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE,
VOLUME 2, NO. 3, FEBRUARY, 1851 ***

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Art, and Science.

[Pg 289]

Vol. II. NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1851. No. III

Transcriber's note: Minor typos have been corrected and footnotes moved to the end of the article. Table of Contents has been created for the HTML version.

Contents

[THOMAS CHATTERTON.](#)

[Authors and Books.](#)

[The Fine Arts.](#)

[THE AUTHORESS OF "JANE EYRE," AND HER SISTERS.](#)

[DAVIS ON THE LAST HALF CENTURY.](#)

[POPULAR LECTURES.](#)

[OLD TIMES IN NEW-YORK.](#)

[ROSSINI IN THE KITCHEN.](#)

[THE FIRST PEACE SOCIETY.](#)

[EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.](#)

[CAMILLE DESMOULINS.](#)

[THE BATTLE OF THE CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.](#)

[KILLING OF SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.](#)

[THE LATE DR. TROOST.](#)

[MADAME DACIER.](#)

[Original Poetry.](#)

[SCANDALOUS DANCES.](#)

[THEATRICAL CRITICISM.](#)

[THE FRENCH GENERALS OF TO-DAY.](#)

[WILLIAM PENN AND MACAULAY.](#)

[A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.](#)

[CHARLES MACKAY'S LAST POEMS.](#)

[THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE, OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.](#)

[PUBLIC LIBRARIES.](#)

[THE JOURNALS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.](#)

[THE BUNJARAS.](#)

[THE MYSTIC VIAL](#)

BARRY CORNWALL'S LAST SONG.
ANIMA MUNDI.
THE GHETTO OF ROME.
HENRY C. CAREY, AND HIS POLITICAL ECONOMY.
MY NOVEL: OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.
DANTE.
AN EDITORIAL VISIT.
BIOGRAPHIES, LIVES, MEMOIRS, AND RECOLLECTIONS.
PHENOMENA OF DEATH.
BURLESQUES AND PARODIES.
JOHN ADAMS UPON RICHES.
RECENT DEATHS.
Scientific Miscellany.
Ladies Fashions for February.



THOMAS CHATTERTON.

In the history of English literature there is no name that inspires a profounder melancholy than that of the "marvellous boy" Chatterton, of whom it must be said that in genius he surpassed any one who ever died so young, and that in suffering he had larger experience than almost any one who has lived to old age. Shelley says of him:

"Mid others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Aclæon-like, and now he fled astray,
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey."

And Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Byron, Southey, Scott, Kirke White, Landor, Montgomery, and others, have laid immortal flowers upon his tomb, to make the heart ache that we did not live in time to save the "sleepless soul" from "perishing in his pride."

Of the genius of poor Chatterton, Campbell says, "I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. The inequality of his various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favorite maxim, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy."

Mrs. S. C. HALL gives us, in her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," in the *Art Journal*, the following interesting sketches of scenes connected with his history:— [Pg 290]

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

CHATTERTON—poor Chatterton! We had been brooding sadly over his fragment of a life, ending at seventeen—when ordinary lives begin—and turning page after page of Horace Walpole's literary fooleries, to find his explanations and apologies for want of feeling and sympathy, which his flippant style, and heartless commentaries, illustrate to perfection; and we closed, with an aching heart, the volumes of both the parasite of genius, and him who was its mightiest creation and most miserable victim:—

"The marvellous boy who perished in his pride."

It was only natural for us to recall the many instances we have ourselves known, during the past twenty years, or more, of sorrow and distress among those who sought distinction in the thorny labyrinths of literature;—those who

——"waged with Fortune an eternal war,
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar;"

and those who, after a brief struggle with untoward fate, left the battle-field, to die, "unpitied and unknown!"

We have seen the career of a young literary man commenced with the first grand requisite of all excellence worth achieving—ENTHUSIASM; high notions of moral honor, and a warm devotedness to that "calling" which lifts units to a pinnacle formed by the dry bones of hundreds slain. We have seen that enthusiasm frozen by disappointment—that honor corrupted by the contamination of dissipated men—that devotedness to THE CAUSE fade away before the great want of nature—want of bread—which it had failed to bestow. We have seen, ay, in one little year, the flashing eye dimmed—the round cheek flattened—the bright, hopeful creature, who went forth into the world—rejoicing like the sun to run his course—dragged from the waters of our leaden Thames, a discolored remnant of mortality—recognized only by the mother who looked to him for all the world could give!

This is horrible—but it is a tragedy soon played out. There are hundreds at this moment possessed of the *consciousness* of power without the *strength* to use it. To such, a little help might lead to a life of successful toil—perhaps the happiest life a man can lead. A heritage of usefulness is one of peace to the last. We knew another youth, of a more patient nature than he of whom we have just spoken. He seemed never weary. We have witnessed his nightly toil; his daily labor; the smiling patience with which he endured the sneers levelled, *only* in English society, against "*mere* literary men." We remember when, on the first day of every month, he used to haunt the booksellers' shops to look over the magazines, cast his eyes down the table of contents, just to see if "his poem" or "his paper" had been inserted—then lay them down one after another with a pale sickly smile, expressive of disappointment, and turn away with a look of gentle endurance. The insertion of a sonnet, for which perhaps he might receive seven shillings, would set him dreaming again of literary immortality; and at last the dream was realized by an accident, or rather, to speak advisedly, by a good Providence. He became known—known at once—blazed forth; something he had written attracted the town's attention, and ladies in crowded drawing-rooms stood upon chairs to see that poor, worn, pale man of letters: and magazines, and grave reviews, and gayly-bound albums, all waited for his contributions—charge what he pleased; and flushed with fame, and weighed down with money—money paid for the very articles that had been rejected without one civil line of courtesy—the great sustaining hope of his life was realized; he married one as worn and pale with the world's toil, as himself—married—and died within a month! The tide was too tardy in turning!

Who shall say how many men of genius have walked, like unhappy Chatterton, through the valley of the shadow of death, and found no guide, no consolation—no hope; if, the one GREAT HOPE had not been most mercifully planted early in their hearts and minds?

It was with melancholy pleasure that, during the past summer, our Pilgrimage was made to the places connected with the boy's memory, in Bristol; first to Colston's school, in which he was educated;^[1] next to the dull district in which he was either born or passed his boyhood; then to the Institution, where his "Will," a mad document, and other memoranda connected with his memory, are preserved with a degree of care, that seems—or is—a mockery, when contrasted with the worse than indifference of the city to all that concerned him when alive; next to the house of Master Canynge, and next to the monument (Redcliffe Church) with which his name will be associated as long as one of its stones remains upon another; chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies through its long-drawn aisles; pondering sadly in the muniment-room, where the cofres that suggested the forgeries, still lie rotting; and gazing with mingled sorrow and surprise on the "Cenotaph to Chatterton," which now, taken to pieces, occupies the corner of a damp vault

"A solemn cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!"

Ah! such books as we have been reading, and such memories as we have been recalling, are, after all, unprofitable—a darkness without light. We closed our eyes upon the world, which, in our momentary bitterness, we likened to one great charnel-house, entombing all things glorious

and bright. We walked to the window; the rain was descending in torrents—pour, pour; pattens clattered in the areas, and a solitary postman made the street echo with his impatient knocks. A poor organ-boy, whom we have long known, was moving, rather than walking, in the centre; his hat flapped over his eyes by the rain, yet still he turned the handle, and the damp music crawled forth: he paused opposite our door, turned up the leaf of his hat, and looked upward; we missed the family of white mice which usually crawled on the top of his organ: poor child, he had sheltered them in his bosom; it was nothing more than natural that he should do so, and the act was commonplace enough—but it pleased us—it diminished our gloom. And we thought, if the great ones of the land would but foster the talent that needs, and deserves, protection from the storms of life, as that lonely boy sheltered the creatures intrusted to his care, the world would be all the better. We do not mean to insult the memory of such a genius as Chatterton by saying that he required a PATRON—the very sound is linked with a servility that degrades a noble nature; but we do say he sadly wanted a FRIEND—some one who could have understood and appreciated his wonderful intellectual gifts; and whose strength of mind and position in society would have given power to direct and control the overleaping and indomitable pride which ultimately destroyed "the Boy." His career teaches a lesson of such rare value to all who seek distinction in any sphere of life, that we would have it considered well—as a beacon to warn from ruin.

[Pg 291]

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"

Despite his marvellous talents, his industry, his knowledge, his magnitude of mind, his glorious imagination, his bold satire, his independence, his devotional love of his mother and sister—if he had lived through a long age of prosperity, Chatterton could never have been trusted, nor esteemed, *from his total want of truth*. His is the most striking example upon record of the necessity for uprightness in word and deed. Where a great end is to be achieved—there must be consistency, a union between noble daring and noble deeds—there must be Truth! No man has ever deviated from it without losing not only the respect of the thinking, but even the confidence of the unwise. Chatterton's earliest idea seems to have been how to deceive; and, were it possible to laugh at youthful fraud, there would be something irresistibly ludicrous in the lad bewildering the old pewterer, Burgum. Imagine the fair-haired rosy boy, the brightness of his extraordinary eyes increased by the covert mischief which urged him forward—fancy his presenting himself to Master Burgum, who, dull as his own pewter, had the ambition, which the cunning youth fostered, of being thought of an "ancient family"—fancy Chatterton in his poor-school dress presenting himself to this man, whose business, Chatterton's biographer, Mr. Dix, tells us, was carried on in the house now occupied by Messrs. Sander, Bristol Bridge,^[2] and informing him that he had made a discovery—presenting to him various documents, with a parchment painting of the De Burgham arms, in proof of his royal descent from the Conqueror.



BRISTOL BRIDGE.

Mr. Dix assures us, "that never once doubting the validity of the record, in which his own honors were so deeply implicated, he presented the poor bluecoat-boy, who had been so fortunate in *finding* so much, and so assiduous in his endeavors to collect the remainder, with *five shillings!*" Blush, Bristol, blush at this record of a citizen's meanness; the paltry remuneration could have hardly tempted even so poor a lad as Thomas Chatterton to continue his labors for the love of gain; yet he furnished Burgum with further information, loving the indulgence of his mystifying powers, and secretly satirizing the folly he duped.

It is quite impossible to trace back any circumstance which could, to speak advisedly, have led to such a course of deception as was practised by this boy; born of obscure parents, his father, a man of dissolute habits, was sub-chapter of the Cathedral, and also master of the free school in Pyle-street; this clever, but harsh, and dissolute man died in August, 1752, and the poet was born on the 20th of the following November.^[3] Such a parent could not be a loss; he would have been, in all human probability, as careless of his son as he was of his wife; and, at all events, Chatterton had not the misery of early cruelty to complain of, for he had a mother, tender and affectionate, although totally unfit to guide and manage his wayward nature. Her first grief with him arose, strange as it may seem, from his inaptitude for learning—as a child he disdained A B C, and indulged himself with his own thoughts. When nearly seven years old he "fell in love," to use his mother's phrase, "with an illuminated French manuscript," and thus learned his letters from the very sort of thing he spent his early days in counterfeiting. His progress was wonderful, both as to rapidity and extent, and his pride kept pace therewith. A friend, wishing to give the boy and

[Pg 292]

his sister a present of china-ware, asked him what device he would choose to ornament his with. "Paint me," he said, "an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world." Here was a proof of innate ambition; if his mother had had an understanding mind, this observation would have taught her to read his character. Such ambition could have been directed,—and directed to noble deeds.



CHATTERTON AS DOORKEEPER.



BIRTHPLACE OF CHATTERTON.

He was admitted into the Blue Coat School, commonly called "Colston's School,"^[4] before he was eight years old, and his enthusiastic joy at the prospect of learning so much, was damped by finding that, to quench his thirst for knowledge, "there were not books enough." When he took in rotation the post of doorkeeper at the school, he used to indulge himself in making verses,^[5] and his sister, who loved him tenderly, presented him with a pocket-book, in which he wrote verses, and gave it back to her the following year. There was nothing in this species of tuition or companionship to create or foster either the imitations or the satire he indulged in, he had neither correction nor assistance from any one. Even before his apprenticeship to Mr. John Lambert, he felt he was not appreciated or understood; perhaps no one ever *acted* a greater satire upon his own profession than this harsh attorney, who deemed his apprentice on a level with his footboy. He must have been a man utterly devoid of perception and feeling; his insulting contempt of what he could not understand added considerably to the sarcastic bitterness of Chatterton's nature, and it is easy to picture the boy's feelings when his productions were torn by this tyrant and scattered on the office floor! He has his reward. John Lambert, the scrivener, is only remembered as the insulter of Thomas Chatterton!^[6]

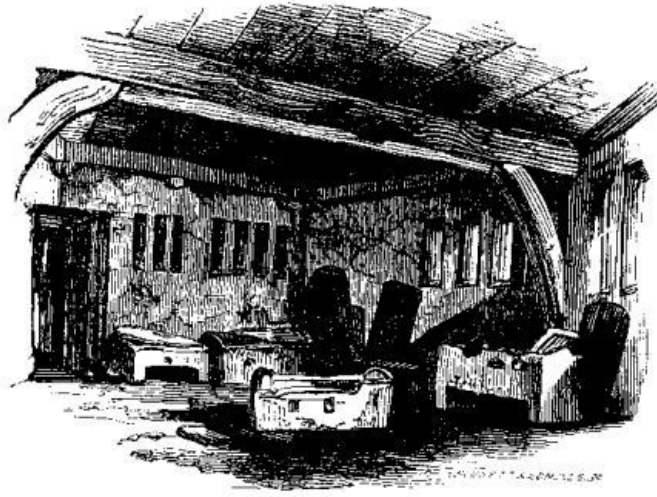


TOMB OF CANYNGE.

It is impossible not to pause at every page of this boy's brief but eventful life, and lament that he had no friend; reading, as we do, by the light of other days, we can see so many passages where judicious counsel, given with the intelligent affection that would at once have opened his heart, *must* have saved him; his heart, once laid bare to friendship, would have been purified by the air of truth; it was its *closeness* which infected his nature. And yet the scrivener considered him a good apprentice. His industry was amazing; his frequent employment was to copy precedents, and one volume, in his handwriting, which is still extant, consists of three hundred and forty-four closely-written folio pages. There was in that gloomy office an edition of Camden's "Britannia," and, having borrowed from Mr. Green, a bookseller, Speight's "Chaucer," he compiled therefrom an ingenious glossary, for his own use, in two parts. "The first," Mr. Dix says, "contained old words, with the modern English—the second, the modern English, with the old words; this enabled him to turn modern English into old, as an English and Latin dictionary enables the student to turn English into Latin." How miserable it is, amongst these evidences of his industry and genius, to find that all his ingenuity turned to the furtherance of a fraud. He seems to have been morally dead to every thing like the disgrace attending falsehood; for, when struggling afterwards in London to appear prosperous while starving, he wrote home to Mr. Catcott, and concludes his letter by stating that he intended going abroad as a *surgeon*, adding, "Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his giving me a physical character*; I hope he will." He seems to have had no idea that he was asking Mr. Barrett to do a dishonest action.

But the grand fraud of his short life was boldly dared by this boy in his sixteenth year. Why he should have ever descended to forge when he felt the high pressure of genius so strong within him, is inexplicable. Why, with his daring pride, he should have submitted to be considered a transcriber, where he originated, is more than marvellous. The spell of a benighting antiquity seemed around him; it might lead one to a belief in "Gramarie"—that some fake spirit had issued forth from the "cofre of Mr. Canynge,"^[7] so long preserved in the room over the north porch of this Bristol church of Redcliffe—a "cofre" secured by six keys, all of which being lost or mislaid, the vestry ordered the "cofre" to be opened; and not only "Canynge's cofre," but all the "cofres," in the mysterious chamber: not from any love of antiquity, but because of the hope of obtaining certain title-deeds supposed to be contained therein. Well, these intelligent worthies, having found what concerned themselves, took them away, leaving behind, *and open*, parchments and documents which might have enriched our antiquarian literature beyond all calculation.^[8] Chatterton's father used to carry these parchments away wholesale, and covered with the precious relics, bibles, and school-books: most likely other officers of the church did the same. After his death, his widow conveyed many of them, with her children and furniture, to her new residence, and, woman-like, formed them into dolls and thread-papers. In process of time, the child's attention being aroused by the illuminated manuscripts, he conveyed every bit of parchment he could find to a small den of a room in his mother's house, which he called his own: and, when he grew a little older, set forth, with considerable tact, in answer to all questions asked of him as to how he obtained the poems and information, that he himself had searched the old "cofres,"^[9] and discovered the poems of the Monk Rowley. Certainly he could not have had a better person to trumpet his discovery than "a talkative fool" like Burgum, who was so proud of his pedigree as to torment the officers of the Herald's College about his ancestors; and he was not the only one imposed on by Chatterton's talent. His simple-minded mother bore testimony to his joy at discovering those "written parchments upon the covered books:" and, of course, each discovery added to his antiquarian knowledge; for, though no trace exists of the Monk Rowley's originals, there is little doubt that on some of those parchments he found enough to set him thinking, and with him to think and act was the same thing; indeed, there is one passage in his poems bearing so fully upon the fraud, that we transcribe it. He is writing of having discharged all his obligations to Mr. Catcott:—

"If ever obligated to thy purse,
Rowley discharges all, my first chief curse!
For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore,
But, happy in my humble sphere, had moved



MUNIMENT ROOM.

A Mr. Rudhall^[11] said that, when Chatterton wrote on a parchment, he held it over a candle to give it the appearance of antiquity; and a Mr. Gardener has recorded, that he once saw Chatterton rub a parchment over with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, saying, "that was the way to antique it." This *exposé* of Chatterton's craft is so at variance with his usual caution that we can hardly credit it. A humble woman, Mrs. Edkins, speaks of his spending all his holidays in the little den of a room we have mentioned, where he *locked* himself in, and would remain the entire day without meals, returning with his hands and face completely begrimed with dirt and charcoal; and she well remembers his having a charcoal pounce-bag and parchment and letters on a little deal table, and all over the ground was a litter of parchments; and she and his mother at one time fancied he intended to discolor himself and run away to the gipsies; but afterwards Mrs. Edkins believed that he was laboring at the Rowley manuscripts, and she thought he got himself bound to a lawyer that he might get at old law books. The testimony she bears to his affectionate tenderness towards his mother and sister is touching: while his pride led him to seek for notoriety for himself, it was only to render his mother and sister comfortable that he coveted wealth.

[Pg 295]

It is not our province to enter into the controversy as to whether the MSS. were originals or forgeries: it would seem to be as undecided to-day as it was three quarters of a century ago; the boy "died and made no sign:" and the world has not been put in possession of any additional facts by which the question might be determined: the balance of proof appears in favor of those who contend they were the sole offspring of his mind, suggested merely by ancient documents from which he could have borrowed no idea except that of rude spelling; yet it is by no means impossible that poems did actually exist, and came into his hands, which he altered and interpolated, but which he did not create.

In aid of his plans, Chatterton first addressed himself to Dodsley, the Pall Mall bookseller, once with smaller poems, and afterwards on behalf of the greatest production of his genius—the tragedy of "Ella;" but the booksellers of those days were not more intellectual than those at the present: they devoured the small forgery of the great Horace Walpole, "The Castle of Otranto," and rejected the magnificence of a nameless composition. This man's neglect drove the young poet to the "Autocrat of Strawberry Hill." In reply he at first received a polished letter. The literary trifler was not aware of the poverty and low station of his correspondent, and so was courteous; he is "grateful" and "singularly obliged;" bowing, and perfumed, and polite. Other communications followed. Walpole inquired—discovered the poet's situation; and *then* he changed! The poor fond boy! how hard and bitter was the rebuff. How little had he imagined that *the* Walpole's soul was not, *by five shillings*, as large as the Bristol pewterer's!—that he who was an adept at literary imposition could have been so harsh to a fellow-sinner! The volume of his works containing "Miscellanies of Chatterton" is now before us. Hear to his indignant honesty! He declares that "all the house of forgery are relations; and that though it be but just to Chatterton's memory to say his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet that his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and I believe hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose—promissory notes." The literal meaning of this paragraph stamps the littleness of the man's mind. A slight—a very slight effort on his part might have turned the current of the boy's thoughts, and saved him from misery and death. We do not call Chatterton "his victim," because we do not think him so; but he, or any one in his position, might have turned him from the love of an unworthy notoriety to the pursuit of a laudable ambition. Following in the world's track (which he was ever careful not to outstep), when the boy was dead, Walpole bore eloquent testimony to his genius. The words of praise he gives his memory are like golden grains amid the chaffy *verbiage* with which he defends himself. If he perceived this at first, why not have come forward hand and heart, and shouted him on to honest fortune? But, like all *clique kings*, he made no general cause with literature; he only smiled on his individual worshippers, who could applaud when he said, with cruel playfulness, "that singing birds should not be too well fed!"

His master, Lambert, dismissed the youth from his service, because he had reason to suppose he meditated self-destruction; and then he proceeded to London. How buoyant and full of hope he was during his probationary days there, his letters to his mother and sister testify; his gifts, also, extracted from his necessities, are evidences of the bent of his mind—fans and china—luxuries rather than necessities; but in this, it must be remembered, his judgment was in fault, not his affections. In all things he was swayed and guided by his pride,—his indomitable pride. The period, brief as it was, of his sojourn in the great metropolis proved that Walpole, while he neglected him so cruelly, understood him perfectly, when he said that "nothing in Chatterton could be separated from Chatterton—that all he did was the effervescence of ungovernable impulse, which, chameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on it was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius." His first letter to his mother is dated, April the 26th, 1770. He terminated his own existence on the 24th of August in the same year. He battled with the crowded world of London, and, what was in his case a more dire enemy than the world, his overwhelming pride, for nearly four months. Alas! how terrible are the reflections which these few weeks suggest! Now borne aloft upon the billows of hope, sparkling in the fitful brightness of a feverish sun, and then plunged into the slough of despair, his proud, dark soul disclaiming all human participation in a misery exaggerated by his own unbending pride. Let us not talk of denying sympathy to persons who create their own miseries; they endure agonies thrice told. The paltry remuneration he received for his productions is recorded by himself. Among the items is one as extraordinary as the indignant emotion it excites:—

[Pg 296]

Received from Mr. Hamilton, for 16 songs, 10s. 6d.
Of Mr. Hamilton, for "Candidus" and Foreign Journal 2s.!!

We are wearied for him of the world's dark sight: yet in the same book is recorded that the same publisher owed him £10 19s. 6d.! This sum might have saved him, but he was too proud to ask for money; too proud to complain; too proud to accept the invitation of his acquaintances, or his landlady, to dine or sup with them; and all too proud to hint, even to his mother and sister, that he was any thing but prosperous. Ardent as if he had been a son of the hot south, he had learned nothing of patience or expediency. His first residence was at Mrs. Walmsley's, in Shoreditch, but, doubtless, finding the lodging too expensive, he removed to a Mr. Angell's, sac (or dress) maker, 4, Brook Street, Holborn. This woman, who seems to have been of a gentle nature, finding that for two days he had confined himself to his room, and gone without sustenance, invited him to dine with her; but he was offended, and assured her he was not hungry. It is quite impossible to account for this uncalled for pride. It was his nature. Lord Byron said he was mad: according to *his* view of the case, all eccentricity is madness; but in the case of unhappy Chatterton, that madness which arises from "hope deferred," was unquestionably endured. Three days before his death, pursuing, with a friend, the melancholy and speculative employment of reading epitaphs in the churchyard of St. Pancras, absorbed by his own reflections, he fell into a new-made grave. There was something akin to the raven's croak, the death-fetch, the fading spectre, in this foreboding accident: he smiled at it, and told his friend he felt the sting of speedy dissolution:—

"Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the earth on which he moved alone."

At the age of seventeen years and nine months, his career ended; it was shown that he had swallowed arsenic in water, and so—

"perished in his pride!"

An inquest was held, and yet though Englishmen—men who could read and write, and hear—who must have heard of the boy's talents, either as a poet, a satirist, or a political writer—though these men were guided by a coroner, one, of course, in a more elevated sphere than those who usually determine the intentions of the departed soul—yet was there not one—NOT ONE of them all—with sufficient veneration for the casket which had contained the diamond—not one with enough of sympathy for the widow's son—to wrap his body in a decent shroud, and kneel in Christian piety by his grave!—not one to pause and think that, between genius and madness,

"What thin partitions do their bounds divide!"

In a letter from Southey to Mr. Britton (dated in 1810, to which we have already referred, and which Mr. Britton kindly submitted to us with various other correspondence on the subject), he says, "there can now be no impropriety in mentioning what could not be said when the collected edition of Chatterton's works was published,—that there was a taint of insanity in his family. His sister was once confined; and this is a key to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death." Of this unhappy predisposition, indeed, he seems to have been himself conscious, for "in his last will and testament," written in April, 1770, before he quitted Bristol, when he seems to have meditated suicide—although, from the mock-heroic style of the document his serious design may be questioned,—he writes, "If I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savored of insanity." His "sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned," when a mere child, were but the preludes to those gloomy forebodings which haunted him when a boy. His mother had said, "she was often apprehensive of his going mad."

And so,—the verdict having been pronounced, he was cast into the burying-ground of Shoe Lane work-house—the paupers' burying-ground,—the end, as far as his clayey tabernacle was

concerned, of all his dreamy greatness. When the ear was deaf to the worship of the charmer, he received his meed of posthumous praise. Malone, Croft, Dr. Knox, Wharton, Sherwin, Pye, Mrs. Cowley, Walter Scott, Haley, Coleridge, Dermody, Wordsworth, Shelley, William Howitt, Keats, who dedicated his "Endymion" to the memory of his fellow-genius; the burly Johnson, whose praise seemed unintentional; the gentle and most Christian poet, James Montgomery,—have each and all offered tributes to his memory. Robert Southey, whose polished, strong and long unclouded mind was a treasure-house of noble-thoughts, assisted Mr. Cottle in providing for the poet's family by a collection of his works; and, though last, not least, excellent John Britton has labored all his long life to render justice to the poor boy's memory. To him, indeed, it was mainly owing, that the cenotaph to which we have referred (and which now lies mouldering in the Church vault), was erected in the graveyard of Redcliffe Church, by subscription, of which the contributions of Bristol were very small.^[12]

Chatterton was another warning, not only

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine—"

but that no mortal should ever abandon Hope! for a reverend gentleman,—who was, in all things, what, unhappily, Horace Walpole was not,—had actually visited Bristol, to seek out and aid the boy while he lay dead in London.

[Pg 297]

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."



**CHATTERTON'S
MONUMENT.**

The knowledge of these facts cheered us as we set forth to the neighborhood of Shoe-Lane to see the spot where he had been laid. Alas, it is very hard to keep pace with the progress of London changes. After various inquiries, we were told that Mr. Bentley's printing office stands upon the ground of Shoe-Lane Workhouse. We ascended the steps leading to this shifting emporium of letters, and found ourselves face to face with a kind gentleman, who told us all he knew upon the subject, which was, that the printing office stands—not upon the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane Workhouse, where he had always understood Chatterton was buried—but upon the church burial-ground. He showed us a very curious basso-relievo, in cut-stone, of the Resurrection, which he assured us had been "time out of mind" above the entrance to the Shoe-Lane burying-place "over the way," and which is now the site of Farrington Market. This, when "all the bones" were moved to the old graveyard in Gray's Inn Road, had come "somehow" into Mr. Bentley's possession.

We were told also that Mr. Taylor, another printer, had lived, before the workhouse was pulled down, where his office-window looked upon the spot pointed out as the grave of Chatterton, and that a stone, "a rough white stone," was remembered to have been "set in a wall" near the grave with "Thomas Chatterton" and something else "scratched" into it.

We strayed back through the damp chill of the city's evening fog to the market-place, hoping, even unconsciously, to stand beside the pit into which the marvellous boy had been thrust; but we grew bewildered. And as we stood upon the steps looking down upon the market—alone in feeling, and unconscious of every thing but our own thoughts—St. Paul's bell struck, full, loud, and clear; and, casting our eyes upward, we saw its mighty dome through the murky atmosphere. We became still more "mazed," and fancied we were gazing upon the monument of Thomas Chatterton!

.....

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Of Edward Colston, well and beautifully has William Howitt said, "You cannot help feeling the grand beneficence of those wealthy merchants, who, like Edward Colston, make their riches do their generous will for ever; who become thereby the actual fathers of their native cities to all generations; who roll off, every year of the world's progress, some huge stone of anxiety from the hearts of poor widows; who clear the way before the unfriended, but active and worthy lad; who put forth their invisible hands from the heaven of their rest, and become the genuine guardian angels of the orphan race for ever and ever: raising from those who would otherwise have been outcasts and ignorant laborers, aspiring and useful men; tradesmen of substance; merchants the true enrichers of their country, and fathers of happy families. How glorious is such a lot! how noble is such an appropriation of wealth! how enviable is such a fame! And amongst such men there were few more truly admirable than Edward Colston! He was worthy to have been lifted by Chatterton, to the side of the magnificent Canynge, and one cannot help wondering that he says so little about this great benefactor of his city."
- [2] Our engraving shows this house, and Bristol Bridge, both memorable as being connected with the earliest of Chatterton's fabrications. Bristol Bridge was finished in September, 1768, and in the October following Chatterton sent to "Felix Farley's Bristol Journal," the curiously detailed account of the ceremonial observances on opening the ancient bridge at Bristol, 'taken from an Old Manuscript,' and which, being his first printed forgery, led, by the attention it excited, to the production of other work, and among them the Rowley Poems. At this time he was in his 16th year; but some years before he had fabricated Burgum's pedigree, and some poetry by a pretended ancestor of his, of the alleged date of 1320, called "The Romaunte of the Knyghte." The house where Burgum lived, and where Chatterton first tried his powers of deception, is the central one of the three seen above the bridge in our cut.
- [3] The place of Chatterton's birth has been variously stated: Mr. Dix, in his "Life of Chatterton," has mentioned *three*. His first being that "he was born on the 29th of November, in the year 1752, in a house situated on Redcliff Hill, behind the shop now (1837) occupied by Mr. Hasell, grocer," and which has since been destroyed. But in the appendix to his volume is a communication stating that Mrs. Newton (Chatterton's married sister) left a daughter who "died in 1807, in the house where Chatterton was born; I believe in the arch at Cathay," a street leading from the church-yard to the river-side. But the most certain account seems to be that of Mrs. Edkins (also printed by Dix) who "went to school to Chatterton's father, and was present when the son was born, at the Pyle School." Now, as Chatterton was born about three months after his father's death, and he had been for some years master of the school, it is unlikely that his wife would be removed from the house she inhabited until after her confinement, "when," says Mrs. Edkins, "she went to a house opposite the upper gate on Redcliff Hill." The house appropriated to the master of Pyle Street School is shown in our engraving, it is at the back of the school, which faces the street, and is approached by an open passage on one side of it leading into a small court-yard, beyond which is a little garden. Over the door is inserted a stone, inscribed, "This house was erected by Giles Malpas, of St. Thomas Parish, Gent., for the use of the master of this School, A. D. 1749." The house has but two sitting rooms, one on each side of the door, that to the right being the kitchen; and in one of them the dissolute father of the Poet is said by Dix to have "often passed the whole night roaring out catches, with some of the lowest rabble of the parish." He was succeeded in the office of Schoolmaster by Edmond Chard, who held it for five years; and he was followed in 1757 by Stephen Love, who was master twenty-one years, and to whom Mrs. Chatterton first sent her son for education; and who, "after exhausting the patience of his schoolmaster, was sent back to his mother with the character of a stupid boy, and one who was absolutely incapable of receiving instruction."
- [4] This School, founded in 1708 by Edward Colston, Esq., is situated in a street called St. Augustine's Back, behind the houses facing the drawbridge. It is the mansion in which Queen Elizabeth was entertained when she visited the city; and was purchased by Colston, because of its applicability to his charitable purposes. Here the scholars are boarded, lodged, and clothed, and are never permitted to be absent—except on Saturdays and Saints' days, from one till seven. They are simply taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school-room is on the first floor, and runs along the entire front of the building; the bed-rooms are the large airy rooms above. Behind the house is a paved yard for exercise. Chatterton remained here about seven years.
- [5] The gate seen at the side of Colston's School in our cut, is that by which the school is entered; a narrow paved passage beside the house conducts to the angle of the building, when you turn to the left, and so reach the house by an open court-yard. In the corner of this angle, commanding a view of the entrance to the school, and also of the outer gate, is placed the doorkeeper's lodge delineated in our cut. It is a small building of brick, covered with lead, about six feet in height. It has within an iron seat, and an iron ledge for books. The windows are unglazed; and in winter it must be singularly uncomfortable, particularly as the occupant must traverse the length of the yard in all weathers. It is said to be the intention of the authorities to remove this little building; this is to be regretted, as it is almost the only unchanged memorial of her poet-boy which Bristol possesses. It was customary for the boys to take the office of doorkeeper in rotation for the term of one week; and it was in Chatterton's twelfth year, when he was doorkeeper, that he wrote here his first poem "On the Last Epiphany, or Christ coming to Judgment."
- [6] Lambert's first office was on St. John's Steps; but the unceasing spirit of change, which has more or less destroyed all the Bristol localities connected with Chatterton, has swept this one away; "the Steps" have now been turned into a sloping ascent, and the old houses removed or renovated. Shortly after he had entered Lambert's service, his office

was removed to Corn Street, and here, from the house delineated in our cut, he dated his first communication to Horace Walpole. It is immediately in front of the Exchange, and although the lower part has been altered frequently within remembrance, the upper part remains as when Lambert rented it. It may be noted, that the upper floors of the adjacent houses are still devoted to lawyers' and merchants' offices.

- [7] The great Bristol merchant, William Canynge, jun., is buried in Redcliffe Church, to which he was a great benefactor, as he was to the city of Bristol generally. He entered the church to avoid a second marriage, and was made Dean of the College of Westbury, which he had rebuilt. There are two monuments to his memory in Redcliffe Church, both of which are seen in our engraving. One is a raised altar tomb with an enriched canopy; and upon the tomb lie the effigies of Canynge and his wife in the costume of the fifteenth century. The other tomb is of similar construction, and is believed to have been brought here from Westbury College; it represents Canynge in his clerical robes, his head supported by angels, and resting his feet on the figure of a Saracen. Here Chatterton frequently ruminated; indeed, the whole church abounds with memorials which call to mind the sources of his inspiration; near the door is an effigy inscribed "Johannes Lamington," which gave name to one of his forgeries. He was never weary of rambling in and about the church, and all his early works originated here.
- [8] The muniment-room is a large low-roofed apartment over the beautiful north porch of Redcliffe Church, which was constructed by Canynge. It is hexagonal, and lighted by narrow unglazed windows. The floor rests on the groined stones of the porch, strong beams of oak forming its roof. It is secured by two massive doors in the narrow passage leading from the stairs into it. Here were preserved several large chests, and among them *Canynge's cofre*; from which Chatterton assured the world he had obtained the Rowley MSS.; and from which MSS. were carried away and destroyed, but the old chests still remain. There are seven in all, and they bear traces of great antiquity. Many have been strongly bound with iron, but all are now in a state of decay. This lonely cheerless room, strewn with antique fragments and suggestive of the boy-poet's day-dreams, is certainly the most interesting relic in Bristol. Its comfortless neglect is a true epitome of the life of him who first shaped his course from his reveries within it.
- [9] The house said to be that of Canynge is situated in Redcliffe Street, not very far from the church. It is now occupied by a bookseller, who uses the fine hall seen in our cut, as a storehouse for his volumes. Chatterton frequently mentions this "house nempte the rodde lodge;" and in Skelton's "Etchings of Bristol Antiquities" is an engraving of this building, there called "Canynge's chapel or Masonic Hall," showing the painting in the arch at the back, representing the first person of the Trinity, supporting the crucified Saviour, angels at each side censuring, and others bearing shields. This was "the Rood" with which Chatterton was familiar, and which induced him to give the name to Canynge's house in his fabrications. This painting is now destroyed, but we have restored it from Skelton's plate in our engraving.
- [10] The monk Rowley was altogether an imaginary person conjured up by Chatterton as a vehicle for his wonderful forgeries. He was described by him as the intimate friend of Canynge, his constant companion, and a collector of books and drawings for him. It has been well remarked, that although it was *extraordinary* for a lad to have written them in the 18th century, it was *impossible* for a monk to have written them in the 15th. Indeed, it seems now both curious and amusing that his forgeries should have deceived the learned. When Rowley talks of purchasing his house "on a repaying lease for ninety-nine years." We at once smile, and remember his fellow-forger Ireland's Shaksperian *Promissory* note, before such things were invented. Our fac-simile of the pretended Rowley's writing is obtained from the very curious collection of Chatterton's manuscripts in the British Museum. It is written at the bottom of some drawings of monumental slabs and notes, stated to have been "collected and gotten for Mr. William Canynge, by mee, Thomas Rowley." There are, however, other autographs of Rowley in the collection, so entirely dissimilar in the formation of the letters, that it might be expected to have induced a conviction of forgery. Many of the manuscripts too are still more dissimilar; and the construction of the letters totally unlike any of the period. Some are written on little fragments not more than three inches square, the writing sometimes neat and clean, at other times bad, rambling and unintelligible. The best is the account of Canynge's feast, which has been engraved in fac-simile by Strutt, to the edition of Rowley's Poems, 1777. The writing is generally bolder than Barrett's fac-simile; and that gentleman, in endeavoring to revive the faded ink, has greatly injured the originals, which are now in some cases almost indistinguishable. The drawings of pretended ancient coins and heraldry are absurdly inventive: and the representations of buildings exactly such as a boy without knowledge of drawing or architecture would fabricate; yet they imposed on Barrett who engraved them for his history of Bristol. Many of his transcripts show the shifts the poor boy was put to for paper; torn fragments and backs of law bills are frequently employed. Among the rest is a collection of extracts from Chaucer to aid him in the fabrication of his MSS. The whole is exceedingly instructive and curious.
- [11] This gentleman was the proprietor of the "Bristol Journal," to which Chatterton sent his first forgery; and with whom he afterwards became intimate.
- [12] The cenotaph erected to Chatterton, in 1838, from a design by S. C. Fripp, has now been removed; it stood close to the north porch, beside the steps leading into it. One of the inscriptions, which he directs in his will to be placed on his tomb, has been adopted. "To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader, judge not, if thou art a Christian. Believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable."

Authors and Books.

Of personalities, &c. a few words: Every man or woman coming before the public voluntarily—especially every man or woman placing his or her name upon the title of a book—submits so much of his or her being and character to the general criticism. It is crime to make public use of private conversation; it is crime, under most circumstances, to disclose the secret of an anonymous authorship; it is crime in all cases to invade any privacy, or comment on any purely personal matter, that has not by the interested party been offered for the world's examination. If any one publish a work of pure art, it is entirely inexcusable to suggest any illustrations of it from his life or condition, unless by his own express or implied permission. For example, if "The Princess," by Tennyson, had been printed anonymously by some notorious thief, burglar, forger, or murderer, he would be as great a villain as the author, who, in reviewing the poem, should in any manner whatever allude to the author's sins. The extent to which this law may be applied can easily be understood. To a gentleman the law itself is an instinct. Personal rights are frequently violated by praise as well as by censure, and sometimes applause is not in any degree less offensive than denunciation, though commonly men will forgive even the most unskilful and injudicious commendation. In both ways the writers of this country are apt to err.

While we agree with the most fastidious, in asserting that inviolability of one's individualism, not by himself submitted for public observation, we contend for the right and duty of the utmost freedom in the dissection of what is thus submitted. Public speech, public action, public character, are adventures upon the sea of the world's opinion, and they must brave its winds or be sunk or wrecked by them,—the person, so far as he is not involved, meanwhile safely watching from the shore for results.

In the most careful applications of this principle, it is inevitable that wrong is done sometimes; but when the wrong is not personal, it is for the most part susceptible of remedy. The author may challenge investigation of his book, the artist of his picture, the officer of his administration. If there has been unfair severity of criticism, they are likely to gain by it in the end, for every critic must justify upon challenge.

There is a distinction in the cases of the dead. The world in an especial manner becomes the heir of a life which is abandoned by its master. This has been held by the wise in all ages and all states of society. The justice of the distinction is very apparent: An invasion of the individualism of the living destroys, or to a greater or less extent affects, the freedom, and so the right and wrong, of his conduct, while the secrets of the dead are to the living only as logic.

[Pg 298]

There are very few men who are not more willing to praise than to blame. The better portion of men prefer to hear the praises even of strangers. Therefore censors are held to stricter account than eulogists. But a natural love of justice is continually at war with feelings of personal kindness. It is impossible to see insolent and vulgar pretension in noisy triumph, while real and unobtrusive merit is neglected. When we see a creature strutting in laurels that have been won by another, human nature—much as it has been abused—prompts us to grasp them from undeserving brows and place them where they will have a natural grace. For trite examples, who would not rather elect Columbus than Americus to the place of Name-Giver for this continent? who does not rejoice that finally Hadley is proved a swindler of the fame of Godfrey, in the matter of the quadrant? How many such wrongs do men daily hope to see righted!

The writer of these paragraphs will never willingly violate the just conditions of criticism. If he offers, as often is necessary, conclusions rather than arguments, he will in no case withhold arguments when conclusions are held to be unjust. The true value of every sort of journalism, and of discussion also, is in its integrity much more than in its ability. Integrity is violated as much by the suppression of truth as by the suggestion of falsehood. In all cases that interest us sufficiently, and which are legitimately before the public, we shall write precisely as we think, without the slightest regard for consequences.

OERSTED, the great natural philosopher, has lately published at Leipzig, under the title of *Der in Geist in der Natur* (Spirit in Nature), a collection of remarkable essays which he has written, at various times, during a series of years. The purpose he has followed through his entire scientific career, has, perhaps, its most complete expression in this book. It is the demonstration of the same laws in physical nature as in the higher spheres of the reason and intelligence. On the principle of the essential unity of all things, he seeks not only to lay the foundation of a universal science, but to afford some views of the superstructure. The work contains eight distinct essays: the first, "The Spiritual in the Corporeal," is in the form of a Dialogue, and aims at a reconciliation of the conflicting modes of thought, by which the universe is assumed to be essentially material, or essentially spiritual; the second, "The Fountain," treats of the impressions of beauty produced by the great, sublime, and powerful; the third considers the relation to the imagination, of the apprehension of nature by the understanding, and shows that it is only imperfect culture and ignorance which can suppose any dissonance between the two. He shows that the progress of science enriches, aggrandizes, and elevates the imagination. The fourth essay is, perhaps, the most interesting of all. Its theme is, "Superstition and Skepticism in their relation to Natural Science." The notion that superstition is favorable to poesy, he dissipates with masterly conclusiveness. The true realm of beauty is the realm of reason. It is true that science

deprives the poet of the use of sundry unnatural conceptions, but while it more than compensates him by the substitution of nobler ideas, it opens to him a new, affluent, and little explored poetic world. "It can," he says, "not be charged as a crime upon natural science, that it has destroyed materials hitherto used by the poets. Such losses are of small consequence to the true poet, but may, indeed, be painful to the many dabblers in the poetic art, who think they have rendered the insignificant poetic by tricking it out in gewgaws from the poetic armory of a vanished era." The fifth, entitled, "The Existence of all things in the Domain of Reason," is the profoundest and most significant of these essays, and more than the others brings out in form as simple and popular as could be expected, the fundamental idea of the author's system of thought. It asserts that there is, throughout the universe, a radical unity between the laws of beauty, and man's moral nature and intellectual powers, and that there must therefore exist for the mind, a perfect community of nature and analogy between different worlds, and a rational connection between all thinking beings, not only of the earth, but of other planets and systems. The final essay is on "The Culture of Science as the Exercise of Religion," and is mainly an attempt to show that the very nature of science requires its culture to be made a religion, and that *the good which we ought to seek must be that which is imperishable in its truth.*

This work has been rapidly followed by two other publications of the same author, intended to explain or defend the positions of their predecessor. The first is called, "Natural Science in its Connection with Poetic Art and Religion." It was written in reply to the criticism of a learned and respected friend of the author, Bishop Mynster of Seeland. The second has for its title, "Natural Science and the Formation of the Intellect."

Oersted is now seventy-three years old. It is admirable to see a man of such years and distinction in the world, putting forth the same grand and elevated ideas that marked the generous enthusiasm of his youth. It is only in the genial and unselfish pursuits of science that such freshness of mind can be thus preserved.

[Pg 299]

NEW DRAMAS.—Among the new dramas of any value, produced in Germany, *Herodes und Mariamne*, a five act tragedy, by Hebbel, deserves particular mention. The persons are too numerous, and the action too complicated, but there is great fire and energy in the general treatment, and the gradual development of the interest of the story is managed with skill. Herod, the ruler of Judea, is a tyrant by both nature and position. He was appointed to his office by the Roman triumvir Antony, who can turn him out or cut his head off at any moment, and who is strongly inclined to follow the urgent solicitations of Herod's many enemies. In order to secure himself, Herod has married Mariamne, a descendant of the Jewish royal family, and is deeply in love with her. The chief of his foes is Mariamne's mother; the Pharisees also hate him for his notorious disregard of the Jewish religion. A conspiracy is formed against him, at the head of which is the brother of Mariamne. This brother is killed in consequence, and Herod is summoned before the triumvir. Meanwhile, as soon as the murder was known, Mariamne had refused to see her husband. But the evidences of his attachment are still so convincing, and her admiration for the force of his character so great, that she becomes reconciled to him. He is about to leave her to appear before Antony, and asks if her love is great enough for her to commit suicide, in case he should not return. Finally he asks her to take an oath to that effect. But she refuses, saying that such an oath would give him no pledge that he might not have already from insight into her heart. He is not content with this, and before he leaves, engages an assassin to kill her in case Antony should put him to death. After his departure, Mariamne declares to her mother that in case Herod perishes, she has determined to kill herself. The report arrives that he has been executed; and the assassin appears; from his bearing Mariamne guesses the truth, and draws from him a confession. Just as she is in the deepest agitation at this discovery, the king appears, having been acquitted by Antony. She meets him with coldness, and at once lets him know that she has learned all. He puts to death the man, but at the same time a suspicion arises in his mind that Mariamne has discovered the secret by betraying her honor. Against this her pride will not allow her to defend herself. A second trial soon arrives. Herod receives the order—shortly before the battle of Actium—to go on a dangerous military expedition for Antony. He now requires no oath, at which she rejoices; for she still loves him, and forgives him for the past. But she does not reveal herself to him. He misunderstands the joy which she cannot conceal, as satisfaction at his departure, and charges a faithful servant to put her to death in case he shall fall. The report of his death is renewed, but the appointed assassin, revolted at his office, discloses all to Mariamne. This drives her to despair. She is confident that her husband will soon return, and determines that he shall be led to put her to death unjustly. Accordingly she gives a splendid feast, as she says, to celebrate the death of her husband. He comes and brings her before a court, not for having rejoiced at his death, but for infidelity, supposing that to be the only way in which she could have discovered the secret of the assassin. She is condemned and executed, but before dying, she reveals the whole mystery to a friend, who afterwards informs Herod. The king devoured by rage and remorse and driven to desperation, becomes merciless as a fury. It is at that moment, that the three wise men from the East arrive, and inform him of the birth of Christ; whereupon he orders the slaughter of the children. One of the peculiarities of this tragedy, is the introduction of a character, who takes no part in the action, but observes and philosophizes upon it, somewhat after the manner of the old Greek chorus. This innovation cannot be said to be successful; moreover there is generally too much philosophizing and moralizing in the piece.

Another new German tragedy is called *Francisco da Rimini*, by Cornelius Von der Heyse, but we

know nothing more respecting it than is communicated by the publisher's advertisement. The title is promising.

The French dramatists produce more comedies than tragedies. Indeed, in the weekly notices which for the last few weeks our Parisian papers have given of the new works brought out at the various theatres of Paris, we have not observed one tragedy of importance enough for us to remark upon it. But in the lighter range of comedy, the French playwrights are unequalled and inexhaustible, as is proved by the constant transfer of their productions into both the English and German languages. They do not think it necessary to have a plot of much intricacy, or even of great interest. The point and brilliancy of the dialogue, and the perfection of the actors, render that a matter of subordinate consequence. *The Two Eagles*, by Bayard and Bieville (these partnerships are frequent among the dramatists of Paris), was brought out at the *Théâtre Montansier*. Hippolyte Vidoux, clerk in a cap store and lieutenant in the National Guards, is a charming fellow, and the idol of the women in the whole quarter. He sings, jokes, and dances the polka in every style. He is introduced into the salons of his superior officer, Count Chamarral, but meets with no sort of success among the marchionesses and duchesses. On the other hand, these ladies are dying for the young Baron Albert, who dances the contra-dance with a mien of languishing resignation worthy of a funeral. The Baron falls in love with the daughter of a rich baker, but in vain. Here Hippolyte carries off the honors and the heiress according to the French proverb, *the eagle of one house is a turkey in another*. At the *Opera Comique*, a piece in one act, *The Peasant*, by Alboize, music by Poisat is one of the latest novelties. A proud and obstinate German Baron refuses his daughter's hand to her lover, whose great merit nevertheless causes him to be ennobled. Still the Baron refuses his daughter. "What!" he says, "shall I marry my child to a new-baked nobleman?" But as good luck would have it, the Emperor Joseph happens along in disguise, on one of his excursions for relieving virtue and unmasking vice. The Baron receives him, but has nothing to set before him. Hereupon a gardener furnishes a deer, which saves the honor of the house. The Emperor is delighted with the venison, and makes the donor sit down at the table. He is the father of the suitor, and as he has thus had the honor to eat with the Emperor, the Baron can say nothing more against the marriage. The good Emperor blesses the happy pair, and sets off again to see if there are no more comic operas in his dominions to which he can contribute a happy denouement. At the *Théâtre des Variétés* has been produced the *Ring of Solomon*, in one act, by Henry Berthoud. The scene is laid in Holland, in the winter, which affords an excellent opportunity to the scene-painter and property-man. Threa, a poor and silly girl, is so passionately in love with Hans, who has saved her from death, that she climbs a wall to see him as he is going by. The wall tumbles down with her, and among the fragments she finds the ring of Solomon, and puts it on. At once she is surrounded by fairies, in the well-known ballet costume, who carry her off into a Dutch paradise, where she also becomes a fairy, and undergoes a remarkable improvement in her wits. But this does not bring any change in her passion for Hans, and she prefers to be unhappy with him to floating for ever through the aerial joys of fairydom without him. Accordingly, she renounces the privilege conferred on her by the ring, and is rewarded for so much virtue by passing through a new transformation, after which she appears as a most lovely peasantess, and marries Hans to the universal satisfaction.

[Pg 300]

GERMAN NOVELS.—The bookstores of Germany now swarm with new novels, some of which we have already noticed. *Modern Titans: Little People in a Great Epoch*, from the press of Bookhaus, seems to be written with the express purpose of introducing all the notabilities of Berlin, Breslau and Vienna, and is not successful. The name of the author is not given. *Der Tannhausen* treats of suicide, republicanism, the identity of God and the universe, faith, skepticism, Christ, marriage, the emancipation of woman, and whatsoever new-fangled and startling ideas and phrases the author has met with in the activity of this busy age. This book is also charged with outrageous personalities. *George Volker*, a Romance of the year 1848, by Otto Müller, 3 vols., is of course, a revolutionary story. The hero is so unfortunate as to be in love with two women at a time, the one a country, and the other a peasant girl. He engages in the Badian insurrection, is about to be arrested, and thereupon gets out of all his difficulties by shooting himself. *Der Sohn des Volkes*, by Leoni Schucking, takes its subject and plot from the French Revolution and its influence on Germany. It is written with talent, and is altogether in the interest of the aristocracy. *Der Bettler von James's Park* (the Beggar of James's Park), by Alexander Jung, is not revolutionary but tragic and sentimental. At the same time, it is didactic, and sets forth sundry ideas with reference to love, God, and liberty. But the story deserves more than a line in these columns, were it only as a literary curiosity. The hero is haunted by the notion that a great misfortune will fall upon his family, whenever a travelling dealer shall offer an *ecce homo* for sale to any one of its members. Unluckily, such a picture is offered to himself, and he almost loses his wits at it. Hereupon he goes to see the young lady with whom he is in love, and finds her dying. This quite upsets him, and he goes crazy, and, in this condition, becomes a beggar in the London streets. At the beginning, he is very lean, and is so well suited to this trade, that he is even made a member of the beggars' guild. But ill luck still pursues him; he becomes excessively fat, and gains a belly of most aldermanic proportions. Here a lord takes him up as an object at once of study and philanthropy, but not with sufficient interest in him to provide for his support. Alms he gets none; next, he is turned out of the guild, and, at last, is taken to a hospital, where he loses his flesh, and regains his reason. Finally, after passing through a variety of other strange experiences, he dies in tranquillity, wept by the same lord, and by the lady he had himself supposed to be dead; but who, instead of this, had become a nun in France. *Schnock*, a picture of life in the Netherlands, is

by Frederick Hebbel, a man of some distinction, as a dramatic writer, as we have noticed elsewhere. The general idea of this book is borrowed from Jean Paul's *Journey of the Chaplain Schmelzle*. The hero is a man of weak and timid character, married to a woman of unsparing energy and resolution. The style and execution of the work are clumsy, exaggerated and abominable. *Handel und Wandel* (Doings and Viewings), by Hackländer, is worthy of all praise, as a faithful and vivid picture of German rural and domestic life. The characters are all human, the action simple and direct, and the tone healthy and agreeable. Hackländer is an exception to the mass of modern German novelists, of whom, taking them together, as may be judged from the brief remarks above, no great good can be said.

Ein Dunkles Loss (A Dark Destiny), by L. Bechstein, is a socialist book, which, in the form of a novel, discusses questions relating to art, not without genuine insight and original power of thought.

[Pg 302]

THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN, the bravest and decidedly the cleverest of the women who have written books of Oriental travel, and whose "latitudinarian" novels constitute a remarkable portion of the recent romantic literature of Germany, we perceive has entered a convent. The *Ladies' Companion* exclaims hereof:—

"When will the wild and the restless learn self-distrust from the histories of kindred spirits? And, observing how the pendulum must vibrate (as in Madame Hahn-Hahn's case) from utter disdain of social laws, to the most superstitious form of association under authority—how, almost always, to defiance must succeed a desire for reconciliation. When will they become chary of pouring out their laments, their attacks, their complaints, seeing that similar protestations are almost certainly followed by after repentance and recantation!"

The Countess Hahn-Hahn unfortunately has but one eye, and she is otherwise astonishingly ugly. So we may account for a very large proportion of the eccentricities of the sex. Had she been in this country she would have presided at the late Woman's Rights Convention.

No modern man has been more written about than GOETHE, and the end of books concerning him seems to be still distant. The last that we hear of is called *Goethe's Dichterwerth* (Value of Goethe as a Poet), written by O. L. Hoffman, and published in the quaint old city of Nuremberg. It treats first of the poet's relation to natural science, art and society: next takes up the complaints of his antagonists; his poetic character; his youthful productions; his lyrics; Götze von Berlichingen; the Sorrows of Werter; the influence of Italy on his mature mind; Egmont; Iphigenia at Tauris; Tasso; the influence of the French Revolution; his relations with Schiller; his Ballads; Hermann and Dorothea; the Natural Daughter; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship; and finally the productions of his mature years, as Wilhelm Meister's Wander-years, the Elective Affinities, and Faust. The work forms a complete commentary on the works of Goethe, and is written in the warmest spirit of admiration for his genius and influence.

HAGEN'S *Geschichte der Neuesten Zeit* (History of Recent Times) is worthy a place in the library of every historical student. It begins with the downfall of Napoleon and is to come down to the present day. The first volume has been published; it exhibits thorough mastery of the materials, and great calmness and judgment in their use. The style is clear, terse and graphic. The author, who is a professor of the University of Heidelberg, is a decided republican.

COTTA'S splendid illustrated edition of the Bible (Luther's version) is now finished. It is perhaps the best illustrated Bible ever published. The typography and woodcuts are admirable. Of the latter there are eighty, after original designs by Jäger, Overbeck, Schnorr, and others.

FALLERMAYER, the distinguished German traveller, is about abandoning the fruitless polemics which have gained him so many foes, to devote himself to more useful labors. He himself desires to be at peace with all the world, and the antagonists which his trenchant pen has so often unsparingly scarified, need fear him no longer. He is about to complete and print the third volume of his *Oriental Impressions of Travel*. This is reason for rejoicing. Fallermayer is one of the most charming and instructive of travel-writers.

WALLON'S *Histoire de l'Esclavage dans l'Antiquite*, just published at Paris, is a work of high value

to those who wish to look into a branch of history hitherto comparatively little cultivated, but destined to attract the most profound attention. M. Wallon, who is one of the candidates for the vacant seat in the French Academy, discusses in an exhaustive manner the origin of slavery in the antique world, the condition of bondmen in the various nations, and the gradual development of the institution under all circumstances and in all countries. His book is excellent for its manner, while in respect of matter the author has drawn information from all accessible sources, and digested it with judgment and impartiality. Thus he has produced a worthy contribution to that great but yet unwritten work, so full of both tragic and epic elements, the Annals of Labor. What a noble book might be made by some competent writer who should grapple with the whole subject.

THE NARRATIVE of the United States South Sea Exploring Expedition, is being translated into German, and published by Cotta of Stuttgart. The second volume is just completed. Probably all the supplementary volumes, as Hale's "Ethnology," and Pickering's "Races of Men," will follow.

MISS BARBAULD'S "God in Nature" has been translated into German by Thecla von Gaupert, and illustrated by that most fertile and charming of designers, Louis Richter. The translation is made from the thirtieth English edition, and the price put within the reach of the poorer classes, at fifty cents.

FREDERIC BODENSTEDT, the author of the successful book on the Wars of the Circassians, has just published the conclusion of a new work, called "A Thousand and One Days in the Orient."

A COLLECTION OF HUNGARIAN MYTHICAL TRADITIONS AND FAIRY TALES, has lately been published in German at Berlin, translated from the Magyar of Erdily, by G. Stier.

The first part of the third and last volume of HUMBOLDT'S Cosmos has been published at Stuttgart. It is on the Fixed Stars, and makes a pretty stout book.

[Pg 303]

HUMBOLDT, having furnished for his friend, Dr. Klencke, materials for a memoir of his life, such a work was announced at Berlin, and so great was the interest excited by its advertisement, that before the first edition was all printed a second one was commenced.

DR. KARL AUGUST ESPE, who for many years has filled the post of editor to Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexicon*, the work which forms the basis of the Encyclopedia Americana, died near Leipzig on the 25th November last. He was a man of great acquirements and unwearied industry, and was well known and esteemed in the literary and scientific circles of the continent. He was born at Kühren, in 1804, and went to Leipzig in 1832. Beside the great work above alluded to, he had charge of the annual memoirs of the German Society for the study of the native language and antiquities. Nearly two years ago he was attacked by a fit of apoplexy, from the effect of which his mind did not recover. He has since been in a lunatic asylum.

NEANDER'S Church History is printed as far as the year 1294. He had continued the work in manuscript up to the beginning of the fifteenth century, so that Wiclif, Huss, and other important precursors of the Reformation have found a place in it. This last volume of this great work will shortly be printed. Neander's various posthumous works are of remarkable value, though very few of them are in a finished state. According to the *Methodist Quarterly*, always well informed upon such matters, his exegetical Lectures upon the New Testament are of even greater merit than his compositions in history. They are soon to be published at Berlin, from notes taken by his students.

NEANDER'S Practical Expositions of St. James and of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, are in

process of translation by Mrs. H. C. Conant, the wife of Professor Conant, of Hamilton, and one of the most accomplished women in this country. A translation of Hagenbach's *Kirchengeschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts*, may also be expected from the same hand, and so will be done admirably.

SCHLEIERMACHER'S "*Brief Outline of the Study of Theology*" has been translated by Rev. W. Farrar, and published by Clark, of Edinburgh, in a single duodecimo.

DR. KARL ZIMMERMANN has edited and published, at Darmstadt, "The Reformatory Writings of Martin Luther, in chronological order, with a Biography of Luther," in four volumes.

Two new volumes of *L'Encyclopédie du Dixneuvième Siècle* have just appeared at Paris. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Becquerel, Buchez, Delescluze, Michel Chevalier, Philarete Chasles, and other literary and scientific notabilities are among the contributors.

THE HOUSE OF DIDOT, at Paris, have just issued a most interesting volume of the great work they have for some time been publishing under the title of *L'Univers Pittoresque*. This volume is occupied with Japan, the Burman Empire, Siam, Anam, the Malay peninsula, and Ceylon. The letter-press is furnished by Col. Jancigny, who was formerly aid-de-camp to the King of Oude, and has a thorough personal acquaintance with the countries in question. To show how great is the multitude of elephants in Ceylon, Col. J. speaks of an English officer who resided there, and who had with his own hand killed above two thousand of these monsters. The book, like all the rest of the series, is illustrated by numerous engravings. The series is to consist of forty-five volumes. Only one or two are now wanting to complete it. It is intended to afford a complete description of all the countries, nations, religions, customs, manners, &c. of the world.

M. NISARD has been elected a member of the Académie Française, in the room of the late M. Droz. He is known to the public chiefly by his translations of the Roman writers, poetical and prose, and by sundry able critical papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Opposing candidates were Beranger, Alfred Musset, Jules Janin, Dumas, and others. Another vacancy was to be filled in January, and among the candidates were President Bonaparte, and the Count Montalembert, who are certainly more conspicuous in politics than in letters, though one did write a book on gunnery, and the other one on Elizabeth of Hungary.

Two collections of interesting and valuable official documents have just been given to the Parisian public. One is called *Archives des Missions Scientifiques et Littéraires*, and consists of the most remarkable reports sent to the Government by travellers charged with scientific and literary missions. The other is the *Bulletin des Comités Historiques*, and embraces articles relative to history, science, literature, archæology, and the fine arts. It is issued by the Committee of the written Monuments of the History of France, and the Committee of Arts and Monuments. The most eminent names of French science and literature are among the contributors to these works.

M. GINOUX, who was sent by Guizot on a scientific mission which required him to traverse the globe, but who was recalled by the government of General Cavaignac, has returned to Paris, having been absent several years. He will soon publish the narrative of his travels, which have been in Oceanica, Polynesia, Brazil, Patagonia, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Equador, New Grenada, Jamaica, Cuba, and the United States.

BERANGER, at the last dates was, and for several weeks had been, dangerously ill, at his house at Passy.

VERON, the editor of the Paris *Constitutionnel*, is a transcendent specimen of the voluptuary. He is a large, fleshy, sensual, though by no means coarse-looking man, with the marks of high living and animal enjoyment on all his features. He first made a fortune by selling a quack medicine, after which he became proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. His paper is conducted on the quack medicine principle, with a shrewd view to the profits, and represents the ultra-conservative side on all public questions. Latterly Veron has made an arrangement with Louis Napoleon, by which it has become in some sort the special organ of that functionary. This has made the editor doubly famous, and in consequence of the crowd desiring to see him which surrounded the Café de Paris, where he had long dined regularly every day, he has been compelled to abandon that elegant establishment, and set up a table for himself. He has done this in a princely manner, and from his position, and the Apicius-like dinners which he gives, finds no difficulty in assembling at his daily banquets the élite of Parisian *viveurs*. Among his guests are M. Roqueplan, of the opera; M. Scribe, the dramatist; Jules Janin; M. Bertin, editor of the *Journal des Débats*; M. Romieu, Mlle. Rachel, and Mlle. Brohan. In all some fifty persons have a standing invitation, and come when they choose. Covers are laid every day for twelve, and those who are there at the time, which is six o'clock, take their places. At half-past eight the host puts on his hat and departs, but the guests remain, and prolong the festival at their pleasure. It is said that these dinners not only combine every thing in the perfections of gastronomy, but that they are equally piquant for the wit and brilliancy of the conversation that attends them.

EUGENE SUE is now a member of the French Assembly; but he still finds time to labor for democracy and socialism with his pen. He has commenced the publication in one of the journals of a new romance, called *La bonne Aventure*. From a few chapters, it is evident that it will possess the enthralling interest of most of his works, and will display his varied and vast talent in the portraiture of character and the invention of incident. He is as intent as ever Mr. Cooper was, upon making the novel a teacher and illustrator of opinions.

GEORGE SAND has completed a new drama, which, from the title, *Le Famille du Charpentier*, we suspect to be taken out of her delightful *Compagnon du Tour de France*. She appears to be following in the footsteps of Dumas, in arranging her novels into plays. She has met with a severe check in the refusal of the authorities to allow a play from her pen to be produced at the Théâtre St. Martin, entitled "Claudia." Every thing had been prepared for it, and considerable expense incurred, when the Censor refused to grant a license.

ALPHONSE KARR, the French novelist, published for the late holidays a very successful book called *Voyage autour de mon jardin* (Journey around my garden). It is a prose poem in honor of nature and the joys which nature gives to the heart. Prince SOLTIKOFF has also brought out his travels in India and Prussia in a splendid style. One of the most elegant and universally admired works of the season at Paris, is *Aix-les-Bains*, by Amédée Achard, illustrated by Eugene Ginain. Aix-les-Bains is a favorite watering place in Savoy, and this book is an account of a summer passed there.

In the number for the first of December, of the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a writer introduces and dissects poems, unedited until now in the *Romance* tongue, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Two new publications from their collection of manuscripts, by the Toulouse Academy of Floral Games, perfectly exhibit the state of the Romaunt tongue and poetry from 1324 to 1496.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is an amusing paper by HENRI BLAZE, on *Verona and Marshal Radetzky*, where, among other matters, he touches upon *Romeo and Juliet*. The house where Juliet was born, lived, and loved, is now turned into a vast warehouse for merchandize by the pitiless prosaism of Time.

In Paris we see advertised *Lettres d'Amour*. The Author, M. Julien Lemer, has the idea of collecting in one volume the most celebrated love matters—the *chefs-d'œuvre* of tender correspondence—a style of composition in which France has always been eminent.

EDMOND TEXIER has written at Paris *L'Histoire des Jeraux, ou Biographie des Journalistes*,

described as very piquant. Such a book would do in this country.

IDA VON DUERINGSFELD has published a new novel, *Antonio Foscarini*, said to be entertaining, and to contain a good picture of Venetian life in the fifteenth century.

LAMARTINE has commenced in the *Siècle* newspaper a new novel entitled *Le Tailleur de Saint Pierre et Saint Point*.

GARNIER DE CASSAGNAC has taken ground against Lamartine and his history, in a work entitled *Histoire du Directoire*.

A NEW POET, John Charles Bristow, of whom no one ever heard before, has come out in London with five thick volumes of his "Works."

A NEW HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS has just been issued at Paris.

The first volume of Sir Francis Palgrave's History of England, has just been published in London. [Pg 305]

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PIUS IX.—The Jesuits' printing establishment at Naples has lately issued a quarto volume of 773 pages, consisting of the addresses and letters sent to the Sovereign Pontiff, from Catholic prelates and eminent laymen within the past two years. There are 297 different letters. Among the names of lay writers may be mentioned Montalembert, Charles Dupin, D'Arlincourt, Poujoulat and De Falloux. The country which furnishes relatively the fewest documents to this collection, strange to say, is Italy, owing no doubt to the confused state of the country politically. Asia, America, and even Oceanica here give proofs that the Church has a hold among their populations, and that they have sympathies ready in her behalf. It is well known, too, that their sympathies do not end in words merely, but were often, as in the case of Mexico, splendidly and solidly evinced in behalf of the fugitive Pius. Nothing could give a more striking idea of the great extent of Catholicism and the influence of the Church, than this book. From the Turkish empire it gives a letter of the Archbishop Primate of Constantinople, one from the Armenian Church in the same city, one from the Apostolic Vicar of Bosnia, the Armenian Patriarch of Celicia, resident in Lebanon, the Archbishop of Laodicea, at Gazir in Lebanon, the Syrian Patriarch of Aleppo, the Patriarch of the Melchitian Greeks, and the Patriarch of Antioch. From distant Asia the Apostolic Vicars of Pondicherry and Bombay, the Apostolic Vicar of Japan, resident on the island of Hong Kong, and the Superior of the Catholic community of Agra, in the Presidency of Calcutta, all have letters. North America furnishes a good many; in the United States, the Archbishop of Baltimore leads the list, in which the Bishops of Oregon and Natchez are included with others. From Canada, the Archbishop of Quebec furnishes the principal letter. Mexico is remarkable for the number of its addresses; besides the Metropolitan Chapter of the Capital, the Bishops of Guadalajara, Michoacan, Yucatan, Sonora, Oaxaca and many others, are represented in the book. The contributions from South America are few. The Archbishops of Lima and Santiago, in Peru and Chili, and the Monastery of Merzé del Cuzco alone furnish letters. From Brazil there is a letter of the Archbishop of Bahia only. The addresses from Australia and Oceanica are from the Archbishop of Sidney, and the Bishops of Melbourne and Auckland.

The History, Condition and Prospects of Hayti, have been largely and ably discussed lately in the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in the New York *Tribune*. Of an article in the former publication, the first thirty-three pages form an able survey of the history of Hayti since its independence, and of the rule of Emperor Soulouque. Nowhere is there, in the same compass, more of authentic information and acute remark upon the subject.

UNDER the title of *L'Architecture du Cinquieme au Seizieme Siècle et les Arts qui en dependent*,

M. JULES GAILHABAUD is now producing at Paris a work of high value to the architect and antiquary. Many years spent in travels and special studies, and an extensive collection of interesting documents, qualify him beyond all contemporaries for such an undertaking. He treats not merely the architecture of the middle ages, but sculpture, mural painting, painting on glass, mosaic work, bronzes, iron work, the furniture of churches, &c. The book is to be published in fifteen parts, quarto, with engravings on steel, or colored lithographs. Eight parts are already published, containing remarkable specimens of the Carovingian, Roman, and *Renaissance* architecture, a Templars' church, Moorish buildings, &c. The whole, when finished, will cost, at Paris, from sixty to one hundred dollars, according to the kind of paper on which the engravings are printed.

AMONG the periodical publications of Italy, the *Rivista Italiana*, a monthly review issued at Turin, occupies a high place. Its list of writers includes Mancini, Balbo, d'Ayala, Carracciolo, Farini, &c. Subjects of the first importance are treated with marked ability in its pages. Its political tendencies are toward constitutional monarchy.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* says that an extraordinary and valuable collection of letters illustrative of the life, writings and character of the poet Pope has just "turned unexpectedly up,"—and has been secured by Mr. John Wilson Croker for his new edition of the poet's works. The collection consists of a series of letters addressed by Pope to his coadjutor Broome—of copies of Broome's replies—and of many original letters from Fenton (Pope's other coadjutor in the *Odyssey*), also addressed to Broome.

LORD BROUGHAM gave notice some six months ago, of his intention to visit the United States, during the present month of February, but if it is true, as stated in the Liverpool *Albion*, that he has lost his sight (partly in consequence of some painful bodily infirmity with which he has some time been afflicted), he of course will not come.

OF ALICE CAREY'S ballad entitled "Jessie Carol," printed in the last number of the *International*, J. G. Whittier says, in the *Era*, that "it has the rich tone and coloring and heart-reaching pathos and tenderness of the fine old ballads of the early days of English literature." Miss Carey is passing the winter in New-York, where a poem by her is in press, which one of the most eminent and time-honored literary men in America has declared to be, in all the best elements of poetry, decidedly superior to any work yet published from the hand of a woman.

[Pg 306]

MRS. THERESE ADOLPHINE LOUISE ROBINSON, the wife of the distinguished Professor and traveller, is best known in the literary world under the name of *Talvi*, and is indisputably one of the most prominent of the few profoundly learned and intellectual women of the age. She is the daughter of the German savan, L. H. Jacob, who was long a Professor at Halle, where she was born on the 26th of January, 1797. In 1806, her father was called to a professorship at the Russian University of Charkow. Here the family remained for five years, and the daughter, though deprived of the advantages of a regular education, laid the foundation of that acquaintance with the Slavonic languages and literature, which she has since so profitably and honorably cultivated. During this time she wrote her first poems, songs full of the girl's longing for her German home, which the strange half Asiatic environment of Southern Russia rendered by contrast only dearer and more attractive. In 1811 her father was transferred to St. Petersburg, and there her studies were necessarily confined to the modern languages. But her own industry was intense and incessant; she devoted a great deal of time to historical reading, and privately cultivated her poetic talent. Her mind pursued the same direction, when, in 1816, her father returned to Halle, where she first made herself mistress of the Latin. Though her friends beset her to give some of her productions to the public, she long resisted. Meanwhile she wrote several tales, which were published at Halle in 1825, under the title of *Psyche*, with *Talvi* as the name of the author. This pseudonym is composed of the initials of Mrs. Robinson's maiden name. In 1822, she translated Walter Scott's *Covenanters* and *Black Dwarf*, under the name of Ernst Berthold. About this time there fell into her hands a review, by Jacob Grimm, of the collection of Servian popular songs, published by Mark Stephanowich. This increased her interest in that literature to such a degree, that she determined to learn the Servian language. Hence arose the translation of *Popular Songs of the Servians*, which, with the aid of some Servian friends, she brought out at Halle, in 1825-6, in two volumes. In 1828, she became the wife of Professor Robinson, and after a long journey with him in different parts of the old world, came to America. Here she was for some time engaged in the study of the aboriginal languages, and prepared a translation into German of Pickering's Work on the Indian tongues of North America, which was published at Leipzig, in 1834. At the same time, she wrote in English a work entitled *Historical View of the Slavic*

Languages, which was published in this country, in 1834, and translated into German, by Karl von Olberg, in 1837. This work gives evidence of most remarkable literary attainments. In 1837 she again visited Europe with her husband and children, and remained in Germany till 1840. During this time she wrote and published at Leipzig, in German, an *Attempt at a Historical Characterization of the Popular Songs of the Germanic Nations, with a Review of the Songs of the extra-European Races*. This is a work of a most comprehensive character, and fills up a deficiency which was constantly becoming more apparent, in the direction opened by Herder. It evinces an unprejudiced and catholic mind, a just, poetic, sensible, clear and secure understanding, as well as the most extensive and thorough acquirements. Before her return to America she also published, in German, a small work on *The Falseness of the Songs of Ossian*. An article from her pen, entitled *From the History of the First Settlements in the United States*, published in 1845 in Rumei's *Historiches Taschenbuch*, is also worthy of notice. In 1847 she brought out at Leipzig, a historical work on the *Colonization of New England*, which has received the deserved applause of all the German critics, and which abundantly merits a translation into English. An elaborate review of it appeared lately in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," in which justice was rendered to its character for research and judicious handling. In 1849 she published in New-York, with a preface by Dr. Robinson, a *Historical Review of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations; with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry*. It is in one volume, from the press of Mr. Putnam, and it has been generally admitted that there is not in any language so complete and attractive an epitome of the literature and various idioms of the great Sclavonic Nations, north and south. Last year Mrs. Robinson gave to the world (through the Appletons) a novel, entitled *Heloise*, in which there are admirable pictures of social life in one of the minor capitals of Germany, and a very able one of the administration of the Russian government in the Caucasian provinces, and of the nature of Caucasian warfare. The last work (just published by the same house), is *Life's Discipline, a Tale of the Civil Wars of Hungary*. As a tale it is to us more interesting than *Heloise*, and it has no less freshness of incident, scenery and character. Though Mrs. Robinson's distinction is for scholarship and judgment, rather than for invention, these works entitle her to a very high rank among the female novel writers.

MRS. H. C. KNIGHT (we believe of Portsmouth in New-Hampshire) has just given to the public a very interesting "New Memoir of Hannah More, or Life in Hall and Cottage." It is a book of genuine merit, displaying in a pleasing style the most striking scenes in the history of one of the noblest of the women of England. (Published by M. W. Dodd.)

PROFESSOR H. B. HACKETT, of the Trenton Theological Institution, has in press a "Philological and Exegetical Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles," which will be published in the spring. It will embrace various critical discussions in an appendix.

[Pg 307]

MADAME ANITA GEORGE, the authoress of the very clever books entitled "Memoirs of the Queens of Spain" (recently published by Baker & Scribner), is not, as some suppose, an American, though she began and has thus far advanced upon her literary life in this country. She is a native of Spain, and is the daughter of a French gentleman—an officer of the Empire—who married there. Her early life was passed in Cuba, where her father settled when she was about three years of age. In her seventeenth year she was married to Mr. George, who is an Englishman.

When Mr. FENIMORE COOPER published his *Life of Commodore Perry*, which the sober second thought of the people endorses as entirely candid and just, we remember that it was urged by the Philadelphia critics (who constitute a class, as much as the Philadelphia lawyers do), that even if every thing he advanced were *true*, Mr. Cooper had no right to disregard the "settled and satisfactory opinions of the country upon the subject." We could never so appreciate as perfectly to admit the truth of the canon in criticism here involved, and to this day we cannot help agreeing with Gibbon, that "Truth is the first virtue of history." Mrs. George seems to concur with Gibbon and Cooper, and disregarding the poetry and romance woven about the name of Isabella the Catholic, has painted her according to the documents, which by no means warranted the common good report of her.

Queen Isabella, according to Mrs. George, owes to some agreeable qualities, but most of all to her patronage of Columbus, oblivion of remarkable faults, which were prolific of evil to Spain. She escaped at the expense of her husband Ferdinand, who has been charged with her sins as well as his own. She was not a person to yield to any one where her power and rights were in question, so that in all matters concerning home policy, she is at least entitled to an equal share of the discredit; and in the establishment of the Inquisition, and the persecution of the Jews and Moors, she stands alone. Ferdinand was always disposed to put his religion behind his interest, and was urged by his wife into measures of which he disapproved; sometimes, indeed, she ordered or permitted persecutions of which he was altogether ignorant. Beside the wickedness of these things, their impolicy was not less conspicuous. The oppression of the Moors, and the expulsion of both Moors and Jews, destroyed the mechanical and commercial industry of Spain; the overthrow of the feudal power and privileges of the nobility, and the establishment of

despotism in the crown, checked the growth of civil freedom, as the introduction of the Inquisition induced religious bigotry, and withered mental independence and intellectual cultivation. Nor is Mrs. George disposed to allow weight to the excuse, urged in favor of Isabella upon such facts as undeniably tell against her. The Spaniards of the age, she says, were not so bigoted; the Kings of Aragon, supported by their subjects, had set the Popes at defiance; the Cortes of Aragon and of Valencia resisted the introduction of the Inquisition; some of the clergy, with Fray Francisco de Talavera Archbishop of Granada at their head, were opposed to all persecution; even the Pope remonstrated against some wholesale slaughter; and when persecution had provoked an insurrection, Ferdinand himself was wroth. Nor does the biographer even see an excuse in the Queen's conscience. When religion or churchmen stood in the way of her power or interests, they were blown aside. There is in these conclusions, something of the woman and of the Spaniard, anxious to excuse in any way the historical degradation and present weakness of Spain. If the Spaniards were really enterprising and industrious, there seems no reason why they might not have engaged in commerce, agriculture, and the useful arts, although the Jews and Moors were expelled: the Jews were ousted from England long before they were driven from Spain, yet the English got on in the absence of the house of Israel. The destruction of the enormous power of the nobility was absolutely necessary, not only to the establishment of order, but almost to the existence of society itself. It could only be brought about by throwing the power of the common people into the scale of the crown; and so far as Ferdinand and Isabella were concerned, it seems to have been a wise and politic measure. The real despotism of the crown was established by Charles the Fifth, and he might not have been able to effect it, had he been only King of Spain. For the religious tyranny, cruelty, and want of faith of Isabella in violating stipulations, Mrs. George is sparing in the quotation of authorities, and she often rather asserts than narrates in the account of facts that would prove the case. A strict analysis might also show that temporal power was the object aimed at, and religion a disguise for ambition. We think, however, that the case of relentless and cruel persecution is established against Isabella the Catholic; and that it was aggravated by the power which the priesthood exercised over her mind in things indifferent or which agreed with her inclination. In the graces of person and manner, and in suavity of temper towards her own party, or those whom she wished to gain, Isabella of Castile far excelled her granddaughter Mary of England. In tenacity of purpose, in obstinacy, and in indifference to the misery arising from their orders, it is possible they were more alike than the world has supposed. And Isabella might have had a similar cognomen, had not the Spaniards continued as bloody as her age and as bigoted as herself.

The style of Mrs. George is in the main very good; but occasional defects in diction and in the structure of sentences, are matters of course in a woman who writes in a foreign language. There are some points in the Queen's history passed over too lightly, and the narrative is not always continuous. Isabella's relations with Columbus, are barely noticed, on the ground that they had already been so largely illustrated by Irving and Prescott. Miss Pardoe, who has edited an English impression of the book, has supplied its most obvious defects induced by this consideration.

[Pg 308]

Mrs. George has just left this country for Madrid, and we have reasons for believing that she will devote the remainder of her life to literature. She has in contemplation two works, both relating to Spain, which can hardly fail under her spirited and ingenious treatment of being eminently attractive. Since she is no longer in America, we may gratify curiosity by remarking that she is some years under thirty, and is one of the most beautiful and brilliantly-talking women of the present day.

WE are gratified to learn that there is a prospect of the appearance of the Memoirs and Inedited Works of our late eminent countryman HENRY WHEATON, the ablest and faithfulest and worst-used diplomatic servant of the United States in the present century. The last time this great man visited New-York he passed several hours in our study, and we remember that he said then that his Letters to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, his various Tracts, Reviews, Historical Essays, &c., which he would wish to collect, would make some three or four volumes as large as his work on "The Law of Nations." He had also nearly or quite finished a new work on the History of the Northmen, being a translation and improvement of his *Histoire des Peuples du Nord*, published in Paris, which was an extension of the volume he contributed originally to the Family Library, in 1831, upon the same subject. This important work was advertised, we believe, before the death of Mr. Wheaton, to be published in two octavos, by the Appletons, but it has not yet been printed.

R. R. MADDEN'S "Infirmities of Genius," a very pleasant book, is in the press of Mr. J. S. Redfield. Madden is an Irishman, and he first became known to the public by his "Travels in Turkey," published about twenty-five years ago. The "Infirmities of Genius" appeared in 1833, and two American editions of the work have heretofore been printed. In 1835 Mr. Madden came to the United States, and in 1836-7-8-9, he filled the office of Superintendent of Liberated Africans, and Commissioner of Arbitration in the Mixed Court of Justice at Havana. His various experiences and observations, during eight years of official and private life in America, the West Indies, and

Africa, led to the composition of several tracts on the slave-trade, and a volume printed we think some two years ago on "the Island of Cuba, its Resources, Progress, and Prospects." The "Infirmities of Genius" is, in a literary point of view, his best production; and it is likely to retain a place among the contributions of the age to standard English literature.

THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN, whose effective elocution and brilliant rhetoric attract crowds to his ordinary discourses at the Universalist Church in Murray-street, has in the press of Mr. J. S. Redfield, a volume upon "Womanhood, Illustrated by the Women of the New Testament"—not treating of these characters in the offensive style of the small rhetoricians, but rather in that of Emerson's Representative Men, presenting Martha as a type of the women of society, &c. We believe we have not before referred in these pages to the fact, that Mr. Chapin was commonly regarded as by far the finest orator in the recent Peace Congress at Frankfort, in which were a large number of men from several nations eminent for eloquence.

A DISCOVERY OF IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, according to a Chicago paper, has recently been made among the manuscripts which were saved from the pillage of the Jesuits' College in Quebec. "It is well known by those familiar with the resources of early American history, that the publication of the Jesuit Relations, which furnish so much of interest in regard to the discovery and early exploration of the region bordering on our northern lakes, was discontinued after the year 1672. Some were known to have been written, but the manuscripts were supposed to be lost. The Relations from 1672 to 1679 inclusive, have lately been discovered, and among them a manuscript containing a full account of the voyages of Father Marquette, and of the discovery by him of the Mississippi river. It was undoubtedly this manuscript which furnished Thevenot the text of his publication in 1687, of 'The voyages and discoveries of Father Marquette and of the Sieur Joliet.' The latter kept a journal and drew a map of their route, but his canoe was upset in the falls of St. Louis, as he was descending the St. Lawrence in sight of Montreal, and he lost them with the rest of his effects. What increases the value of the present discovery is, that the original narrative goes much more into detail than the one published by Thevenot. The motive which prompted and the preparations which were made for the expedition are fully described, and no difficulty is found in tracing its route. There is also among the papers an autograph journal by Marquette, of his last voyage from the 25th of October, 1674, to the 6th of April, 1675, a month before his singular death, which occurred on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Also, a chart of the Mississippi drawn by himself, illustrating his travels. The one annexed to Thevenot's account, above referred to, a copy of which is contained in the third volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, is manifestly incorrect, as there is a variance between the route of the Jesuit as traced on his map, and that detailed in his text. The manuscript chart now rescued from oblivion, reconciles all discrepancies, and constitutes a most interesting historical relic."

[Pg 309]

AMONG the publications of the past month, *A copious and critical Latin-English Lexicon*, royal octavo, pp. 1663, from the press of the Harpers, is especially deserving of praise. We congratulate Professors Andrews and Turner on the honorable close to their long and arduous labors. They have earned thanks of all beginning students and riper scholars in the Latin tongue. These, and the advancement of sound learning, are the only adequate rewards for labors so untiring and long continued; so wearisome and beneficial. The highest and only just praise of this admirable volume, would be given by a plain statement of its merits, but these are too extensive and varied to be even catalogued within brief limits—we can only touch upon a few of them. For a year past we have had opportunity and occasion to examine parts of the work as it was going on to completion, and to compare it with others of similar design. We speak then advisedly when we say that it far surpasses any such Lexicon hitherto in use among us, and should supersede them all. Since the works of Forcellini, and Facciolati, and Gesner, very great advances have been made in all departments of classical Philology; many of the best results of these advances were embodied in Freund's great Lexicon, the first volume of which was published in 1834. But since then, and even since 1845, the date of the last volume, the thirst for antiquarian research has slaked itself at newly discovered sources. The present editors, to a discriminating selection from all that the zeal and activity of others have gathered, up to the latest time, have added valuable knowledge from their own varied stores, and at last furnished to American students a work superior in its kind to any that has preceded it here or abroad. It combines in a remarkable degree the copiousness of a Thesaurus with the brevity and convenience for ready reference of a school-dictionary. Citations abundantly sufficient to meet the wants of ordinary readers are given in full, while distinct references guide the more exacting scholar over a much wider field of original authority. In this way space is economized, and the book is made cheap without a sacrifice of learning. Its first general merit is its singular correctness. In a verification of the almost numberless passages quoted, and a correction of time-honored blunders, committed by subordinates, but sanctioned by names of great writers employing them; in a distrust of authority at second-hand, and persistent fidelity to the cause of learning, we recognize the diligence of Prof. W. W. Turner. Those who have never tried this kind of work have but an inadequate idea of its demands on the brain, and on the conscience too. *Reading through* a dictionary is an after-

dinner pastime in comparison. The vocabulary is more extended than in other lexicons. But the peculiar and highest merit of this work appears in definitions, remarkable for clearness, fulness, and distinction of the subtle shades of meaning. Colloquial, technical, and other special uses of words, here receive their share of attention, and are felicitously rendered or illustrated by corresponding English terms. The arrangement is admirable. The words of the vocabulary are distinguished by an appropriate type. The etymology, the primitive and derivative, the general and special, the proper and tropical significations of a word; its meaning before the courts, in the temples, at the games, among the Roman mob or the Roman exquisites; its anti-classical, golden-augustan, neo-degenerate or patristic use—all this is given in a regular order, by changes of type and an ingenious system of abbreviations, so that the whole origin, history, value and application of any Latin word may be taken in, almost at a glance. The amount of archaeological learning—compressed indeed but never obscured by abridgment—scattered through these pages is immense. Finally there is an appendix, containing the XII. Tables, and other specimens of Archaic Latin; and another, giving a list of Italian and French words, varied by euphonic changes from the Latin origin. There are also a translation of Freund's original preface by Prof. Woolsey, and a modest preface by Prof. Andrews, the editor in chief.

THE REV. F. W. SHELTON, minister of an out-of-the-way parish on Long Island, and known in literature hitherto only by two or three wise lectures which he addressed to the young men of his village, (though his intimate friends have guessed all the while that his hand was in some of the wittiest and most unique contributions to the *Knickerbocker*;) has published during the last month one of the best specimens of allegory furnished by this age. It is entitled "Salander," and has for its subject the backbiting dragon sometimes called by similar name. It makes a neat duodecimo, illustrated with wood cuts, and is published by Samuel Hueston.

PROFESSOR BUSH is editing and will soon publish (through J. S. Redfield), the pious and ingenious Heinrich Stilling's celebrated "Theory of Pneumatology." It is a remarkable book, and in this sea of silliness about knocking spirits, &c., which in so remarkable a degree has shown that the infidels who cannot receive the Bible, because it is "incredible," are the most credulous fools in the world, the German psychologist will command attention. Dr. Bush adds to the work a preface and notes.

MISS MARTINEAU and a Mr. Atkinson have just published a volume entitled "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," in which they handle very boldly the subjects of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Phrenology, &c. It is altogether and avowedly materialistic.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has written a satire upon "The Rappers,"—a humorous and witty poem of a thousand lines or so, which will be out, we believe in *Graham's Magazine*, during the month.

[Pg 310]

MR. HENRY C. PHILLIPS, once, we understand, a companion of the traveller Catlin, proposes to publish from his note-book and portfolio, "Sites for Cities, and Scenes of Beauty and Grandeur, to be made famous by the Poets and Painters of Coming Ages: observed in a Pedestrian Journey across the middle of the North American Continent, in 1850." This is a good title, and such a book will be interesting a thousand years hence, for its prophecies. Surveying the vast chain of mountains, which rises midway between the oceans, a poetical Jesuit said, "They are in labor with nations." Mr. Phillips might easily have fancied, as he pursued his summer journey through the wilderness from Oregon and California, among regions more lovely and magnificent than any that were seen by the fathers of art, that of such sights should be born nobler works than have yet been addressed to the senses or to the imagination; and it is not improbable that many a London, and Moscow, and Berlin, and Paris, will some time have their busy populations, where now the ground is hidden by the falling leaves of forests, and trampled by wild horses and buffaloes.

ONE of the most eminent of the living English historians, lately discovered, as he thought, that "Old Sam Adams" was a *defaulter*, and that he was opposed to Washington; and not choosing to wait until the exposure could be made in his forthcoming work, he communicated it to a very distinguished American, by letter. Now this is all sheer nonsense. It is not necessary to deny the justice of the suspicion that Samuel Adams was unfriendly to Washington, and all the facts as to his conduct as collector for his Majesty's port of Boston, are perfectly familiar to our historical students. He did not indeed pay into the exchequer every shilling with which he was *charged*: well understood circumstances prevented the *collection* of a large amount of duties; but whatever

he received was paid over, and his accounts were squared to a farthing.

MR. WILLIS—the best artist in words, we have now, perhaps—is preparing a new volume for Baker & Scribner. His "People I have Met," "Life Here and There," and other books published by that house, have sold remarkably well—better, we are inclined to think, than any literary works reprinted in America for a long time—though the public was previously familiar with them under other forms and titles. This proves that the popularity of Willis is genuine and *permanent*. In his way, he is unrivalled,—in any way, he has among the authors of this country but some half dozen peers.

J. G. WHITTIER has commenced in *The National Era* the publication of a new prose work, entitled "My Summer with Dr. Singleterry." It will probably be about as long as his admirable "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," which appeared first in the same paper.

OF CHRISTMAS STORIES, the last season has been unusually prolific. Thackeray published one called "The Kickleburys upon the Rhine;" illustrated with fifteen of his own designs. Both the illustrations and the story are liberally praised by the journals. The authoress of "Mary Barton" published another, under the title of "Moreland Cottage," not, like her former work, a story of social wrong, but of gentle domestic life. At the same time it is, if we may judge by extracts in the papers, marked by the admirable peculiarities of her writing. There were some dozen others, most of which were by less distinguished writers.

THE LIFE OF CALVIN, from the German of Henry, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, is to be republished in this city immediately by Messrs. Carter, and we purpose making its appearance an occasion for some observations upon that extraordinary person, whose various and astonishing learning and genius, exhibited in speculation, and affairs, and wit—the small arms of his controversy, as terrible as the artillery of his logic—and really gentle and altogether noble nature, present a spectacle which, redeemed from sectarian prejudice and perverse historical misrepresentation, challenges in the most eminent degree the admiration of mankind.

THE pleasantest book of travels forthcoming from an American press is "Nile Notes of a Howadje," an anonymous record of a voyage upon the Nile—not at all statistical or learned, but a diary, and sketches of personal impressions, aiming to give the *picturesque* of the country, and not vexing the reader with the mooted Egyptian questions. We have glanced over a few sheets of it, and are confident that if success depends upon quality, it will prove one of the most successful books yet published, upon a region which is illustrated by a larger amount of literature than any other in the world. (Harpers, publishers.)

MR. PUTNAM has just published a third and very much improved edition of his excellent work, "The World's Progress." We have already expressed in this magazine the opinion that "The World's Progress" is the most interesting, valuable, and altogether indispensable manual of reference, for the student or general reader, that has been published in this country. It is a hand-book of facts, so perspicuously classified and arranged, as to suit the necessities of persons of every degree of intelligence, and so full, upon almost every sort of subjects, as to serve the purposes of a universal manual. The new edition is augmented by a supplement embracing the most recent statistics, etc.

THREE eminent scholars and authors, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Falconer, and Dr. Twiss, are appointed by the British government, arbitrators to determine the boundary between the provinces of Canada and Nova Scotia, which has for some years been in dispute.

[Pg 311]

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF MR. HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, being the first volume of the post-revolutionary history, will be published immediately, we believe, by the Harpers. We look for an exceedingly interesting book. Of the earlier volumes of the History, the London *Spectator* observes:—

"The distinguishing literary characteristic of this history is a careful succinctness. The convenience of a summary notice of the gradual discovery of America, and the necessity of singly narrating the foundation of each separate colony, render any substantial novelty of plan in a history of the United States impossible, except upon some scheme where fitness should be sacrificed to fanciful strangeness. Mr. Hildreth has judiciously refrained from attempting any thing of the kind: but perhaps he has pushed the mere chronological arrangement to an excess, and given undue prominence to the discoveries and settlement of North America by foreigners, in proportion to the scale of his work. In the execution, Mr. Hildreth has carefully read and as carefully digested his various authorities, and presented the results of his studies succinctly, closely, and comprehensively. In many cases the compendious style is apt to fall into a vague generality, or the pith of the matter is liable to be missed; but such is not the case with Mr. Hildreth's. He states all that he sees, though he would see more if he possessed a loftier and imaginative mind. We know not his profession, but there is something lawyerlike in his work. One subject seems the same to him as another: it is not so much that he wants variety of power; as that he does not seem to feel the variety in nature. His book is as much a digest as a history. The parts in which Mr. Hildreth succeeds best are those that relate to the social and religious opinions and practices of the colonists. In fact, it is as a social history that it possesses character and value. The author's quiet unimpassioned style presents the strange peculiarities that obtained among the New England colonists till within little more than a generation of the Revolutionary war, and some traces of which still remain."

"THE MEMORIAL, *written by friends of the late Mrs. Osgood*," to which we have heretofore referred in these pages, is the most beautiful book published in America during the season, and as an original literary miscellany it surpasses any volume that ever appeared in the English language. The *Albion* says of it:

"Seldom has a more graceful compliment been paid to the memory of departed worth, than is exhibited in this handsome volume, which is edited by Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt. It originated at a chance meeting of a literary coterie, soon after the death of the gifted and amiable woman in whose honor it has been put together. When the conversation turned upon the many claims which she possessed on the affections and the esteem of those present, it was resolved that a souvenir volume should be made up from their voluntary contributions, and that the profits arising from the sale should be devoted to erecting a monument over her grave, in the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, near Boston. Many writers of distinguished merit have engraved their names upon this preparatory tablet, not all being numbered amongst her friends and acquaintances, but all appreciating the many virtues of the deceased lady, and the kindly motives of her sorrowing friends. The table of contents shows indeed such a list of names as should insure the speedy attainment of the object in view. We can but mention half-a-dozen—Hawthorne, Willis, G. P. R. James, the Bishop of Jamaica, John Neal, Stoddard, Boker, G. P. Morris and Bayard Taylor, amongst the men, and Miss Lynch, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Oaksmith, Mrs. Sigourney, and the Editress to represent the sisterhood of authorship. An admirable likeness of Mrs. Osgood, from a portrait by her husband, serves as a frontispiece, and, with some charming vignettes on steel and other illustrations, enhances the value of this choice and creditable book." (Putnam, publisher.)

FORTUNE-TELLING is as much in vogue as ever in Paris. A book, which is said to have caused much observation, appeared there lately, which is thus described in the correspondence of the *London Literary Gazette*:—

"It consists of extracts from the voluminous writings of a poor *gentilhomme* of Brittany, during a period of upwards of sixty years, and each extract is a prediction of some one of the great political convulsions which have occurred in this country during that time. Never was there a more correct *Vates*; but Cassandra herself was not more disregarded than he. The downfall and execution of Louis XVI., the horrors of the Terror, the power and overthrow of Napoleon, the revolution of 1830, and the republic of 1848, were all predicted years before they came to pass; but the poor prophet was set down as a madman by all his literary contemporaries, and during his lifetime not a single newspaper would consent to say any thing about his predictions. What is the most singular thing of all is, that he foretold (years ago, remember—when Louis Philippe was at the height of his power), that the proclamation of the republic would lead to the domination of a member of Napoleon's family, and so it has; though if any one only six months before Louis Napoleon's election had predicted the same thing, he would certainly have been set down as a lunatic. In consequence of this extraordinary foresight of our prophet, people have looked with no little concern to what he says for the future.

And alas! they have met with nothing very consolatory. We are, it seems, on the brink of a fearful social crisis, the consequence of which will be the complete destruction of European society as at present constituted; and this destruction is only to be effected by the shedding of rivers of blood, and the weeping of oceans of tears!"

WE are pleased to perceive that the writings of Hartley Coleridge are soon to be collected and suitably published. Mr. Moxon advertises as in press, his *Poems*, with a Memoir of his life, by his brother, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge; *Essays and Marginalia*, in two volumes; and *Lives of Distinguished Northerns*, a new edition, in two volumes.

LAMARTINE receives for his *Histoire du Directoire*—the sequel of *The Girondists*—at which he works from fourteen to sixteen hours every day, only 12,000 francs, equal to about \$2,400.

[Pg 312]

AMONG the "books in press" advertised in London at the beginning of the year, by Bentley, are *The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason*, now first published from the original MSS., and edited, with notes, by the Rev. J. Mitford, author of "The Life of Gray." This work will contain the last series of Walpole's unpublished letters. A *History of Greek and Roman Classical Literature*, with an introduction on each of the languages, biographical notices, and an account of the periods in which each principal author lived and wrote, so far as literature was affected by such history, and observations on the works themselves, by R. W. Browne, one of the professors in King's College, London. And *The Literary Veteran*, including sketches and anecdotes of the most distinguished literary characters, from 1794 to 1849, by R. P. Gilles.

THE REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER has just published a volume entitled "The Island World of the Pacific," (Harpers,) which for various personal interest, fulness and accuracy of information, and right feeling, is to be preferred to any book on the subject since the appearance of Cook's Voyages. We know of no traveller in Polynesia who has had better opportunities for observation than Mr. Cheever. His abilities as a writer were illustrated by "The Whale and his Captors," published two or three years ago. The style of the present performance is not at all inferior, and it is especially commendable for a perspicuous compactness. So much misrepresentation of the Sandwich and other Islands has appeared lately, that we are glad of an opportunity to commend a book so authoritative and satisfactory upon the whole subject.

M. J. MOREAU of Paris, has completed a new version into French of the *Imitatio Christi*, and has accompanied it with select passages from the Fathers and other pious authors. The same writer has also published under the title of *Le Philosophe Inconnu*, an essay on the ideas and writings of the celebrated theosophist Saint-Martin. This remarkable mystic, who in his lifetime was surrounded by so many disciples and admirers, is now known only to the curious seekers among the dusty shelves of libraries. M. Moreau attempts to show that his heresies contained a spice of orthodoxy, and this he endeavors to develop for the benefit of whom it may concern.

BISHOP ONDERDONK of Pennsylvania is a person of large abilities; he is one of the strongest writers of the Episcopal Church in the country; and it is unjust that the unfortunate circumstances of his ecclesiastical position should prevent the recognition of his merits as a scholar and dialectician. We are pleased, therefore, that his friends have taken measures for the publication of a collection of his *Theological Works*, including sermons and Episcopal charges.

NEW GERMAN POEMS.—Louise von Plönnies has published two new books of poetry, one under the title of *Neue Gedichte* (New Poems), the other *Oskar und Giaunetta*. They are spoken of as superior to her former productions, and worthy of a most honorable place among the productions of German poetesses. Oscar and Giaunetta is a love story in verse. The purpose of the writer is to exhibit the masculine and feminine principles, Thought and Beauty, as mutually completing each other in the passion of love. The *Monates-Mährchen* (Tales of the Month), by Gustar von Mayem, are poems of another sort. Instead of sentimentality, the stock in trade of this writer is patriotism and politics. His inspiring thought is the unity of Germany and the national greatness which must

result therefrom. Unfortunately this thought does not find so welcome a reception with statesmen as with poets.

A PRODUCTION of the most indisputable German plodding and erudition is the *Satzungen und Gebräuche des talmudisch-rabbinischen Judenthums*, by Dr. I. F. Schröder, lately issued at Bremen. It gives a complete account of the religious notions, doctrines, and usages of the Jews. To theologians it is of high value for the light which it casts upon the formation and institutions of the Christian Church. The author has employed in its composition the writings of every sect, and has condensed in it the result of a thorough study of the entire literature relating to the Old Testament and the rabbinical writings. He writes with the greatest impartiality, and in the interest of no particular creed or tendency.

M. ARAGO said lately in the Academy of Sciences, upon the suggestion of some possibilities in aerostation, that a long time since the whole subject had been treated in a masterly manner by Mousnier, a celebrated member of the Academy of Sciences. His treatise had remained in manuscript in the public library of Metz, and if it should be committed to the press, it would prove to those who think they have discovered new methods of aerial locomotion, that what is plausible and rational in their ideas was already perfectly well known, expounded and appreciated, in the last century.

THE government of Naples constantly increases its list of prohibited books. Among the works now excluded, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Heeren's *Historical Treatises*, Ovid, Lucian, Lucretius, Sophocles, Suetonius, Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, E. Girardin, G. Sand, Lamartine, Valery's *L'Italie*, Goethe, Schiller, Thiers, A. Dumas, Molière, all the German philosophers, and Henry Stephens's *Greek Dictionary*.

THE ABBÉ LACORDAIRE has published an introduction to a work entitled *Le Monde Occulte*—an exposition of the mysteries of magnetism, by means of somnambulism.

[Pg 313]

A BOOK which contains some excellent sketches relative to MAZZINI and the Roman Republic, has been published at Bremen, with the title, *Des Republikaner's Schwedfahrt*, (The Republican's Sword-Pilgrimage). The author is a German, Ernst Hang, who held a high post in the Roman army. He is now in Asia Minor, where his work was written. It is eloquent sometimes, and entertaining and sensible always. His remarks on the mutual relations of Germany and Italy, are admitted to be sound and judicious.

THE HON. CHARLES A. MURRAY, author of a volume of *Travels in America*, and of three or four novels, is now the British Consul-General in Egypt, and with his newly-married wife was to depart for Alexandria, to resume his consular duties, towards the close of January.

THE first volume of a most valuable and interesting work has just made its appearance at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is called *Geschichte der Frauen* (History of Woman), and is from the pen of G. Jung. The volume now issued contains the history of the oppression of woman, and her gradual self-emancipation down to the Christian era. It is written with great talent, and comprehensive learning, but without pedantry. The author believes that the emancipation of woman is not yet completed, and she has a right to a free development of her faculties, and a perfectly independent position in society. Two more volumes will complete the work.

The Fine Arts.

RICHARD WAGNER, well known as an artist, has brought out at Leipzig a book called *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (Art in the Future), which excites a good deal of attention, and is soundly assailed by those who dislike it. Wagner adopts the philosophical ideas of Feuerbach, and treats his subject from that stand-point. Into modern art he pitches with all the force of a genuine iconoclast. He

says it is a sexless, sterile product of dreams, not art, but merely manner, &c. With him art must come out of the people, and be the apotheosis of the people. The people are immortal and ever young. With the poets and novel-writers of the day, Wagner has no more patience than with the artists. They are, he thinks, dilettanti, sentimentalists, who coquet with the misery of the masses, in order to serve the same up well spiced and warmed to their luxurious and fashionable readers. The ideal and absolute in art he finds in the drama, which is the sum and type of all other artistic creations. But no drama yet produced satisfies him, and he tells the reasons why without hesitation. Those who wish to be entertained and set thinking by an author who is in earnest even when most paradoxical, may look at Wagner's book with advantage.

THORWALDSEN.—The Danish Government some time since sent Mr. Thiele, a competent person, to Rome, for the purpose of collecting every thing that could be obtained toward a history of the life and works of this illustrious sculptor, whose early life is so obscure that even the date and place of his birth are unknown, as well as the employment he made of the first years that he was in Italy. Mr. Thiele has found a number of casks in the cellars of the Tomati Palace at Rome, filled with letters, addressed to Thorwaldsen, and among them a long and constant correspondence between him and his mother, who lived part of the time in Denmark and part of the time in Iceland, her native country. It seems that Thorwaldsen had the habit of preserving his papers, even to the most trifling, by flinging them confusedly into a cedar box in his room; when that was full they were emptied into the casks where they have now been found; these casks were not noticed when all the other contents of the palace were removed to Copenhagen. Whatever is interesting in these papers will, of course, be published. Mr. Thiele has also discovered in the same cellar the model of a bas-relief by the same great artist, representing the Muses dancing by Helicon. It will be added to the collection of his works at Copenhagen.

THE artist HEIDEL has published at Berlin a series of Eight Illustrations to Goethe's Iphigenia. He aims in them to preserve unmixed the spirit of antique art, and thus to prove that the Germans are the true successors of the Greeks. The subjects of his designs are:—The Fall of Tantalus; the Departure of Agamemnon; the Sacrifice of Iphigenia; the Death of Agamemnon; the Death of Clytemnestræ; the Flight of Orestes; the Meeting of Orestes and Iphigenia; and the Return of Iphigenia. The designs are praised by the German critics. They say that in beholding the Flight of Orestes, pursued by the Furies, who dare not enter the sacred temple of Apollo where he seeks refuge, one imagines that he hears the fearful chanting of a chorus of Æschylus.

A NEW ART called *Metallography* has been discovered by Nicholas Zack, a lithographer at Munich, by means of which designs that have hitherto been engraved on wood can be put directly upon metal, and in such a manner as to be printed from. The plate is prepared beforehand, and the artist draws his design upon it with a pencil or a needle. Without any further labor, by means of the preparation alone, the plate will be ready for printing. Worn-out plates may be restored with very little expense.

A BOOKSELLER of Munich has published Albert Dürer's sketches from the prayer-book of Emperor Maximilian I., with the original text, colored initials, and an introduction. Price eight thalers, about \$6,00.

[Pg 314]

MORITZ RUGENDAS, a German artist, who has lately spent a considerable time in Mexico and the countries of South America, is now engaged at Munich, in arranging the pictures for which his journeys in those countries furnished him the materials. A work of such magnitude has never before been undertaken by any artist. He intends to treat each country in a continuous series of views. The Mexican series is now nearly completed, consisting of about 100 landscapes, in oil. It begins with Vera Cruz, where the artist landed, and goes through the whole country to the Pacific. First is the coast seen from the sea; next we behold the coast with the sea as it appears inland; then we mount to the plains, noticing the gradual change of the mountain formations, and the vegetation, with views in every direction from each interesting point; we pass through the great plateau, ascend the volcanoes and survey their craters, and admire the beauty of the region about the city of Mexico. From the city there are sketches of journeys in every direction, and at last we traverse the palm forest of St. Jago, and stand upon the heights whence the eye reaches to the Pacific. Every picturesque scene is finished with the greatest care and with special regard to the natural features of the landscape. Buildings and human figures are either avoided altogether or used as merely subordinate. When Mexico is completed, Rugendas will use in a similar manner the sketches he has taken in other countries. It is not known whether his pictures will be engraved or not. They will, we believe, become the property of the Royal Pinakothek, at

The painters at Vienna have formed an Art-Union, which is succeeding in its first exhibition, which is now open. Some well-known artists of Germany have sent pictures. Foltz, of Munich, has a landscape with a flock of sheep; Zimmerman a landscape with effect of sunlight; Hülner, of Düsseldorf, a boy reading the Bible to his mother, Vienna. Koeckoeck, of Holland, has two landscapes. The artists of Vienna have also not been backward. Among the names of the exhibitors we notice that of Waldmüller, who is known in this country for his picture of the Children leaving School, which was drawn a year since by one of the subscribers to the International Art-Union, and was regarded as one of the chief attractions of its collection.

We hear from Berlin that KAULBACH has painted in miniature the Four Evangelists, in a copy of Luther's translation of the New Testament, which is destined for the World's Fair. The book is a folio; the leaves are of vellum, and the printing is done in Gothic letters and in various colored inks by four accomplished masters of calligraphy. These artists have also ornamented their work with numerous vignettes. The book is now being exhibited at the Royal Library in Berlin.

MR. PRESCOTT, Mr. Ticknor, and other Boston gentlemen of high cultivation and artistic taste, have prepared a memorial to Congress that POWERS should be commissioned by government to put into marble his statue of America. For less than twenty-five thousand dollars, probably—for a sum not larger than that which was paid by the government for the two specimens of commonplace by Mr. Persico, this admirable production might be obtained in colossal size for the capitol.

The GERMAN *Archäologische Institut*, at Rome, celebrated the birth-day of Winckelmann on the 13th of December. Dr. Emil Braun read an essay on the two chief groups of the frieze of the Parthenon. These groups have hitherto been supposed to represent the twelve gods of Olympus; Dr. Braun attempted to show that they represent, in a double point of view, the native heroes of Attica. The physical development of the country is expressed in the genealogy of a royal race, beginning with Cecrops and his wife Agraulia, continued in Cranaus and Amphictyon, and finally passing into Erichthonius, the son of Atthis, and foster son of Pandrosos. The social organization of the state begins with Erechtheus, who is aided by his wife Praxithea, and his daughter Creusa. He annexes Eleusis to Athens, the former being here represented by Demeter and Triptolemus; finally Theseus with his friend Pirithous completes the civil organization of Athens, and establishes it upon a firm basis. Essays on subjects connected with antique art and history were also read by Dr. L. Schmidt, Dr. H. Brunn, and Dr. W. Heuzen.

The paintings of the Chapel of the Virgin in the Church of Nôtre Dame de Lorette, a vast work, which has hitherto remained unknown to the public, and which has been interrupted by the recent death of the painter, M. Victor Orsel, are now attracting attention. M. Perrin, intrusted with the execution of a similar chapel in the same edifice, will undertake the pious task of terminating the work of a friend, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest friendship, cemented by a community of ideas and talent. Orsel was making rapid strides towards a great reputation.

We had occasion lately to notice in the *International* the illustrations of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," by Mr. Ehninger. This young artist has just published in a large quarto (through Putnam) a series of Outline Illustrations of Washington Irving's "Dolph Heyliger," which are an improvement upon his first performance. Many of the scenes are admirably rendered. We believe Mr. Ehninger is now pursuing the study of art abroad.

The German sculptor, WOLFF, has added to, his many admirable works a figure of *Paris*, which is much praised.

Miss Bronte has just published in London the literary remains of her sisters, "Ellis" and "Acton Bell," with interesting sketches of their histories, including some glimpses of her own. We copy a portion of the review of the work in the *Athenæum*:

The lifting of that veil which for a while concealed the authorship of 'Jane Eyre' and its sister-novels, excites in us no surprise. It seemed evident from the first prose pages bearing the signatures of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, that these were *Rosalinds*—or a *Rosalind*—in masquerade:—some doubt as to the plurality of persons being engendered by a certain uniformity of local color and resemblance in choice of subject, which might have arisen either from identity, or from joint peculiarities of situation and of circumstance. It seemed no less evident that the writers described from personal experience the wild and rugged scenery of the northern parts of this kingdom; and no assertion or disproof, no hypothesis or rumor, which obtained circulation after the success of 'Jane Eyre,' could shake convictions that had been gathered out of the books themselves. In similar cases, guessers are too apt to raise plausible arguments on some point of detail,—forgetting that this may have been thrown in *ex proposito* to mislead the bystander; and hence the most ingenious discoverers become so pertinaciously deluded as to lose eye and ear for those less obvious indications of general tone of style, color of incident, and form of fable, on which more phlegmatic persons base measurement and comparison. Whatever of truth there may or may not be generally in the above remarks,—certain it is, that in the novels now in question instinct or divination directed us aright. In the prefaces and notices before us, we find that the Bells were three sisters:—two of whom are no longer amongst the living. The survivor describes their home as—

"A village parsonage, amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic; it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys; it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot: and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven,—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must itself brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest: where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm."

Thus much of the scene:—now as to the story of the authorship of these singular books:—

"About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves reunited and at home. Resident in a remote district where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life. * * One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse; I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me,—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine'—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise. The bringing out of our little book was hard work. * * Ill-success failed to crush us: the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced 'Wuthering Heights,' Acton Bell 'Agnes Grey,' and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon various

publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal. At last 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors."

The MS. of a one-volume tale by Currer Bell had been thought by Messrs. Smith & Elder so full of promise, that its writer was asked for a longer story in a more saleable form.—

[Pg 316]

"I was then just completing 'Jane Eyre,' at which I had been working while the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skillful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management. They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice."

The narrative may be best concluded in the writer's own words.

"Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again; I would fain think that hope and the sense of power was yet strong within them. But a great change approached: affliction came in that shape which to anticipate, is dread; to look back on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work. My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory, but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in any thing. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849. What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two unobtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits."

Though the above particulars be little more than the filling-up of an outline already clearly traced and constantly present whenever those characteristic tales recurred to us,—by those who have held other ideas with regard to the authorship of "Jane Eyre" they will be found at once curious and interesting from the plain and earnest sincerity of the writer. She subsequently enters on an analysis and discussion of "Wuthering Heights" as a work of art;—in the closing paragraph of her preface to that novel, insinuating an argument, if not a defence, the urgency of which is not sufficiently admitted by the bulk of the world of readers. Speaking of the fiendlike hero of her sister's work, she says:—

"Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know: I scarcely think it is. But this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that at times strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent 'to harrow the valleys, or be bound with a band in the furrow'—when it 'laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver'—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as fate or inspiration directs. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice."

It might have been added, that to those whose experience of men and manners is neither extensive nor various, the construction of a self-consistent monster is easier than the delineation of an imperfect or inconsistent reality—with all its fallings-short, its fitful aspirations, its mixed enterprises, and its interrupted dreams. But we must refrain from further speculation and illustration:—enough having been given to justify our characterizing this volume, with its preface, as a more than usually interesting contribution to the history of female authorship in England.

Pertinently of these biographies, the *Athenæum* remarks that "some of the most daring and original have owed their parentage, not to defying *Britomarts*, at war with society, who choose to make their literature match with their lives,—not to brilliant women figuring in the world, in whom every gift and faculty has been enriched, and whetted sharp, and encouraged into creative utterance, by perpetual communication with the most distinguished men of the time,—but to writers living retired lives in retired places, stimulated to activity by no outward influence, driven to confession by no history that demands apologetic parable or subtle plea."

FOOTNOTES:

- [13] *Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey*. By Ellis and Acton Bell. A new Edition Revised, with a Biographical Notice of the Authors, a Selection from their Literary Remains, and a Preface. By Currer Bell. Smith, Elder & Co.

DAVIS ON THE LAST HALF CENTURY. [14]

[Pg 317]

ETHERIZATION.

In 1802, the late reverend and venerable DR. MILLER of New Jersey, then an active minister of the Presbyterian church in this city, published here, in two large octavo volumes, the First Part of *A Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, containing a Sketch of the Revolutions and Improvements in Science, Arts and Literature, during that Period*. Six other volumes were contemplated, to cover grounds since occupied by the great work upon the Eighteenth Century, by Dr. Schlosser, but they never appeared. The facts embraced in Dr. Miller's Retrospect illustrated an extraordinary and successful intellectual activity in the preceding hundred years; but the fruits of investigation and reflection in that time were less remarkable and important than those which have marked the first half of the Nineteenth Century, of which the Rev. EMERSON DAVIS, D.D., has attempted to give us a survey in a single duodecimo. Within such brief limits completeness and fulness were out of the question, but we had a right to ask a judicious selection of topics, and—however brief and imperfect,—a careful and an honest statement of facts. We are sorry to perceive that brevity is the only redeeming quality of Dr. Davis's performance. It is altogether worthless, in almost every respect, and unless it tempt some competent person to the composition of an Account of the Progress of Society from 1800 to 1851, its appearance will be a public misfortune, as well as a private disgrace. Perfectly to justify this condemnation we will copy a single section—the one treating of the discovery of

"LETHEON, OR SULPHURIC ETHER, &c.

"In the autumn of 1846, it was announced in the public journals that a dentist in Boston, W. T. G. Morton, had discovered a method of extracting teeth without pain. Dr. Morton, it seems, was satisfied that he could increase his business to any extent he pleased, if he could only discover a method by which he could extract and insert teeth without any pain to the patient. Having some knowledge of the fact that, by inhaling the vapor of ether, a state of insensibility could be produced, he applied to Dr. Charles T. Jackson to know if it could be done with safety. It occurred to him that it might produce such a degree of stupor that a tooth might be extracted without a consciousness of what was doing [*meaning* being done]. On the 30th of September, 1846, he inhaled the vapor himself, and found that he remained in an unconscious state eight minutes. On the same day, he administered it with success to a man who called to have a tooth extracted. The man, on recovering his consciousness, did not know that any instrument had been applied to his tooth. On the 16th and 17th of October, at the suggestion of Dr. Morton, ether was administered to two patients at the hospital, who were to have surgical operations performed. The experiment was successful. As soon as the fact was known, it was generally applauded by the newspapers as a wonderful discovery, and the question came up, To whom belongs the honor, and who shall reap the reward? Dr. Jackson, in a letter to M. Beaumont, published in Galignani's Messenger, in Paris, January, 1847, says, 'I request permission to communicate to the Academy, through you, a discovery which I have made, and which I regard as important to suffering humanity.' It appears that the idea of using ether to render a person insensible *to pain*, was original with Dr. Morton, and that Dr. Jackson did no more than give Dr. Morton some information respecting the nature of ether, and the best mode of inhaling it. But as Dr. Jackson was better known as a man of

science, Dr. Morton consented to take the patent in the name of both, and Dr. Jackson sold out his share to Dr. Morton for ten per cent. of the income that might be derived from the sale of rights to use the discovery.

"In February, 1847, another letter appeared in Galignani's Messenger, from Dr. H. Wells, of Hartford, Connecticut, in which he claimed to be the discoverer of the fact that the respiring of gas would produce insensibility to pain. Dr. Wells had been about the country for a few years previous, *lecturing upon gases*, and had often administered the exhilarating, or nitrous oxide, gas. There is *no evidence* that he ever administered ether. He might, in his experiments, have found that persons under the influence of the nitrous gas were insensible to pain, but he had no right to claim that he discovered that the vapor of ether would produce that effect. The French Academy, however, conferred rewards of merit upon both Jackson and Wells, and, in 1848, the American Congress awarded to Morton the honor of the discovery.

"In 1847, several sharp articles appeared in the Boston papers, some favorable to Morton, and others to Jackson. Wells committed suicide that year, and nothing more was said respecting his claims. Some spicy pamphlets were written. The result has been that, under the shelter of the smoke of controversy, every one that chose has made use of the discovery without paying Morton for the right, and that he has been actually impoverished by the attention he gave to the subject."

This statement is a tissue of falsehood and absurdity. To deny to Dr. Wells the *entire* credit of this discovery, argues simply gross ignorance or insolence. Whenever any matter deserving of historical commemoration is submitted to controversy, and the evidence is not full and absolute, and the decision is not unanimous or nearly so, the historian must *himself* enter into the investigation, and in his own person pronounce judgment. Therefore Dr. Davis has no excuse for so scandalous a misrepresentation of these events, in any communications or suggestions by unknown parties. It was easy to be rightly informed, and under such circumstances, ignorance is scarcely less criminal than designed falsehood. In this case, the decision has plainly been in favor of Dr. Wells, wherever there was authority of action. By means which we do not care to state, but which are well known to us, Drs. Jackson and Morton did indeed procure of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a recognition of their joint claims to be regarded as the discoverers of etherization. The Academy of Sciences is not a fit tribunal. The Paris Medical Society (of which the celebrated Chevalier Ricord is President) is; and this society, after an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, during which it listened to a speech of several hours by Mr. Warren, the agent of Drs. Jackson and Morton, decided with the utmost unanimity that Dr. Wells made the discovery, and awarded him therefor the sum of 25,000 francs.

[Pg 318]

The statement that Dr. Wells "went about the country lecturing upon gases," is characteristically false. He never delivered even one lecture, upon any subject whatever, in his life. It is equally false that "the American Congress awarded to Morton the credit of the discovery." Congress has never made any decision or award at all in the premises. A committee was hastily appointed, and it presented a report, probably prepared in Boston. The friends of Dr. Wells were not advised of any such attempt, and it was thought this report, with agreeing resolutions, could be smuggled through the House. But a counter report was immediately offered, nevertheless, and so the game stopped.

We cannot, in these pages, enter into any detail of the history of this important discovery; but those who wish to investigate it, are referred to a pamphlet lately issued at Hartford, entitled, "*Discovery by the late Dr. Horace Wells of the Applicability of Nitrous Oxide Gas, Sulphuric Ether, and other Vapors, in Surgical Operations, nearly two years before the Patented Discovery of Drs. Charles T. Jackson and W. T. G. Morton.*" This pamphlet was prepared by Mr. Toucey, recently Attorney General of the United States, and nothing can be more conclusive and satisfactory, to a fair inquirer, than the evidence contained in it, that Drs. Jackson and Morton had never even the slightest thought of any thing like etherization, until Dr. Wells, some time after the discovery, proceeded to Boston, in the hope that Dr. Morton (who was under especial private obligations to him, and therefore was regarded by him as a friend) would assist him in procuring for it larger publicity and recognition. Poor Wells was only laughed at by these gentlemen, who, two years afterward, claimed the discovery as their own!

How complete the discovery, and how successful the application of it, will appear from the affidavit of Dr. Marcy. Mr. Toucey says:

"Dr. E. E. Marcy, formerly of Hartford, now of the city of New-York, was present at the rooms of Dr. Wells, by his special request, to witness the operation upon Mr. F. C. Goodrich, and witnessed it with the strong sensations produced by a new and wonderful discovery upon a scientific observer. He says, not only was the extraction accomplished without pain, but the inhalation of the gas was effected without any of those indications of excitement, or attempts at muscular exertion, which do commonly obtain when the gas is administered *without a definite object or previous mental preparation*. 'By this experiment,' says Dr. Marcy, 'two important, and, to myself, *entirely new facts* were demonstrated: 1st. That the body could be rendered insensible to pain by the inhalation of a gas or vapor, capable of producing certain effects upon the organism. And 2d. When such agents were administered, to a sufficient extent, for a definite object, and with a suitable

impression being previously produced upon the mind, that no unusual mental excitement, or attempts at physical effort would follow the inhalation.

"Witnessing these wonderful phenomena, these new and astounding facts, the idea at once occurred to me whether there were not other substances analogous in effect to the gas, and which might be employed with more convenience and with equal efficacy and safety. Knowing that the inhalation of sulphuric-ether vapor gave rise to precisely the same effects as those of the gas, from numerous former trials with both these substances, I suggested to Dr. Wells, the employment of the vapor of rectified sulphuric ether—at the same time detailing to him its ordinary effects upon the economy, and the method of preparing the articles for use. Our first impression was, that it possessed all the anæsthetic properties of the nitrous oxyd, was equally safe, and could be prepared with less trouble, thus affording an article which was not expensive, and could always be kept at hand. At the same time, I told Dr. Wells that I would prepare some ether, and furnish him some of it to administer, and also make a trial of it myself, in a surgical case which I expected to operate upon in a few days. Not long after this conversation (to which allusion is made by Mr. Goodrich, in his affidavit) I administered the vapor of rectified sulphuric ether, in my office, to the young man above alluded to, and after he had been rendered insensible to pain, cut from his head an encysted tumor of about the size of an English walnut. The operation was entirely unattended with pain, and demonstrated to Dr. Wells and myself, in the most conclusive manner, the anæsthetic properties of ether vapor.'

"We have narrated this important experiment in the language of Dr. Marcy, to whose affidavit we take leave to refer, as no part of it can, with any propriety or justice, be overlooked by any one who proposes to subject this matter to a searching examination. It shows the progress and the successful result of these inquiries and experiments of Dr. Wells, and of those skilful and liberal professional gentlemen who co-operated with him. It shows that the opinion was then entertained by Dr. Marcy, that the constituents of the gas were more nearly allied to the atmospheric air than were those of ether vapor—that the former was more agreeable and easy to inhale than the latter, and upon the whole was more safe and equally efficacious as an anæsthetic agent—and that this opinion was fully confirmed by numerous experiments subsequently made by Drs. Ellsworth, Beresford, Riggs, Terry, Wells and himself. It shows further, that *Dr. Wells visited Boston in 1844, for the purpose of communicating his discovery to the faculty of that city, and that, on his return, he informed Dr. Marcy that he had communicated it to Dr. C. T. Jackson, and to Dr. Morton, and received from the former, and from other medical gentlemen of Boston, nothing but ridicule for his pains.*"

We have no room for testimony. Mr. Toucey concludes his statement in the following manner:—

[Pg 319]

"More than a year and a half after Dr. Wells had personally made known to Dr. Jackson, and to Dr. Morton, his former pupil, the result of his experiments, more than one year after the announcement in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, published at their doors, we find Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton confederating together, taking out a patent for this principle, and attempting ineffectually to appropriate it to their joint pecuniary benefit! Dr. Jackson as the philosopher, Dr. Morton as the operator! And shortly afterwards, differing in almost every thing else, agreeing nevertheless in one thing—each affirming of the other that he was not entitled to the merit of the discovery!

"Such is a brief statement of the proof, by which the mere matter of fact is established, which induced the Legislature of Connecticut to hail the late Dr. Horace Wells as a public benefactor. With this accumulation of evidence on one side, bearing directly upon the point, and *nothing to countervail it on the other*, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that he was the fortunate author of this great discovery, unless one or the other of two propositions can be established, namely, either that such a paralysis of the nervous system as would render the subject insensible to pain during the process of extracting teeth, would not embrace the principle of it, or on the other hand, that nitrous oxyd gas is arbitrarily to be excluded from its proper place in a class of agents, all of which are nearly identical in their operation. And even if this difficult task could be accomplished, there would still remain another equally difficult to be encountered; because it has already been shown that Dr. Wells went beyond these limits, and that Dr. Marcy, in conjunction with him, subjected the use of sulphuric ether in a larger surgical operation, to the test of successful experiment. But either of the foregoing propositions would be too absurd to require a moment's consideration. The principle is as fully developed by the painless extraction of teeth, as by the painless amputation of a limb; by the successful use of nitrous oxyd gas, as of rectified sulphuric ether. In the language of Dr. Marcy: 'The man who first discovered the fact that the inhalation of a gaseous substance would render the body insensible to pain under surgical operations, should be entitled to all the credit or emolument which may accrue from the use of any substances of this

nature. This is the *principle*—this is the *fact*—this is the *discovery*. The mere substitution of ether vapor or any other article for the gas, no more entitles one to the claim of a *discovery*, than the substitution of coal for wood in generating steam, would entitle one to be called the discoverer of the powers of steam.'

"It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further. It would be one of the greatest marvels of this wonderful age, if the world, with these facts before it, did not confirm the decision which it has already pronounced, and award to Dr. Wells the merit of a discovery, which will be remembered and appreciated as long as mankind shall be exposed to suffering, or have occasion to apply an antidote."

The section upon etherization, we presume, will serve as a specimen of Dr. Davis's *History* of the First Half of the Eighteenth Century.

FOOTNOTES:

- [14] *The Half Century; or a History of changes that have taken place, and events that have transpired, chiefly in the United States, between 1800 and 1850; with an introduction by Mark Hopkins, D.D. By Emerson Davis. D.D. Boston: Tappan & Whittenmore.*

POPULAR LECTURES.

Thus far this season, there has been even more than the usual amount of lecturing in our principal cities. The mania lasts longer than was thought possible. The "phenomenon" has really become a feature of the times. It absorbs a great share of the current literary enthusiasm—much of which it has created, and will, it is to be feared, entirely satisfy. Professor Pease, of the University of Vermont, in an essay upon the subject, seeks to determine its import and value; to trace the feeling which gives it birth to its source, and to determine as accurately as possible the grounds of promise or of fear which it affords. "These interpretations," he says, "vary between the widest extremes. On the one side is heard the exulting shout of those who whirl unresistingly in the vortex—'Does not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice?' behold the 'progress of the species' and the 'march of mind!' And, on the other side, the contemptuous murmur of those who will be overwhelmed rather than gyrate against their will, they know not whither—'What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?'"

This mania for lectures, taken in connection with the prevailing literary taste (of which it is in some sort an index), is regarded as pointing, more or less directly, to a want of the human spirit—to its cry—strong and importunate, though often stifled and but dimly felt, for light—the light of science and of truth. Many feel this want only as a *traditional* need—one which their fathers before them have felt and have taught them to feel—and *they* are apt to be satisfied with a traditional supply. Others ask for science because it will help them make, or work, and perchance *become* machines, whereby they may earn bread: and oftentimes, says the writer, "does this mere irritability of the coating of the stomach pass itself off as the waking up the life of the soul, and the sublime and pure aspirations of the spirit, for high and ultimate truths, pure as itself." Then, it is the fashion to be learned, and the fops of literature, who must "follow the fashion," of course, get wisdom as quickly and easily as possible. These are the main features of that demand for science, which is now so clamorous. Mr. Pease divides the lectures of the day into three classes; first those of which the object is instruction, then those designed to amuse, and last, those which profess to serve both these purposes; and he thinks it may be said of all, that they have no *vital, form-giving, organific principle*, running through them, developing properly each separate part, and uniting them all by its own power.

In these discourses he says: "The carpenter is the actual model; for like him the discourser cuts and fits his timber according to rules the grounds of which it concerns not him to understand, with little labor beyond that of hacking and hewing—materials being ever ready at his hand: for the world is full of books as the forest is of trees and the market of lumber. And this is done to instruct us; to build us up inwardly; to administer food to our intellect; to nourish our souls; to kindle the imagination and awaken to energetic action the living but slumbering world within. But, alas! this inner world cannot be kindled like a smouldering fire, by a basket of chips and a puff of wind! This inner world is a world of spirits, which feed on thoughts full of truth and living energy. And thought alone can kindle thought: and truth alone can waken truth: not veracity, not fact, but truth vital,

'Truth that wakes
To perish never.'

This is the bread for which the soul is pining, and such are the husks with which its calls are answered."

There is in this statement of the predominant character of our popular lectures much that is true, as we could easily show by a definite examination of the most popular discourses to which our audiences listen. Every one can see that their aim is, not to announce great truths, which are

essential to the well-being of society, and the instruction of the soul, but so to shape their sentences, so to point their paragraphs, and to give such a turn to their expressions, as to tickle most effectually the fancy of those who hear them, and to call down that round of applause which tells them they have made a *hit*. Now just so far as this is the case, popular lecturing not only seeks to supply the place of the theatre, but actually becomes theatrical; and lacking the essential worth and dignity of the drama, assumes its tricks and shallow vanities.

Nevertheless, the author whom we have quoted sees in this fashion signs of promise, for it signifies the existence and the struggling toward the light, of the absolute want of the soul—which will soon rectify the public taste, and teach men that pleasure lies only in the life-giving and the true.

"In this," he says, "lives an abiding ground of hope and cheerful confidence; for it teaches us that every human heart has those depths and living powers in it, the healthful action of which is the true life and well-being of the soul—and in none, we hope, are they forever dormant; and no heart, we hope, is wholly closed. Light, though in rays feeble and scattered, may shine in upon it, and it shall awake—for it is not dead, but sleepeth.... The feeling of wants that lie deeper and farther inward than the sensual appetites, must be supplied or suppressed; and hence arise a struggle and conflict between the antagonist principles of our being. Firm peace, and healthful, quiet energy of soul, are the fruit of victory, and of victory only. Therefore, though attended with a 'troubled sea of noises, and hoarse disputes,' the contest, with its hubbub and vain clamor, is the door to quietness and clear intelligence. Pedantry and pretension, quackery and imposture, shall, in spite of themselves, conduct to their own exposure and extinction; for a higher sway than ours guides all affairs, causing even the wrath of man to praise Him, and making folly itself the guide to wisdom. Hooker characterized his own times as 'full of tongue, and weak of brain;' and Luther said to the same effect, of the preachers and scholars of his day: 'If they were not permitted to prate and clatter about it, they would burst with the greatness of their art and science, so hot and eager are they to teach.' But the noise and dust having subsided, there is left us, of those very times, works which men will not willingly let die. Noise and smoke causeless do not come. There is a force at bottom which will ultimately work itself clear, and produce good and substantial fruits. There is a force somewhere, or no foam and dust would rise: but there is little force in the foam and dust themselves. And the immediate instruments are *only* instruments, working without knowledge what they do, like puppets, dancing and swinging their arms, while far behind resides the force that works the wires. All wonder bestowed upon *them* is, most certainly, foolish wonder. But there is no ground for discouragement, or for any but good hopes, although ignorance and pretension stand in high places, and vainly babble concerning things beautiful and profound. This uproar comes only from the troubling of the stream—the foam and roar will not continue always; the smooth plain lies below, along which it shall soon flow, quietly, but strongly, murmuring sweet music. And for the ambitious rainbows painted in the mists above, there shall be the sweet reflection of earth and heaven from its calm bosom."

OLD TIMES IN NEW-YORK.

Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey, "poet, philosopher and sage," in a letter written November 17th, 1744, gives the following insight into life, as it then was, in New-York. He is describing a "party:"

"The feast as usual was preceded by cards, and the company so numerous that they filled two tables; after a few games, a magnificent supper appeared in grand order and decorum—the frolic was closed up by ten sunburnt virgins lately come from Columbus's Newfoundland, and sundry other female exercises; besides a play of my own invention, which I have not room enough to describe at present; however, kissing constitutes a great part of its entertainment."

In 1759, Livingston's father died, and his funeral obsequies were performed in all the pomp and attended with all the expense customary in colonial times. These took place in New-York. The lower apartments of most of the stores in Broad-street, where he resided, were thrown open—a pipe of wine was spiced—there were eight pall-bearers, and to each was presented a pair of gloves, a mourning ring, scarf and handkerchief, and a spoon. These services were repeated at the manor, his country-seat, and a handkerchief and pair of black gloves presented to each of the tenants.

ROSSINI IN THE KITCHEN.

The last accounts of Rossini, if we are to credit the pleasant stories told of him by the Parisian wit, Louis Huart, are highly characteristic of the great *maestro*. The following *canard* is one of the most *veritable* and amusing:—

"The newspapers announce that Rossini has shut himself up at Bologna with the celebrated tenor Donzelli, and that they pass their days in rehearsing a new opera, of which Rossini is finishing the score. After the sea-serpent, I know of no story which returns more periodically than the

announcement of a new opera by Rossini. It is now fifteen years since this pleasantry began to be invariably reproduced at the commencement of every winter, and always with the same success. One begins to meet in society a few Parisians who shrug their shoulders with an air of incredulity when you speak to them of the sea-serpent, but no one dares to evince the least skepticism touching the new opera of Rossini. We received this morning a letter from our correspondent at Bologna, and he furnishes us with details which explain the announcements in the newspapers.

"Rossini is living in rather a retired way just now; and only receives the regular visits of one person; there is an error, however, in the orthography of the appellation of this visitor. Instead of Donzelli, he is named Pastafrollo. He is no tenor! he is a cook! Rossini, in company with Pastafrollo, is now busily occupied in endeavoring to discover a new way of dressing turbot. Rossini has invented, up to the present day, sixty-two different ways of dressing this fish, but he repeats to whoever will listen to him, that he will not die content until he has discovered a sixty-third method, which will satisfy him completely—then he will divulge his secret, and have inscribed on the *cartes* of all the *restaurants* in Europe—*turbot à la Rossini*. On that day, but that day only, Rossini will make up his mind to open his piano and compose a *cantata* in honor of fish in general, and turbot in particular. The passion of Rossini for cooking has been rendered more ardent from the fact that the family of this illustrious personage do all they can to cross him in it. The relatives and friends of Rossini wish to make him believe that it is unworthy of a musician, and more especially of a musician of his genius, to occupy himself with turbot; but Rossini replies, history in hand, that a whole senate once devoted a long sitting to find out what sauce would eat best with this fish. Rossini's family do not consider themselves beaten as yet, and they have organized a sort of *cordons sanitaires* round the house of the composer, to prevent the cooks from getting to him. Before this determination was arrived at, Bologna overflowed with *chefs*, who arrived from every part of Italy, to consult Rossini on the best methods to be employed in dressing salmon, skate, carp, eels, and gudgeons.

"This furnishes us with an explanation of the reason why Pastafrollo was forced to employ a stratagem in order to prevent his being stopped in the hall by the family of Rossini. Pastafrollo arrived at Bologna, under the name of Donzelli, and took care to have inscribed on his passport *tenor* instead of *cook*.

"We cannot conclude without giving expression to an earnest hope, that the conferences established between Rossini and Pastafrollo may give birth to the sixty-third mode of dressing turbot."

THE FIRST PEACE SOCIETY.

In an entertaining article on "The Abbé de Saint-Pierre," in the last *Gentleman's Magazine*, there is this curious account of a "Peace Society."

"The Abbé de Polignac took Saint Pierre with him to the Congress of Utrecht. Witnessing all the difficulties which stood in the way of reconciliation between the contending parties, Saint-Pierre conceived that the truest benefit which could be conferred on mankind would be the abolition of war. He at once proceeded to embody his idea, and published in 1713, the year in which peace was concluded, his 'Projet de Paix Perpetuelle,' in three volumes. The means by which he proposed that this perpetual peace should be preserved was the formation of a senate to be composed of all nations, and to be called *The European Diet*, and before which princes should be bound to state their grievances and demand redress. The Bishop of Fréjus, afterwards Cardinal de Fleury, to whom Saint-Pierre communicated his plan, replied to him, 'You have forgotten the most essential article, that of sending forth a troop of missionaries to persuade the hearts of princes, and induce them to adopt your views.' D'Alembert has made one or two just remarks on Saint-Pierre's dream of universal peace, which are as applicable now as they were a hundred years ago: 'The misfortune of those metaphysical projects for the benefit of nations consists in supposing all princes equitable and moderate, in attributing to men whose power is absolute, and who have the perfect consciousness of their power, who are often exceedingly unenlightened, and who live always in an atmosphere of adulation and falsehood, dispositions which the force of law and the fear of censure so rarely inspire even in private persons. Whosoever, in forming enterprises for the happiness of humanity, does not take into calculation the passions and vices of men, has imagined only a beautiful chimera.' Rousseau thought that, even if Saint Pierre's project were practicable, it would cause more evil all at once than it would prevent during many ages."

The writer of this memoir of Saint Pierre presents the character of that remarkable person in a more favorable light than that in which we have been accustomed to regard it. The author of "Paul and Virginia" was very likely a far better man than has been supposed.

EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.

MR. KENRICK'S HISTORY. [\[15\]](#)

All nations turn to Egypt, as to the mother of civility, and the Christian sees there the prison where are detained, until the end of the world, the witnesses of truths which vindicate his religion. How much the Holy Land is our country, appears from this, that to all Christians, however remote the places where they live, the scenes about Jerusalem are more familiar than those about the capital of his own nation; and with Egypt we are scarcely less intimately, though much less perfectly, acquainted. Within the last half century, great researches have been made, by individual or national enterprise, into the poetry and antiquities of Egypt, by the enterprise of travellers and the diligence of archæologists, among whom England claims the names of Young, Wilkinson, and Vyse. But comparatively few know what has been the result of these researches. They lie scattered over a number of works in different languages, beyond the reach even of the ordinary student, much more of the general reader. Mr. Kenrick (of whose "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs" we copy below the main portion of a reviewal in the London *Times*) has undertaken the task of supplying a synopsis, and this task he appears to us to have accomplished excellently well. Mr. Kenrick is a very estimable as well as a very accomplished man. Like the great majority of the abler historical, philosophical and religious writers of England at this time, he is a *Dissenter*, which perhaps lessens somewhat the warmth of the critic's commendations. We hope to see his work, as well as that of Mr. Sharpe, relating to Egypt under the Ptolemies, reproduced, by some of our own publishers. Of Mr. Kenrick, the *Times* says:—

"He commences with the land of Egypt. In the East great rivers are the parents of civilized nations. A great river, which by its deposit forms a long valley and a broad delta of rich alluvial soil in the midst of deserts, was the parent, the nourisher, and the god of the oldest civilized nation of the earth. The Nile is Egypt; the Egyptians were those who lived below the cataracts and drank of the Nile. Above the cataracts they pushed their arms into Ethiopia, and left there the monuments of their dominion. To the west they were at once defended and confined by a desert impassable to armies, but which the oasis rendered passable to the caravan. On the north was an almost harborless sea. On the east was another desert, through which roads led to the ports of the Red Sea and the mines of Sinai. On the north-east the Arabian desert formed an imperfect barrier. It was traversed by the hosts of Sesostris and Sheshonk, of Nebuchadnezzar and Cambyses, and across its sands Egypt communicated commercially and politically with the other seats of ancient civilization which, broken by the recurring desert, formed an irregular chain from Philistia to China.

"Of the singular productions of Egypt, the hippopotamus, the crocodile, the ibis, the papyrus, we need not speak. There were few beasts of chase, and the Egyptian conquerors did not begin like those of central Asia by being mighty hunters. It was a land of corn, and of the vine, of fruit trees, and all herbs. The nations sought its granaries in famine; the Israelites in the wilderness thirsted for the cooling vegetables of its gardens. Fish abounded in the Nile, waterfowl in the marshes. Nature yielded freely, but perhaps for that very reason the mind of man was less exercised and less active. And the unvarying landscape, the unchanging sky, the small number and unpoetic or even grotesque forms of the plants and animals, may partly account for the lack of imagination evinced by the most formal and most stationary of nations, scarcely excepting the Chinese.

"Who and whence were the Egyptians? This question Mr. Kenrick has to ask, and, like others, to leave unanswered. This is the secret which the grave of the Pharaohs will not yield. Physiology supplies no clue. The mummy cases, the paintings and sculptures, depict a race short, slight, with low foreheads, high cheek bones, long eyes, hair now crisp now curled, and a complexion which the conventionality of the painter's art makes to differ in men and women, but which probably was brown with a tinge of red, dark compared with that of the Syrian, black compared with that of the Greek. Thick lips are frequently seen, but they are supposed to indicate intermarriage with Ethiopians. From the negro the Egyptians were far removed, nor can they be connected with any other known race. If we turn to language, a surer guide perhaps than physiology, we are again completely baffled. The Coptic has been identified through many etymologies with the old Egyptian; and of the Coptic, though it became a dead language in the twelfth century, much literature remains. It is an uncultivated and formal tongue, with monosyllabic roots and rude inflexions totally different from the neighboring languages of Syria and Arabia, totally opposite to the copious and polished Sanscrit. The last fact at once severs Egypt from India, and destroys every presumption of affinity that may arise from the presence in both countries of caste, of animal worship, and of a religion derivable from a primitive adoration of the powers of nature. The hypothesis of an Ethiopian origin sprang from the notion, natural but untrue, that population would follow the course of the descending river. And no tradition among the Egyptians themselves told of a parent stock or of another land.

"Respecting the mighty works of Egypt, little mystery remains. The great Pyramids had been rifled by the Caliphs, if not by earlier hands, and no inscriptions have been found. But no doubt exists that they were the sepulchres of the Kings of Memphis. The Queens and the "princes of Noph" reposed in smaller pyramids beside the Kings. These mountains of wasted masonry belong to the earliest ages of the Pharaonic monarchy, before the time of the Sesostrian conquests, and therefore they bespeak the toil and suffering, not of captives, but of native slaves. Before them couches the Sphinx, hewn from the rock, to spare, as a Greek inscription says, each spot of cultivable land. His riddle—for it is a *male*—is read. He represents, perhaps portrays, the reigning King, and the thick lips may indicate Ethiopian blood. The lion's body represents the monarch's might—the human head his wisdom. The rock, from which the figure is cut, broke the view of the Pyramids, and to convert it into the Sphinx was a stroke of Egyptian genius. Pyramids were, in the Pharaonic times, peculiar to Memphis. The countless tombs of Thebes are excavated in the rocky face of the Libyan hills. Those of the Theban Pharaohs stand apart, and we approach

through a narrow gorge called the "Gate of Kings." The paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions on these tombs, literally the eternal *houses* of the dead, are the Pompeii of the Egyptian antiquary. At Thebes are the magnificent and temple-like palaces of the greatest of the Pharaohs, the halls of their assemblies and their counsels, the records of their wars and conquests. At Thebes, too, is the Memnon, a mutilated statue of Amnoph, which never was vocal except by trick or in imagination, and the Obelisks, whose form is sufficiently explained, without obscurity or mystery, by the fancy for monolithic monuments and the possession of large blocks of granite. The remains of the Labyrinth do not enable us to pronounce whether its twenty-seven halls were a burial-place for kings or crocodiles, or a place of assembly for the provinces of Egypt.

"Very various and very extravagant notions have been formed of the population of ancient Egypt. That it was dense may well be inferred from the length of time through which it multiplied in a limited space, and from that evident parsimony of land which drove tombs and monuments to the rocks, and cities to the edge of the desert. Calculations based on the number of cities, and on the number of men of military age, have plausibly placed the sum at about five millions.

"Agriculture was the chief business of the Egyptians, and the chief business of agriculture consisted in distributing and detaining, by canals and dams, the precious waters of the Nile. The sheep and cattle were numerous. A grandee of Eilytheia possessed one hundred and twenty two cows and oxen, three hundred rams, twelve hundred goats, and fifteen hundred swine. Lower Egypt contained the great pasture lands, and was the abode of the herdsmen—a lawless race, and, *therefore*, an abomination to their more civilized countrymen. The ass was the beast of burden. The horse was bred for the war-chariot—that great attribute of ancient power. The breed was small but fine and peculiar to the country. They were kept in stables along the Nile, and hence they do not appear in the landscapes. Horticulture was extensively and elaborately practised, both for use and pleasure; and the Pharaohs, like Solomon, 'made them gardens and orchards, planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit, and made them pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.'

"When forced to serve on shipboard by the enterprise of their own Monarchs or by their Persian conquerors, the Egyptians appear not to have made bad sailors. They fought well at Salamis. But their natural tendency was to shun the sea, which they regarded as the element of the Destroyer Typhon. Their navigation was on the Nile, which formed the highway of their commerce, the path of their processions and their pilgrimages, and their passage to the tomb. The river being thus the universal road, and being moreover without bridges, must have swarmed with boats of all descriptions—the heavy bari of the merchant, the light papyrus or earthenware skiffs of the common people, and the sumptuous barge of Royalty, whose golden pavilion, masts, and rudder, fringed and embroidered sails, and sculptured prow, remind us of the galley of Cleopatra. The caravans of surrounding nations visited Egypt with their precious and fragrant merchandise to exchange for her corn and manufactures. But the Egyptian trader appears seldom to have visited other countries either by land or sea.

"The army was a warrior caste. Its might consisted in its chariots. No mounted cavalry appear in any of the monuments. With this exception they had every kind of force and every weapon known to ancient warfare. They used the long bow and drew the arrow, like the English archers, to the ear. Their armor was imperfect, and more often of quilting than of mail. They had regular divisions, with standards, and regular camps. Their sieges were unscientific, and their means of assault scaling ladders, sapping hatchets, and long pikes brought up to the walls under a sort of shed. Of their battles no definite notion can be formed. All is lost in the King, whose gigantic figure, drawn by gigantic horses, crushes, massacres, or grasps by the hair scores of his pigmy enemies, whose hands after the victory are laid in heaps before him and counted by attendant scribes. Thus it is that Rameses the Great and the other Pharaohs are seen warring against the Assyrian, and Chaldean against the Jew, the Edomite, the Ethiopian, and the 'nine bows' of Libya, and assailing the 'fenced cities' of strange races that have long passed away.

"In the lower parts of civilization and the mechanical arts, the Egyptians had attained high perfection. Their machinery and tools appear to have been defective, but the defect was supplied by skill of hand, traditional and acquired, as it is among the Chinese. They were cunning workmen in metals, in jewelry, in engravings, in enamel, in glass, in porcelain, and in pottery. Their fine linen and embroidery were famous. For their chariots Solomon gave 600 shekels of silver; and they fashioned into a hundred articles of luxury the ivory of Africa, the mahogany of India, and the cedar of Lebanon. As no specimens remain of their domestic architecture, it is supposed rather than ascertained that their houses were of a single story with a terraced roof. The rooms of great men at least were richly and elegantly painted, and furnished with tables, chairs, and couches, which have supplied models for the upholstery of modern times.

[Pg 324]

"Architecture is the most material of the arts. It was the art in which the Egyptians most excelled. They seem to have understood in some degree the grandeur which results from proportion and arrangement, as well as that which results from size. The profuse and elaborate sculpture with which their temples are covered, does not mar their majesty. Their heaviness is relieved by the glowing sun and the deep sky. But the impression produced must always have been that of cost and power rather than of art. Some changes of style are noticed. The golden age was that of the Pharaohs of the 19th dynasty, when the power and greatness of the nation were at the highest. More florid and less majestic forms mark the era of the Ptolemies. But in this respect, as in others, the Egyptians seem to have maintained their stationary character, and the remains of Meroe, which are now known to be among the latest, have been taken for the earliest of all the monuments.

"In sculpture the summit of manual skill was reached. But religion, the mistress and tyrant of Egyptian art, prescribed for the images of the gods her unalterable and often hideous forms, and the rules of an hereditary craft, which fixed certain proportions for each part of the statue, and gave the execution of the several parts to several workmen, laid another chain on the genius of the artist. Painting seems not to have advanced beyond the barbarous excellence of brilliant colors. Drawing and design were monstrous, and the laws of perspective and even of vision unknown or disregarded. Of music, we learn from Plato that it was restricted to certain established tunes of approved moral tendency, and the wayward Athenian thought all restraint wholesome as he saw that some license was pernicious.

"If we pass to science, we shall find no reason for supposing that the advances of modern times were anticipated by the mysterious wisdom of the Egyptians. Something they must have known of astronomy to practise astrology, to divide the ecliptic, and to effect the exact orientation of the Pyramids. Some knowledge of chemistry is implied in their manufacture of porcelain; some knowledge of physiology, pathology, pharmaceuticals and surgery, in their division of the medical art; something of geometry in their measurement of land; and something of mechanics in their enormous buildings and monuments. But their great engines were multitudes of laborers, aided by such natural expedients as the lever, the roller, and the inclined plane, which can scarcely be called machines. In other sciences there is evidence of long and careful observation, but nothing to prove an acquaintance with the *laws* of nature. Progress in the medical art was precluded by the necessity of adhering to the precepts of the sacred books. Science was monopolized by the priests; and it is said that by them the King was regularly sworn to retain the old and unintercalated year. The want of decimal notation, and the consequent clumsiness of the system of numeration, would go far to preclude the improvement of arithmetic, or any science into which calculation entered.

"Literature the Egyptians appear to have had none, except of the monumental or sacred kind, including under the latter head the sacred books of science. But the art of writing was practised by them, or at least by the learned part of them, more extensively than by any contemporary nation. Mr. Kenrick gives us a full history of the interpretation of hieroglyphics, the key to which was first given by the parallel inscriptions in hieroglyphic and Greek found on the famous Rosetta stone, and metes to Young and Champollion their due shares in that discovery, of which each uncandidly claimed the whole. The hieroglyphics are now known to be of three kinds, all of which are generally mingled in the same inscription—the pictorial, the symbolical, and the phonetic. The pictorial hieroglyphic is the simple picture of the thing signified. Symbolical hieroglyphics are, among others, a crescent for a month, the maternal vulture for *maternity*, the filial vulpanser for *son*, the bee for *a people obedient to their king*, the bull for *strength*, the ostrich feather with its equal filaments for *truth*, the lotus for Upper and the papyrus for Lower Egypt. To these we may add the bird, which denotes a cycle of time (in Coptic *phanech*), and about which such wild fables were received by the credulity of Herodotus and by that of the Fathers. But the greater part of the hieroglyphics are phonetic like our alphabet, and are being slowly and precariously deciphered into the words of a language which is identified with the ancient form of Coptic.

"The religion of the Egyptians must be gathered chiefly from the sculptures and paintings. The religious inscriptions and funeral papyri remain undeciphered. The account of Herodotus is rendered suspicious by his solicitude to force the Pantheon of Egypt into a conformity with that of Greece. The accounts of the later Greeks are tainted by their philosophizing and mysticizing spirit. That the Egyptian theology embodied no profound physical or metaphysical system is evident from the fact that it was not formed at once, but by gradual addition and development, and that it was to the last partly local. It appears to have been, like the other religions of the Pagan world—of Greece and Italy, of Phoenicia and India—a worship of the powers of nature represented by great natural objects, such as the sun and moon, or by forms bestial or human, which were selected as symbolical of their attributes.

[Pg 325]

"On this groundwork imagination wrought, as among the Greeks, though to a less extent and in a different way. We cannot tell how far the more reflective minds may have advanced towards the conception of a single God, either independent of or permeating the material world; but contact with the philosophic Greeks in the age of the Ptolemies can hardly have failed to lead to some speculations of this kind, and the accounts derived from Greek sources of Egyptian mysticism, though false of early, were no doubt, in part at least, true of later times. Amuna or Ammon appears to have been nominally the chief of the gods. His attributes are to some extent identified with those of the sun; but they are not easily distinguished from the attributes of several subordinate deities. His ram's head is still a mystery. Thoth was the god of intellect and learning. His representatives were the ape and the ibis: the former, it is supposed, because it approaches nearest in intellect to man; the latter, because its black and white feather resemble, or may be imagined to resemble, writing. The *popular* divinity was Osiris, the god at once of the Nile and the realms below. Typhon, the scorching wind of the desert which dries up the waters of the Nile, was the antagonist and the murderer of Osiris; and at a more advanced stage of religious speculation the two may have represented the conflicting powers of Good and Evil. Sacrifices were offered for the ordinary purposes—to conciliate the favor of the gods, to requite their benefits, and to avert their wrath. Typhonian, that is, red-haired men, were immolated when they fell into the hands of the natives in honor of Osiris, whose name is concealed in that of the fabled Busiris. That the practice of offering human sacrifices is compatible with a high degree of civilization we know from the examples of Greece, of Rome, and Mexico. There were great gatherings in honor of the gods, in the nature of pilgrimages or holy fairs, which were celebrated with festivity, with noisy music, with illuminations, and with license. There were mysteries, which

were not, in Egypt at least, initiations into any thing different from the popular religion; but merely representations—celebrated amidst nocturnal gloom—of the sufferings of Osiris. If strangers in Egypt underwent painful initiation, it was an initiation into the knowledge of the priests, and not into their mysteries. The Egyptians believed in the existence of the soul after death; they believed that it would be judged in Amenthe by Osiris and his forty-two assessors, before whom it was brought by Analis; they had an Elysium, surrounded by waters, where the Osirian—that is, the happy dead—ploughed, sowed, reaped, and threshed, as on earth—a singular want of fancy. Retributive pains, by fire and steel, are also supposed to have been detected among the paintings. At the same time they held and taught to the Greeks the doctrine of metempsychosis. It is difficult to reconcile with either of these notions their belief that the spirit dwelt in the body so long as the body could be rescued from decay, and the reason which they give for bestowing such prodigality of labor on their sepulchres—that the tomb was man's eternal home. The darkness of uninterpreted hieroglyphics still rests to a great extent on the religious creed and practices of the Egyptians. But three things we think we can discern from the information which Mr. Kenrick has collected:—1. That the Egyptian religion was in all essential respects like the other religions of Paganism, and traceable to the same sources; and consequently that whatever may be Egypt's 'place in universal history,' she is not likely to assume an extraordinarily important place in the history of theology, or to affect, in any material respect, our views as to the origin of religion. 2. That no connection is to be traced between the religion of the Egyptians and the religion of the Hebrews. A more decided polytheism than that of Egypt cannot be imagined. So far from recognizing any thing like the *supremacy* of a single Divine Being in their theological system, we can scarcely even trace any thing answering to that primacy of Jupiter which preserves at least a vestige of monotheism in the religion of the Greeks. The rite of circumcision, which is supposed to have been borrowed by one nation from the other, was not practised by the Egyptians as a religious ceremony, nor upon infants, nor universally. And it is remarkable that the belief in the conscious existence of the soul and a retributive state after death—a doctrine hardly to be lost when once imparted—seems to have been so prominent in the one faith while it was so much the reverse of prominent in the other. 3. That there was no connection between the mythology of Egypt and that of Greece. Subtract what is common to all polytheistic systems, and what is common to all systems of natural religions, and absolutely no similarity remains. On the one side are forms of human beauty, majesty, and passion, in which the original groundwork of nature-worship is as much as possible concealed by the working of a plastic imagination; on the other side are forms bestial or grotesque, featureless and passionless, exhibiting nature-worship in one of its lowest stages. But in every respect, in language, in physiognomy, in mind, in political tendencies, in manners, as well as in religion, the contrariety between the Egyptian and the Athenian is complete. There is nothing on the other side except the vain pretensions of the priests of Thebes, the credulity of Herodotus, and the wildest legends of the mythical age; and we are surprised that so strict an ethnologist as Mr. Kenrick should be inclined to admit even the general fact of an Egyptian colonization.

[Pg 326]

"The most degrading part of the religion of the Egyptians was their animal worship, which they carried to a higher pitch than any other people, not excepting the Hindoos. Almost the whole animal and some part of the vegetable kingdom enjoyed either a national or a local sanctity. Gods it was said grew in the gardens. The most cogent reasons of policy and the terrible name of Rome failed to save from death the Roman who had killed a cat. Fancy had first assigned to each god his favorites or symbols among beasts or plants. Then the beasts and plants themselves were revered, and at last worshipped. Stately avenues of colossal statues, magnificent porticoes and columned courts ushered the awe-stricken devotee into the sacred presence of an ibis or an ape. The highest object of this superstition, the bull Apis, was regarded as an actual incarnation of Osiris. No rational account of such a system can be given. The serpent cannot have been respected for its utility. The ibis cannot have been honored as the destroyer of the sacred serpent. Nothing divine can have been perceived in the beetle or the ape. The connection between the god and the beast was originally the offspring of a grotesque imagination, and priestcraft and the superstitious tendency of the people did the rest.

"The political constitution of Egypt was based on caste. The privileged castes were those of the warriors and the priests, who, with the Pharaoh, held in fee all the land of Egypt. The Government was an hereditary monarchy. When election was necessary the two privileged castes chose from among their own numbers; the people enjoyed only the right of acclamation. If the choice fell on a warrior, he was at once received into the order and initiated into the wisdom of the priests. Legislation was the prerogative of the King; but he was bound to rule and judge according to the law. He was much in the hands of the priests, who imposed strict rules upon his life, and by a daily homily made the duties and virtues of sovereignty familiar, perhaps too familiar, to the royal ear. The priests, in fact, were the lords of Egypt. Exclusively possessed of science, and even of letters, numerous, wealthy, united, in a single polity, a confined territory and an isolated people, unchecked by any literary, philosophical, or foreign influence, they must have exercised a dominion unrivalled by any priesthood in the history of the world. The result was a land of temples, of deified apes and consecrated onions, a literature of religious inscriptions and funeral scrolls, a Government apparently mild and humane, an enduring polity and long internal peace, and intense and stubborn nationality, a civilization wonderful but low, which in every department, from the act of government to the art of writing, appears to have remained as nearly as possible at a fixed point for about two thousand years. The mummy, as it is the characteristic product, is the fit emblem of ancient Egypt. Yet material happiness appears to have been enjoyed. From sports, from caricatures, from the fanciful decorations of their houses, from their use of music as a daily recreation, we should judge that the Egyptians were not a gloomy people; and

that their social and political system aimed, though imperfectly, at a high standard, may be inferred from the reverence, however exaggerated, which was entertained for it by the Greeks.

"Egyptian history is the 'dynasties' of Manetho partly filled up and illustrated, and in time it is to be hoped to be filled up and illustrated still more from the monuments, paintings, and inscriptions. For this, with its thirty dynasties, its twenty centuries, and its chronological difficulties, still formidable though much reduced, we must refer the reader entirely to Mr. Kenrick's second volume, of which it occupies nearly the whole. The slight sketch above given indicates the contents of what will be to the general reader the more interesting part of the work. In conclusion, we once more cordially commend the book. It displays not only the ordinary merits of a good synopsis, such as clearness of style and of arrangement, but also a high power of combination, and, where the author treats of philosophical questions, a sound and sensible philosophy. On some points, perhaps, Mr. Kenrick might have spoken with more authority had he personally visited Egypt, and the imagination of his reader would be assisted by a well selected volume of plates. We are glad to see that Syria and Phœnicia are to form the subject of another publication by the same hand."

FOOTNOTES:

- [15] *Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs*. By John Kenrick, M. A. In two volumes. London: B. Fellows.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

In an admirable life of Camille Desmoulins, recently published in Paris, by M. Edmond Fleury, his summing up of the character of the *Vieux Cordelier*, presents a type of some of the heroes of the revolution of 1848:—

"Such was Camille Desmoulins. I have traced his portrait without pity, without hatred, I dare not say without passion. In him I wished to mark the truest and most finished type of those *enfants perdus* of anarchy who, without ever attaining illustration in history, or serious influence in a government, thirst after distinction and renown; ambitious of credit and importance, scourges of their country, torment of their relatives, traitors to their friends, their own executioners, flambeaux that burn without light, vain and mediocre spirits consumed by the most intense jealousy—presumptuous fools, irritated by their own impotence, intrepid in a pamphlet and pusillanimous in action, they, nevertheless, carried away by the flood which they have let loose, stake, in this terrible game of revolutions, not only their lives, but the honor of their posthumous fame."

How different the aspect of these fiends, as they are presented to us "sicklied o'er" with the sentiment of a Lamartine!

THE BATTLE OF THE CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

[Pg 327]

The *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, for January, 1851, contains a great article on the controversies occasioned by the recent movements of the Roman Catholics in Great Britain. It is very long (making sixty pages), and very able. Reviewing the battle, from an unusual, and to most people perhaps a not very accessible, point of view, it throws a startling light on many matters forgotten or ignored by the more immediate combatants. It may, therefore, be perused with interest and advantage by partisans of every shade. Protestant and Catholic will find their account in it, especially as helping them to information of which they are greatly deficient—a knowledge of each other's strong points, as well as their weak ones. There is much in the views of the writer, with which we cannot ourselves concur; but we are not insensible of the force and precision with which he has mapped out a large part of the field, and given saliency to some of the great principles at stake; which it is the natural tendency of discussions, involving so much of the conventional and formulistic, calamitously to obscure. The battle in the foreground may be about candlesticks, surplices, and genuflexions. But there are involved many things infinitely more vital, as the author of this "Battle of the Churches" will be admitted to have illustrated with great success. Many ponderous volumes might be named, which have not contributed a tenth part as much to a clear understanding of the question, as this one article in the *Westminster*. We have not space for a complete *résumé* of it. We can only present an extract or two. The following brings forward tendencies too little noticed by the antagonists of the papacy:

"A true British Protestant, whose notions of "Popery" are limited to what he hears from an evangelical curate or has seen at the opening of a Jesuit church, looks on the whole system as an obsolete mummery; and no more believes that men of sense can seriously adopt it, than that they will be converted to the practice of eating their dinner with a Chinaman's chop-sticks instead of the knife and fork. He pictures to himself a number of celibate gentlemen, who glide through a sort of minuet by candle-light around the altar, and worship the creature instead of the Creator,

and keep the Bible out of every body's way, and make people easy about their sins: and he is positive that no one above a "poor Irishman," can fail to see through such nonsense. Few even of educated Englishmen have any suspicion of the depth and solidity of the Catholic dogma, its wide and various adaptation to wants ineffaceable from the human heart, its wonderful fusion of the supernatural into the natural life, its vast resources for a powerful hold upon the conscience. We doubt whether any single reformed church can present a theory of religion comparable with it in comprehensiveness, in logical coherence, in the well-guarded disposition of its parts. Into this interior view, however, the popular polemics neither give nor have the slightest insight: and hence it is a common error both to underrate the natural power of the Romish scheme, and to mistake the quarter in which it is most likely to be felt. It is not among the ignorant and vulgar, but among the intellectual and imaginative—not by appeals to the senses in worship, but by consistency and subtlety of thought—that in our days converts will be made to the ancient church. We have receded far from the Reformation by length of time; the management of the controversy has degenerated: it has been debased by political passions, and turned upon the grossest external features of the case; and when a thoughtful man, accustomed to defer to historical authority, and competent to estimate moral theories as a whole, is led to penetrate beneath the surface, he is unprepared for the sight of so much speculative grandeur, and, if he have been a mere Anglican or Lutheran, is perhaps astonished into the conclusion, that the elder system has the advantage in philosophy and antiquity alike. From this, among other causes, we incline to think that the Roman Catholic reaction may proceed considerably further in this country ere it receives any effectual check. The academical training and the clerical teaching of the upper classes have not qualified them to resist it. At the other end of society there are large masses who cannot be considered inaccessible to any missionary influence, affectionately and perseveringly applied. Not all men, in a crowded community, are capable of the independence, the self-subsistence, without which Protestantism sinks into personal anarchy. The class of weak, dependent characters, that cannot stand alone in the struggle of life, are unprovided for in the modern system of the world. The coöperative theorist tries to take them up. But somehow or other he is usually a man with whom, by a strange fatality, coöperation is impossible; intent on uniting all men, yet himself not agreeing with any; with individuality so intense and exclusive, that it produces all the effect of intolerant self-will; and thus the very plans which by his hypothesis are inevitable, are by his temper made impracticable. He appeals, however, and successfully, to the uneasiness felt by the feeble in the strife and pressure of the world; he fills the imagination with visions of repose and sympathy; he awakens the craving for unity and incorporation in some vast and sustaining society. And whence is this desire, disappointed of its first promise, to obtain its satisfaction? Is it impossible that it may accept proposals from the most ancient, the most august, the most gigantic organization which the world has ever seen?—that it may take refuge in a body which invests indigence with sanctity—which cares for its members one by one—which has a real past instead of a fancied future, and warms the mind with the coloring of rich traditions—which, in providing for the poorest want of the moment, enrolls the disciple in a commonwealth spread through all ages and both worlds! Whatever socialistic tendency may be diffused through the English mind is not unlikely, in spite of a promise diametrically opposite, to turn to the advantage of the Catholic cause."

[Pg 328]

Here is another valuable contribution to the philosophy of this controversy. There are few positions more relied on by Roman Catholics, or more thoroughly unsound and fallacious, than the assertion that there are no essential differences between the position of Roman Catholics and of Protestants as regards the state and the English established church.

"If we had to deal simply with a form of worship and theology, there would be no ground for distinguishing between the case of the Catholics and that of the Dissenters." And practically perhaps, in the actual condition of Europe, the question now in agitation might be permitted to rest there. But, in fairness to the Protestant feeling, it should never be forgotten that the Roman Catholic system presents a feature absent from every other variety of nonconformity. It is not a religion only, but a polity; and this in a very peculiar sense. Other systems also—as the Presbyterian—include among their doctrines an opinion in favor of some particular church government; which opinion, however, professing to be derived from Scripture by use of private judgment, stands, in their case, on the same footing with every other article of their creed. You might differ from John Knox about synods, without prejudice to your agreement in all else. But with the Romish church it is different. It is not that her religion contains a polity; but that her polity contains the whole religion. The truths she publishes exist only as in its keeping, and rest only on its guarantee; and if you invalidate it, they would vanish, like the promissory notes of a corporation whose charter was proved false. Christianity, in her view, is not a doctrine, productive of institutions through spontaneous action on individual minds; but an institution, the perpetual source of doctrine for individual obedience and trust. Revelation is not a mere communication of truth, not a transitory visit from heaven to earth, ascertained by human testimony, and fixed in historical records; but a continuous incarnation of Deity, a permanent real presence of the Infinite in certain selected persons and consecrated objects. The same divine epiphany which began with the person of the Saviour has never since abandoned the world: it exists, in all its awfulness and power, only embodied no longer in a redeeming individual, but in a redeeming church. The word of inspiration, the deed of miracle, the authority to condemn and to forgive, remain as when Christ taught in the temple, walked on the sea, denounced the Pharisee, and accepted the penitent. These functions, as exercised by him, were only in their incipient stage; he came,—to exemplify them indeed, but chiefly to incorporate them in a body which should hold and transmit them to the end of time. From his person they passed to the College of the Twelve, under the headship of Peter; and thence, in perpetual apostleship, to the bishops and

pastors, ordained through legitimate hands, for the governance of disciples. These officers are the sole depositaries, the authorized trustees of divine grace; whose decision, whether they open or shut the gate of mercy, is registered in heaven and is without appeal. Not that they can play with this power, and dispose of it by arbitrary will. The media through which it is to flow have been divinely appointed: its channels are limited to certain physical substances and bodily acts or postures, selected at first hand for the purpose:—water at one time, bread at another, oil at a third, handling of the head at a fourth. But the infusion of the supernatural efficacy into these "alvei" depends on an act of the appointed official; through whom alone the divine matter—no longer choked up—can have free currency into the persons of believers. To this inheritance of miracle is added a stewardship of inspiration. The episcopate is keeper of the Christian records: and as those records are only the first germ of an undeveloped revelation, with the same body is left the exclusive power of unfolding their significance, and directing the growth and expansion of their ever fertile principles. Whatever interpretation the hierarchy may put upon the Scriptures, whatever doctrine or discipline they may announce as agreeable with the mind of God, must be accepted as infallible and authoritative. The same spirit of absolute truth which spoke in the living voice of Christ, which guided the pen of evangelists, still prolongs itself in the thought and counsels of bishops, and renders their collective decisions binding as divine oracles. The people who form the obedient mass of the Catholic body are not without a share of this miraculous light in the soul; not indeed for the discernment of any new truth, but for the apprehension of the old. The moment the disciple is incorporated in the church, faith bursts into sight; he passes from opinion into knowledge; he perceives the objects of his worship, and the truth of his creed, with more than the certainty of sense; and as he bows before the altar, or commits himself to the "Mother of God," the real presence and the invisible world are as immediately with him as the breviary and the crucifix. Through the whole Catholic atmosphere is diffused a preternatural medium of *clairvoyance*, which at every touch of its ritual vibrates into activity, and opens to adoring view mysteries hid from minds without. [16]

"Now, with the spiritual aspects of this theory we are not here concerned. Reason has no jurisdiction over the inspiration that transcends it. But there is a humbler task to which the common intellect is not incompetent. We may plant this system in a political community, set it down beside the state, imagine it surrounded by families, and schools, and municipalities, and parliaments, by the prison and the court of justice; within the shadow of law and in the presence of sovereignty; and we may ask how it will work amid these august symbols of a nation's life, and how adjust itself in relation to them? Will it leave them to their free development? Can it tranquilly coexist with them, and be content to see them occupy the scope which English traditions and English usage have secured for them? We are convinced it cannot; that every step it may make is an encroachment upon wholesome liberty; that it is innocent only where it is insignificant, and where it is ascendant will neither part with power, nor use it well; and that it must needs raise to the highest pitch the common vice of tyrannies and of democracies—the relentless crushing of minorities."

[Pg 329]

The above are only two paragraphs out of a dozen we had marked, but they will suffice to show the value of this very able and impartial essay.

FOOTNOTES:

- [16] Adequate authority for these statements will be found in Dr. Mochler's Symbolism, part i. chap. v., and in Newman's Lectures, iii. p. 66, and Lecture ix. passim.

KILLING OF SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Among the new books in England is one entitled "Modern State Trials" by William C. Townsend, in two octavos. In the *Times* of the second of January we find a reviewal of it, characteristically pungent. "Why Mr. Townsend conceived it necessary to dignify his collection with the above solemn title," says the critic, "we are at a loss to conjecture. Madame Tussaud does not invite a curiosity-seeking public to her museum of horrors by disguising the naked hideousness of her groups, or by lending them a factitious grace which it is hardly their interest to borrow. The publication is essentially popular, was meant for general perusal, is made up of any thing but technical details, and gives nothing to, as it receives nothing from, purely professional lore. A batch of interesting trials is very commendable, and need not be afraid of occupying its own ground. That of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russel, of the Wakefields for the abduction of Miss Turner, of Lord Cardigan for shooting in a duel, and of John Ambrose Williams for a libel on the Durham clergy, cannot by any stretch of fancy be converted into *state* prosecutions, though they fairly enough find admittance into a book which treats of our *causes célèbres*. The 'state' trials of the volume before us are the ha'porth of bread to the gallons of sack. The legitimate is paraded to call attention from the spurious, the vulgar is to find respectability by walking arm in arm with the classical. There was really no necessity for the 'sham.' A crooked stick on a heath has its picturesqueness as well as the Corinthian column. We may be very interesting rascals though we do not poke our walking-canes into the face of majesty, or go out on a fool's errand against the Queen's lieges with Mr. John Frost." The author's style is described as very unsatisfactory, though full of pretension. He is "very bombastic, very

inexact, and strangely independent in the current of his thoughts and in the arrangement of his words." But the *Times* admits nevertheless the interesting quality of the work, and in its own better language gives the following *résumé* of one of the most celebrated cases stated in it:—

"Of all the trials contained in these volumes none have a more melancholy interest, perhaps, than that of Mr. Stuart, who was tried on the tenth of June, 1822, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel. Mr. Stuart was, of course, acquitted. He had been the aggrieved party; he had found it necessary to the vindication of his honor to call his unfortunate antagonist to account; he had been forced, by the cruel exaction of public opinion, to expose his life to the weapon of a man he had never offended, and who, indeed, in his heart, bore his involuntary murderer no malice; and public opinion, expressed in the verdict of a jury, knew better than to sentence to death the wretched victim of its own brutal and unwarrantable edicts. Fortunately for the interests of humanity, we have at length reached a period when it becomes unnecessary to protest vehemently against the iron rule of an authority more despotic than that of absolute kings, and far more cruel and oppressive than the laws which but a few years ago attached the penalty of death to the commission of almost pardonable offences. Society, with the acquirement of other useful knowledge, has learned to appreciate the iniquitous folly of murder perpetrated in cold blood, without the slightest excuse. The nation which above all the countries of the world takes credit for adapting its laws to the requirements of a rapidly advancing civilization, has had courage to inquire why the savage vestige of an exploded system should still dishonor its history and interfere with its social progress. Duelling, as part and parcel of the national manners, has ceased in England. No doubt random shots will yet from time to time be heard, and weakness in its despair will occasionally seek refuge in cowardice, which it mistakes for valor; but the mind of the majority is made up. Duelling henceforth must be the exception, not the rule. Public opinion will harmonize with the law, and honor it. It will protect the injured, and hand over the offenders to the legitimate consequences of their own misdeeds. It will not call upon a man first to endure wrong, and then to lay bare his breast to the bullet of his aggressors.

"Our fathers were less fortunate than ourselves in this respect. Their dilemma was fearful. The law took no account of those delicate injuries under which sensitive honor pines, though no bruise or wound appears to indicate the mischief; and, in self-defence, refinement set up the bloodiest code brutality under the guise of chivalry could imagine or invent. A quiet gentleman, sitting from morning till night in his library, interfering with the pleasures and pursuits of none, amiable in every relation of life, a stanch friend, a fond husband, a devoted father, as useful a member of society as you might find in a day's journey, and obnoxious only to political opponents, who fear him more than he dislikes them, is called a 'liar,' a 'coward,' and a 'heartless ruffian.' He is nothing of the kind; he is proudly conscious of this fact; his accusers do not even believe it; the world—that portion of it in which he moves—is satisfied that he is a remarkable instance of truth, of courage, and extreme tenderness of spirit. The revilers have made a great mistake or committed a disgraceful outrage. In either case, since they are not amenable to law, you would think they might safely be left to acquire better information and improve their manners. Not a bit of it. The quiet gentleman's enemies have aimed a blow at his reputation. They are good shots—which unfortunately he is not—and now they must aim another at his life; society 'allows it,' and society 'awards it.' The quiet gentleman makes his will, kisses his children, shuts up his books, sighs, and 'goes out.' The quiet gentleman is killed; a million men could not restore the life one man has taken. Society is distressed beyond expression; so is the murderer, who is all sorrow and tenderness for the departed. There is general weeping, and great unavailing regret, and much commiseration for the widow: and then a mock trial, and no end of speechifying, beautiful remorse on the part of the survivor, lovelier tributes to the memory of deceased, a verdict of not guilty, and a dismissal of the murderer and his accomplices into the world, which is worthy of them as they are worthy of it. The picture represents a common event of the time of George the Third. Let us confess that, degenerate as we are, we have changed, in some respects, for the better since those 'good old days!'"

[Pg 330]

"Let us also bear in mind the main cause of our improvement! It is due to the majesty of law, to state that, had she been less faithful, society would have grown more reckless. Public opinion and the law of the country have had a hard fight for the mastery, and had the latter given way but an inch, the former would have found us to-day in the hands and at the mercy of the bullies. Judges have never hesitated to declare that murder which juries by their verdicts have as perseveringly regarded as justifiable homicide. In vain have eloquent counsel risen to prove that the prisoner bore his antagonist no ill-will; that he did not 'wickedly and maliciously' challenge his victim to fight; that he had recourse to the sole means within his power to right himself with the world; that society would have branded him eternally for a coward had he held back; that he took up his weapon in self-defence precisely as a man levels his gun at the house-breaker or the midnight assassin;—the expounder of the law has still been proof against sophistry which, once accepted, must tend inevitably to social disorganization. The *deliberate resolution* to kill a fellow-creature has nothing to do with self-defence. To destroy another in cold blood is murder in the sight of the law, and can assume no other aspect. But what availed it that the judge stood firm by the statute, when juries as pertinaciously backed the sentiment of the world and refused the law permission to take its course? It availed much. The unseemly conflict has been carried on until at length civilization has become shocked by the spectacle. The effect of the ever-recurring encounter is something worse than ridiculous. It has taken years to bring us to our senses, but we are rational at last. Public opinion exercises its good sense, and since it cannot bring the law into harmony with its desperate folly, deems it expedient to shape its own views in conformity with unbending law. To slay in a duel is to commit murder, though men do not hang for the crime. To be a murderer with benefit of clergy is but an odious and irksome privilege after all!

"Sir Alexander was the eldest son of Dr. Johnson's Boswell. The inimitable biographer was fortunate in his offspring. His sons inherited all the virtues of their father, and none of his foibles. The social good humor, the cleverness, the appreciation of learning, the joviality,—every good quality, in fact, of Bozzy was reflected in his children, who had the sense to discern and avoid the frailties that had rendered the sire ridiculous in his own day, and illustrious for all time. James Boswell, the youngest son of the biographer, an accomplished scholar, superintended several editions of his father's great work, and was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. He was a Commissioner of Bankrupts when he suddenly died in London, in the prime of life, on the 24th day of February, 1822. Sir Alexander, who had been created a baronet in 1821, attended his brother's funeral in London, and returned to Scotland to meet his own death immediately afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, warmly attached to both, was, we are informed, much affected by the unexpected death of the baronet, who had dined with the novelist only two or three days before the catastrophe, and, as usual, had been the life and soul of the party assembled. 'That evening,' writes Mr. Lockhart, 'was, I think, the gayest I ever spent in Castle-street; and though Charles Matthews was present and in his best force, poor Boswell's songs, jokes and anecdotes had exhibited no symptom of eclipse.' Four years afterwards Sir Walter dined in company with Charles Matthews again. The event is commemorated by a singular and characteristic entry in Scott's Diary. 'There have been odd associations,' he writes, 'attending my two last meetings with Matthews. The last time I saw him before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within a week. I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1815, when John Scott, of Gala, and I, were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Matthews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched, or rather made an early dinner with us at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim; he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again. So this man of mirth has brought me no luck.'

[Pg 331]

"Sir Alexander had made the final arrangements for his duel the very day he dined with Sir Walter. The circumstance in no way interfered with the flow of spirits of a man who had, indeed, invited a violent death by nothing more criminal than an over indulgence of ill-directed mirth. The details of the duel are of the usual kind. In the early part of 1821, a newspaper called the *Beacon*, destined not to survive the year, was set up in Edinburgh in the Tory interest. The object of the publication was to counteract the effect of Radical doctrines, which were making great way in the northern metropolis under favor of the agitation that had been set up on behalf of Queen Caroline. Sir Walter Scott himself had been consulted upon the propriety of establishing the journal, and had offered with others to help it by a gift of money at starting. The *Beacon* served any purpose but that of directing the public mind in the path desired. The management of the paper, with which by the way the law officers of the Crown foolishly connected themselves, was in all respects disastrous. The proprietors shrank from the responsibility which the bitter invective and satire of the more youthful and unscrupulous editors hourly accumulated on their shoulders; the articles of the paper were made the subject of Parliamentary discussion; and to avoid consequences which it was not difficult to anticipate, the concern, which had opened with flying colors in January, was suddenly and ignominiously shut up for ever in August.

"Glasgow took up the weapon which Edinburgh dropped. A newspaper appeared in the former city as the avowed defender of the cause and assailant of the persons previously upheld and attacked by the defunct Edinburgh journal. The *Sentinel*, as the Glasgow paper was called, would hold his ground though the *Beacon* was put out. It is much easier to bequeath hatred and rancor than to communicate talent and genius. The *Sentinel* was abusive and licentious enough, but it had little to recommend it on the score of ability. The *Beacon* had made a personal attack upon Mr. Stuart, a gentleman connected with some leading Whig families, and the *Sentinel*, in pursuance of its vocation, fastened upon the same luckless gentleman. The libel of the Edinburgh journalist had been arranged. Mr. Stuart found out its author, and libeller and libelled were prevented from doing further mischief by being bound over to keep the peace. To keep the peace, however, in those days was to be wanting in the very first element of chivalry, and, accordingly, Mr. Stuart was pronounced by the *Sentinel* a 'bully,' a 'coward,' a 'dastard,' and a 'sulky poltroon.' Furthermore, he was 'a heartless ruffian,' 'a white feather,' and 'afraid of lead.' To vindicate his character Mr. Stuart raised an action of damages, and, curiously enough, he was twitted in the very court of justice to which he appealed for protection, for not having recourse to the hostile measure which in his despair he at last adopted, and for pursuing which he was tried for his life. Abuse went on in spite of the action of damages; Mr. Stuart finally addressed himself to the agent for the printer of the newspaper, and the agent gave up the manuscripts from which the libels had been printed. Mr. Stuart went to Glasgow to inspect them. He discovered his assailant. The author of the worst calumnies against him was Sir Alexander Boswell, 'a gentleman with whom he was somewhat related, and with whom he had never been but upon good terms.' Mr. Stuart appealed to a friend. He called in the advice of the Earl of Roslyn, who obtained an interview with Sir Alexander Boswell, to whom he submitted two propositions. One was, that the baronet should deny that the calumnies were his; the other, that Sir Alexander should confess that the libel was but a poor joke, for which he was sorry. 'I will neither deny nor make apology,' answered Sir Alexander.

"A duel was now a matter of course. Sir Alexander left a paper behind him, confessing that the meeting was inevitable, and Mr. Stuart made all his preparations for death. One stands amazed in the presence of such horrible play, such terrific childishness. The parties met; they fired together, and Sir Alexander fell. Boswell, who would not allow that he had written a squib, proudly fired in the air; Mr. Stuart took no aim, and yet killed his man. When the deed was done, the murderer, frantic, and 'dissolved in all the tenderness of an infant,' reproached himself with

exquisite simplicity that he had not taken aim, *'for if he had, he was certain he would have missed him!'* whilst the dying man expressed a corresponding anxiety lest 'he had not made his fire in the air appear so decided as he could have wished.' So men speak and act who take leave of their reason to play the fool in the high court of honor! A line tells the rest of the history. Sir Alexander is removed from the field and taken to the house of a friend. Mr. Stuart flies to the house of his friend, runs into a room, shuts the door, sits down in agony of mind, and bursts into tears. In due time he is put on his trial for murder, the jury unanimously find him *Not Guilty*, and Lord Chief Justice Clerk congratulates him on the verdict, although five minutes before he had deliberately stated that 'duels are but illustrious murders,' and that 'no false punctilio or notion of honor can vindicate an act which terminates fatally to another fellow-creature.'"

THE LATE DR. TROOST.

[Pg 332]

We recently noticed the death of the excentric German professor, Dr. Troost, of Tennessee. His passion for all animals of the serpent kind was well known, and we find it illustrated in this anecdote, related by Sir Charles Lyell:

"Every thing of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them—that he has tamed—in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking-chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills, and I was told that, upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach, which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned Doctor took his seat on the top with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a Baptist preacher on his way to a great public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld to his unutterable horror two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads out of the basket, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprised of the character of his ophidian outside passengers, than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instanter by the preacher. The 'insides,' as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsides, and nobody was left but the Doctor and his rattlesnakes on the top. But the Doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed his greatcoat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said, 'Gendlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, and day won't hoort you.'"

MADAME DACIER.

The husband of this celebrated woman (Andre Dacier) was born at Castres in 1651, and studied at Saumur, under Tanneguy le Fèvre, whose daughter Anne he married in 1683. Both the husband and wife became eminent among the classical scholars of the seventeenth century. They were employed with others to comment upon and edit a series of the ancient authors, for the Dauphin, which form the collection "Ad usum Delphini." Madame Dacier's commentaries are considered as superior to those of her husband. She edited "Callimachus," "Florus," "Aurelius Victor," "Etropius," and the history which goes by the name of "Dictys Cretensis," all of which have been repeatedly reprinted, with her notes. She published French translations of the "Amphitryon," "Rudens," and "Lepidicus," of Plautus, with a good preface, of the comedies of Terence, of the "Plutus," and "The Clouds," of Aristophanes, and of Anacreon and Sappho. She also translated the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," with a preface and notes. This led to a controversy between her and La Motte, who had spoken slightly of Homer. Madame Dacier wrote, in 1714, "Considérations sur les Causes de la Corruption du Goût," in which she defended the cause of Homer with great vivacity, as she did also against Father Hardouin, who had written an "Apology of Homer," which was more a censure than an apology. The warmth, however, with which both the Daciers resented any thing that was said against the ancient writers was carried to the extreme, and had, at times, something ludicrous in it. But Madame Dacier's enthusiasm was real, and unaccompanied by pedantry or conceit. She died in 1820.

Original Poetry.

DUTY.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

In changeless green, and grasping close the rock,
Up towers the mountain pine. The Winter blast
May like an ocean surge be on it cast;

Proud doth it stand, and stern defy the shock,
Unchanged in verdure and unbroke in crest,
Although wild throes may agitate its breast,
And clinging closer when the storm is gone,
Tired, but unbent upon its granite throne,
Not always doth it wrestle with the storm!
Skies smile; spring flowers make soft its iron roots;
Its sturdy boughs are kissed by breezes warm;
And birds gleam in and out with joyous flutes.
Duty proves not its strength unless defied,
But pleasure has it, too, bright as have hearts untried.

"SOUNDS FROM HOME."

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Last night I dreamed of thee, beloved!
I held that tiny hand,—
Encircled by my clasping arm
Once more I saw thee stand,—
The blush so faint, yet fairly traced,
Rose to thy changing cheek—
As when upon thy brows were placed
Farewells I could not speak.

Thine eyes were filled with softened light,
But welcomes now I read,
As to my heart, by love's fond sight.
I gently drew thy head;
And oh, so eloquent were they—
So full of earnest truth,—
I knew what fain thy heart would say,
The promise of thy youth.

I knew that thou hadst faithful been
To vows of long ago:
That speeding time, and changing scene,
No change in thee could show,
That absence had but bound thy love
More firmly to its choice—
It needed not one word to prove,
One sound of thy loved voice.

Yes, silent was that long embrace,
Though tears flowed fast and free.
As gazing down in that dear face,
I read thy love for me;
And thought of all the lonely hours
When I had wildly yearned
To press thee thus unto my heart,
And feel my kiss returned.

Those midnight hours! by sea and land!
How heavily they sped!
Sometimes upon a surf-beat strand
My weary feet would tread,
And when the stars looked calmly down
From cloudless foreign skies—
Their soft light seemed a radiance thrown
From these pure, earnest eyes.

'Twas but a dream! the light breeze swept
Soft touches o'er my brow;
The spray's cold kiss my lips had met,
Oh, still afar art thou!
'Twas but a dream! and yet I heard
Thy murmured—"Art thou come!"—
Then woke, to feel my spirit stirred
With these dear "sounds from home."

BROUGHT FROM FRENCH CASINOS TO AMERICAN PARLORS.

We have constantly reflected in our "good society" and "fashionable world" every baseness and vulgarity that is invented *outré mer*, particularly in Paris. One woman returns to smoke cigars, in a magnificent home erected by a lucky mechanic or shopkeeper, as if such an indecency had ever been tolerated among the well-born and well-bred people of the social metropolis. Others, copying from their probable associates abroad, introduce obscene dances, and other licentious amusements, which for a season have baffled the police of foreign cities, and boast of their superiority to "low prejudices." All the travelled readers of the *International*, except clerks, agents, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and fugitives from justice, know very well that in all the world there is a show at least of moral where there is real social elevation; that these abuses are not anywhere tolerated among families which have kept their carriages for three generations. But we proposed an introduction to a passage written from Paris to the most aristocratic of the London magazines:—

"A new species of dancing, unknown to the Alberts, the Anatoles, the Brocards, the Hullins, the Pauls, and the Noblets, has come into vogue at the Jardin Mabille, and at the Grande Chaumière, situated on the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, not far from the Barrière d'Enfer. This dance is called the *Cancon* and the *Chahut*. It is unlike the waltz, the gavotte, the country dance, the Scotch reel, the Spanish Cachucha, the Hungarian mazurka; is far worse than jota Arragonese, or the most lascivious of Spanish dances of Andalusia. You may remember that in the early days of Charles X. the police of Paris attempted and succeeded in putting down gross and immodest dances; but under the reign of Louis Philippe the spirit of libertinage and *dégîngandage*, to use a French term, again broke out among the class of *débardeurs*, and towards the close of 1845 became terrific to behold. You, who know me well, are aware that I am the last person in the world who would seek to put an end to any innocent amusement, or who would contend that the French people should not dance. They have always danced, and will always dance, to the end of time. They danced under Saint Louis, under Henry IV., under Louis XIV., under Napoleon, and why should not they dance now? There is no reason in the world why they should not dance, if in dancing they do not shock public modesty, and offend against public decorum. In the time of Louis XIV. there were public dances at the Moulin de Javelle; in the time of Napoleon there were dances in the Rue Coquenard, and at the Porcherons, near the Rue St. Lazar. In the time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. there were dances at the Jardin de Tivoli. But at none of these were decency outraged or morality shocked. At Tivoli, the national pastime was indulged with decency and decorum, and although the price on entering was so low as fifteen sous with a ticket, and thirty sous without a ticket, and albeit the dancers were chiefly of the humbler classes, yet, I repeat, in 1827, 1828, and 1829, public decency was not shocked. But from the *bal masqué* of the Théâtre des Variétés in 1831, when, towards the close of the evening the lights were put out, and the *ronde infernale* was commenced, obscene and disgusting dances were becoming more and more common in Paris, and continued to make progress till February, 1848. They had attained the most unenviable notoriety in 1845, when at the Bal Mabille a dance was introduced called "La Reine Pomare." Then there was the "Cancon Eccentrique," introduced by a personage called "La Princesse de Mogador," a feigned name, as you may suppose, assumed by some *fille perdue*. These dances, commenced at the Chaumière and the Bal Mabille, were also introduced at the Bal Montesquieu, at the Bal de la Cité d'Antin, and, if I mistake not, at the Bal Valentino. The principal performers were students in law, in medicine, in pharmacy, clerks, commis voyageurs, profligate tradesmen, and lorettes, grisettes, *et filles de basse condition*.

"I must do the Provisional Government, so much abused, the justice to say, that towards the close of 1848, when these disgusting dances were again revived, the Gardiens de Paris interfered, and proceeded to clear the room if they were persevered in. If this had been done in 1845 and 1846 by that austere minister, who so much boasted of his independence and morality, events might have taken a different turn. But it is now too late to speculate, and it is easy to be wise after the event. But M. Guizot, his préfet de police, and the members of the Government, were warned long before 1845-6 of the profound immorality and indecency of these dances, and they made no effort to put a stop to them. It is because these scandals are now in a course of revival that I advert to this matter at such length. The subject is worthy the attention of M. Carlier, the Préfet of Police, and of wiser heads than M. Carlier. "*Selon qu'il est conduit*," said Richelieu, and he knew his nation well; "*Selon qu'il est conduit le peuple Français est capable de tout*." I am no enemy of innocent recreation, as you are well aware, or of harmless, convivial, social, or saltatory enjoyment. But if lasciviousness, obscenity, or *des saletés* be tolerated in public places, a blow is struck at the very foundations of society. I may not, even in a letter, enter into a minute description of these dances. Suffice it to say, they would not be endured in England, even by women who had fallen from the paths of virtue, unless their minds and hearts were wholly debauched. You see, after so much light gossip, I end with a sermon—a sermon which the least strait-laced would preach under the circumstances."

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

[Pg 334]

The following dramatic bulletin which appeared in a Dublin newspaper on the first appearance of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons in that city, is quite as good a critique and as free from blunders, as some which have appeared in our own journals more recently:—

"On Saturday, May 30, 1784, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamant, soft and lovely person for the first time, at the Smock Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, tearful, and all melting character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold—with thousands of admiring spectators who went away without obtaining a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun in the firmament of the muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! she was nature itself! she was the most exquisite work of art! she was the very daisy, primrose, tube rose, sweet-briar, furze blossom, gilliflower, wall-flower, cauliflower and rosemary! in short she was a bouquet of Parnassus. Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured—several of them fainted before the curtain was drawn up.

"When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding ring, ah! what a sight was there! The very fiddlers in the orchestra, albeit unused to the melting mood, blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears fell from the bassoon player's eyes in such plentiful showers that they choked the finger stops; and making a spout of that instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of cork drawing from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistakes between flats and sharps being discovered.

"One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will hardly credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five women, one hundred tailors and six common councilmen were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that position, up to their ankles in tears!

"An act of parliament against her playing any more, will certainly pass."

THE FRENCH GENERALS OF TO-DAY.

A clever writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, dating at Paris, writes:—

"Of Changarnier I shall not say much. He is as taciturn as M. L. N. Bonaparte, *et possede un grand talent pour le silence*. Changarnier is a man of great nerve and energy, and is perfectly up to street warfare and to the management of the unruly Parisian population. He is popular with the soldiery and with the higher officers. As to his having any decided political opinions to which he would become a martyr, I don't believe a word of it. He wishes to preserve order, and to save France from anarchy; but, apart from this, would be guided by his personal interests. If royalty, hereditary or elective, become the order of the day—not a very likely occurrence within two or three years—he would adjust himself to the national arrangement on the best terms, and throw his sword into the scale that kicked the beam. But if the game of a president is to be played for in 1852 and 1856, Changarnier may put forward his own pretensions, as, at heart, he has neither love nor reverence for the Tenth of December. In the event of a war, however, Changarnier is more likely to look to the highest command, in which he might win the marshal's bâton, and thus become still more important, personally, professionally, and politically. Military men, more especially of the African school, seem to allow that Changarnier possesses a rare combination of military qualities. Decision, energy, bravery, and the *coup d'œil*, he exhibits in the highest degree; but he is, on the other hand, wholly without civil talents. He is no orator, no speaker even, and seems to entertain as great a contempt for *ideologues* and deliberative assemblies as Napoleon himself. If Changarnier were ever invested with supreme power, it would go hard, so far as he was concerned, with the constitution and liberties of France."

There is in no country a more honorable, high-principled, and conscientious soldier than Cavaignac. Of all the men produced by the Revolution of 1848 (Lamartine and Dufaure were known as political men before), Cavaignac appears the most single-minded, honorable, and conscientious. Though a Republican *pur sang*, he yet rendered more important services to order in June, 1848, than any one of the Moderates, Royalists, or Burgraves, or generals of order, or than all of them together. It is significant that Cavaignac has openly declared to his friends—indeed, under his hand, that he will not support the candidature of Louis Napoleon, should he present himself in 1852, or become a party to any head of the Constitution.

Lamoricière is, as a man and as a general, of infinite talent, and of brilliant courage. He is a good man of business, a brilliant speaker, and certainly has carried himself as a public character with independence and honor.

Bedeau is a general of very considerable literary and scientific talents, and perhaps of higher

attainments in his profession than any other of the generals of the African school; but he is said to be deficient in energy, and unresolved, and of late he seems to be less thought of as a man of action than as an organizer and administrator. In the event of a war, it is likely the four men I speak of will play brilliant parts; and in civil affairs, it is possible, if not certain, that a great part may be reserved for Cavaignac.

WILLIAM PENN AND MACAULAY.

We find in the London *Times* a review of Mr. Forster's "Observations on the Charges made in Mr. Macaulay's History of England against the Character of William Penn," and transfer it to these pages, as likely to be not less interesting to Americans than to Englishmen, since Penn's name is most intimately connected with the history of this country. The book reviewed has been republished in New-York by Mr. John Wiley.

"Mr. Macaulay will not be likely to take offence at a comparison of his history with Burnet's, and certainly in one particular point the two productions have been attended with remarkably similar effects. The number of historical writers and pamphleteers who were called into being by the honest Bishop's account of his own times was astonishing. Every chapter in his narrative created a literary antagonist, and the spirit thus called into being was really instrumental, to a very considerable extent, in changing the whole style and tone of English history. It is too early to predict a precisely similar issue of Mr. Macaulay's labors; but things are certainly tending that way. There have been more discussions upon points of English history within the last twelve months than have usually occurred in as many years. The social and political condition of our ancestors, the motives of great acts, the characters of great men, and the general course of our national life for the last century and a half, have of late been perpetually brought before the public, and seldom without instructive results. It is not, of course, every joust which yields a respectable show, but Mr. Macaulay's shield has been once or twice struck by antagonists who have shown a title to the encounter, and one of these is now in the lists with the pamphlet specified below.

"Mr. Forster's challenge is on behalf of the personal character and political conduct of the famous William Penn—"the arch-Quaker," whom he conceives Mr. Macaulay to have treated with an injustice which, if it did not result from deliberate prejudice, was at all events chargeable to unbecoming negligence of inquiry. The cause thus asserted he defends in fifty pages of not unreasonable argument, and supports by the liberal quotation of accepted authorities. Unfortunately, the character of the controversy is such that it is almost impossible either to arbitrate conclusively between the parties or to convey an adequate idea of their respective positions. Mr. Macaulay's fashion of writing, too, makes sadly against any minute or critical investigation of his resources or his deductions. His habit is to throw off a single complete sketch of a character or a transaction, and at the foot of it to quote altogether the various authorities, from certain passages of which he derived the warrant for his own several touches. By this means we are incapacitated from closely following his observations, and we can only infer, with greater or less probability, what particular portion of a particular authority served for the foundation of any particular statement. To some extent this method of proceeding is inseparable from Mr. Macaulay's style, and its obvious disadvantage must be set off against that brilliancy and effect of the general picture which commands such universal admiration. Mr. Macaulay writes as it were from impressions. He consults and peruses the original records of the times he is describing, and out of the general deductions thus instinctively drawn his conception is formed. We believe this to be the best way of arriving at general truths, but it is a practice which greatly limits the application of ordinary tests of accuracy. Indeed, in many portions of Mr. Macaulay's history, a reader can do little more than compare his own previous impressions of the facts and scenes described with the impression of the writer who is describing them. Many of his descriptions are compounded of such numerous and minute ingredients, picked here and there from such a variety of quarters, that they can only be verified by a similar process to that in which they originated. A signal exemplification of our meaning will be found in his delineation of the character and position of the English clergy before the Revolution. We not only believe ourselves that this sketch is substantially correct, but we would even venture to say that the impressions of well-informed and unprejudiced minds as to the general truth would, in a majority of cases, coincide with our own. Yet of this we are perfectly certain—that it would not only be possible but easy to collect so many particular examples of a contrary tendency as would wholly bewilder the judgment of an ordinary reader. Mr. Macaulay, in fact, can too frequently only be judged by those who have followed, at however humble a distance, his own track of study. The temptations to this kind of writing will be considerably weaker in the case of the volumes which are yet to come, and we may there, perhaps, hope for a little more severity of quotation. Yet in the portraits of individual characters these inducements will still remain, nor can they be very easily, or indeed very properly, overlooked.

"It is not enough to say that the character of an historical personage is to be drawn from the authentic record of his actions. No doubt it is so; but there are a thousand minute and almost undefinable suggestions, arising from the perusal of these actions with all their circumstances, which will exercise a most material influence upon the judgment. The motives, for instance, of an action, must be almost always matter of surmise, and yet upon these surmises the conclusion will mainly depend. It is to this cause we must attribute the contradiction which such conclusions

occasionally exhibit, as in the conflicting characters drawn by various hands of Archbishop Cranmer, of General Monk, of James II., or, as in the case before us, of William Penn. Nevertheless, Mr. Forster does supply us with some means of estimating the justice and accuracy of Mr. Macaulay's decision; but as our limits preclude any thing like a comparison of the two theories in detail, we must confine ourselves to communicating a general idea of the disputed points in continuation and illustration of what we have already premised.

"William Penn, the Quaker, as we need hardly state, passed the early part of his life under heavy persecutions on account of his religious opinions. In the resolute spirit of fortitude with which he sustained these sufferings he gave utterance to many rigid and uncompromising doctrines. Things then took a turn with him, and from a poor persecuted pietist he became a close client of Royalty, and almost the chief of court favorites in an age of favoritism. That some of his sayings and doings in these two strangely-contrasted scenes of his life should be a little contradictory is, to say the least, no matter of wonder. Mr. Macaulay, accordingly, giving him full credit for religious principle, but not much for strength of mind, depicts the stubborn and fanatical Quaker of former days as having become in the reign of King James the compliant and, though well-meaning, not over-scrupulous agent of a monarch, whose designs were directed against the civil and religious liberty of his people. Mr. Forster, on the other hand, would ascribe Penn's appearance in these scenes exclusively to his good and charitable intentions. He would represent him solely as a peacemaker (which is, perhaps, not far from the truth), and he would exculpate him from all motives except those of charity; attributing to him a thorough and undisguised repugnance to the king's evil designs, and a resolution simply to realize out of these evil doings the great and permanent blessing of religious liberty for his countrymen at large.

"The first bone of contention is the participation of Penn in that nefarious transaction by which the Royal Maids of Honor extorted ransoms from the poor Taunton girls who had welcomed the arrival of Monmouth. It seems that the chief, if not the sole authority for Mr. Macaulay's remarks on this head is contained in a letter of Sunderland's, preserved in the State-Paper office, and addressed to "Mr. Penne." Mr. Forster, therefore, disputes the identity of the two persons. Now, we think that very few people, after a careful exercise of their judgment, would doubt either that this letter was addressed to Penn, or that another, subsequently alluded to, was written by him. Still we admit that its phraseology does not bear out all Mr. Macaulay's circumstantial details of the transaction, and it certainly cannot be denied that his conduct was, to say the least, *susceptible* of an interpretation which should have called rather for the approval than the censure of the historian. The principal subject, however, of the controversy is the share taken by William Penn in the dealings of James with the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. We feel it very difficult to give any sufficient statement of this case, not only by reason of our narrow limits, but for want of words so to express ourselves as not to assume what one or other of the disputants deny. Yet Mr. Forster must not complain if we assert that William Penn, in this as in other questionable transactions, was, if not an agent of the king, at least a kind of go-between, and generally with an inclination towards that conclusion which James desired. Perhaps he often interfered because nobody else could interfere so beneficially—this we are very willing to allow, but, to take the case now before us, it surely cannot be gainsayed that in his mediation, if Mr. Forster will accept the term, between the king and the college, he really did wish that, with as little unpleasantness as might be, the college should submit to the king. And even if we accept as not proved the allegation that he directly tempted the Fellows to perjury, yet Mr. Forster must not ask us to believe that Penn would not have been a great deal better pleased if the Fellows had quietly dropped the consideration of their oaths, and surrendered their foundation to the Papists without further struggle.

"We suspect the truth to be, that Mr. Macaulay has somewhat exceeded his specified warrants, not in the design, but in the coloring. We believe that many of Penn's acts were strangely inconsistent, if rigorously noted, with his principles as previously professed, but we doubt whether they will bear quite such hard words as Mr. Macaulay has given them. Nevertheless, to recur to an expression which we employed before, we are persuaded that in a majority of cases the *general impression* of an unbiassed inquirer would be more nearly in accordance with Mr. Macaulay's sketch than with that flattering and stainless portrait which Mr. Forster, at the conclusion of his remarks, would fain have drawn. Mr. Macaulay may have painted his story a little too highly. His faults are less in his verbs and substantives than in his adjectives and his adverbs. Penn never in all probability became such an obsequious and pliant-principled courtier as he is represented in this history, but the simple facts which are authentically recorded of his court-life preclude any notion of the high-souled and spotless character which Mr. Forster would fain depict."

[Pg 337]

The subjects discussed in this volume have been much handled by our own writers, and in several cases with very decided ability. We incline to the side of Mr. Forster, throughout. An attentive study of the life of William Penn reveals to our view a character of singular purity, and in nearly all respects admirably composed. The judgment of Macaulay we hold in very little esteem. It was said of Voltaire that he would sacrifice Christ for an epigram; it may be said of Macaulay that he would sacrifice as liberally for an antithesis. He labors always for effect, and it must be admitted that he has evinced very extraordinary abilities for this end; he never fails in variety, contrast, or grouping; hence his popularity, and the absence from his pictures of the highest elements of history.

Although in State Papers and in the Transactions of Societies in this country, there is a large amount of important historical material in relation to Penn, we have no creditable memoir of him;

which is remarkable, considering the attractive interest of the subject, and the jealousy which has been displayed in various quarters respecting every thing affecting his reputation.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME. [17]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Continued from Page 216.

CHAPTER X.

The two horsemen rode on their way. Neither spoke for several minutes. Sir Philip Hastings pondering sternly on all that had passed, and his younger companion gazing upon the scene around flooded with the delicious rays of sunset, as if nothing had passed at all.

Sir Philip, as I have shown the reader, had a habit of brooding over any thing which excited much interest in his breast—nay more, of extracting from it, by a curious sort of alchemy, essence very different from its apparent nature, sometimes bright, fine, and beneficial, and others dark and maleficent. The whole of the transaction just past disturbed him much; it puzzled him; it set his imagination running upon a thousand tracks, and most of them wrong ones; and thought was not willing to be called from her vagaries to deal with any other subject than that which preoccupied her.

The young stranger, on the other hand, seemed one of those characters which take all things much more lightly. In the moment of action, he had shown skill, resolution, and energy enough, but as he sat there on his horse's back, looking round at every point of any interest to an admirer of nature with an easy, calm and unconcerned air, no one who saw him could have conceived that he had been engaged the moment before in so fierce though short a struggle. There was none of the heat of the combatant or the triumph of the victor in his air or countenance, and his placid and equable expression of face contrasted strongly with the cloud which sat upon the brow of his companion.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for my gloomy silence," said Sir Philip Hastings, at length, conscious that his demeanor was not very courteous, "but this affair troubles me. Besides certain relations which it bears to matters of private concernment, I am not satisfied as to how I should deal with the ruffian we have suffered to depart so easily. His assault upon myself I do not choose to treat harshly; but the man is a terror to the country round, committing many an act to which the law awards a very insufficient punishment, but with cunning sufficient to keep within that line, the passage beyond which would enable society to purge itself of such a stain upon it; how to deal with him, I say, embarrasses me greatly. I have committed him two or three times to prison already; and I am inclined to regret that I did not, on this occasion, when he was in the very act of breaking the law, send my sword through him, and I should have been well justified in doing so."

"Nay, sir, methinks that would have been too much," replied his companion; "he has had a fall, which, if I judge rightly, will be a sufficient punishment for his assault upon you. According to the very *lex talionis*, he has had what he deserves. If he has nearly broke your arm, I think I have nearly broken his back."

"It is not his punishment for any offence to myself, sir, I seek," replied the baronet; "it is a duty to society to free it from the load of such a man whenever he himself affords the opportunity of doing so. Herein the law would have justified me, but even had it not been so, I can conceive many cases where it may be necessary for the benefit of our country and society to go beyond what the law will justify, and to make the law for the necessity."

"Brutus, and a few of his friends, did so," replied the young stranger with a smile, "and we admire them very much for so doing, but I am afraid we should hang them, nevertheless, if they were in a position to try the thing over again. The illustration of the gibbet and the statue might have more applications than one, for I sincerely believe, if we could revive historical characters, we should almost in all cases erect a gallows for those to whom we now raise a monument."

Sir Philip Hastings turned and looked at him attentively, and saw his face was gay and smiling. "You take all these things very lightly, sir," he said.

"With a safe lightness," replied the stranger.

"Nay, with something more," rejoined his companion; "in your short struggle with that ruffian, you sprang upon him, and overthrew him like a lion, with a fierce activity which I can hardly imagine really calmed down so soon."

"O yes it is, my dear sir," replied the stranger, "I am somewhat of a stoic in all things. It is not necessary that rapidity of thought and action, in a moment of emergency, should go one line

beyond the occasion, or sink one line deeper than the mere reason. The man who suffers his heart to be fluttered, or his passions to be roused, by any just action he is called upon to do, is not a philosopher. Understand me, however; I do not at all pretend to be quite perfect in my philosophy; but, at all events, I trust I schooled myself well enough not to suffer a wrestling match with a contemptible animal like that, to make my pulse beat a stroke quicker after the momentary effort is over."

Sir Philip Hastings was charmed with the reply; for though it was a view of philosophy which he could not and did not follow, however much he might agree to it, yet the course of reasoning and the sources of argument were so much akin to those he usually sought, that he fancied he had at length found a man quite after his own heart. He chose to express no farther opinion upon the subject, however, till he had seen more of his young companion; but that more he determined to see. In the mean time he easily changed the conversation, saying, "You seemed to be a very skilful and practised wrestler, sir."

"I was brought up in Cornwall," replied the other, "though not a Cornish man, and having no affinity even with the Terse and the Tees—an Anglo Saxon, I am proud to believe, for I look upon that race as the greatest which the world has yet produced."

"What, superior to the Roman?" asked Sir Philip.

"Ay, even so," answered the stranger, "with as much energy, as much resolution, less mobility, more perseverance, with many a quality which the Roman did not possess. The Romans have left us many a fine lesson which we are capable of practising as well as they, while we can add much of which they had no notion."

"I should like much to discuss the subject with you more at large," said Sir Philip Hastings, in reply; "but I know not whether we have time sufficient to render it worth while to begin."

"I really hardly know, either," answered the young stranger; "for, in the first place, I am unacquainted with the country, and in the next place, I know not how far you are going. My course tends towards a small town called Hartwell—or, as I suspect it ought to be, Hartswell, probably from some fountain at which hart and hind used to come and drink."

"I am going a little beyond it," replied Sir Philip Hastings, "so that our journey will be for the next ten miles together;" and with this good space of time before him, the baronet endeavored to bring his young companion back to the subject which had been started, a very favorite one with him at all times.

But the stranger seemed to have his hobbies as well as Sir Philip, and having dashed into etymology in regard to Hartwell, he pursued it with an avidity which excluded all other topics.

"I believe," he said, not in the least noticing Sir Philip's dissertation on Roman virtues—"my own belief is, that there is not a proper name in England, except a few intruded upon us by the Normans, which might not easily be traced to accidental circumstances in the history of the family or the place. Thus, in the case of Aylesbury, or Eaglestown, from which it is derived, depend upon it the place has been noted as a resort for eagles in old times, coming thither probably for the ducks peculiar to that place. Bristol, in Anglo Saxon, meaning the place of a bridge, is very easily traceable; and Costa, or Costaford, meaning in Anglo Saxon the tempter's ford, evidently derives its name from monk or maiden having met the enemy of man or womankind at that place, and having had cause to rue the encounter. All the Hams, all the Tons, and all the Sons, lead us at once to the origin of the name, to say nothing of all the points of the compass, all the colors of the rainbow, and every trade that the ingenuity of man has contrived to invent."

In vain Sir Philip Hastings for the next half hour endeavored to bring him back to what he considered more important questions. He had evidently had enough of the Romans for the time being, and indulged himself in a thousand fanciful speculations upon every other subject but that, till Sir Philip, who at one time had rated his intellect very highly, began to think him little better than a fool. Suddenly, however, as if from a sense of courtesy rather than inclination, the young man let his older companion have his way in the choice of subject, and in his replies showed such depth of thought, such a thorough acquaintance with history, and such precise and definite views, that once more the baronet changed his opinion, and said to himself, "This is a fine and noble intellect indeed, nearly spoiled by the infection of a corrupt and frivolous world, but which might be reclaimed, if fortune would throw him in the way of those whose principles have been fixed and tried."

He pondered upon the matter for some short time. It was now completely dark, and the town to which the stranger was going distant not a quarter of a mile. The little stars were looking out in the heavens, peering at man's actions like bright-eyed spies at night; but the moon had not risen, and the only light upon the path was reflected from the flashing, dancing stream that ran along beside the road, seeming to gather up all the strong rays from the air, and give them back again with interest.

"You are coming very near Hartwell," said Sir Philip, at length; "but it is somewhat difficult to find from this road, and being but little out of my way, I will accompany you thither, and follow the high road onwards."

The stranger was about to express his thanks, but the Baronet stopped him, saying, "Not in the

least, my young friend. I am pleased with your conversation, and should be glad to cultivate your acquaintance if opportunity should serve. I am called Sir Philip Hastings, and shall be glad to see you at any time, if you are passing near my house."

"I shall certainly wait upon you, Sir Philip, if I stay any time in this county," replied the other. "That, however, is uncertain, for I come here merely on a matter of business, which may be settled in a few hours—indeed it ought to be so, for it seems to me very simple. However, it may detain me much longer, and then I shall not fail to take advantage of your kind permission."

He spoke gravely, and little more was said till they entered the small town of Hartwell, about half through which a large gibbet-like bar was seen projecting from the front of a house, suspending a large board, upon which was painted a star. The light shining from the windows of an opposite house fell upon the symbol, and the stranger, drawing in his rein, said, "Here is my inn, and I will now wish you good night, with many thanks, Sir Philip."

"Methinks it is I should thank you," replied the Baronet, "both for a pleasant journey, and for the punishment you inflicted on the ruffian Cutter."

"As for the first," said the stranger, "that has been more than repaid, if indeed it deserved thanks at all; and as for the other, that was a pleasure in itself. There is a great satisfaction to me in breaking down the self-confidence of one of these burly bruisers."

As he spoke, he dismounted, again wishing Sir Philip good night, and the latter rode on upon his way. His meditations, as he went, were altogether upon the subject of the young stranger; for, as I have shown, Sir Philip rarely suffered two ideas to get any strong grasp of his mind at the same time. He revolved, and weighed, and dissected every thing the young man had said, and the conclusion that he came to was even more favorable than at first. He seemed a man after his own heart, with just sufficient differences of opinion and diversities of character to make the Baronet feel a hankering for some opportunity of moulding and modelling him to his own standard of perfection. Who he could be, he could not by any means divine. That he was a gentleman in manners and character, there could be no doubt. That he was not rich, Sir Philip argued from the fact of his not having chosen the best inn in the little town, and he might also conclude that he was of no very distinguished family, as he had not thought fit to mention his own name in return for the Baronet's frank invitation.

Busy with these thoughts Sir Philip rode on but slowly, and took nearly half an hour to reach the gates of Mrs. Hazleton's park, though they stood only two miles' distance from the town. He arrived before them at length, however, and rang the bell. The lodge-keeper opened them but slowly, and putting his horse to a quicker pace, Sir Philip trotted up the avenue towards the house. He had not reached it, however, when he heard the sound of horses feet behind him, and, as he was dismounting at the door, his companion of the way rode quickly up and sprang to the ground, saying, with a laugh—

"I find, Sir Philip, that we are both to enjoy the same quarters to-night, for, on my arrival at Hartwell, I did not expect to visit this house till to-morrow morning. Mrs. Hazleton, however, has very kindly had my baggage brought up from the inn, and therefore I have no choice but to intrude upon her to-night."

As he spoke the doors of the house were thrown open, servants came forth to take the horses, and the two gentlemen were ushered at once into Mrs. Hazleton's receiving-room.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Hazleton was looking as beautiful as she had been at twenty—perhaps more so; for the few last years before the process of decay commences, sometimes adds rather than detracts from woman's loveliness. She was dressed with great skill and taste too; nay, even with peculiar care. The hair, which had not yet even one silver thread in its wavy mass, was so arranged as to hide, in some degree, that height and width of forehead which gave almost too intellectual an expression to her countenance—which, upon some occasions, rendered the expression (for the features were all feminine) more that of a man than that of a woman. Her dress was very simple in appearance though costly in material; but it had been chosen and fitted by the nicest art, of colors which best harmonized with her complexion, and in forms rather to indicate beauties than to display them.

Thus attired, with grace and dignity in every motion, she advanced to meet Sir Philip Hastings, frankly holding out her hand to him, and beaming on him one of her most lustrous smiles. It was all thrown away upon him indeed; but that did not matter. It had its effect in another quarter. She then turned to the younger gentleman with a greater degree of reserve in manner, but yet, as she spoke to him and welcomed him to her house, the color deepened on her cheek with a blush that would not have been lost to Sir Philip if he had been at all in the custom of making use of them. They had evidently met before, but not often; and her words, "Good evening, Mr. Marlow, I am glad to see you at my house at length," were said in the tone of one who was really glad, but did not wish to show it too plainly.

"You have come with my friend, Sir Philip Hastings," she added; "I did not know you were acquainted."

"Nor were we, my dear madam, till this evening," replied the Baronet, speaking for himself and

his companion of the road, "till we met by accident on the hill-side on our way hither. We had a somewhat unpleasant encounter with a notorious personage of the name of Tom Cutter, which brought us first into acquaintance; though, till you uttered it, my young friend's name was unknown to me."

"Tom Cutter! is that the man who poaches all my game?" said the lady, in a musing tone.

Nor was she musing of Tom Cutter, or the lost game, or of the sins and iniquities of poaching; neither one or the other. The exclamation and inquiry taken together were only one of those little half-unconscious stratagems of human nature, by which we often seek to amuse the other parties in conversation—and sometimes amuse our own outward man too—while the little spirit within is busily occupied with some question which we do not wish our interlocutors to have any thing to do with. She was asking herself, in fact, what had been the conversation with which Sir Philip Hastings and Mr. Marlow had beguiled the way—whether they had talked of her—whether they had talked of her affairs—and how she could best get some information on the subject without seeming to seek it.

She soon had an opportunity of considering the matter more at leisure, for Sir Philip Hastings, with some remark as to "dusty dresses not being fit for ladies' drawing-rooms," retired for a time to the chamber prepared for him. The fair lady of the house detained Mr. Marlow indeed for a few minutes, talking with him in a pleasant and gentle tone, and making her bright eyes do their best in the way of captivating. She expressed regret that she had not seen him more frequently, and expressed a hope, in very graceful terms, that even the painful question, which those troublesome men of law had started between them, might be a means of ripening their acquaintance into friendship.

The young gentleman replied with all gallantry, but with due discretion, and then retired to his room to change his dress. He certainly was a very good-looking young man; finely formed, and with a pleasing though not regularly handsome countenance; and perhaps he left Mrs. Hazleton other matters to meditate of than the topics of his conversation with Sir Philip Hastings. Certain it is, that when the baronet returned very shortly after, he found his beautiful hostess in a profound reverie, from which his sudden entrance made her start with a bewildered look not common to her.

"I am very glad to talk to you for a few moments alone, my dear friend," said Mrs. Hazleton, after a moment's pause. "This Mr. Marlow is the gentleman who claims the very property on which you now stand;" and she proceeded to give her hearer, partly by spontaneous explanations, partly by answers to his questions, her own view of the case between herself and Mr. Marlow; laboring hard and skilfully to prepossess the mind of Sir Philip Hastings with a conviction of her rights as opposed to that of her young guest.

"Do you mean to say, my dear madam," asked Sir Philip, "that he claims the whole of this large property? That would be a heavy blow indeed."

"Oh, dear, no," replied the lady; "the great bulk of the property is mine beyond all doubt, but the land on which this house stands, and rather more than a thousand acres round it, was bought by my poor father before I was born, I believe, as affording the most eligible site for a mansion. He never liked the old house near your place, and built this for himself. Mr. Marlow's lawyers now declare that his grand-uncle, who sold the land to my father, had no power to sell it; that the property was strictly entailed."

"That will be easily ascertained," said Sir Philip Hastings; "and I am afraid, my dear madam, if that should prove the case, you will have no remedy but to give up the property."

"But is not that very hard?" asked Mrs. Hazleton, "the Marlows certainly had the money."

"That will make no difference," replied Sir Philip, musing; "this young man's grand-uncle may have wronged your father; but he is not responsible for the act, and I am very much afraid, moreover, that his claim may not be limited to the property itself. Back rents, I suspect, might be claimed."

"Ay, that is what my lawyer, Mr. Shanks, says," replied Mrs. Hazleton, with a bewildered look; "he tells me that if Mr. Marlow is successful in the suit, I shall have to pay the whole of the rents of the land. But Shanks added that he was quite certain of beating him if we could retain for our counsel Sargeant Tutham and Mr. Doubledo."

"Shanks is a rogue," said Sir Philip Hastings, in a calm, equable tone; "and the two lawyers you have named bear the reputation of being learned and unscrupulous men. The first point, my dear madam, is to ascertain whether this young gentleman's claim is just, and then to deal with him equitably, which, in the sense I affix to the term, may be somewhat different from legal."

"I really do not know what to do," cried Mrs. Hazleton, with a slight laugh, as if at her own perplexity. "I was never in such a situation in my life;" and then she added, very rapidly and in a jocular tone, as if she were afraid of pausing upon or giving force to any one word, "if my poor father had been alive, he would have settled it all after his own way soon enough. He was a great match-maker you know, Sir Philip, and he would have proposed, in spite of all obstacles, a marriage between the two parties, to settle the affair by matrimony instead of by law," and she laughed again as if the very idea was ridiculous.

Unlearned Sir Philip thought so too, and most improperly replied, "The difference of age would of

course put that out of the question;" nor when he had committed the indiscretion, did he perceive the red spot which came upon Mrs. Hazleton's fair brow, and indicated sufficiently enough the effect his words had produced. There was an ominous silent pause, however, for a minute, and then the Baronet was the person to resume the discourse in his usual calm, argumentative tone. "I do not think," he said, "from Mr. Marlow's demeanor or conversation, that he is likely to be very exacting in this matter. His claim, however, must be looked to in the first place, before we admit any thing on your part. If the property was really entailed, he has undoubtedly a right to it, both in honesty and in law; but methinks there he might limit his claim if his sense of real equity be strong; but the entail must be made perfectly clear before you can admit so much as that."

"Well, well, sir," said Mrs. Hazleton, hastily, for she heard a step on the outer stairs, "I will leave it entirely to you, Sir Philip, I am sure you will take good care of my interests."

Sir Philip did not altogether like the word interests, and bowing his head somewhat stiffly, he added, "and of your honor, my dear madam."

Mrs. Hazleton liked his words as little as he did hers, and she colored highly. She made no reply, indeed, but his words that night were never forgotten.

The next moment Mr. Marlow entered the room with a quiet, easy air, evidently quite unconscious of having been the subject of conversation. During the evening he paid every sort of polite attention to his fair hostess, and undoubtedly showed signs and symptoms of thinking her a very beautiful and charming woman. Whatever was her game, take my word for it, reader, she played it skilfully, and the very fact of her retiring early, at the very moment when she had made the most favorable impression, leaving Sir Philip Hastings to entertain Mr. Marlow at supper, was not without its calculation.

As soon as the lady was gone, Sir Philip turned to the topic of Mrs. Hazleton's business with his young companion, and managed the matter more skilfully than might have been expected. He simply told him that Mrs. Hazleton had mentioned a claim made upon her estate by his lawyers, and had thought it better to leave the investigation of the affair to her friend, rather than to professional persons.

A frank good-humored smile came upon Mr. Marlow's face at once. "I am not a rich man, Sir Philip," he said, "and make no professions of generosity, but, at the same time, as my grand-uncle undoubtedly had this money from Mrs. Hazleton's father, I should most likely never have troubled her on the subject, but that this very estate is the original seat of our family, on which we can trace our ancestors back through many centuries. The property was undoubtedly entailed, my father and my uncle were still living when it was sold, and performed no disentailing act whatever. This is perfectly susceptible of proof, and though my claim may put Mrs. Hazleton to some inconvenience, I am anxious to avoid putting her to any pain. Now I have come down with a proposal which I confidently trust you will think reasonable. Indeed, I expected to find her lawyer here rather than an independent friend, and I was assured that my proposal would be accepted immediately, by persons who judged of my rights more sanely perhaps than I could."

"May I hear what the proposal is?" asked Sir Philip.

"Assuredly," replied Mr. Marlow, "it is this: that in the first place Mrs. Hazleton should appoint some gentleman of honor, either at the bar or not, as she may think fit, to investigate my claim, with myself or some other gentleman on my part, with right to call in a third as umpire between them. I then propose that if my claim should be distinctly proved, Mrs. Hazleton should surrender to me the lands in question, I repaying her the sum which my grand-uncle received, and—"

"Stay," said Sir Philip Hastings, "are you aware that the law would not oblige you to do that?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Marlow, "and indeed I am not very sure that equity would require it either, for I do not know that my father ever received any benefit from the money paid to his uncle. He may have received a part however, without my knowing it, for I would rather err on the right side than on the wrong. I then propose that the rents of the estate, as shown by the leases, and fair interest upon the value of the ground surrounding this house, should be computed during the time that it has been out of our possession, while on the other hand the legal interest of the money paid for the property should be calculated for the same period, the smaller sum deducted from the larger, and the balance paid by me to Mrs. Hazleton or by Mrs. Hazleton to me, so as to replace every thing in the same state as if this unfortunate sale had never taken place."

Sir Philip Hastings mused without reply for more than one minute. That is a long time to muse, and many may be the thoughts and feelings which pass through the breast of man during that space. They were many in the present instance; and it would not be very easy to separate or define them. Sir Philip thought of all the law would have granted to the young claimant under the circumstances of the case: the whole property, all the back rents, every improvement that had been made, the splendid mansion in which they were then standing, without the payment on his part of a penny: he compared these legal rights with what he now proposed, and he saw that he had indeed gone a great way on the generous side of equity. There was something very fine and noble in this conduct, something that harmonized well with his own heart and feelings. There was no exaggeration, no romance about it: he spoke in the tone of a man of business doing a right thing well considered, and the Baronet was satisfied in every respect but one. Mrs. Hazleton's words I must not say had created a suspicion, but had suggested the idea that other feelings might be acting between her and his young companion, notwithstanding the difference of age

which he had so bluntly pointed out, and he resolved to inquire farther.

In the mean time, however, Mr. Marlow somewhat misinterpreted his silence, and he added, after waiting longer than was pleasant, "Of course you understand, Sir Philip, that if two or three honest men decide that my case is unfounded—although I know that cannot be the case—I agree to drop it at once and renounce it for ever. My solicitors and counsel in London judged the offer a fair one at least."

"And so do I," said Sir Philip Hastings, emphatically; "however, I must speak with Mrs. Hazleton upon the subject, and express my opinion to her. Pray, have you the papers regarding your claim with you?"

"I have attested copies," replied Mr. Marlow, "and I can bring them to you in a moment. They are so unusually clear, and seem to put the matter so completely beyond all doubt, that I brought them down to satisfy Mrs. Hazleton and her solicitor, without farther trouble, that my demand at least had some foundation in justice."

The papers were immediately brought, and sitting down deliberately, Sir Philip Hastings went through them with his young friend, carefully weighing every word. They left not even a doubt on his mind; they seemed not to leave a chance even for the chicanery of the law, they were clear, precise, and definite. And the generosity of the young man's offer stood out even more conspicuously than before.

"For my part, I am completely satisfied," said Sir Philip Hastings, when he had done the examination, "and I have no doubt that Mrs. Hazleton will be so likewise. She is an excellent and amiable person, as well as a very beautiful woman. Have you known her long? have you seen her often?"

"Only once, and that about a year ago," replied Mr. Marlow; "she is indeed very beautiful as you say—for a woman of her period of life remarkably so; she puts me very much in mind of my mother, whom I in the confidence of youthful affection used to call 'my everlasting.' I recollect doing so only three days before the hand of death wrote upon her brow the vanity of all such earthly thoughts."

Sir Philip Hastings was satisfied. There was nothing like passion there. Unobservant as he was in most things, he was more clear-sighted in regard to matters of love, than any other affection of the human mind. He had himself loved deeply and intensely, and he had not forgotten it.

It was necessary, before any thing could be concluded, to wait for Mrs. Hazleton's rising on the following morning; and, bidding Mr. Marlow good night with a warm grasp of the hand, Sir Philip Hastings retired to his room and passed nearly an hour in thought, pondering the character of his new acquaintance, recalling every trait he had remarked, and every word he had heard. It was a very satisfactory contemplation. He never remembered to have met with one who seemed so entirely a being after his own heart. There might be little flaws, little weaknesses perhaps, but the confirming power of time and experience would, he thought, strengthen all that was good, and counsel and example remedy all that was weak or light.

"At all events," thought the Baronet, "his conduct on this occasion shows a noble and equitable spirit. We shall see how Mrs. Hazleton meets it to-morrow."

When that morrow came, he had to see the reverse of the picture, but it must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Hazleton was up in the morning early. She was at all times an early riser, for she well knew what a special conservator of beauty is the morning dew, but on this occasion certain feelings of impatience made her a little earlier than usual. Besides, she knew that Sir Philip Hastings was always a matutinal man, and would certainly be in the library before she was down. Nor was she disappointed. There she found the Baronet reaching up his hand to take down Livy, after having just replaced Tacitus.

"It is a most extraordinary thing, my dear madam," said Sir Philip, after the salutation of the morning, "and puzzles me more than I can explain."

Mrs. Hazleton fancied that her friend had discovered some very knotty point in the case with Mr. Marlow, and she rejoiced, for her object was not to emulate but to entangle. Sir Philip, however, went on to put her out of all patience by saying, "How the Romans, so sublimely virtuous at one period of their history, could fall into so debased and corrupt a state as we find described even by Sallust, and depicted in more frightful colors still by the latter historians of the empire."

Mrs. Hazleton, as I have said, was out of all patience, and ladies in that state sometimes have recourse to homely illustration. "Their virtue got addled, I suppose," she replied, "by too long keeping. Virtue is an egg that won't bear sitting upon—but now do tell me, Sir Philip, had you any conversation with Mr. Marlow last night upon this troublesome affair of mine?"

"I had, my dear madam," replied Sir Philip, with a very faint smile, for Sir Philip could not well bear any jesting on the Romans. "I did not only converse with Mr. Marlow on the subject, but I examined carefully the papers he brought down with him, and perceived at once that you have not the shadow of a title to the property in question."

Mrs. Hazleton's brow grew dark, and she replied in a somewhat sullen tone, "You decided against me very rapidly, Sir Philip. I hope you did not let Mr. Marlow see your strong prepossession—opinion I mean to say—in his favor."

"Entirely," replied Sir Philip Hastings.

Mrs. Hazleton was silent, and gazed down upon the carpet as if she were counting the threads of which it was composed, and finding the calculation by no means satisfactory.

Sir Philip let her gaze on for some time, for he was not very easily moved to compassion in cases where he saw dishonesty of purpose as well as suffering. At length, however, he said, "My judgment is not binding upon you in the least; I tell you simply, my dear madam, what is my conclusion, and the law will tell you the same."

"We shall see," muttered Mrs. Hazleton between her teeth; but then putting on a softer air she asked, "Tell me, Sir Philip, would you, if you were in my situation, tamely give up a property which was honestly bought and paid for, without making one struggle to retain it?"

"The moment I was convinced I had no legal right to it," replied Sir Philip. "However, the law is still open to you, if you think it better to resist; but before you take your determination, you had better hear what Mr. Marlow proposes, and you will pardon me for expressing to you what I did not express to him: an opinion that his proposal is founded upon the noblest view of equity."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hazleton, with her eyes brightening, "pray let me hear this proposal."

Sir Philip explained it to her most distinctly, expecting that she would be both surprised and pleased, and never doubted that she would accept it instantly. Whether she was surprised or not, did not appear, but pleased she certainly was not to any great extent, for she did not wish the matter to be so soon concluded. She began to make objections immediately. "The enormous expense of building this house has not been taken into consideration at all, and it will be very necessary to have the original papers examined before any thing is decided. There are two sides to every question, my dear Sir Philip, and we cannot tell that other papers may not be found, disentailing this estate before the sale took place."

"This is impossible," answered Sir Philip Hastings, "if the papers exhibited to me are genuine, for this young gentleman, on whom, as his father's eldest son, the estate devolved by the entail, was not born when the sale took place. By his act only could it be disentailed, and as he was not born, he could perform no such act."

He pressed her hard in his cold way, and it galled her sorely.

"Perhaps they are not genuine," she said at length.

"They are all attested," replied Sir Philip, "and he himself proposes that the originals should be examined as the basis of the whole transaction."

"That is absolutely necessary," said Mrs. Hazleton, well satisfied to put off decision even for a time. But Sir Philip would not leave her even that advantage.

"I think," he said, "you must at once decide whether you accept his proposal, on condition that the examination of the papers proves the justice of his claim to the satisfaction of those you may appoint to examine it. If there are any doubts and difficulties to be raised afterwards, he might as well proceed by law at once."

"Then let him go to law," exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton with a flashing eye. "If he do, I will defend every step to the utmost of my power."

"Incur enormous expense, give yourself infinite pain and mortification, and ruin a fine estate by a spirit of unnecessary and unjust resistance," added Sir Philip, in a calm and somewhat contemptuous tone.

"Really, Sir Philip, you press me too hard," exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton in a tone of angry mortification, and, sitting down to the table, she actually wept.

"I only press you for your own good," answered the Baronet, not at all moved, "you are perhaps not aware that if this gentleman's claim is just, and you resist it, the whole costs will fall upon you. All that could be expected of him was to submit his claim to arbitration, but he now does more; he proposes, if arbitration pronounce it just, to make sacrifices of his legal rights to the amount of many thousand pounds. He is not bound to refund one penny paid for this estate, he is entitled to back rents for a considerable number of years, and yet he offers to repay the money, and far from demanding the back rents, to make compensation for any loss of interest that may have been sustained by this investment. There are few men in England, let me tell you, who would have made such a proposal, and if you refuse it you will never have such another."

"Do not you think, Sir Philip," asked Mrs. Hazleton sharply, "that he never would have made such a proposal if he had not known there was something wrong about his title?"

Now there was something in this question which doubly provoked Sir Philip Hastings. He never could endure a habit which some ladies have of recurring continually to points previously disposed of, and covering the reiteration by merely putting objections in a new form. Now the question as to the validity of Mr. Marlow's title, he looked upon as entirely disposed of by the proposal of investigation and arbitration. But there was something more than this; the very

question which the lady put showed an incapacity for conceiving any generous motive, which thoroughly disgusted him, and, turning with a quiet step to the window, he looked down upon the lawn which spread far away between two ranges of tall fine wood, glowing in the yellow sunshine of a dewy autumnal morning. It was the most favorable thing he could have done for Mrs. Hazleton. Even the finest and the strongest and the stoutest minds are more frequently affected unconsciously by external things than any one is aware of. The sweet influences or the irritating effects of fine or bad weather, of beautiful or tame scenery, of small cares and petty disappointments, of pleasant associations or unpleasant memories, nay of a thousand accidental circumstances, and even fancies themselves, will affect considerations totally distinct and apart, as the blue or yellow panes of a stained glass window cast a melancholy hue or a yellow splendor upon the statue and carvings of the cold gray stone.

As Sir Philip gazed forth upon the fair scene before his eyes, and thought what a lovely spot it was, how calm, how peaceful, how refreshing in its influence, he said to himself, "No wonder she is unwilling to part with it."

Then again, there was a hare gambolling upon the lawn, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the house, now scampering along and beating up the dew from the morning grass, now crouched nearly flat so as hardly to be seen among the tall green blades, then hopping quietly along with an awkward, shuffling gait, or sitting up on its hind legs, with raised ears, listening to some distant sound; but still as it resumed its gambols, again going round and round, tracing upon the green sward a labyrinth of meandering lines. Sir Philip watched it for several moments with a faint smile, and then said to himself, "It is the beast's nature—why not a woman's?"

Turning himself round he saw Mrs. Hazleton, sitting at the table with her head leaning in a melancholy attitude upon her hand, and he replied to her last words, though he had before fully made up his mind to give them no answer whatever.

"The question in regard to title, my dear madam," he said, "is one which is to be decided by others. Employ a competent person, and he will insure, by full investigation, that your rights are maintained entire. Your acceptance of Mr. Marlow's proposals contingent on the full recognition of his claim, will be far from prejudicing your case, should any flaw in your title be discovered. On the contrary, should the decision of a point of law be required, it will put you well with the court. By frankly doing so, you also meet him in the same spirit in which I am sure he comes to you; and as I am certain he has a very high sense of equity, I think he will be well inclined to enter into any arrangement which may be for your convenience. From what he has said himself, I do not believe he can afford to keep such an establishment as is necessary for this house, and if you cling to it, as you may well do, doubtless it may remain your habitation as long as you please at a very moderate rent. Every other particular I think may be settled in the same manner, if you will but show a spirit of conciliation, and——"

"I am sure I have done that," said Mrs. Hazleton, interrupting him. "However, Sir Philip, I will leave it all to you. You must act for me in this business. If you think it right, I will accept the proposal conditionally as you mention, and the title can be examined fully whenever we can fix upon the time and the person. All this is very hard upon me, I do think; but I suppose I must submit with a good grace."

"It is certainly the best plan," replied Sir Philip; and while Mrs. Hazleton retired to efface the traces of tears from her eyelids, the Baronet walked into the drawing-room, where he was soon after joined by Mr. Marlow. He merely told him, however, that he had conversed with the lady of the house, and that she would give him her answer in person. Now, whatever were Mrs. Hazleton's wishes or intentions, she certainly was not well satisfied with the precise and rapid manner in which Sir Philip brought matters of business to an end. His last words, however, had afforded her a glimmering prospect of somewhat lengthy and frequent communication between herself and Mr. Marlow, and one thing is certain, that she did not at all desire the transaction between them to be concluded too briefly. At the same time, it was not her object to appear otherwise than in the most favorable light to his eyes; and consequently, when she entered the drawing-room she held out her hand to him with a gracious though somewhat melancholy smile, saying, "I have had a long conversation with Sir Philip this morning, Mr. Marlow, concerning the very painful business which brought you here. I agree at once to your proposal in regard to the arbitration and the rest;" and she then went on to speak of the whole business as if she had made not the slightest resistance whatever, but had been struck at once by the liberality of his proposals, and by the sense of equity which they displayed. Sir Philip took little notice of all this; for he had fallen into one of his fits of musing, and Mr. Marlow had quitted the room to bring some of the papers for the purpose of showing them to Mrs. Hazleton, before the Baronet awoke out of his reverie. The younger gentleman returned a moment after, and he and Sir Philip and Mrs. Hazleton were busily looking at a long list of certificates of births, deaths and marriages, when the door opened, and Mr. Shanks, the attorney, entered the room, booted, spurred, and dusty as if from a long ride. He was a man to whom Sir Philip had a great objection; but he said nothing, and the attorney with a tripping step advanced towards Mrs. Hazleton.

The lady looked confused and annoyed, and in a hasty manner put back the papers into Mr. Marlow's hand. But Mr. Shanks was one of the keen and observing men of the world. He saw every thing about him as if he had been one of those insects which have I do not know how many thousand pair of lenses in each eye. He had no scruples or hesitation either; he was all sight and all remark, and a lady of any kind was not at all the person to inspire him with reverence.

He was, in short, all law, and loved nothing, respected nothing, but law.

"Dear me, Mrs. Hazleton," he exclaimed, "I did not expect to find you so engaged. These seem to be law papers—very dangerous, indeed, madam, for unprofessional persons to meddle with such things. Permit me to look at them;" and he held out his hand towards Mr. Marlow, as if expecting to receive the papers without a word of remonstrance. But Mr. Marlow held them back, saying, in a very calm, civil tone, "Excuse me, sir! We are conversing over the matter in a friendly manner; and I shall show them to a lawyer only at Mrs. Hazleton's request."

"Very improper—that is, I mean to say very unprofessional!" exclaimed Mr. Shanks, "and let me say very hazardous too," rejoined the lawyer abruptly; but Mrs. Hazleton herself interposed, saying in a marked tone and with an air of dignity which did not always characterize her demeanor towards her "right hand man," as she was accustomed sometimes to designate Mr. Shanks, "We do not desire any interference at this moment, my good sir. I appointed you at twelve o'clock. It is not yet nine." "O I can see, I can see," replied Mr. Shanks, while Sir Philip Hastings advanced a step or two, "his worship here never was a friend of mine, and has no objection to take a job or two out of my hands at any time."

"We have nothing to do with jobs, sir," said Sir Philip Hastings, in his usual dry tone, "but at all events we do not wish you to make a job where there is none."

"I must take the liberty, however, of warning that lady, sir," said Mr. Shanks, with the pertinacity of a parrot, which he so greatly resembled, "as her legal adviser, sir, that if——"

"That if she sends for an attorney, she wants him at the time she appoints," interposed Sir Philip; "that was what you were about to say, I suppose."

"Not at all, sir, not at all," exclaimed the lawyer; for very shrewd and very oily lawyers will occasionally forget their caution and their coolness when they see the prospect of a loss of fees before them. "I was going to say no such thing. I was going to warn her not to meddle with matters of business of which she can understand nothing, by the advice of those who know less, and who may have jobs of their own to settle while they are meddling with hers." "And I warn you to quit this room, sir," said Sir Philip Hastings, a bright spot coming into his usually pale cheek; "the lady has already expressed her opinion upon your intrusion, and depend upon it, I will enforce mine."

"I shall do no such thing, sir, till I have fully——"

He said no more, for before he could conclude the sentence, the hand of Sir Philip Hastings was upon his collar with the grasp of a giant, and although he was a tall and somewhat powerful man, the Baronet dragged him to the door in despite of his half-choking struggles, as a nurse would haul along a baby, pulled him across the stone hall, and opening the outer door with his left hand, shot him down the steps without any ceremony; leaving him with his hands and knees upon the terrace.

This done, the Baronet returned into the house again, closing the door behind him. He then paused in the hall for an instant, reproaching himself for certain over-quick beatings of the heart, tranquillized his whole look and demeanor, and then returning to the drawing-room, resumed the conversation with Mrs. Hazleton, as if nothing had ever occurred to interrupt it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Hazleton was or affected to be a good deal flustered by the event which had just taken place, but after a number of certain graceful attitudes, assumed without the slightest appearance of affectation, she recovered her calmness, and proceeded with the business in hand. That business was soon terminated, so far as the full and entire acceptance of Mr. Marlow's proposal went, and immediately after the conclusion of breakfast, Sir Philip Hastings ordered his horses to depart. Mrs. Hazleton fain would have detained him, for she foresaw that his going might be a signal for Mr. Marlow's going also, and it was not a part of her policy to assume the matronly character so distinctly as to invite him to remain in her house alone. Sir Philip however was inexorable, and returned to his own dwelling, renewing his invitation to his new acquaintance.

Mrs. Hazleton bade him adieu, with the greatest appearance of cordiality; but I am very much afraid, if one had possessed the power of looking into her heart, one would have a picture very different from that presented by her face. Sir Philip Hastings had said and done things since he had entered her dwelling the night before, which Mrs. Hazleton was not a woman to forget or forgive. He had thwarted her schemes, he had mortified her vanity, he had wounded her pride; and she was one of those women who bide their time, but have a strong tenacity of resentments.

When he was gone, however, she played a new game with Mr. Marlow. She insisted upon his remaining for the day, but with a fine sense of external proprieties, she informed him that she expected a charming elderly lady of her acquaintance to pass a few days with her, to whom she should particularly like to introduce him.

This was false, be it remarked; but she immediately took measures to make it true. Now, there is in every neighborhood more than one of that class called good creatures. For this office, an abundant store of real or assumed soft stupidity is required; but it is a somewhat difficult part to play, for with this stupidity there must also be a considerable portion of fine tact, to guard the performer against any of those blunders into which good-natured people are continually plunging. Drill and discipline are also necessary, in order to be always on the look out for hints,

to appreciate them properly, to comprehend that friends may say one thing and mean another, and to ask no questions of any kind. There were no less than three of these good creatures in this Mrs. Hazleton's immediate neighborhood; and during a few moments' retreat to her own little writing-room, she laid her finger upon her fair temple, and thought them well over. Mrs. Winifred Edgeby was the first who suggested herself to the mind of the fair lady. She had many of the requisites. She dressed well, talked well, and had an air of style and fashion about her; was perfectly innocuous, and skilful in divining the purposes and wishes of a friend or patron; but there was an occasional touch of subacid humor about her which Mrs. Hazleton did not half like. It gave an impression of seeing too clearly, of perceiving much more than she pretended to perceive.

The second was Mrs. Warmington, a widow, not very rich, and not indeed very refined; gay, talkative, somewhat boisterous, yet full of a sound discretion in never committing herself or a friend. She had also much experience, for she had been twice married, and twice a widow, and thus had had her misfortunes. The third was a Miss Goodenough, the most silent, quiet, stilly person in the world, moving about the house with the step of a cat, and a face of infinite good nature to the whole human race. She was to all appearance the pink of gentleness and weak good nature; but her silence was invaluable.

After some consideration Mrs. Hazleton decided upon the widow, and instantly dispatched a note with her own carriage, begging Mrs. Warmington to come over immediately and spend a few days with her, as a young gentleman had arrived upon a visit, and it would be indecorous to entertain him alone.

Mrs. Warmington understood it all in an instant. She said to herself, "Ho, ho! a young gentleman come to stay!—wanted a duenna! Matrimony in the wind! Heigho! she must be six and thirty—six and thirty from two and fifty leave sixteen points against me, and long odds. Well, well,—I have had my share;" and Mrs. Warmington laughed aloud. However, she would neither keep Mrs. Hazleton's carriage waiting, nor Mrs. Hazleton herself in suspense, for there were various little comforts and conveniences in the good will of that lady which Mrs. Warmington was eager to cultivate. She had, too, a shrewd suspicion that the enmity of Mrs. Hazleton might become a thing to be seriously dreaded; and therefore, whichever side of the question she looked at, she saw reasons for seeking the beautiful widow's good graces. Her maid was called, her clothes packed up, and she entered the carriage and drove away, while in the mean time Mrs. Hazleton had been expatiating to Mr. Marlow upon all the high qualities and points of excellence in her friend Mrs. Warmington. She was too skilful, moreover, to bring her good taste and judgment into question with her young friend, by raising expectations which might be disappointed. She therefore threw in insinuations of a few faults and failings in dear Madam Warmington's manner and demeanor. But then she said she was such a good creature at heart, that although the very fastidious affected to censure, she herself forgot all little blemishes in the inherent excellence of the person.

Moreover, upon the plea of looking at the ground which was the subject of Mr. Marlow's claim, she led him out for a long, pleasant ramble through the park. She took him amongst old hawthorn trees, through groves of chestnuts by the banks of the stream, and along paths where the warm sunshine played through the brown and yellow leaves above, gilding their companions which had fallen earlier than themselves to the sward below. It was a very lover-like walk indeed—one where nature speaks to the heart, wakening sweet influences, and charming the spirit up from hard and cold indifference. Mrs. Hazleton felt sure that Mr. Marlow would not forget that walk, and she took care to impress it as deeply as possible upon his memory. Nor did she want any of the means to do so. Her mind was highly cultivated for the age in which she lived, her taste fine, her information extensive. She could discourse of foreign lands, of objects and scenes of deep interest, great beauty, and rich associations,—of courts and cities far away, of music, painting, flowers in other lands, of climates rich in sunshine and of genial warmth; and through the whole she had the art to throw a sort of magic glow from her own mind which brightened all she spoke of.

She was very charming that day, indeed, and Mr. Marlow felt the spell, but he did not fall in love.

Now what was the object of using all these powers upon him? Was Mrs. Hazleton a person very susceptible, or very covetous of the tender passion? Since her return to England she had refused some half-dozen very eligible offers from handsome, agreeable, estimable men, and the world in general had set her down for a person as cold as a stone. It might be so, but there are some stones which, when you heat them, acquire intense fervor, and retain it longer than any other substance. Every body in the world has his peculiarities, his whims, caprices, crochets if you will. Mrs. Hazleton had gazed over the handsome, the glittering and the gay, with the most perfect indifference. She had listened to professions of love with a tranquil, easy balance power, which weighed to a grain the advantages of matrimony and widowhood, without suffering the dust of passion to give even a shake to the scale. Before the preceding night she had only seen Mr. Marlow once, but the moment she set eyes upon him—the moment she heard his voice, she had said to herself, "If ever I marry again, that is the man." There is no explaining these sympathetic attractions, impulses, or whatever they may be called; but I think, from some observation of human nature, it will be found that in those persons where they are the least frequent, they are the most powerful and persevering when they do exist.

Not long after their first meeting, some intimation occurred of a claim on the part of Mr. Marlow to a portion of the lady's property—that portion that she loved best. The very idea of parting with

it at all, of being forced to give it up, was most painful and distressing to her. Yet that made no difference whatever in her feelings towards Mr. Marlow. Communications of various kinds took place between lawyers, and the opposite counsel were as firm as a rock. Mrs. Hazleton thought it very hard, very unjust, very wrong; but that changed not in the least her feelings towards Mr. Marlow. Nay more, with that delicate art of combination in which ladies are formed to excel, she conceived and manipulated with great dexterity a scheme for bringing herself and Mr. Marlow into frequent personal communication, and for causing somebody to suggest to him a marriage with her own beautiful self, as the best mode of settling the disputed claim.

O those fine and delicate threads of intrigue, how frail they are, and how much depends upon every one of them, be it in the warp or the woof of a scheme! We have seen that in this case, one of them gave way under the rough handling of Sir Philip Hastings, and the whole fabric was in imminent danger of running down and becoming nothing but a raveled skein. Mrs. Hazleton was resolved that it should not be so, and now she was busily engaged in the attempt to knot together the broken thread, and to lay all the others straight and in right order again. This was the secret of the whole matter.

She exerted all her charms, and could Waller but have seen her we should have had such an account of the artillery of her eyes, the insidious attack of her smile, and the whole host of powerful adversaries brought to bear against the object of her assault in her gracefully moving form and heaving bosom, that Saccharissa would have melted away like a wet lump of sugar in the comparison.

Then again when she had produced an effect, and saw clear and distinctly that he thought her lovely, and very charming too, she seemed to fall into a pleasant sort of languid melancholy, which was even more charming still. The brook was bubbling and murmuring at their feet, dashing clear and bright over its stony bed, and changing the brown rock, the water weed, or the leaf beneath, into gems by the magic of its own brightness. The boughs were waving over head, covered with many-colored foliage, and the sun, glancing through, not only enriched the tints above, but checkered the mossy path along which they wandered like a chess-board of brown and gold. Some of the late autumn birds uttered their short sweet songs from the copse hard by, and the musical wind came sighing up from the valley, as if nature had furnished Eolus with a harp. It was in short quite a scene, and a moment for a widow to make love to a young man. They were silent for some little time, and then Mrs. Hazleton said, with her soft, sweet, round voice, "Is not all this very charming, Mr. Marlow?"

Her tone was quite a sad one, but not with that sort of pleasant sadness which often mingles with our happiest moments, giving them even a higher zest, like the flattened notes when a fine piece of music passes gently from the major into the minor key, but really sad, profoundly sad.

"Very charming, indeed," replied her young companion, looking round to her face with some surprise.

"And what am I to do without it, when you turn me out of my house?" said the lady, answering his glance with a melancholy smile.

"Turn you out of your house!" exclaimed Mr. Marlow; "I hope you do not suppose, my dear madam, that I could dream of such a thing. Oh, no! I would not for the world deprive such a scene of its brightest ornament. Some arrangement can be easily effected, even if my claim should prove satisfactory to those you appoint to investigate it, by which the neighborhood will not be deprived of the happiness of your presence."

Mrs. Hazleton felt that she had made a great step, and as she well knew that there was no chance of his proposing then and there, she resolved not to risk losing ground by any farther advance, even while she secured some present benefits from that which was gained. "Well, well," she said, "Mr. Marlow, I am quite sure you are very kind and very generous, and we can talk of that matter hereafter. Only there is one thing you must promise me, which is, that in regard to any arrangements respecting the house you will not leave them to be settled by cold lawyers or colder friends, who cannot enter into my feelings in regard to this place, or your own liberal and kindly feelings either. Let us settle it some day between ourselves," she added, with a light laugh, "in a tête-à-tête like this. I do not suppose you are afraid of being overreached by me in a bargain. But now let us turn our steps back towards the house, for I expect Mrs. Warmington early, and I must not be absent when she arrives."

Mrs. Warmington was there already; for the tête-à-tête had lasted longer than Mrs. Hazleton knew. However, Mrs. Hazleton's first task was to inform her fair friend and counsellor of the cause of Mr. Marlow's being there; her next to tell her that all had been settled as to the claim, by that tiresome man Sir Philip Hastings, without what she considered due deliberation, and that the only thing which remained to be arranged was in regard to the house, respecting which Mrs. Hazleton communicated a certain portion of her own inclinations, and of Mr. Marlow's kind view of the matter.

Now, strange to say, this was the turning point of fate for Mrs. Hazleton, Mr. Marlow, and most of the persons mentioned in this history. It was then that Mrs. Warmington suggested a scheme which she thought would suit her friend well.

"Why do you not offer him in exchange—for the time at all events—your fine old house on the side of Hartwell—Hartwell Place? It is only seven miles off. It is ready furnished to his hand, and must be worth a great deal more than the bare walls of this. Besides it would be pleasant to have him

in the neighborhood."

Pause, Mrs. Hazleton! pause and meditate over all the consequences; for be assured much depends upon these few simple words.

Mrs. Hazleton did pause—Mrs. Hazleton did meditate. She ran over in her head the list of all the families in the neighborhood. In none of them could she see a probable rival. There were plenty of married women, old maids, young girls; but she saw nobody to fear, and with a proud consciousness of her own beauty and worth, she took her resolution. That very evening she proposed to Mr. Marlow what her friend had suggested. It was accepted.

Mrs. Hazleton had made one miscalculation, and her fate and Mr. Marlow's were decided.

FOOTNOTES:

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

CHARLES MACKAY'S LAST POEMS.

We always read the poems of Charles Mackay, who, though not of the highest class, even of the living poets of England, is yet earnest, sensible, and good-hearted, and has always a point, and generally some happy fancies, in his least considered pieces. He has published two collections of short poems, one entitled "Voices from the Crowd," and the other and last, "Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature," &c. from which we take the following specimens:

WHY THIS LONGING?

Why this longing, clay-clad spirit?
Why this fluttering of thy wings?
Why this striving to discover
Hidden and transcendent things?
Be contented in thy prison,
Thy captivity shall cease—
Taste the good that smiles before thee;
Restless spirit, be at peace!

With the roar of wintry forests,
With the thunder's crash and roll,
With the rush of stormy water,
Thou wouldst sympathize, O soul!
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
In a language of their own,
Untranslatable to mortals,
Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
Thou wouldst see through Birth and Death,
Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—
Thou a speck, a ray, a breath,
Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
As if *thou* couldst understand
All the harmonies of Nature,
Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic, tracing
Upward from effect to cause,
Thou art foiled by Nature's barriers,
And the limits of her laws.
Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!
Great Eternity denies
The unfolding of its secrets
In the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
Dawning is not perfect day;
There are truths thou canst not fathom,
Swaddled in thy robes of clay.
Rest in hope that if thy circle
Grow not wider here in Time,
God's Eternity shall give thee
Power of vision more sublime.

Clogged and bedded in the darkness,
Little germ abide thine hour,
Thou'lt expand in proper season,
Into blossom, into flower.
Humble faith alone becomes thee
In the glooms where thou art lain:
Bright is the appointed future;
Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain.

Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!
Fret not at thy prison bars;
Never shall thy mortal pinions
Make the circuit of the stars.
Here on Earth are duties for thee,
Suited to thine earthly scope;
Seek them, thou Immortal Spirit—
God is with thee—work in hope.

YOU AND I.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who, when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with taunts reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would say that all who differ
From his sect must be
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,
Sunk in Error's sea,
And consign them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would say that six days' cheating,
In the shop or mart,
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn,
And the credit high?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of State?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause is strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen

Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

"A people among whom Charles Mackay is a popular writer," says the Dublin University Magazine, "must possess largely the elements of greatness and the reality of goodness."

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE, OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY. [18]

[Pg 349]

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

Continued from page 229.

Second crime: A cold and deliberate attempt upon the life of Stenio Salvatori, on the public square of *Torre-del-Greco*. The Count listened to this harangue without emotion. "Bring in," said the judge, "both the witnesses and the plaintiffs, for they have a double quality."

At this summons, a man of stern and moody aspect appeared, with his hair and dress in great disorder. He was sustained by two others, and the group paused at the foot of the balcony, where the judges sat.

"Your name?" said the Grand Judge, to the eldest of the three.

"Stenio Salvatori," said one.

"Your names?" asked the Grand Judge, of the other two.

"Raphael Salvatori—"

"Francesco Salvatori."

"You swear before God to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I swear," said each of them.

"Do you persist in your accusation against Count Monte-Leone?"

"I do," said they.

"The Count," continued Francesco, "presided over the *Venta* at Pompeia, where he was seen by my brothers and myself. In our presence he administered the oath to two of the neophytes of the society. They promised to contribute by every means in their power to the dethronement of our well-beloved sovereign Fernando IV., and to destroy monarchy forever in our country. The associates of the Count," added Raphael and Francesco, "discovered us listening to them, and our energy and strength alone preserved us from their poniards."

"And my energy and strength," said Stenio, with an accent of rage, as he sprang unexpectedly from the bench on which he sat and pointed to Monte-Leone, "were able to contend with difficulty against the iron hand and poniard of this man." Then tearing up the cuff which hid his wound, he showed the judges a deep and blood-stained stab. A feeling of horror took possession of all the assembly. Every eye was fixed on Monte-Leone, who seemed unconscious of the sentiment he inspired.

"The Count avenged himself on one of us, because we did our duty in denouncing him," said Francesco Salvatori.

"He would have murdered us all had he been able," said Raphael.

"Stenio," resumed Francesco, "has atoned for all the family."

"And we ask," said Stenio, with a terrible voice, "we ask justice on the assassin! We demand it of God, the king, and the judges."

The tall stature of Stenio, his pallor heightened by anger, and the bloody arm he intentionally exposed, made such an impression on the spectators that a murmur of approbation ran round the room. More numerous voices, however, soon drowned it.

"Count Monte-Leone, have you prepared yourself to reply to these accusations, or have you chosen a defender?"

"I have."

"Name him," said the Grand Judge.

"My defender is Stenio Salvatori, my accuser."

Nothing could exceed the surprise caused by these words, not only in the minds of the three witnesses, but of the court and public.

"Count," said the Grand Judge, solemnly, "you must remember this accusation is a solemn one; that you are accused of two crimes, the punishment of which is known to you. Such an answer testifies your small respect to this court, and must injure a cause which needs to be ably defended."

"Signor," replied Monte-Leone, "it is because I recognize the great importance of the cause, that I confide to this man the duty of exonerating me from it. He alone can do so: his mouth alone, his lips, will demonstrate my innocence. Stenio Salvatori says, he saw me preside at the Venta of Pompeia."

"I did," said Stenio, rising again.

"He says I stabbed him at his threshold in the town of *Torre-del-Greco*."

"I do," said Stenio.

"You see clearly, Signori," continued the Count, speaking to the court, "that this man is establishing my case distinctly, as he saw me neither at Pompeia nor at *Torre-del-Greco*. The day on which he, his brothers, and the people of the latter town, say they saw me, I was imprisoned in a cell of the Castle *Del Uovo*, an impenetrable prison whence it is impossible for any human creature to escape, and whence none saw me go."

Bravos filled the hall. The Count was triumphing.

"Signori," said the Grand Judge, rising, "such applause is an insult to the court, and if it be renewed, the trial will be continued with closed doors." Silence was restored.

"Do not believe him," said Stenio, turning towards the auditors and showing his bloody arm. "He was the person who wounded me."

"Justice shall be done," said the Grand Judge. "Signori, a series of secret and minute inquiries instituted in the Castle *Del Uovo*, the examination of the employers of the fortress and the confronting of the gate-keeper, a man of known piety, and the head jailer, one of the most severe and incorruptible of Naples, have been unable to show how the Count Monte-Leone contrived to escape from prison. In the face of such complete evidence of his having remained in the prison, in the face of the report of the minister of police who visited the prison a few hours after the commission of the crime at *Torre-del-Greco*, we could not but recognize the innocence of the Count, and fancy that something had led to a mistake in his person. A strange and providential circumstance makes us doubt the innocence of the Count, and though the means of his escape from the castle be unknown to us, we persist in thinking him guilty as accused."

[Pg 350]

The interest and emotion of the audience was as great as it could be; and the words of the Grand Judge were listened to with the most intense anxiety. At that moment three hearts almost ceased to beat—that of the veiled woman, that of the young man who had replied to her signal, and that of Count Monte-Leone, though his features were unmoved.

"The Count," resumed the Grand Judge, "possesses a family jewel, a ring of immense price, one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Benvenuto Cellini. This ring he rarely lays aside, as we learn from many witnesses, and a secret superstition induces him always to wear it. Did he hide it from the jailers at the time of his incarceration, or did he obtain possession of it on his way to *Torre-del-Greco*? This has not as yet been demonstrated: one thing, however, is certain, he lost this jewel in his contest with Stenio Salvatori, who, having obtained possession of it, placed it in the hands of his Excellency the Duke of Palma, as a positive and incontestable evidence of the criminality of the Count. This mute witness is here," said the Grand Judge, who as he spoke exhibited a sparkling brilliant to the audience.

The judges took the emerald, and silently looked at it. When the Grand Judge first spoke of the emerald, the Count was satisfied that he was lost, and drops of icy sweat coursed down his cheeks. But yet his courage and energy, even when he saw the emerald in the hands of the judges, did not desert him, and he struggled against the new danger which had beset him in so strange and unexpected a manner.

"This ring," said he, pointing to the emerald, "is a fortune in itself, and may have been stolen from me."

The Grand Judge arose to reply, when an old man advanced toward the tribunal, pushing aside all who opposed his passage, and in spite of the resistance of the ushers and guards, reached the foot of the balcony on which the judges sat. With tears and an excited voice he said:

"The ring has not been stolen! It has not left our jewel closet, and I have brought it to the judges."

"Do not believe him," said the Salvatori, "he deceives you. This is the Count's ring."

"Silence, impostors!" said the old man. "I learned yesterday, from public rumor, the story of our

ring being lost by Count Monte-Leone, the indignant of whom I am, and I have brought the precious jewel hither to confound our accusers."

Nothing could equal the effect produced by Giacomo's words. The court itself participated in the surprise, and the Grand Judge, making the old servant approach, took the jewel from his hand.

"Two rings!" said he, amazed; "two similar emeralds! Signori," said he, speaking to the court, "this event again changes the face of this trial. One of these jewels is evidently a copy of the other, such as the hand of a great artist alone can produce. There was, however, never but one Benvenuto in the world, and it will be easy to distinguish his work."

The words of the Grand Judge increased the agitation of the crowd. The Count, whom his friends thought saved, lost by the discovery of the emerald, and again restored by the testimony of Giacomo, became every moment an object of new interest and more intense curiosity. If we must use the word, pity for him increased. Every step taken seemed to bring his head nearer to or to remove it farther from the executioner. Just here this event interrupted the session of the court.

The judges retired to their room, the Salvatori to the witness chamber, until the experts, whom the president had sent for, should come. The interval between the acts, however, was filled by a touching episode which deeply excited the audience. Giacomo, taking advantage of the departure of the judges, hurried to his master, fell at his knees, and covered his hand with kisses.

"Go back!—go back!" said the chief of the officers to Giacomo. "No one is permitted to communicate with the accused."

Adding action to words, they seized the old man by the arm, and bore him from his master.

Giacomo however found time to whisper to the Count, "You are saved."

The crowd was so touched by the affection of the old servant, that it was near taking sides with him against the officers who had interfered.

The veiled lady stood motionless as a statue and watched the scene. So abstracted and calm did she appear, that it might have been supposed her eyes looked on while her mind was far away. Her eyes, animated by a thousand sentiments, glittered beneath her veil. The young man to whom she had made signals did not lose sight of her, and his whole soul seemed enchained to the life presence and breath of this woman.

The experts came; the court resumed its sessions; the Salvatori entered. The experts were three of the most skilful lapidaries of Naples, where the art of engraving on stone had reached the greatest excellence. They approached the bar. The president said:

"On your soul and conscience, and by Christ your Saviour, you swear to tell the truth."

"We swear."

"Tell us which of these two rings is the work of Benvenuto Cellini."

"On my soul and conscience, and by Christ," said the first expert, after a careful scrutiny, "this is the work of Benvenuto Cellini."

"And you, sir?" said the judge to the second.

"On my soul and conscience, and by Christ, this is the work of the great master."

"And this ring," said the judge, "what is it?"

"This is but a copy, compared with the original, of trifling value and fineness."

"Very well, Signori," said the Grand Judge, rising, and with a ring in each hand. "This ring given me yesterday by the Duke of Palma, and by him received from the Salvatori, is an imitation of Benvenuto Cellini's great work. The real ring of the Monte-Leoni, the chef-d'oeuvre, an heir-loom of the family, has just been brought us by an old servant of that noble house."

The effect of the words of the Grand Judge was immense. He was silent, and with the other judges consulted about the decree. A few moments after, with his hand on his heart, the Grand Judge said:

"After having carefully sought for traces of the double crime of which Count Monte-Leone is accused—after having heard the public accuser, the proof is found most incomplete. It appears that all the facts are based on the resemblance of Count Monte-Leone with some unknown person, in relation to whose identity the Salvatori were mistaken. The court declares the Count Monte-Leone innocent of the double crime imputed to him, and orders that he be immediately released. As for you, the brothers Salvatori," continued the Grand Judge, sternly, "your hatred to the Count Monte-Leone is well known. We interpret your conduct in the most favorable light, attributing it to mistake, and not to cowardly revenge. If the counterfeit ring was fabricated at your instance, to corroborate the accusations made against the Count, and justice should become possessed of proofs of it, you would have to fear its rigor and punishment. If there be severe laws for calumniators, those for assassins are yet more stern. You would in that case have murdered Count Monte-Leone."

The Salvatori were amazed. The rage of Stenio was irrepressible.

"Beautiful justice! Do we serve the king so faithfully for his justices to treat us thus! I repeat again," said he with an accent so terrible that it reached even Monte-Leone's heart, "the Count was at Pompeia. He stabbed me. He is an assassin!"

He then left as he had entered, walking painfully, and leaning on the arms of his brothers. When Stenio Salvatori, spoke thus, the Count had withdrawn, and the noise in the hall prevented the judges from hearing him. The tumult was as great as possible in the hall, which hitherto had been so calm and silent. The public seemed to move, shout, and become clamorous, as a recompense for the constraint which had been so long enforced.

The beautiful woman in the recess, who had been so long impassible and motionless, seemed to sympathize with the excited crowd, and lifting up her noble form to its full height, as the Grand Judge spoke the last words, she threw aside her veil, and lifted to heaven her eyes, full of gratitude and joy. She then looked toward Monte-Leone with an expression of the most passionate love, and immediately letting fall her veil, as if to enwrap her sentiments in night, left the room. Quickly, however, as she left, the first of the young men, whose conversation was detailed in the early part of this chapter, had time to see her, and said to his companion:

"Signor, indeed you are fortunate. The lady of whom we spoke not long since, and whom you know so well, is the very spirit of beauty incarnate, she is the most magnificent woman in the world. It is *La Felina*."

"You think so?" said Taddeo Rovero, who had become yet paler when the singer threw up her veil.

"Yes, I think so," said the first speaker, with a smile, "and I am also sure you know so." He left.

In the mean time the friends and partisans of the Count surrounded him. Among them were the chief nobles of Naples, for, as has been said before, the cause of one of the order became that of all, and Monte-Leone's success was a triumph to all the class. Amid a proud and gallant escort, the Count left the *Castello Capuano*. Scarcely had he left the door when enthusiastic cries were heard on all sides. The people, who had been in the street since dawn, waited impatiently for the result of the trial, for Monte-Leone was immensely popular. The crowd from time to time heard the various incidents of the trial from persons who had contrived to get into the hall. The rumors in favor of Monte-Leone were received with shouts of joy, and those injurious to him with cries and curses. The sentence was hailed as a priceless boon by the crowd around the *Chateau Capuano*. The people are everywhere, it is said, the same. The people of every country are doubtless impressionable and easily excited. A kind of electricity pervades large bodies, and the subtle fluid certainly is found everywhere. But among people of the south, under the burning sun which scorches their brains, the Italians, and especially the Neapolitans, in their public assemblies, attain a degree of fanaticism and exaltation, of which the people of the north have no idea. The eruptions of their own Vesuvius are the only things to which the passions of their populace can be compared.

When the Count and his escort left the court-room, the people literally rushed upon them. A thousand hands, not half so seemly as those which already had clasped his own, were extended towards his. These strong and sturdy hands seemed to promise him protection in case it should be needful for him at any future time to seek it.

From this crowd of men with sternly marked features, shaded by hats of gray felt, there fell on the Count's ear such words as, "*Two hands pledged in friendship are but one!*" Venta of Castel la Marc.

"*A dagger for ten enemies!*" Venta of Capua.

"*Our right, silence, or death!*" Venta of Annunziata.

"*Eyes to watch, and a hand to strike!*" Venta of Pompeia.

To which the Count replied, by the word *Speranza*, accompanied by a clasp of the hand and a significative glance.

"My friends," said a penetrating voice, "for heaven's sake give him air. The poor man has need of air. We know you love him. He is the friend of the people of Naples, all know, but he should not on that account be stifled. By the miracle of San Januarius restore him to me, restore my master to me, you may have him soon, but now he needs the care of old Giacomo."

Giacomo took the Count's arm, and sought to remove him from the crowd which surrounded him. The Count paid no attention to the old intendant. For a time, he strove almost to cast him off, and stood looking anxiously at a person he saw in the crowd, and whom like a swimmer he sought to approach. This person was his friend Taddeo Rovero. The young man sought in vain to approach the Count. The tide of living beings seconded their wishes, and at last they rushed into the arms of each other, forgetting, while thus enlocked, the world, their secret thoughts, the past, and the present, and mingling together the tears of friendship.

"Air, day, sunlight, motion, life, life itself I have found. They woke up our existence; a dungeon is death—"

Again he threw himself into the arms of Taddeo, with an expression of tenderness and happiness.

"Adieu, my friends," said he to the crowd. "Count Monte-Leone will never forget these proofs of

your sympathy, and you may rely on him, his arm, his heart, his fortune, as he does on you."

Taking Taddeo by the arm, he hurried into a neighboring street, accompanied at a little distance by Giacomo, who, as he panted after them, cried out, "Too fast, too fast—what the devil can I do? My legs are worn out—remember I came from the villa to *la Vicaria* on foot to bring your ring to the Grand Judge."

"My ring!"—then looking anxiously at Giacomo, and in a low tone, he said:

"Are you sure it is my ring?"

"Yes, I swear to it by the blood of Christ and by your life."

"My friends," said the Count, "we have strange secrets to talk of when we are in a safe place. And there the ear and lip must be close together, so that not even the walls of the room in which we are shall be struck by the sound of our accents. Wait for me at the Etruscan villa. In two hours I will rejoin you."

"Why not go thither now?" asked Taddeo.

"Two hours hence I will tell you."

Without speaking a word, and without listening to Rovero's reply, Monte-Leone put on a cloak the old intendant had brought and passed into a labyrinth of passages, with the intricate windings of which his political associations had made him familiar. An hour after the Count so brusquely left Taddeo and the old intendant, he paused at the door of one of the most ancient churches in Naples, an old pile, built in 1284, and called *San Domenico Maggiore*. It is of vast size, built in the Gothic style, and has a magnificent picture of Titiano, the Flagellation of Caravaggio, and in the sacristy a glory by Soliméné. But not to contemplate them had Monte-Leone come to the church. A deeply-rooted sentiment forced him, for a few moments, to pause beneath the old portico before he entered the sanctuary.

Nothing is more touching, more poetical, and more mysterious, than the old Christian temples, which like giants of stone have braved the ravages of time and the hands of men. Generations, as they pass away, worship beneath their arches, and the prayers of many centuries have echoed in their walls, which are yet open to coming time.

The deep notes of the organ attracted the attention of Monte-Leone and increased his excitement. He crossed the church, went down the nave, and approached a lateral chapel where a taper was burning with a flickering light. The Count entered the chapel. Those who had seen him amid the brilliant society of Naples, or amid the awful judicial ordeal to which he had just been subjected, and which he had undergone with such coolness and audacity, would not have recognized the humble and trembling man, who knelt before a sarcophagus of black marble surmounted with the coronet and arms of the Monte-Leoni. The Count knelt at the tomb of his father—his father, who was his religion and his faith. He would have thought himself unworthy of his protection had he not gone immediately on his release to worship those consecrated relics. Prostrate at the monument he prayed with fervor. All the recent events of his life occurred to him. And in the kind of hallucination caused by prolonged meditation, awake as he was, he entered the realm of dreams. He seemed to see two genii seeking, the one to drag him towards heaven and the other towards the abyss. The genii were two females. They recalled the features of two charming and beautiful women, whom he remembered. One had the gentle and pale expression of Aminta; the other, the more masculine and stately air of La Felina. The one which led him heavenward was Aminta. The sound of the organ, the mysterious light which pervaded the chapel, the religious effect of the whole scene, exaggerated the excitement of the Count, and contributed to add to his nervousness. Two mild melancholy voices, like those of angels praying for the guilty, mingled with the organ's notes, and Monte-Leone fancied that he heard in the distance the voices of departed souls. The blood of Monte-Leone became chilled, for at that moment he asked his father to reveal to him the future, and guide him in his perilous path. The song of the dead seemed to reply to him. The Count, like other energetic and brave men, like Cæsar and Napoleon, was very superstitious. We have seen him brave death without trembling, though it came in the most terrible form. He who had struggled against the waves of the sea, and confronted the Grand Judge of Naples, grew pale when he heard the *de profundis* chanted in an obscure church and by the side of a tomb. By a strange fatality, nothing seemed wanting which could increase the sadness of Monte-Leone. Just as he was about to leave the church the solitary light was extinguished. The young man fancied this accident a declaration of the will of God. Terror-stricken, he left the church, and did not regain his consciousness until he stood in the portico of the old temple. In a few moments he shook off his idle apprehensions, but the sombre scene perpetually reacted upon him, as we shall see hereafter. It left a deep trace upon his mind, and materially influenced his subsequent life.

[Pg 353]

Two hours after he left the church, the Count rode on the horse of one of his friends to the Etruscan villa, which, as we have said, was on the road to Castel la Marc. Giacomo was waiting at the door for him, and taking a resinous torch, lighted his master to the strange room which we described in the first part of this book. Things remained precisely as they were on the night of the ball of San Carlo. The lights were burning, the hangings displayed their richness, the Greek and Roman couches were arrayed, and a magnificent supper was prepared. There were, however, but two covers, one for the Count and the other for young Rovero. By the side of the Count's plate lay the emerald of Benvenuto, of which he had so miraculously regained possession.

"It is the emerald," said the Count. "Who brought it hither?"

"An officer of the court, from Signor San Angelo, the Grand Judge of Naples."

Monte-Leone looked at it again, and said, "It is one of God's own miracles."

"Not so," said Rovero, "it is one of Love's own;" and he gave the Count the letter of La Felina.

VI.—DRAMA.

While the trial of Count Monte-Leone thus excited the whole city of Naples, while Rovero under the influence of a thousand emotions heard all its details, let us look back to what is going on in the villa at Sorrento. The reader will excuse us, for thus transporting him from place to place, for attempting to interest him in behalf of various personages, joining or deserting them, as the plan of our story requires.

The novelist is like the weaver, who keeps in his hand the various threads of his woof, brings them together and apart, until the time when his finished work rewards his toil. Like the weaver, we shall unite, day by day, our threads, and gather them finally into one knot.

We left the Marquis of Maulear about to return to the villa, in search of assistance for Scorpione, who had fainted. When people came to the hut, the mute had regained his senses. He knelt before Aminta, who spoke to him with vivacity. What she said we cannot tell, for when she was interrupted she ceased. The eyes of Tonio were red, and he seemed to have been shedding tears. The invalid was taken to the villa, and so the matter seemed to end.

Maulear was not much engrossed by the suspicions he had previously conceived of Tonio, because love for Aminta, supposing that such he bore, did not seem formidable. His apprehensions found something far more serious. Was the heart of her he loved unoccupied? The strange episode of the lost veil had not yet been explained. Yielding to the influence of passion, he had, when he saw the young girl, forgotten every thing, and the sudden appearance of Scorpione, by rendering it impossible for Aminta to answer him, complicated the matter yet more.

Just as Signora Rovero went towards the hut, where the Marquis had left the mute in a state of insensibility, Aminta went to the villa, preceding those who bore Tonio.

"I will not again trust you with our patient," said Aminta's mother. "He always returns worse than when he goes."

"Right mother," said Aminta, "henceforth I will not take charge of Tonio, for his new sufferings have, I am sure, taken away the little sense he previously had."

Tonio, who heard what Aminta said, looked down and returned to his room, glooming angrily at the Marquis as he passed.

"You are already one of us, Marquis, on account of the indiscreet request of my son. But neither my daughter nor myself will complain of the pleasure he has thus procured us. Now," continued she, "permit me to show you the most precious treasure in our house."

Leading Maulear to a little boudoir, next her chamber, she drew aside a curtain of black velvet, and exposed a noble portrait of a man the size of life. "That is the portrait of my husband, of Aminta's father; of a loyal and respected man, of an honest and influential minister."

Maulear was amazed at the appearance of the picture. The more he examined it the more the features seemed to recall some one he had seen before. His memory, however, was at fault, and left him in uncertainty.

"Strange," said he, to the widow of the minister. "It seems that I have seen these features before. How can it be, though, that I ever met Signor Rovero?"

"My husband has been dead two years, and was never in France."

"And I have been but six months in Italy. It is then impossible that we ever met. The matter is surprising." [Pg 354]

They returned to the drawing-room, where Maulear found the White Rose of Sorrento either drawing or pretending to draw, as a means of concealing her annoyance.

"Excuse me," said Signora Rovero to Maulear, "if I leave you for a time with my daughter. I have some domestic matters to attend to, for Aminta's birthday will in a few days be here, when we purpose a ball."

"A ball?" said Maulear.

"A ball; and Aminta and some of her young companions will compose the orchestra. You, Marquis, will not, however, be forced to be present, for my son had no intention to annoy you thus. It is enough for you to protect us, but to dance would be too great a requisition."

"Is it, then, the Signorina's birthday?"

"Yes, or rather it is the birthday of my happiness. Thus it ever is with mothers."

"It will then be mine also," said Maulear. "I am sorry her brother cannot be present."

"Taddeo is fond of us," said the young girl in a low tone, with her eyes downcast on her embroidery. "But he does not love us alone." Aminta sighed with jealousy—and Signora Rovero left the room. Maulear drew near Aminta.

"Signorina," said he, with emotion, "just now I opened my heart to you. Will you punish me by silence, and not deign to tell me what I may fear or hope?"

"Signor," said Aminta, "perhaps I am wrong to reply to you. Perhaps I should ask you, in the first place, to speak to my mother of the sentiments you entertain for me. But I will be frank with you. Our first interview, my gratitude, my sincere esteem, control me. Besides, as you have been informed, my education has not been that usual to my sex. I will therefore describe to you my girlish ideas such as they are, such as my early education inspired me with, such as reflection has developed."

Maulear looked at her with great wonder. Where he had expected surprise and embarrassment, he found calmness and reason. Still, the voice in which these serious words were pronounced had, however, so great an attraction and such melody, that the Marquis began again to hope.

"Different from most young persons of my age," said Aminta, "I am happy in my present condition, contented with my mother and brother. I have often inquired what qualities I would expect in my husband, and," said she with a smile, "I have found them. Perhaps those qualities are defects; for they must be my own I assure you. I have been so petted that I can conceive of no happiness except in finding myself, with my imperfections, ideas, and sentiments, mirrored in another."

"Then," said the Marquis, "no one can expect to please you, for who can be like you, and be as precious as you are?"

"That may be an easier thing than you fancy," said Aminta, gayly. "Hitherto I have, however, been unfortunate, for my suitors have been so superior that their merit terrified me. I was afraid of the talents of one, and of the mind of another. Besides, Marquis, let me tell you, that I am a little foolish and exaggerated. I think there are two existences in me, the one awake, and the other asleep. In the latter, there pass such fancies before me, that I am often frightened at them. I sometimes see the drama of life unrolled before me.—I am married and unhappy—strange scenes take place around me, and he to whom my fate has been confided, makes it sad and dreary as possible;—I am humiliated, outraged, and betrayed, and am, too, so much afraid of marriage, that I think I would refuse the hand of an angel were it offered me."

As she spoke, Aminta's features became sad, and her eyes glittered with a sombre fire, like that of the Pythoness announcing the Delphic oracle. Maulear was silent, and for a few moments said nothing. In the mean time the young girl regained her presence of mind, and, ashamed of her enthusiasm, sought to apologize for it.

"You will," said she, "laugh at my ridiculous whims. What, however, do you expect of a poor child, raised like myself in solitude, uncultivated, and from character and taste a dreamer? Such a creature must indeed be strange to a Parisian. Perhaps, though you do not wish me thus to speak to you, such a creature has made a deeper impression on your imagination than on your heart. The terrible circumstances of our meeting also, the romantic origin of our acquaintance, may lead you into error in relation to sentiments which perhaps would be impotent, both against the enticements of the world and against absence."

"Ah!" said Maulear, with chagrin, "if those sentiments were shared—if he who experiences them were not indifferent to you, you, Signorina, would have confidence in them."

"I desire nothing better than to be satisfied that such is the case," said she, with charming naïvete. "Time, however, is required for that, and we have been acquainted only for a few days."

"Are years then required for us to love?" said Maulear. "For that a word, a look, suffice."

"In France, perhaps," replied Aminta; "in your brilliant saloons, with your gay countrymen, where all is so lively and spontaneous. Here though, in a modest villa, hidden by the orange trees of Sorrento, a young girl's heart is not disposed of so easily."

"Yes!" said Maulear, "our hearts are lost when we behold you."

"Marquis," said Aminta, "I do not know what the future reserves for us; I however repeat that I will always be sincere with you. Do not to-day ask me what I cannot give."

"What can you give me?" said Maulear in despair.

"Hope," said Aminta, with a blush, "that is all—"

Signora Rovero entered. Rejection and obstacles could not but surprise a man used as Maulear was to rapid triumphs and easy conquests. He was now seriously in love, and passion had become a link of his life. Suffering as he was from the uncertainty to which the reply of Aminta subjected him, he could not but admire her prudence and modest reserve, which, as it were, placed her heart beneath the ægis of reason. Besides, if, as Madame de Stael says, the last idea of a woman is always centred in the last word she utters, Aminta, by what she had last said, had delighted Maulear. She had said "*Hope*."

During the next day and the next day after, Signora Rovero and her daughter increased their attention to Maulear, lest he should become weary of their solitude. This solitude to Maulear was elysium. A pleasant intimacy grew up between Aminta and the Marquis, every hour revealing a new grace to him, as he fancied the hour drew near when the ice of her heart would melt, and she would find an image of her sentiments in him. One circumstance, however, troubled Maulear, and aroused his jealousy. Towards the end of the second day, he sat in the saloon, leaning on his elbow, and looking with admiration through one of the windows at the purple and magnificent Italian sun. Aminta did not know that Maulear was in the saloon, and when she came in did not see him. She had a letter in her hand. "*From him*," said she, as she hastily unsealed it; "what does he say? *Dear Gaetano*, he has not forgotten me."

At the name Gaetano, Maulear turned around quickly, and under the influence of much emotion, stood before her. She seemed a little surprised and disconcerted, and hid the letter in her bosom. The words died away on the Marquis's lips, and he asked no question. His original distrust returned, and he resolved to watch. On that evening Maulear was less gay and less entertaining than he had been on the previous one. He observed that Aminta too was thoughtful. She has been unable, said he, to read her letter, and that is the cause of her uneasiness. For a few moments the young girl left the room, in which her mother and Maulear were. She is reading the mysterious letter, said he to himself. Just then it chanced that Signora Rovero spoke of Gaetano Brignoli, to whom she paid the greatest compliments. Aminta returned with an expression altogether changed. Her face was lit up with joy, as expressive and animated as the tedium and thoughtfulness which marked it had been profound. Maulear did not sympathize with her gayety, and she became every moment more moody and sombre. Under the pretext of a headache, he retired to his room. New thoughts assailed him. He looked out on the terrace where he had seen the unknown form. He took the lace veil and examined it as if he now saw it for the first time. Men are often cruel to themselves, and find a secret pleasure in turning the knife in the wound, and making their suffering severe as possible. To tell the truth, when he thought of his conversation with Aminta, and analyzed its phases, he was led by its elevation and frankness to blush at his suspicions. After all, said he, the letter she received from Gaetano is perhaps only a child's-play between them. It is but a secret between brother and sister, such as often exists, and to which it is foolish to attach any importance. Amid this excitement, sleep overtook him, harassed as he was between hope and fear, good and evil.

The next day was Aminta's birthday. All in Signora Rovero's villa were joyous. The gates of the garden were opened, and all were gathering flowers. The young girls of Sorrento soon came to the villa, and offered a magnificent chaplet of roses to *the White Rose* of Sorrento. The Marquis of Maulear added his congratulations to the others offered to Aminta. An air of embarrassment, however, was evident in every remark, and he could not forget the letter. Suddenly he saw Tonio. He was approaching Aminta, who, when she saw him, hurried to meet him.

"Tonio, poor Tonio," said she, "my faithful companion and generous preserver, have you also come to congratulate me on my birthday? You have not forgotten me, but are come to say how you love me. You know how grateful I am."

Two tears fell on the mute's brow which was humbled before her. Tonio looked up, and his eyes expressed the languishing tenderness of which we have hitherto spoken. One might read, in his glance, the effect of that magnetic fascination exercised over him by Aminta. He seized her hand, and kissed it so passionately that Aminta withdrew it at once. She however veiled her action with a smile.

"Since," said she, "you are so well, my mother and I wish you henceforth to be at liberty, and that you should have no domestic duty. You shall be our chasseur, and supply us with game—for that is the only thing in which you take pleasure."

A feeling of pride was legible on Tonio's features. He took Aminta's hand again, and, as a token of gratitude, placed it on his heart. He then looked proudly around on the peasants and servants, and finally mingled with the crowd.

The day advanced, and the guests of Signora Rovero came to the villa. Count Brignoli and Gaetano were not the last. Maulear could not restrain an expression of mortification when he saw the latter, who, however, looking on him as a family friend, treated him most cordially and affectionately. Maulear at dinner sat next to the Signora Rovero. He would have preferred the one usually given him, next to Aminta. He had, however, one consolation. Aminta, seated at a distance from Gaetano, could not maintain one of those private conversations with young Brignoli, which made him so unhappy. Often during the meal he fancied that he saw certain signals of intelligence between the young people, who had not yet been able to speak together alone. What however had been a doubt became a certainty when he saw Gaetano point to the garden, and Aminta by a gesture of assent reply to him. He had no doubt there was an understanding between Gaetano and Aminta. He knew their rendezvous. From that time Maulear did not lose sight of them, and he suffered every torture jealousy can inflict. The shock he received at the discovery was so great, that he was unable even to reflect. He did not become offended at the perfidy of Aminta, but was rather distressed by suffering, which was as great in the physical point of view as it was in the moral. Reason only returned with reflection.

About nine o'clock the ball commenced. At the instance of Aminta, two of her young friends went to the piano, and Aminta, taking advantage of certain orders she had to give, left the room. Gaetano had already gone. The Marquis followed her. For a second he heard the light step, which passed down the gallery, pause. The door of the vestibule however was opened, and pointed out

the route she had taken. He was afraid by opening the door of betraying his presence, and therefore went into the garden by another direction, and making a short detour, soon was able to follow the direction he had seen Aminta take. Passing beneath a group of trees which was near the house, Maulear, with an attentive ear, followed stealthily as a deer the steps of the couple he tracked—though he could not see. A demon had taken possession of Maulear's heart, and enkindled it with rage. Certainly, within a few paces from him he heard a voice. It was Aminta's. Another voice answered. It was Gaetano's.

"How I love you, dear Gaetano, for what you have told me."

"And how happy I am in your pleasure—"

"All then is understood?" said Aminta.

"All."

"We understand each other, and you will hide nothing from me?"

"Nothing."

"Your letter," said the young girl, "made me mad with joy."

"Dear Aminta—"

"Unless, indeed, my mother find out our secrets—"

"Fear not—the secret will be kept—tonight—"

"Yes, yes, to-night, certainly—"

"Rely then on me," said Gaetano.

Maulear heard a kiss. It struck on his ear like a dagger, and gave him such pain, that a sigh burst from his lips.

"Some one overheard us," said Gaetano, "Go, go."

Aminta immediately disappeared. Before Gaetano had time to distinguish Maulear in his place of concealment, the latter, become aware of the ridiculous part he was playing, hid himself in the thicket, and with his hair dishevelled, his features distorted, and his heart distressed, hurried to the house and shut himself up in his own room. His despair was indeed great; he fancied he had been laughed at by a coquette, while he thought he had been the suitor of an innocent girl. Why did she not tell me the truth yesterday, when I asked her? said he. Why did she not avow her love of young Brignoli? She dared not confide it to me; because she makes a mystery of it to her own mother. Why did she encourage me? Why did she speak of hope? What unworthy plan, what improper calculation influenced her? What part did she intend me to play in this drama of treason?

The old idea of Maulear—that sad fancy that women are only to be despised, and which he had conceived from women only worthy of that estimate—took possession of him. He could not believe he was a victim of mistake, or that the scene he had witnessed had any other motives than guilty ones. Of what else could Gaetano and Aminta speak, than love? An hour afterwards, Maulear returned to the drawing-room. His toilette was irreproachable, and his face, though pale, was calm. One would never have recognized in this elegant gentleman, so calm and dignified, the person who, an hour before, had heard with such excitement the conversation we have just described. Maulear had reflected, and as soon as his first anger had passed away, had nearly conceived an aversion for the young girl, whom he had almost adored the evening before. Revenge, too, would be sweet. To accomplish this, calmness, coldness, deliberation were required.

The excitement of the evening prevented the absence of the actors in this scene from having been remarked; besides it was a ball for young people, at which men of Maulear's age even were not expected to dance. Gaetano, who was only eighteen, was the true Coryphæus. Maulear approached Aminta in the interval between two waltzes.

"You have a pleasant anniversary of your birthday," said he.

"A delicious one, Signor, I was never so happy."

At any other time the answer of Aminta would have delighted Maulear; now he fancied she alluded to her love for Gaetano. This idea increased his anger. Midnight came, and those of the guests who lived at a distance remained at the villa: the others left. All soon became calm, and the house quiet. One man alone watched, for his bosom was irritated by the most exciting thoughts; by anger, despair, and jealousy. He was awake, and wept bitterly over a passion, which it is true had existed but a few days, but yet had taken deep root in his heart.

He was awake, and was indignant at the affront put on him. He was awake, for he had sworn to be avenged. Thinking that he understood the meaning of Gaetano's words, he did not doubt but that they had made a *rendezvous* for that very night. This rendezvous was not the first, for Maulear knew the secret of the veil he had found on the terrace on the first night he had passed at Sorrento. The veil belonged to Aminta, and the flitting shadow he had seen was the lady's self. Her accomplice was Gaetano. How could he doubt? Interrupted in their first intercourse by

Maulear, they expected on another occasion to be more fortunate. No, cried he, that shall not be, they will find me between themselves and happiness. I wish them to at least learn, that I am not their dupe. I will cover her snowy brow with a blush, and avenge myself by disclosing to her my knowledge of her secret. But how could he surprise them? Would they dare to cross the terrace again? Perhaps, though, they can meet nowhere else. If so, they will brave every thing, and in that case I must not alarm them. The Marquis took the taper, which lighted his chamber, and placed it in a back room, which opened on the interior corridor of the house. Carefully opening the terrace window, he took refuge behind a group of trees, exactly opposite his room. The clock of Sorrento struck three—the night was clear and brilliant, and the sky was strewn with diamond stars—the air was soft and warm. It was a night for love and lovers.

To Maulear it was a night of agony and torture. All around was so calm and tranquil that the slightest noise fell on his ear,—he soon heard a door open. Maulear fixed his eyes on the point of the terrace from which the sound proceeded—his whole existence seemed concentrated in the single sense of sight. Something cloudlike, vapory and undefinable, which seemed too ethereal for earth, gradually appeared at the extreme end of the terrace. This mysterious figure seemed to glide, rather than walk, towards the place where Maulear was concealed; it approached him slowly, without motion or sound to betray its steps. Wrapped in long white drapery, like a mantle of vapor, resembling those creations of Ossian which formed often the clouds of evening; in short, one might have believed that she had risen from the earth, and had come to dissolve under the first rays of the sun, or of the moon. The phantom disappeared for a few seconds, amidst a dark grove, which projected on the terrace the lofty trunks of large forest trees—but when she emerged from their shade, and re-entered that portion of the terrace light and brilliant, she approached so near to Maulear, that he was enabled to examine and recognize her.

This graceful and vapory phantom was Aminta. Maulear expected it, but he felt not the less a distressing grief, in thus recognizing her. It seemed to him that the last plank of the wreck had broken under his feet, and that he had fallen into the depth of despair. But soon anger smothered the last cry of a love now no longer felt—and Maulear rushed in pursuit of Aminta, when he saw her, to his great surprise, stop before the window of his apartment. Then reaching out her hand she pushed open the door and entered the room, which was partially lighted by the moon.

"What is she doing," said Maulear, with amazement, "what business has she in this room?"

An idea struck him. My presentiment did not deceive me. The first time she appeared on this terrace, she was coming to this room which was once occupied by her lover Gaetano. Crossing the terrace rapidly, he glided near the window with rage in his heart and his mind excited—for a guilty project, which he would had he been cooler have repelled, attacked him, with all its seductions. Without longer hesitation he returned to his room, shut the terrace door, and looked in the dark for Aminta. Aminta, however, sat at a window which the moon did not light, and which opened on the court of the villa. She seemed to listen anxiously to some distant noise, perceptible only to her ear. So great was her preoccupation that she paid no attention to Maulear's entrance. Surprised at this statue-like immobility, Maulear approached the young girl.

"Silence, Marietta," said she, without looking around, "I promised to see him go. He has kept his word, for I yet hear, in the distance, the gallop of his horse. Bring the light and place it in the window. He knows my room, in which we played so often when we were children, and far down the road he will see it burning. My remembering him will please him. He will see that, if he watches over me, I pray for him to bring me good news to-morrow—Gaetano is so kind."

"Gaetano!" said Maulear, in spite of himself.

"Yes—yes, Gaetano," continued the young girl, "will watch over Taddeo during this unfortunate trial, for I know all. But say nothing, Marietta. Poor Taddeo—Gaetano has told me. His letter, yesterday, comforted me. Taddeo is no longer compromised. Gaetano assured me. But this evening in the park he confirmed all, and has promised to go to Naples to be present at the trial."

Aminta at once became silent, and sitting in an arm-chair near the window, appeared to sleep soundly, for the noise of her breathing was alone heard. Maulear, erect, motionless, with an icy brow, neither saw nor heard. A thousand confused ideas filled his mind. A revelation, strange and unforeseen, put an end to his suffering and dissipated his fears, by exhibiting the incomprehensible mystery under which he had been. Aminta was sleeping. Her sleep was of that somnambulist character, so common in this country of moral and physical excitement. While dreaming, Aminta had told and taught him every thing. She was innocent and pure. Yet in doubt, hesitating as the victim does, who when he marches to punishment receives a pardon, wishing to convince himself of the reality of all that passed, he went into the next room and came out with the light. Directing the rays obliquely so that they fell on the downcast lids of Aminta, he placed the lamp at some distance from her, and saw what till then no man had ever seen. He saw this beautiful creature in a night *negligé*, enveloped by clouds of white drapery, which a troubled sleep had gracefully disarranged. He saw a charming childlike foot half out of the slipper, glistening silvery in the light. A prey at once to the greatest agitation and repentance at having suspected her, Maulear fell on his knees. The motion thus made or some other circumstance aroused her.

"Where am I?" said she, looking uncertainly around her; seeing Maulear at her feet, she continued:

"A man here—with me—in my room—"

She sought to rise, but being yet under the influence of the half sleep, sank again on her chair.

"Be silent, Signorina!" said Maulear, in a low tone.

"You! you! Signor," said Aminta, recognizing him and drawing back with terror. "You at my feet, at night, for all is dark around us, and the light is burning. But where am I? this room—it is the one in which I promised Gaetano to place the light."

Passing her hand across her brow, to collect her ideas and wipe away her doubts, she said:

"But this is not my room. I occupy one next to my mother.... Ah, I remember; it was mine once, but it was given to the Marquis, to you," said she, blushing. She arose. "And this night-dress," said she, looking at her disordered toilette, "in your presence—Signor," added she, clasping her hands, "by your honor, I beseech you, tell me how I came hither."

"When you slept," said the Marquis, seeking to calm her.

"As I slept?" repeated the young girl, "as I dreamed.—Ah, I see, this sleep, this waking sleep to which I am often liable. Ah! mother, mother, why did you not watch me?"

Concealing her face in her hands, she began to shed tears.

"Of what, Signorina, are you afraid? You are under the protection of my faith, honor, and love."

"Signor, I am lost if any one finds me here. Let me return," said she, attempting to go.

Just then a horrible cry was uttered out of doors. A mingling of the lion's roar and wolf's howl, a very jackal's yell. It echoed through the villa, and was repeated by all the groves and dells of Sorrento. It was uttered on the terrace. Thither Aminta and Maulear looked, and saw a hideous spectacle. The face of Scorpione, pale, and denoting both ill-temper and sickness, was pressed against the closed window. He moved to and fro, now rising up and then descending, as if he sought some means to open the window and enter the room. His eyes, rendered more glittering by hatred, cast glances of vengeance on Aminta and Maulear. His long wiry fingers passed rapidly across the glass, which was the only object that separated them.

Aminta yielding to terror, caused by the sight of the monster, without any calculation or regard of any thing except the violence of Scorpione, rushed into Maulear's arms in search of protection and aid.

"Right, right," said Maulear, "no danger shall befall you while enfolded in these arms." Taking her then towards the door of the corridor, he said: "Come, come, no danger can befall you here."

Scorpione, however, perceiving what Maulear was about to do, and seeing him going towards the door, uttered a second cry more terrible than the first. He broke the glass, and sought to reach the clasp which made the window fast. In the mean time, Maulear had reached the other door, and was about to escape. He, however, heard steps hurrying from every direction down the corridor. The cries of Scorpione had awakened all the house, and just as the wretch tore open the window and precipitated himself into the chamber, relations, friends and guests of the house, who had collected on the terrace and corridor, rushed in with him. Signora Rovero was the last to come.

"My daughter!" cried she, running towards Aminta.

The poor tearful mother, not accusing that child whom her heart told her was innocent, without anger on her lip or reproach in her eye, sought only to shroud Aminta's form in the garments which scarcely sufficed to cover it, and in a calm and confiding voice listened to the explanations of Maulear. The collection of all of these people, aroused from their sleep and grouped in the half-lighted room, was a strange picture;—Signora Rovero holding her daughter in her arms, Maulear with his hand lifted to heaven and protesting that Aminta was innocent, Scorpione with his hands blood-stained by the broken glass, his hair disheveled, his looks haggard, and his violence restrained by the servants, who kept the beast from rushing on the Marquis.

"Signora," said Maulear, speaking to Aminta's mother, "on my life and honor, I declare to you that this young woman came hither without her own consent, and led by a blind chance."

Maulear was about to continue, when Aminta recovering her energy, said with a voice full of emotion, but in a tone instinct with a pure and chaste heart:

"You need not defend me, Marquis; it is useless to repel suspicion from me. A young woman of my character and name, the daughter of the Rovero, need not justify herself from the imputation of a crime, which she would die rather than commit."

She could say no more, for her strength was exhausted, and the power of her mind had consumed the artificial and nervous capacity of her body, which was greatly overtaken. Aminta was ill. With her beautiful head resting on her mother's shoulder, she was taken to her room. All withdrew in silence.

[Pg 359]

On the features of some, however, especially of the young men whom Aminta had rejected, an incredulousness of such virtue might have been read. It was hard to conceive how she came to be at midnight in the room of the Marquis of Maulear.

FOOTNOTES:

- [18] Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Stringer & Townsend, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

We welcome the indications, now crowding upon us from every quarter, that the people of this country are beginning to feel the importance of taking active measures for the establishment and increase of public libraries. Large collections of books, open for common use, are at once the storehouses and the manufactories of learning and science; they bring together the accumulated fruits of the experience, the research, and the genius of other ages and distant nations, as well as of our own time and land; and they create the taste, as well as furnish the indispensable aids for the prosecution of literary and scientific effort in every department. In great cities they qualify the exclusive spirit of commercial and professional avocations, and encourage men to steal an hour from the pursuit of gain, and devote it to the attempt to satisfy a natural curiosity and to cultivate an elegant taste. Connected with literary and academical institutions, they supply the means and multiply the objects of study, and keep alive that enthusiasm in the cause of letters without which nothing great or permanent can ever be accomplished. Their establishment is a boon to all classes of society, and all may find in them both recreation and employment; for as the poet Crabbe says:—

"Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find;—
The curious here to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favoring muse."

The origin of libraries is involved in obscurity. According to some, the distinction of having first made collections of writings belongs to the Hebrews; but others ascribe this honor to the Egyptians. Osymandyas, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, who flourished some 600 years after the deluge, is said to have been the first who founded a library. The temple in which he kept his books was dedicated at once to religion and literature, and placed under the especial protection of the divinities, with whose statues it was magnificently adorned. It was still further embellished by a well-known inscription, for ever grateful to the votary of literature: on the entrance was engraven, "The nourishment of the soul," or, according to Diodorus, "The medicine of the mind." It probably contained works of very remote antiquity, and also the books accounted sacred by the Egyptians, all of which perished amidst the destructive ravages which accompanied and followed the Persian invasion under Cambyses. There was also, according to Eustathius and other ancient authors, a fine library at Memphis, deposited in the Temple of Phtha, from which Homer has been accused of having stolen both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and afterwards published them as his own. From this charge, however, the bard has been vindicated by various writers, and by different arguments.

But the most superb library of Egypt, perhaps of the ancient world, was that of Alexandria. About the year 290 B. C., Ptolemy Soter, a learned prince, founded an academy at Alexandria called the Museum, where there assembled a society of learned men, devoted to the study of philosophy and the sciences, and for whose use he formed a collection of books, the number of which has been variously computed—by Epiphanius at 54,000, and by Josephus at 200,000. His son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, an equally liberal and enlightened prince, collected great numbers of books in the Temple of Serapis, in addition to those accumulated by his father, and at his death left in it upwards of 100,000 volumes. He had agents in every part of Asia and of Greece, commissioned to search out and purchase the rarest and most valuable writings; and among those he procured were the works of Aristotle, and the Septuagint version of the Jewish Scriptures, which was undertaken at the suggestion of Demetrius Phalerius, his first librarian. The measures adopted by this monarch for augmenting the Alexandrian Library were pursued by his successor, Ptolemy Euergetes, with unscrupulous vigor. He caused all books imported into Egypt by Greeks or other foreigners to be seized and sent to the Museum, where they were transcribed by persons employed for the purpose; and when this was done, the copies were delivered to the proprietors, and the originals deposited in the library. He refused to supply the famished Athenians with corn until they presented him with the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and in returning elegant copies of these autographs, he allowed the owners to retain the fifteen talents (more than £3000 sterling) which he had pledged with them as a princely security. As the Museum, where the library was originally founded, stood near the royal palace, in that quarter of the city called Brucheion, all writings were at first deposited there; but when this building had been completely occupied with books, to the number of 400,000, a supplemental library was erected within the Serapeion, or Temple of Serapis, and this gradually increased till it contained about 300,000 volumes—making in both libraries a grand

total of 700,000 volumes.

The Alexandrian Library continued in all its splendor until the first Alexandrian war, when, during the plunder of the city, the Brucheion portion of the collection was accidentally destroyed by fire, owing to the recklessness in the auxiliary troops. But the library of the Serapeion still remained, and was augmented by subsequent donations, particularly by that of the Pergamean Library of 200,000 volumes,^[19] presented by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, so that it soon equalled the former, both in the number and in the value of its contents. At length, after various revolutions under the Roman Emperors, during which the collection was sometimes plundered and sometimes reestablished, it was utterly destroyed by the Saracens at the command of the Caliph Omar, when they acquired possession of Alexandria in A. D. 642. Amrou, the victorious general, was himself inclined to spare this inestimable treasury of ancient science and learning, but the ignorant and fanatical caliph, to whom he applied for instructions, ordered it to be destroyed. "If," said he, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." The sentence of destruction was executed with blind obedience. The volumes of parchment or papyrus were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city; but such was their incredible number, that it took six months to consume them. This act of barbarism, recorded by Abulpharagius, is considered somewhat doubtful by Gibbon, in consequence of its not being mentioned by Eutychius and Almacin, two of the most ancient chroniclers. It seems inconsistent, too, with the character of Amrou, as a poet and a man of superior intelligence; but that the Alexandrian Library was thus destroyed is a fact generally credited, and deeply deplored by historians. Amrou, as a man of genius and learning, may have grieved at the order of the caliph, while, as a loyal subject and faithful soldier, he felt bound to obey.

[Pg 360]

Among the Greeks, as among other nations, the first library consisted merely of archives, deposited, for the sake of preservation, in the temples of the gods. Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, was the first who established a public library in his native city, which, we need not say, always took the lead in every thing relating to science and literature in Greece. Here he deposited the works of Homer, which he had collected together with great difficulty and at a very considerable expense; and the Athenians themselves were at much pains to increase the collection. The fortunes of this library were various and singular. It was transported to Persia by Xerxes, brought back by Seleucus Nicator, plundered by Sylla, and at last restored by the Emperor Hadrian. On the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths, Greece was ravaged; and on the sack of Athens, they had collected all the libraries, and were upon the point of setting fire to this funeral pile of ancient learning, when one of their chiefs interposed, and dissuaded them from their design, observing, at the same time, that as long as the Greeks were addicted to the study of books, they would never apply themselves to that of arms.

The first library established at Rome was that founded by Paulus Emilius, in the year B. C. 167. Having subdued Perses, king of Macedonia, he enriched the city of Rome with the library of the conquered monarch, which was subsequently augmented by Sylla. On his return from Asia, where he had successfully terminated the first war against Mithridates, Sylla visited Athens, whence he took with him the library of Apellicon the Teian, in which were the works of Aristotle and Theophrastus. Lucullus, another conqueror of Mithridates, was not less distinguished by his taste for books. The number of volumes in his library was immense, and they were written in the most distinct and elegant manner. But the use which he made of his collection was still more honorable to that princely Roman than the acquisition or possession of it. "It was a library," says Plutarch, "whose walls, galleries, and cabinets were open to all visitors; and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses, to hold literary conversations, in which Lucullus himself loved to join." But although both Sylla and Lucullus liberally gave public access to their literary treasures, still their libraries can, in strictness, be considered as only *private* collections. Among the various projects which Julius Cæsar had formed for the embellishment of Rome, was that of a *public* library, which should contain the largest possible collection of Greek and Latin works; and he had assigned to Varro the duty of selecting and arranging them. But this design was frustrated by the assassination of the dictator, and the establishment of public libraries did not take place in Rome until the reign of Augustus.

The honor of having first established these valuable institutions is ascribed by the elder Pliny to Asinius Pollio, who erected a public library in the Court of Liberty, on the Aventine Hill. The credit which he gained thereby was so great, that the emperors became ambitious to illustrate their reigns by the foundation of libraries, many of which they called after their own names. Augustus was himself an author, and in one of those sumptuous buildings called *Thermæ*, ornamented with porticoes, galleries, and statues, with shady walks and refreshing baths, he testified his love of literature by adding a magnificent library, which he fondly called by the name of his sister Octavia. The Palatine Library, formed by the same emperor, in the Temple of Apollo, became the haunt of the poets, as Horace, Juvenal, and Perseus have commemorated. There were deposited the corrected books of the Sibyls; and from two ancient inscriptions, quoted by Lipsius and Pitiscus, it would seem that it consisted of two distinct collections—one Greek, and the other Latin. This library having survived the various revolutions of the Roman Empire, existed until the time of Gregory the Great, whose mistaken zeal led him to order all the writings of the ancients to be destroyed. The successors of Augustus, though they did not equally encourage learning, were not altogether neglectful of its interests. Suetonius informs us that Tiberius founded a library in the new Temple of Apollo; and we learn from some incidental notices that he instituted another, called the Tiberian, in his own house, consisting chiefly of works relating to the empire and the acts of its sovereigns. Vespasian, following the example of his predecessors, established a

[Pg 361]

library in the Temple of Peace, which he erected after the burning of the city by order of Nero; and even Domitian, in the commencement of his reign, restored at great expense the libraries which had been destroyed by the conflagration, collecting copies of books from every quarter, and sending persons to Alexandria to transcribe volumes in that celebrated collection, or to correct copies which had been made elsewhere. But the most magnificent of all the libraries founded by the sovereigns of imperial Rome was that of the Emperor Ulpian Trajanus, from whom it was denominated the Ulpian Library. It was erected in Trajan's Forum, but afterwards removed to the Viminal Hill, to ornament the baths of Diocletian. In this library were deposited the elephantine books, written upon tablets of ivory, wherein were recorded the transactions of the emperors, the proceedings of the senate and Roman magistrates, and the affairs of the provinces. It has been conjectured that the Ulpian Library consisted of both Greek and Latin works; and some authors affirm, that Trajan commanded that all the books found in the cities he had conquered should be immediately conveyed to Rome, in order to increase his collection. The library of Domitian having been consumed by lightning in the reign of Commodus, was not restored until the time of Gordian, who rebuilt the edifice, and founded a new library, adding thereto the collection of books bequeathed to him by Quintus Serenus Samonicus, the physician, and amounting, it is said, to no fewer than 72,000 volumes.

In addition to the imperial libraries, there were others to which the public had access in the principal cities and colonies of the empire. Pliny mentions one which he had founded for the use of his countrymen; and Vopiscus informs us that the Emperor Tacitus caused the historical writings of his illustrious namesake to be deposited in the libraries. The number of calcined volumes which have been excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii would also seem to indicate that collections of books were common in those cities. But the irruptions of the barbarians, who overran and desolated the Western Empire, proved more destructive to the interests of literature than either volcanoes or earthquakes, and soon caused the disappearance of those libraries which, during several centuries, had been multiplied in Italy. Those of the East, however, escaped this devastating torrent; and both Alexandria and Constantinople preserved their literary treasures, until their capture by the Saracens and the Turks, who finally subverted the Eastern Empire.

When Constantine the Great made Byzantium the seat of his empire, he decorated that city with splendid edifices, and called it after his own name. Desirous to make reparation to the Christians for the injuries they had suffered during the reign of his predecessor, he commanded the most diligent search to be made after those books which Diocletian had doomed to destruction; he caused transcripts to be made of such as had escaped the fury of the pagan persecutor; and, having collected others from various quarters, he formed the whole into a library at Constantinople. At the death of Constantine, however, the number of books in the imperial library was only 6900; but it was successively enlarged by the Emperors Julian and Theodosius the younger, who augmented it to 120,000 volumes. Of these more than half were burned during the seventh century, by command of the Emperor Leo III., who thus sought to destroy all the monuments that might be quoted in proof respecting his opposition to the worship of images. In this library was deposited the only authentic copy of the proceedings at the Council at Nice; and it is also said to have contained the poems of Homer written in gold letters, together with a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels, bound in plates of gold, enriched with precious stones, all of which perished in the conflagration. The convulsions which distracted the lower empire were by no means favorable to the interests of literature. In the eleventh century learning flourished for a short time during the reign of Constantine Porphyrogenetus; and this emperor is said to have employed many learned Greeks in collecting books, and forming a library, the arrangement of which he himself superintended. But the final subversion of the Eastern Empire, and the capture of Constantinople in 1453, dispersed the literati of Greece over western Europe, and placed the literary remains of that capital at the mercy of the conqueror. The imperial library, however, was preserved by the express command of Mohammed, and continued, it is said, to be kept in some apartments of the seraglio; but whether it was sacrificed in a fit of devotion by Amurath IV., as is commonly supposed, or whether it was suffered to fall into decay from ignorance and neglect, it is now certain that the library of the sultan contains only Turkish and Arabic writings, and not a single Greek or Latin manuscript of any importance.

Such is a brief survey of the most celebrated libraries of ancient times. Before we proceed to describe those of modern days, we shall offer a few remarks on the extent of ancient as compared with modern collections of books. The National Library of Paris contains upwards of 824,000 volumes, and is the largest in existence. It will be easy to prove that it is the largest that ever has existed.

[Pg 362]

The number of writers, and consequently of books, in the bright days of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, could not have been very great. It must, on the contrary, have been limited by various causes, which contributed powerfully to retard the composition of new works, and prevent the multiplication of new editions. In fact, the histories of cities and of nations, together with descriptions of the earth, which have become exhaustless sources for the writers of modern times, must have been but sterile themes at a period in which history was confined within the limits of a few centuries, and hardly a sixth part of the world now known had been discovered. Add to these considerations the difficulties of communication, by which the inhabitants of different countries, and often those of different sections of the same country, were kept apart, together with the number of arts and sciences which were either wholly unknown, or confined within very narrow bounds, and it will become evident, that for every thirty or forty authors of the present day, ancient Europe could hardly have supported one or two.

Another circumstance which may be adduced in support of our proposition, is the fact, that an increase in the number of readers leads to a proportionate augmentation in the number of works prepared for their gratification. We have every reason to suppose that the reading class of the ancient world was small in comparison with that of the modern. Even setting aside the circumstance of the narrow limits by which the creative literature of ancient Europe was bounded—Greece and Rome being almost the only nations whence new productions were derived—we shall still be constrained to acknowledge the vast distance which separates the creative literary power of modern from that of ancient times. Our schools, which abound with such a variety of class-books upon every subject, bear little or no resemblance to those of Greece and Rome; nor can the text-books prepared for our universities be brought into comparison with the oral instructions of the old philosophers. Passing by, also, the subjects which have been opened to our research by the discoveries of modern science, and confining our attention to the single branch of philosophy, in the old sense of the word, which has always been more or less studied and disputed upon since the days of the earliest Greeks, we shall probably find that the productions of any one modern school outnumber those of the whole body of Greek philosophers. How much more would the balance lean towards the moderns were we to add all the varieties of the French, German, English, and Scottish schools, to say nothing of those whose tenacious subtleties have procured them the name of schoolmen! If, going a step further, we consider that reading, which the peculiar cast of modern civilization has classed among the luxuries of life, is one of those luxuries, in the enjoyment of which all classes come in for a share, we shall find here also a wide distinction between ancient times and our own. During that epoch of splendid decay, in which the immense wealth of the Roman senators was found insufficient to satisfy the longings for new forms of stimulant and of pleasure, their reading, as we are told by Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary historian, was confined to the writings of Marius Maximus and Juvenal. What would they not have given for a modern novel, or to what unlimited extent would the imagination have poured forth its fantastic creations, had the art of printing been at hand to keep pace with the productive powers of the mind, and the cravings of a morbid intellect? On every score, therefore, the numerical difference between the intellectual wealth of ancient and of modern Europe must have been decidedly in favor of the latter.

The high price of the materials for writing, and the difficulty of procuring them, must also have been a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. When copies could only be procured by the slow and expensive process of transcription, it seems impossible to suppose that a large number could have been usually prepared of any ordinary work. Those of our readers who are aware that only about four hundred and fifty copies of the celebrated *Princeps* editions were struck off, will readily assent to the correctness of this opinion. The barbarous system of ancient warfare must have also caused the destruction of a great many works, raised the price of others, and rendered extremely difficult—not to say impossible—the accumulation of a very large number in any one place. The difficulties which the bibliomaniacs of our own times encounter in procuring copies of the editions of the fifteenth century, and the extravagant prices at which some of them have been sold, are enough to show how small a part of an entire edition has been able to pass safely through the short space of four centuries. How few copies, then, of a work written in the time of Alexander, could have reached the age of Augustus or of Trajan! With facts like these before us, how can we talk of libraries of 700,000 or 800,000 volumes in the ancient world? When we find it so difficult at the present day, in spite of the testimony of intelligent travellers, and of all the advantages we possess for making our estimates, to ascertain the truth with regard to the great libraries of modern Europe, how can we give credit to the contradictory and exaggerated statements which were promulgated in ages of the darkest ignorance concerning ancient Rome and Alexandria? "After an attentive examination of this subject," says that eminent bibliographer M. Balbi, "it seems to me improbable, if I should not rather say impossible, that any library of ancient Europe, or of the middle ages, could have contained more than 300,000 or 400,000 volumes."

[Pg 363]

But even allowing 700,000 volumes to the largest of the Alexandrian libraries—that, namely, of which a great part was accidentally destroyed during the wars of Julius Cæsar—allowing the same number to the library of Tripoli, and to that of Cairo; and admitting that the third library of Alexandria contained 600,000 volumes, and the Ulpian of Rome, and the Cordovan founded by Al-Hakem, an equal number—it will still be easy to show that the whole amount of one of these was not equal to even a fifth part of a library composed of printed books.

Every one who has had any thing to do with publication, is well aware of the great difference between the space occupied by the written and that filled by the printed letters. It is well known that the volumes of ancient libraries consisted of rolls, which generally were written only on one side. Thus the written surface of one of these volumes would correspond to but half the written surface of one of our books, of which every page is covered with letters. A library, then, composed of 100,000 rolls, would contain no more matter than one of our libraries composed of 50,000 manuscripts. It is well known, also, that a work was divided into as many rolls as the books which it contained. Thus the Natural History of Pliny, which in the *Princeps* edition of Venice forms but one folio volume, would, since it is divided into thirty-seven books, have formed thirty-seven rolls or volumes. If it were possible to compare elements of so different a nature, we should say that these rolls might be compared to the sheets of our newspapers, or to the numbers of our weekly serials. What would become of the great library of Paris were we to suppose its 824,000 volumes in folio, quarto, &c., to be but so many numbers of five or six sheets each? Yet this is the rule by which we ought to estimate the literary wealth of the great libraries of ancient times; and "hence," says M. Balbi, "notwithstanding the imposing array of authorities which can be brought against us, we must persist in believing that no library of antiquity, or of the middle

ages, can be considered as equivalent to a modern one of 100,000 or 110,000 volumes."

No one of the libraries of the first class now in existence dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius in 465, cannot with any propriety be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Pope Martin V., by whose order it was removed in 1417 from Avignon to Rome. And even then a strict attention to exactitude would require us to withhold from it this title until the period of its final organization by Nicholas V. in 1447. It is difficult to speak with certainty concerning the libraries, whether public or private, supposed to have existed previous to the fifteenth century, both on account of the doubtful authority and indefiniteness of the passages in which they are mentioned, and the custom which so readily obtained in those dark ages of dignifying with the name of library every petty collection of insignificant codices. But many libraries of the fifteenth century being in existence, and others having been preserved long enough to make them the subject of historical inquiry before their dissolution, it becomes easier to fix with satisfactory accuracy the date of their foundation. We find, accordingly, that during the fifteenth century ten libraries were formed: the Vatican at Rome, the Laurentian at Florence, the Imperial of Vienna and Ratisbon, the University at Turin, the Malatestiana at Cesena, the Marciana at Venice, the Bodleian at Oxford, the University at Copenhagen, and the City at Frankfort on the Maine. The Palatine of Heidelberg was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, and augmented in 1816.

The increase of the libraries of Europe has generally been slowly progressive, although there have been periods of sudden augmentation in nearly all of them. They began with a small number of manuscripts; sometimes with a few, and often without any printed works. To these gradual accessions were made from the different sources which have always been more or less at the command of sovereigns and nobles. In 1455 the Vatican contained 5000 manuscripts. In 1685, after an interval of more than two centuries, the number of its manuscripts had only risen to 16,000, and that of the printed volumes did not exceed 25,000. In 1789, but little more than a century later, the number of manuscripts had been doubled, and the printed volumes amounted to 40,000.

Far different was the progress of the Royal, or as it is now called, the National Library of Paris. The origin of this institution is placed in the year 1595—the date of its removal from Fontainebleau to Paris by order of Henry IV. In 1660 it contained only 1435 printed volumes. In the course of the following year this number was raised to 16,746, both printed volumes and manuscripts. During the ensuing eight years the library was nearly doubled; and before the close of the subsequent century, it was supposed to have been augmented by upwards of 100,000 volumes.

In most cases the chief sources of these augmentations have been individual legacies and the purchase of private collections. Private libraries, as our readers are doubtless well aware, began to be formed long before public ones were thought of. Like these, they have their origin in the taste, or caprice, or necessities of their founders, and are of more or less value, as one or the other of these motives has presided over their formation. But when formed by private students with a view to bring together all that has been written upon some single branch of science, or by amateurs skilled in the principles of bibliography, they become more satisfactory and complete than they could possibly be made under any other circumstances. Few of them, however, are preserved long after the death of the original collector; but falling into the hands of heirs possessed of different tastes and feelings, are either sold off by auction, or restored to the shelves of the bookseller. It was by availing themselves of such opportunities that the directors of the public libraries of Europe made their most important acquisitions. This is, in short, the history of the Imperial Library of Vienna; and it can hardly be necessary to add, that it was thus that the rarest and most valuable portions of that collection were brought together.^[20] It was thus, also, that the Vatican acquired, some twenty years ago, by the purchase of the library of Count Cicognara, a body of materials illustrative of the history of the arts, which leaves comparatively little to be wished for by the most diligent historian. It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon this subject. Every one who has engaged, even in a small degree, in historical researches, must have observed how soon he gets out of the track of common readers, and how dark and difficult his way becomes, unless he chance to meet with some guide among those who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, have become familiar with, and gathered around them almost every thing which can serve to throw light upon it. And when a public institution has gone on through a long course of years adding to the works derived from other sources these carefully chosen stores of the learned, it is easy to conceive how much it must contribute, not merely towards the gratification of literary curiosity, but to the actual progress of literature.

[Pg 364]

From these general considerations respecting modern libraries, we proceed to give some particulars which may serve to convey an idea of the history, character, and contents of the principal book-collections now in existence; and with this view, as well as for convenient reference, we shall arrange them under the respective heads of British Libraries, and Foreign Libraries.

BRITISH LIBRARIES.

1. *British Museum Library, London.*—There is probably no other public institution in Great Britain which is regarded with so great and general interest as the British Museum. By the variety of its departments, this splendid national depository of literature, and objects of natural

history and antiquities, meets in some way the particular taste of almost every class of society. The department of Natural History, in its three divisions of Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy, contains a collection of specimens unsurpassed, probably unequalled, in the world. The department of antiquities is in some particulars unrivalled for the number and value of the articles it contains. But the library is the crowning glory of the whole. If, in respect to the number of volumes it contains, it does not yet equal the National Library of Paris, the Royal Library of Munich, or the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg—in almost every other respect, such as the value and usefulness of the books, the arrangements for their convenient and safe keeping, and, in fact, in every matter pertaining to its internal arrangements, the library of the British Museum, by the concurrent testimony of competent witnesses from various countries, must take rank above all similar institutions in the world. Well may the people of this country regard the Museum with pride and pleasure. The liberal grants of parliament, and the munificent bequests of individuals, are sure indications of a strong desire and purpose to continue and extend its advantages.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Museum, and of its vast resources, may be formed by considering that the buildings alone in which this great collection is deposited have cost, since the year 1823, nearly £700,000; and the whole expenditure for purchases, exclusive of the cost of the buildings just named, is considerably more than £1,100,000. Besides this liberal outlay by the British Government, there have been numerous magnificent bequests from individuals. The acquisitions from private munificence were estimated, for the twelve years preceding 1835, at not less than £400,000. The latest considerable bequest was that of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville: his library, which he gave to the Museum entire, was valued at £50,000. The annual receipts of the institution of late years, from parliamentary grants and the interest of private legacies, have been about £50,000. The number of visitors to the Museum is immense. In the year 1848 they amounted to 897,985, being an average of about 3000 visitors per day for every day the Museum is open. On special occasions there have been as many as thirty thousand visitors on a single day.

This noble institution may be said to have originated in the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, dying in 1752, left his immense collections of every kind to the nation, on the condition of paying £20,000 in legacies to different individuals; a sum considerably less than the intrinsic value of the medals, coins, gems, and precious metals of his museum. This bequest included a library of 50,000 volumes, among which were 3566 volumes of manuscripts in different languages; a herbarium of 334 volumes; other objects of natural history, to the number of six-and-thirty or forty thousand, and the house at Chiswick, in which the whole was deposited. The Harleian collection of manuscripts, amounting to 7600 volumes, chiefly relating to the history of England, and including, among many other curious documents, 40,000 ancient charters and rolls, being about the same time offered for sale, parliament voted a sum of £30,000, to be raised by lottery, and vested in trustees, for the establishment of a National Museum. Of this money, £20,000 were paid to the legatees of Sir Hans Sloane, £10,000 were given for the Harleian Manuscripts, and £10,000 for Montague House as a receptacle for the whole. Sloane's Museum was removed thither with the consent of his trustees. In 1757, George II., by an instrument under the great seal, added the library of the kings of England, the printed books of which had been collected from the time of Henry VII., the manuscripts from a much earlier date. This collection was very rich in the prevailing literature of different periods, and it included, amongst others, the libraries of Archbishop Cranmer, and of the celebrated scholar Isaac Casaubon. His majesty annexed to his gift the privilege which the royal library had acquired in the reign of Queen Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall; and in 1759 the British Museum was opened to the public.^[21]

[Pg 365]

The value of the library has been greatly enhanced by magnificent donations, and by immense parliamentary purchases. In 1763, George III. enriched it with a collection of pamphlets and periodical papers, published in England between 1640 and 1660, and chiefly illustrative of the civil wars in the time of Charles I., by whom the collection was commenced. Among other valuable acquisitions may be mentioned Garrick's collection of old English plays, Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt's library, Sir William Musgrave's collection of biography, the general library of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, the libraries of M. Ginguené, Baron de Moll, Dr. Burney, and Sir R. C. Hoare; and above all, the bequest of Major Arthur Edwards, who left to it his noble library, and £7000 as a fund for the purchase of books. Four separate collections of tracts, illustrative of the revolutionary history of France, have been purchased at different times by the trustees, in the exercise of the powers with which they are invested. One of these was the collection formed by the last president of the parliament at Bretagne, at the commencement of the revolution; two others extended generally throughout the whole revolutionary period; and the fourth consisted of a collection of tracts, published during the reign of the Hundred Days in 1815—forming altogether a body of materials for the history of the revolution as complete in regard to France as the collection of pamphlets and tracts already mentioned is with respect to the civil wars of England in the time of Charles I. Another feature of the Museum Library is its progressive collection of newspapers, from the appearance of the first of these publications in 1588. Sir Hans Sloane had formed a great collection for his day. But to this was added, in 1818, the Burney collection, purchased at the estimated value of £1000; and since that period the Commissioners of Stamps have continued regularly to forward to the Museum, copies of all newspapers deposited by the publishers in their office.

In 1823, the Royal Library collected by George III. was presented to the British nation by his successor George IV., and ordered by parliament to be added to the library of the British

Museum, but to be kept for ever separate from the other books in that institution. The general plan of its formation appears to have been determined on by George III., soon after his accession to the throne; and the first extensive purchase made for it was that of the library of Mr. Joseph Smith, British consul at Venice, in 1762, for which his majesty paid about £10,000. In 1768 Mr. (afterwards Sir Frederick) Barnard, the librarian, was despatched to the continent by his majesty; and as the Jesuits' houses were then being suppressed and their libraries sold throughout Europe, he was enabled to purchase, upon the most advantageous terms, a great number of very valuable books, including some very remarkable rarities, in France, Italy, and Germany. Under the judicious directions of Mr. Barnard, the entire collection was formed and arranged; it was enlarged during a period of sixty years, by an annual expenditure of about £2000, and it is in itself, perhaps, one of the most complete libraries of its extent that was ever formed. It contains selections of the rarest kind, particularly of scarce books which appeared in the first ages of the art of printing. It is rich in early editions of the classics, in books from the press of Caxton, in English history, and in Italian, French, and Spanish literature; and there is likewise a very extensive collection of geography and topography, and of the transactions of learned academies. The number of books in this library is 65,250, exclusively of a very numerous assortment of pamphlets; and it appears to have cost, in direct outlay, about £130,000, but it is estimated as worth at least £200,000.

The nucleus of the department of manuscripts at the British Museum was formed by the Harleian, Sloanean, and Cottonian collections. To these George II. added, in 1757, the manuscripts of the ancient royal library of England. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the "Codex Alexandrinus;" a present from Cyril, patriarch of Constantinople, to King Charles I. It is in four quarto volumes, written upon fine vellum, probably between the fourth and sixth centuries, and is believed to be the most ancient manuscript of the Greek Bible now extant. Many of the other manuscripts came into the royal collection at the time when the monastic institutions of Britain were destroyed; and some of them still retain upon their spare leaves the honest and hearty anathemas which the donors denounced against those who should alienate or remove the respective volumes from the places in which they had been originally deposited. This collection abounds in old scholastic divinity, and possesses many volumes, embellished by the most expert illuminators of different countries, in a succession of periods down to the sixteenth century. In it are also preserved an assemblage of the domestic music-books of Henry VIII., and the "Basilicon Doron" of James I. in his own handwriting. The Cottonian collection, which was purchased for the use of the public in 1701, and annexed by statute to the British Museum in 1753, consists of 861 manuscript volumes, including "Madox's Collections on the Exchequer," in ninety-four volumes, besides many precious documents connected with our domestic and foreign history, about the time of Elizabeth and James. It likewise contains numerous registers of English monasteries; a rich collection of royal and other original letters; and the manuscript called the "Durham Book," being a copy of the Latin Gospels, with an interlinear Saxon gloss, written about the year 800, illuminated in the most elaborate style of the Anglo-Saxons, and believed to have once belonged to the venerable Bede. The Harleian collection is still more miscellaneous, though historical literature in all its branches forms one of its principal features. It is particularly rich in heraldic and genealogical manuscripts; in parliamentary and legal proceedings; in ancient records and abbey registers; in manuscripts of the classics, amongst which is one of the earliest known of Homer's "Odyssey;" in missals, antiphonars, and other service-books of the Catholic Church; and in ancient English poetry. It possesses two very early copies of the Latin Gospels, written in gold letters; and also contains a large number of splendidly illuminated manuscripts, besides an extensive mass of correspondence. It further includes about three hundred manuscript Bibles or Biblical books, in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Arabic, and Latin; nearly two hundred volumes of writings of the fathers of the church; and a number of works on the arts and sciences, among which is a tract on the steam-engine, with plans, diagrams, and calculations by Sir Samuel Morland. The Sloanean collection consists principally of manuscripts on natural history, voyages and travels, on the arts, and especially on medicine.

[Pg 366]

In 1807 the collection of manuscripts formed by the first Marquis of Lansdowne was added to these libraries, having been purchased by parliament for £4925. It consists of 1352 volumes, of which 114 are Lord Burleigh's state papers, 46 Sir Julius Cæsar's collections respecting the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and 108 the historical collections of Bishop Kennet. Other valuable collections are the classical manuscripts of Dr. Charles Burney, the Oriental manuscripts collected by Messrs. Rich and Hull, and the Egyptian papyri presented by Sir J. G. Wilkinson. It would be endless, however, to enumerate these treasures; we have indicated enough to convince our readers that the library of the British Museum is worthy of the nation to which it belongs.

2. *Bodleian Library, Oxford.*—This institution, so called from the name of its illustrious founder, was established towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Bodley, who, having become disgusted with some court intrigues, resigned all his employments about the year 1597, and resolved to spend the remainder of his life in a private station. Having thought of various plans to render himself useful, he says, "I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that in my solitude and surcease from the commonwealth affairs, I could not busy myself to better purpose than by reducing that place, which then in every part lay ruined and waste, to the public use of students. For the effecting whereof I found myself furnished in a competent proportion of such four kinds of aids, as, unless I had them all, there was no hope of good success. For without some kind of knowledge, as well in the learned and modern tongues as in sundry other sorts of scholastical literature; without some purse-ability to go through with the charge; without great store of honorable friends to

further the design; and without special good leisure to follow such a work, it could but have proved a vain attempt and inconsiderate." Having set himself this task—"a task," as his friend Camden justly says, "that would have suited the character of a crowned head"—Bodley despatched from London a letter to the vice-chancellor, offering not only to restore the building, but to provide a fund for the purchase of books, and the maintenance of proper officers. This offer being thankfully accepted, he commenced his undertaking by presenting to the library a large collection of books purchased on the continent, and valued at £10,000. He also collected 1294 rare manuscripts, which were afterwards increased to 6818, independently of 1898 in the Ashmolean Museum. Other collections and contributions were also, by his example and persuasion, presented to the new library; and the additions thus made soon swelled to such an amount that the old building was no longer sufficient to contain them. The edifice was accordingly enlarged; and Bodley thus had the proud satisfaction of seeing Oxford possessed, by his means, of such a library as might well bear comparison with the proudest in continental Europe. It would require a volume to contain an enumeration of the many important additions which have been made to this library by its numerous benefactors, or to admit even a sketch of its ample contents in almost every branch of literature and science. The Oriental manuscripts are the rarest and most beautiful to be found in any European collection; and the first editions of the classics, procured from the Pinelli and Crevenna libraries, rival those of Vienna. In a word, it is exceedingly rich in many departments in which most other libraries are deficient, and it forms altogether one of the noblest collections of which any university can boast.

[Pg 367]

3. *University Library, Cambridge.*—This is a library of considerable extent, and contains much that is valuable or curious both in the department of printed books and in that of manuscripts. The printed books comprise a fine series of *editiones principes* of the classics, and a very large proportion of the productions of Caxton's press. Among the manuscripts contained in it are the celebrated manuscript of the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, known by the name of the *Codex Bezae*, which was presented to the university by that distinguished reformer; Magna Charta, written on vellum; and a Koran upon cotton paper superbly executed. In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, there are several exceedingly interesting literary curiosities; amongst others, some manuscripts in the handwriting of Milton, consisting of the original copy of the "Masque of Comus," several plans of "Paradise Lost," and the poems of "Lycidas," "Arcades," and others; and also Sir Isaac Newton's copy of his "Principia," with his manuscript notes, and his letters to Roger Coles.

4. *Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.*—This library was founded in 1682, at the instance of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who was at that time Dean of Faculty, and the plan was carried into execution on a small scale, by a fund which had been formed out of the fines of members. It was originally intended that it should consist merely of the works of lawyers, and of such other books as were calculated to advance the study of jurisprudence; it now comprehends, in a greater or less degree, almost every branch of science, philosophy, jurisprudence, literature, and the arts. Its collection of historical works is very complete. Among the curiosities shown to visitors are a manuscript Bible of St. Jerome's translation, believed to have been written in the eleventh century, and known to have been used as the conventual copy of the Scriptures in the Abbey of Dunfermline; a copy of the first printed Bible, in two volumes, from the press of Faust and Guttenberg; the original Solemn League and Covenant, drawn up in 1580; and six copies of the Covenant of 1638. Among other manuscripts in the collection are the whole of the celebrated Wodrow Manuscripts, relating to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and the chartularies of many of the ancient religious houses. For its extent, no less than for the liberal principles upon which it is conducted, this deserves the name of the National Library of Scotland.

5. *Trinity College Library, Dublin.*—This library owed its establishment to a very curious incident. In the year 1603, the Spaniards were defeated by the English at the battle of Kinsale; determined to commemorate their victory by some permanent monument, the soldiers collected among themselves the sum of £1800, which they agreed to apply to the purchase of books for a public library, to be founded in the then infant institution of Trinity College. This sum was placed in the hands of the celebrated Dr. Usher, who immediately proceeded to London, and there purchased the books necessary for the purpose. It is a remarkable coincidence, that Usher, while occupied in purchasing these books, met in London Sir Thomas Bodley engaged in similar business, with a view to the establishment of his famous library at Oxford. From this commencement, the library of Trinity College was, at different periods, increased by many valuable donations, including that of Usher's own collection, consisting of 10,000 volumes, until at length its growing magnitude requiring a corresponding increase of accommodation, the present library-hall, a magnificent apartment of stately dimensions, was erected in the year 1732. Since that time numerous additions have been made to the library: amongst others, that of the library of the Pensionary Fagel, in 20,000 volumes, and the valuable classical and Italian books which had belonged to Mr. Quin; so that, altogether, the library of Trinity College now forms one of the first order, at least in this country.

The five libraries thus briefly described are the principal ones in the United Kingdom, and they are all entitled to receive a copy of every new work on its publication; so that they are continually on the increase, and enabled to keep pace with the activity of the press. Of the numerous other libraries in this country we have no space to give a detailed account, and must therefore content ourselves with merely indicating the names of the more extensive ones. In London are the libraries of the Royal Society and the Royal Institution; Sion College Library; Archbishop Tenison's Library; and Dr. Williams's Library, belonging to the Dissenters. The Lambeth Library of the Archbishop of Canterbury is exceedingly rich in ecclesiastical history and biblical

literature. At Oxford and Cambridge, all the different colleges have libraries more or less extensive and valuable. Chetham's Library at Manchester is also worthy of mention. The library of the Writers to the Signet at Edinburgh is an excellent and valuable miscellaneous collection of books in science, law, history, geography, statistics, antiquities, literature, and the arts. Finally, the Scotch universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, all possess academical libraries of considerable size, and which are steadily on the increase. Many of the above receive an annual grant of money from government, as a compensation for the withdrawal of the privilege of receiving copies of every book published in the kingdom. All such, at least, ought to be thrown open to the public, and doubtless soon will be.

[Pg 368]

FOREIGN LIBRARIES.

1. *National Library, Paris.*—This library is justly considered as the finest in Europe. It was commenced under the reign of King John, who possessed only *ten* volumes, to which 900 were added by Charles V., many of them superbly illuminated by John of Bruges, the best artist in miniatures of that time. Under Francis I. it had increased to 1890 volumes, and under Louis XIII. to 16,746. In 1684 it possessed 50,542 volumes; in 1775 it amounted to above 150,000; and by 1790 it had increased to about 200,000. At present it contains 824,000 volumes of printed books, and 80,000 manuscripts. It is divided into four departments:—1. Printed books; 2. Manuscripts, charters, and diplomas; 3. Coins, medals, engraved stones, and other antique monuments; and 4. Engravings, including geographical charts and plans. Of the contents of this magnificent, nay, matchless collection, it would far exceed our limits to give any details, or even to enumerate its choicest articles. It is rich in every branch and department, unique in some, scarcely surpassed in any, and unrivalled in all taken together. Of books printed on vellum it contains at once the finest and most extensive collection in the world.

2. *Arsenal Library, Paris.*—This library, founded by the Marquis de Paulmy, formerly ambassador of France in Poland, was in 1781 acquired by the Count d'Artois, who united to it nearly the whole of the library of the Duke de la Valliere. It possesses the most complete collection extant of romances, since their origin in modern literature; of theatrical pieces or dramas, from the epoch of the Moralities and Mysteries; and of French poetry since the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is less rich in other branches, but it has all works of importance, and in particular contains historical collections which are not to be found elsewhere.

3. *Library of Ste Genevieve, Paris.*—The foundation of this library dates as early as the year 1624, when Cardinal de Rochefoucauld, having reformed the Abbey of Sainte-Genevieve, made it a present of 600 volumes. At present it contains 160,000 printed volumes and 2000 manuscripts. In it may be found all the academical collections, and a complete set of Aldines; it is particularly rich in historical works; and its most remarkable manuscripts are Greek and Oriental. Its typographical collections of the fifteenth century are not more valuable for their number than the high state of preservation in which they are found. This library is open of an evening, and is much resorted to by students, and men of the operative classes.

4. *Mazarin Library, Paris.*—This library, as its name denotes, was instituted by Cardinal Mazarin. The formation of it was intrusted to the learned Gabriel Naudé, who, having first selected all that suited his purpose in the booksellers' shops in Paris, travelled into Holland, Italy, Germany, and England, where the letters of recommendation of which he was the bearer enabled him to collect many very rare and curious works. Cardinal Mazarin, by his will, bequeathed it to the college which he founded, and in 1688 it was made public. It is remarkable for a great number of collections containing detached pieces and small treatises, which date as far back as the fifteenth century, and exist nowhere else; nor has any other library so complete a body of the ancient books of law, theology, medicine, and the physical and mathematical sciences. It also possesses a most precious collection of the Lutheran or Protestant authors. In one of the halls are placed models in relief of the Pelasgic monuments of Italy and Greece; in another is a terrestrial globe, eighteen feet in diameter, formed of plates of copper, and executed by order of Louis XVI.; but this instrument, which is unique in Europe, is unfortunately unfinished, being destitute of several requisite circles.

5. *National Library, Madrid.*—This "is one of the many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay." According to Mr. Ford, "it is rich in Spanish literature, especially theology and topography, and has been much increased numerically since the suppression of the convents; but good modern books are needed." It contains many valuable Greek, Latin, and Arabic manuscripts, and unedited works, chiefly Spanish. *The Monetario*, or cabinet of medals, is arranged in an elegant and beautiful apartment, and contains an unrivalled collection of Celtic, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals, in excellent preservation. The library is open to all, at least as far as the printed books are concerned.

6. *Vatican Library, Rome.*—Among the libraries of Italy, that of the Vatican at Rome stands preëminent, not more for its grandeur and magnificence, than for the inestimable treasures with which it is enriched. It was originated about the year 465 by Pope Hilary, and has been augmented by succeeding pontiffs, and by various princes, until it reached its present extent and value. Our space will not permit us to give any thing like a detailed account of its treasures; but we condense from Sir George Head's admirable work on Rome the following description of the grand saloon of the library:—"The principal chamber of the library appears to be 179 feet long by 51 broad. The ceiling is remarkable for presenting to the eye the appearance of a uniform

extensive surface, as if it were a beautifully broad elliptical vault, though in fact it consists of a double range of groined arches that, springing on each side from the walls, and blending together in the middle, are supported on a row of six pillars planted in a line on the ground. These pillars are contrived, accordingly, of an oblong shape, so extremely narrow that, planted as they are longitudinally, and encompassed by large rectangular mahogany bookcases to serve as pedestals, they occupy but an inconsiderable space in the apartment when viewed edgewise by a spectator standing at the entrance, and from their form effectually counteract the appearance of weight, that would certainly otherwise be produced by the double vaulting. Moreover, while the lines of curvature slide as it were thus gently and harmoniously into the outline of the pillars, the transition of surface is the less perceptible, owing to the whole of the vault and pillars being painted in a uniform delicate pattern of arabesque, by Zuccari, as it is affirmed; but at all events, in figures of plants and flowers, almost as light and exquisite as the paintings on a china teacup, and thrown into relief by the prevalence of a clear white ground; so that an appearance is produced of airiness and space to all intents and purposes as effective as if the ceiling were really contained within the span of a single elliptical arch. Along the base of the ceiling is a cornice of stucco, ornamented with a light pattern in white and gold; and underneath, upon the upper portion of the walls, are six windows on each side; and the remainder of the surface is covered with paintings by several different artists, one of which represents Sixtus V. receiving from his architect, Domenico Fontana, the plan of the present library. The lower portion of the walls is entirely occupied by closed bookcases, composed of panels of wood painted in arabesque on a ground of white and slate color, and surrounded by gilded mouldings; which receptacles bear no sort of affinity in appearance to ordinary library furniture, and thoroughly conceal from public view the valuable manuscripts they contain. No books, in fact, are to be seen in the whole chamber, and particularly the rectangular bookcases above referred to, that serve the purpose of pedestals, from the middle of which each pillar supporting the ceiling and resting on the ground below rise, as the pier of a bridge from its ceisson, rather resemble ornamental buffets upon whose tabular surface vases and other splendid objects of art and antiquity are arranged in order.

"With regard to the principal objects worthy of observation there are, in the first place, two very magnificent tables, both alike, placed in the middle of the room in a corresponding position to one another, between the first and second pillar at each extremity. Each is composed of an enormously thick and very highly polished slab of red Oriental granite, supported by six bronze figures of slaves as large as life. Such being the appropriation of two of the intercolumnial spaces, a third is occupied by a low column of Cipollino marble, serving as a pedestal to support a splendid and very large vase of Sevres china, which was presented by the Emperor Napoleon to Pius VII. In a fourth intercolumnial space is to be seen, supported on a pedestal of Cipollino, whose base appears to be a sort of alabaster marked with different shades of olive-green, a square tazza of malachite, presented to Gregory XVI. by the Crown-Prince of Russia, after his visit to Rome in 1838. In the fifth intercolumnial space are a magnificent pair of candelabra of Sevres china, brought by Pius VII. from Paris, and also a splendid vase of the same material presented to his holiness by Charles X. There is also to be observed, placed at the extremity of the room, on the right-hand side near the wall, a spirally fluted column of Oriental alabaster, which was discovered near the church of St. Eusebio, on the Esquiline; and suspended against the wall, not far distant, is a curious old Russian calendar painted on wood.

"The bookcases being continually locked, as above stated, permission is nevertheless granted to those visitors who may be desirous of consulting the books and manuscripts, on making application to the cardinal-librarian or his assistants; but the privilege is merely nominal, in consequence of the extremely imperfect state of the catalogue; and in point of fact the multitudinous volumes on the shelves may be compared to a mine, unexplored and unexplorable; whence only a few particular objects, considered the staple curiosities of the region, and consequently continually had recourse to by the visitors, are extracted. The volumes in question consist principally of a splendidly-illuminated Bible of the sixth century; the most ancient version of the Septuagint; the earliest Greek version of the New Testament; the 'Assertio Septem Sacramentorum,' written by Henry VIII.—a royal literary effort in defence of the seven Roman Catholic sacraments that procured the title of Defender of the Faith for the author, which descended to the Protestant monarchs of England; and a most curious and authentic collection of original correspondence between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The 'Assertio Septem Sacramentorum' is a good thick octavo volume, written in Latin, and printed in the year 1501, in London, on vellum. The type is clear, with a broad margin, and at the beginning is the original presentation addressed to Leo X., as follows, subscribed by the royal autograph—

'Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decime mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testis et amicitiae.'

The whole work—in the preface of which the writer descants on his humble talents and his modesty—would seem, as far as I was able to judge by turning over the pages hastily, to be composed in a remarkably clear style, and to abound with naïve phrases and genuine expressions of the king himself, wrought into the mass and substance of a prolix theological dissertation, that no doubt was prepared and digested for the purpose by the divines of the period. With regard to the correspondence with Anne Boleyn, which places the royal author altogether in a different point of view before the public, the latter consists of a considerable number of original letters, of which those written by the king are for the most part in French and the remainder in English, and those of Anne Boleyn written all in French. The documents are all in excellent preservation, and the handwriting perfectly legible; from the difference of the character at the period in

question, and owing to the abbreviations, somewhat difficult to decipher; not so much so, however, but that even an unpractised person, with sufficient time and leisure, might make them out without much difficulty. Visitors are relieved from the labor of the experiment; and fair copies, made in a clear round hand, are placed, each copy side by side with the original, and all are stitched together in a portfolio, where they may be perused with the utmost facility. The letters, which to those inclined to ponder on the anatomy of the human heart afford a melancholy moral, are chiefly remarkable for the boisterous eager tone of the king's passion towards his lady-love, which, expressed in terms that would hardly be considered proper now-a-days, verges on the grotesque."

7. *Casanata Library, Rome*.—This library, founded by Cardinal Girolamo Casanata in the year 1700, is said to contain a greater number of printed books exclusively, in contradistinction to manuscripts, than any other in Rome, not excepting the Vatican. "The library," says Sir George Head, "is a very beautifully-proportioned chamber, upwards of fifty feet in breadth, and long in proportion, with an elliptically-vaulted ceiling, along the base of which are a series of acute-angled arched spaces containing windows that throw an admirable light on the apartment, which is whitewashed most brilliantly. The books are ranged all round the room on open shelves, with a communication to those of the upper row by a pensile gallery that surrounds the whole periphery. At the extremity of the room is a white marble statue, by Le Gros, of Cardinal Casanata, the founder, elevated with remarkably good effect on a pedestal of dark-colored Brazil-wood, very highly polished, and surmounted by a splendid frontispiece, supported on two pair of fluted Corinthian columns, all of the same material. The door of the room at the entrance is also surmounted by a frontispiece and columns of Brazil-wood, similar to the preceding. The librarian, a Dominican friar, dressed in the habit of his order, and seated in an easy-chair in the middle of the room at his desk of office, attends there continually, and is exceedingly kind and attentive to the applications of strangers who wish to read books in the library, though his good intentions are of little avail, from the want of a proper catalogue."

8. *Laurentian Library, Florence*.—This institution was commenced by Cosmo de Medici, the father of a line of princes whose name and age are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning. Naturally fond of literature, and anxious to save from destruction the precious remains of classical antiquity, he laid injunctions on all his friends and correspondents, as well as on the missionaries who travelled into remote countries, to search for and procure ancient manuscripts in every language and on every subject. He availed himself of the services of all the learned men of his time; and the situation of the Eastern empire, then daily falling into ruins by the repeated attacks of the Turks, afforded him an opportunity of obtaining many inestimable works in the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldaic, Arabic, and Indian languages. From these beginnings arose the celebrated library of the Medici, which, after having been the constant object of the solicitude of its founder, was after his death further enriched by the attention of his descendants, and particularly of his grandson Lorenzo; and after various vicissitudes of fortune, and frequent and considerable additions, has been preserved to the present day—the noblest monument which its princely founders have left of the glory of their line.

9. *Magliabecchian Library, Florence*.—Antonio Magliabecchi, from being a servant to a dealer in vegetables, raised himself to the honorable office of librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and became one of the most eminent literary characters of his time. The force of natural talent overcame all the disadvantages of the humble condition in which he had been born, and placed him in a situation to make his name known and respected. But he endeavored to deserve still better of his countrymen, by presenting them, shortly before his death in 1714, with his large and valuable collection of books, together with the remainder of his fortune, as a fund for its support. This constituted the foundation of the Magliabecchian Library, which, by the subsequent donations of several benefactors, and the bounty of some of the grand dukes of Florence, has been so much increased both in number and value that it may now vie with some of the most considerable collections in Europe.

10. *Imperial Library, Vienna*.—This collection is perhaps inferior only to that of the Vatican, and the National Library at Paris, for the rarity and value of its contents. It was founded by the Emperor Frederick III., who spared no expense to enrich it with printed books as well as manuscripts in every language. By the munificence of succeeding emperors, numerous important and valuable accessions were made to the collection; amongst which may be mentioned the large and interesting library of Prince Eugene, and a considerable portion of the Buda Library, founded by Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary. The Imperial Library occupies eight spacious apartments, and a ninth is appropriated to a very valuable collection of medals and other curiosities. Besides the cabinet of medals, there is also attached to the library a superb collection of engravings, consisting of 473 large folio volumes, 510 volumes of different sizes, and 215 folio cartoons. The collection of music contains upwards of 6000 volumes, theoretical and practical; and that of autographs exceeds 8000 pieces, classed under the heads of monarchs and princes, ministers and statesmen, poets, philosophers, and men of learning or science, generals and renowned warriors, artists, musicians, and others.

11. *Royal Library, Munich*.—This is the most extensive collection in Germany. It was founded in 1550, and is very complete in all its departments. The ancient manuscripts relative to the art of music amount to a great number, and are exceedingly curious.

12. *University Library, Gottingen*.—The library attached to the University of Gottingen contains 360,000 printed volumes, and 3000 volumes of manuscripts. But its extent is its least recommendation, for it is not only the most complete among those of the universities, but there

are very few royal or public collections in Germany which can rival it in real utility; and if not in Germany, where else? It is not rich in manuscripts, and many libraries surpass it in typographical rarities, but none contains so great a number of really useful books in almost every branch of human knowledge. This library is mainly indebted for the preëminence it has obtained to the labors and exertions of the illustrious Heyne. In the year in which he came to Gottingen as second librarian, the entire control of the library was committed to him, and he became chief. From this moment commenced at once its extension and its improvement. When Heyne went to Gottingen, it already possessed a library of from 50,000 to 60,000 volumes; at his decease it had increased, according to the most moderate computation, to upwards of 200,000 volumes. Nor was this all. At the commencement of his librarianship entire departments of learning were wholly wanting; at its close, not only were these deficiencies supplied, but the library had become proportionally rich in every department, and, in point of completeness, unrivalled. Fortunately, Heyne's place has been filled by worthy successors, and the reputation of the collection is still as great as ever.

13. *Royal Library, Dresden.*—The king of Saxony's library at Dresden contains 300,000 volumes of printed books, and 2800 volumes of manuscripts. The valuable library that formerly belonged to Count Beureau forms part of this noble collection, which is most complete in general history, and in Greek and Latin classic authors. Amongst the printed books are some of the rarest specimens of early typography, including 600 of the Aldine editions, and many on vellum, besides a copy of the first edition of the "Orlando Furioso," printed by Mazocco, "coll' assistenza dell'autore," in 1516, and other rarities. In the department of manuscripts are a Mexican manuscript, written on human skin, containing, according to Thevenot, a calendar, with some fragments of the history of the Incas; the original manuscript of the "Reveries" of Marshal Saxe, bearing at the end that he had composed this work in thirteen nights during a fever, and completed it in December 1733; a fine copy of the Koran, taken from a Turk by a Saxon officer at the last siege of Vienna, and said to have formerly belonged to Bajazet II.; and a Greek manuscript of the Epistles of St. Paul of the eleventh century. An extensive collection of antiquities is preserved in twelve apartments under the library, below which are eighteen vaulted cellars, stored with a vast quantity of valuable porcelain, partly of foreign and partly of Dresden manufacture.

14. *Royal Library, Berlin.*—This collection includes works upon almost all the sciences, and in nearly all languages. Among the manuscripts are several Egyptian deeds, written on papyrus, in the demotic or enchorial character. These are very curious, and *fac similes* of some of them have been published by Professor Kosegarten in his valuable work on the "Ancient Literature of the Egyptians."

15. *University Library, Leyden.*—This library was founded by William I., Prince of Orange, and is justly celebrated throughout Europe for the many valuable specimens of Greek and Oriental literature with which it abounds. To it Joseph Scaliger bequeathed his fine collection of Hebrew books; and it was further enriched by the learned Golius, on his return from the East, with many Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Chaldaic manuscripts. In addition to these it received the collections of Holmanns, and particularly those of Isaac Vossius and Ruhuken—the former containing a number of valuable manuscripts, supposed to have once belonged to Christina, queen of Sweden; and the latter an almost entire series of classical authors, with a collection of manuscripts, perhaps unique, amongst which are copies of several that were consumed by fire in the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés.

16. *Imperial Library, St. Petersburg.*—Russia is indebted for this splendid collection to an act of robbery and spoliation. In 1795, when Russia triumphed over the independence of Poland, the victorious general, Suwaroff, unceremoniously seized the Zaluski Library, of nearly 300,000 volumes, had it packed up in all haste and dispatched to St. Petersburg. There it formed the basis of the present Imperial Library, which, but for that stolen collection, instead of now ranking in the first class of European libraries, would scarcely have been entitled to a place in the third.

17. *Libraries of Constantinople.*—This city possesses thirty-two public libraries, all varying in extent, but more or less celebrated for the number and value of their manuscripts, which are neatly bound in red, green, or black morocco. The Mohammedans have a peculiar method of indorsing, placing, and preserving their books. Each volume, besides being bound in morocco, is preserved from dust in a case of the same material; and on it, as well as on the edges of the leaves, the title is written in large and legible characters. The books are placed, one upon another, in presses ornamented with trellis-work, and are disposed along the wall, or in the four corners of the library. All these collections are open to the public throughout the year, excepting on Tuesdays and Fridays: the librarians are as polite and attentive as Turks can be to those whom curiosity or love of study attract thither: and every one is at liberty not merely to peruse, but to make extracts from the books, and even to transcribe them entirely, provided this be done within the walls of the library. Theology, including the Koran and commentators thereon, jurisprudence, medicine, ethics, and history, are the sciences chiefly cultivated by the Osmanlis. The books are all written with the greatest care on the finest vellum, the text of each page is inclosed in a highly-ornamented and gilt framework, the beginning of each chapter or section is splendidly illuminated, and the value of the manuscripts varies in proportion to the beauty of the characters.

We here terminate our rapid survey of the principal libraries of Europe. Small, however, would be the interest which one should feel for these magnificent establishments were they designed solely for the benefit of a few individuals, or of any favored class. They would still be splendid monuments of the productive powers of the human mind, and of the taste or learning of their

founders; but they would have no claims to that unbounded admiration with which we now regard them. There is a republican liberality in the management of the great libraries of the continent of Europe which is well worthy of our imitation. In these alone is the great invention of printing carried out to its full extent, by the free communication of all its productions to every class of society. No introduction, no recommendation, no securities are required; but the stranger and the native are admitted, upon equal terms, to the full enjoyment of all the advantages which the uncontrolled use of books can afford. As this mode of accommodating, or rather of meeting the wants of the public, is the real object of these institutions, they are provided with librarians, who, under different titles corresponding to the duties imposed upon them, receive from government regular salaries proportioned to their rank and to the services which they perform. To these the immediate superintendence of the library is wholly intrusted, and at a stated hour of every day in the week, except of such as are set apart for public or religious festivals, they open the library to the public. There, undisturbed, and supplied with every thing the collection contains that can aid him in his studies, the scholar may pass several hours of every day without any expense, and with no other care than that natural attention to the books he uses, which every one capable of appreciating the full value of such privileges will readily give. Nor do his facilities cease here. The time during which the libraries remain open may be insufficient for profound and extensive researches, and the writer who has to trace his facts through a great variety of works, and to examine the unpublished documents to be found in public libraries alone, would be obliged to sacrifice a large portion of every day if his studies were regulated by the usual hours of these institutions. For such persons, a proper recommendation can hardly fail to procure the use, at their own houses, of the works they may need. In this manner the door is thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within reach of all who court her favors.

This is as it should be; and it is therefore with great pleasure that we have observed symptoms of improvement in this respect originating in our legislature. In March, 1849, a select committee was appointed by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. William Ewart, to report on the best means of "extending the establishment of libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns, in Great Britain and Ireland." This committee consisted of fifteen members—namely, Mr. Ewart, Viscount Ebrington, Mr. D'Israeli, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Monckton Milnes, the Lord Advocate (Mr. Rutherford), Mr. Thicknesse, Sir John Walsh, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Wyld. These gentlemen seem to have entered upon their labors with zeal, and to have performed their duty with thoroughness and fidelity. They held numerous sessions, and examined a large number of witnesses. The particulars of these examinations have been printed in full, and form a rather bulky blue-book, in which the report of the committee occupies only twelve pages, while the minutes of evidence, tables, &c., fill over three hundred. The committee appear to have felt that it was only necessary to lay before parliament and the public the facts concerning the present condition and wants of the public libraries of this country, in order to insure the supply of all deficiencies.

After presenting a brief view of the principal libraries in the various countries of Europe, with a more particular account of the present condition of those in Great Britain, showing that the English are far behind their continental brethren in this respect, the committee thus express their conviction—"Whatever may be our disappointment at the rarity of public libraries in the United Kingdom, we feel satisfaction in stating that the uniform current of the evidence tends to prove the increased qualifications of the people to appreciate and enjoy such institutions. Testimony, showing a great improvement in the national habits and manners, is abundantly given in the evidence taken by the committee. That they would be still further improved by the establishment of public libraries, it needs not even the high authority and ample evidence of the witnesses who appeared before the committee to demonstrate."

Frequent and favorable allusions are made in the report and the minutes of evidence to the numerous popular libraries in this country for district schools, factories, &c. These, we are aware, are of the greatest value; but these alone are not sufficient. The establishment of even a hundred thousand small village or district-school libraries would not supersede the necessity of a certain number of large and comprehensive ones. These little collections are much alike, each containing nearly the same books as every other. The committee of parliament appear to understand this. "It is evident," they say, "that there should be in all countries libraries of two sorts; libraries of deposit and research, and libraries devoted to the general reading and circulation of books. Libraries of deposit should contain, if possible, almost every book that ever has existed. The most insignificant tract, the most trifling essay, a sermon, a newspaper, or a song, may afford an illustration of manners or opinions elucidatory of the past, and throw a faithful though feeble light on the pathway of the future historian. In such libraries nothing should be rejected. Not but that libraries of deposit and of general reading may (as in the case of the British Museum) be combined. But though such combination is possible, and may be desirable, the distinction which we have drawn should never be forgotten."

[Pg 373]

The first, and apparently, in the estimation of the committee, the most important witness, was Edward Edwards, Esq., an assistant in the department of printed books in the British Museum. The minutes of his evidence alone cover between sixty and seventy of the closely-printed folio pages accompanying the report; and besides this, he has furnished various statistical tables, occupying fifty pages, and a series of twelve maps. In one of these maps it is his purpose to exhibit, by various shades, the relative provision of books in public libraries in the principal states of Europe, as compared with their respective populations; and in the others, the local situation of the public libraries in some of the principal cities is indicated. The evidence of Mr.

Edwards has been severely commented upon in the London papers and elsewhere, and some inaccuracies in his tables, of greater or less magnitude, have been pointed out. We might, perhaps, by a particular examination of every word and figure, add something to the list of errata. But we think that those persons who are most familiar with the difficulty of obtaining exact statistical details, will not wonder that an error should here and there be found. We have looked over the evidence and the tables with considerable care, and think them, on the whole, highly creditable to the author. It is evident, however, from the general tenor of his testimony, that Mr. Edwards presses rather too strongly the point respecting the condition of England, compared with that of the countries on the continent, as to the number and accessibility of their public libraries. His enthusiasm on the subject, arising probably from a laudable desire to have his own country take a higher rank in respect to libraries than she now holds, has led him, we think, to overlook or undervalue some of the advantages which she already possesses. But his facts and figures are in the main to be relied upon; and we shall make use of them as sufficiently accurate to give our readers a general view of the present bibliothecal condition of the principal countries of Europe.

On Mr. Edwards's map of Europe we find the smaller German states to be represented with the lightest lines, indicating the highest rank, and Great Britain with the darkest or lowest. He states the provision of books in libraries publicly accessible, as compared with the population, to be as follows:—In Saxony, for every 100 inhabitants there are 417 books; in Denmark, 412; in Bavaria, 339; in Tuscany, 261; in Prussia, 200; in Austria, 167; in France, 129; in Belgium, 95; whilst in Great Britain there are only 53 to every 100 inhabitants.

In the following tables, the libraries containing fewer than 10,000 volumes each (of which there are, in France alone, at least seventy or eighty) are not taken into the account:—

France	has 107 public libraries, containing 4,000,000 vols.
Prussia	" 44 " " 2,400,000 "
Austria	" 48 " " 2,400,000 "
Great Britain	" 33 " " 1,771,000 "
Bavaria	" 17 " " 1,267,000 "
Denmark	" 5 " " 645,000 "
Saxony	" 6 " " 554,000 "
Belgium	" 14 " " 538,000 "
Tuscany	" 9 " " 411,000 "

Taking the capital cities, we find the following results:—

Paris	has 9 public libraries, containing 1,474,000 vols.
Munich	" 2 " " 800,000 "
Copenhagen	" 3 " " 557,000 "
Berlin	" 2 " " 530,000 "
London	" 4 " " 490,500 "
Vienna	" 3 " " 453,000 "
Dresden	" 4 " " 340,500 "
Florence	" 6 " " 318,000 "
Milan	" 2 " " 230,000 "
Brussels	" 2 " " 143,500 "

Arranging these libraries according to their extent, or number of printed books, they would stand as follows:—

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.
Paris (1), National Library,	824,000	80,000 vols.
Munich, Royal Library,	600,000	22,000 "
St. Petersburg, Imperial Library,	446,000	20,650 "
London, British Museum,	435,000	31,000 "
Copenhagen, Royal Library,	412,000	3,000 "
Berlin, Royal Library,	410,000	5,000 "
Vienna, Imperial Library,	313,000	16,000 "
Dresden, Royal Library,	300,000	2,800 "
Wolfenbittel, Ducal Library,	200,000	4,580 "
Madrid, National Library,	200,000	2,500 "
Stuttgart, Royal Library,	187,000	3,300 "
Paris (2), Arsenal Library,	180,000	6,000 "
Milan, Brera Library,	170,000	1,000 "
Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library,	150,000	4,000 "
Paris (3), St. Genevieve Library,	150,000	2,000 "
Florence, Magliabecchian Library,	150,000	12,000 "
Naples, Royal Library,	150,000	3,000 "
Edinburgh, Advocates' Library,	148,000	2,000 "

Brussels, Royal Library,	133,500	18,000	"
Rome (1), Casanata Library,	120,000	4,500	"
Hague, Royal Library,	100,000	2,000	"
Paris (4), Mazarin Library,	100,000	4,000	"
Rome (2), Vatican Library,	100,000	24,000	"
Parma, Ducal Library,	100,000		"

The chief university libraries may be ranked in the following order:—

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.	
Gottingen, University Library,	360,000	3,000 vols.	
Breslau, University Library,	250,000	2,300	"
Oxford, Bodleian Library,	220,000	21,000	"
Tubingen, University Library,	200,000	1,900	"
Munich, University Library,	200,000	2,000	"
Heidelberg, University Library,	200,000	1,800	"
Cambridge, University Library,	166,000	3,163	"
Bologna, University Library,	150,000	400	"
Prague, University Library,	130,000	4,000	"
Vienna, University Library,	115,000		"
Leipsic, University Library,	112,000	2,500	"
Copenhagen, University Library,	110,000		"
Turin, University Library,	110,000	2,000	"
Louvain, University Library,	105,000	246	"
Dublin, Trinity College Library,	104,239	1,512	"
Upsal, University Library,	100,000	5,000	"
Erlangen, University Library,	100,000	1,000	"
Edinburgh, University Library,	90,354	310	"

[Pg 374]

The largest libraries in Great Britain are those of the

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.	
British Museum, London,	435,000	31,000	"
Bodleian, Oxford,	220,000	21,000	"
University, Cambridge,	166,724	3,163	"
Advocates', Edinburgh,	148,000	2,000	"
Trinity College, Dublin,	104,239	1,512	"

There are in the United States of America at least 81 libraries of 5000 volumes and upwards each, to which the public, more or less restrictedly, have access, and of these 49 are immediately connected with colleges or public schools. The aggregate number of volumes in these collections is about 980,413. We subjoin the contents of a few of the largest:—

Harvard College Library,	72,000 vols.
Philadelphia and Loganian Library,	60,000 "
Boston Athenæum,	50,000 "
Library of Congress,	50,000 "
New York Society Library,	32,000 "
Mercantile Library, New-York,	32,000 "
Georgetown College,	25,000 "
Brown University,	24,000 "
New-York State Library,	24,000 "
Yale College,	21,000 "

America will, however, soon possess a library worthy of its character as a great nation. The Astor Library, now in the course of formation, owes its existence to the munificence of John Jacob Astor, who died on the 29th of March, 1848, leaving by his will the sum of 400,000 dollars for the establishment of a public library in the city of New-York. Seventy-five thousand dollars were to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable building, and 120,000 dollars to the purchase of books as a nucleus. The smallest number of books which the trustees consider it safe to estimate as a basis for enlargement is 100,000 volumes. The Astor Library will probably, when first formed, contain a larger number and a better selection of books than any other in the United States. With the generous provision which the founder has made for its increase, together with the liberal donations which will undoubtedly be made to this as the chief library in the country, it is likely to grow rapidly, till it will take rank with the large libraries of the old world. Under the direction of an enlightened and judicious Board of Trustees, with Washington Irving for president, and Dr. Cogswell for superintendent of the institution, there is every reason to believe that the desire so warmly expressed at the conclusion of their report will be fulfilled: "That the Astor Library may soon become, as a depository of the treasures of literature and science, what the city possessing it is rapidly becoming in commerce and wealth."

The second witness examined by the committee was M. Guizot. In the distinguished positions

which he has filled as minister of public instruction and prime minister in France, his attention has been turned to the public libraries of that country. While in office he ordered an inspection of those institutions, and the French government now has complete and exact documents relative to the number of public libraries, and the number of books in each. These institutions are accessible to the public in every way for reading, and to a great extent for borrowing books. Some of them receive direct grants from the government towards their support; while others, in the provincial towns, are supported by municipal funds; and to the latter the government distributes copies of costly works, for the publication of which it in general subscribes liberally. M. Guizot attributes the happiest results to this system. He says—"There are two good results: the first is, a general regard in the mind of the public for learning, for literature, and for books. That complete accessibility to the libraries gives to every one, learned or unlearned, a general feeling of goodwill for learning and for knowledge; and then the second result is, that the means for acquiring knowledge are given to those persons who are able to employ them."

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian ambassador, was next examined. He testified that the public libraries in his own country were numerous, large, and easily accessible to all who desire to make use of them. He attributes the best results to the literary character of his country from this privilege of free access to their large collections of books. He thinks the people are better prepared than is generally supposed to appreciate works of a high character. He seems to think it unwise to attempt to popularize science and literature by printing inferior books, written expressly for common and uneducated people. The government subscribe for a number of copies of nearly every valuable work published, by which means they encourage the progress of literature, and are enabled to enrich many of the public collections. "The government have sometimes, within a space of twenty years, spent some £10,000 or £12,000 in favor of libraries. I take this opportunity of stating also, that though the Chamber only votes a grant of 65,000 or 70,000 francs for the Royal Public Library of Brussels, whenever there is some large sale going on, there is always a special grant made to the library. Lately one of the most curious private libraries had been advertised for sale; a catalogue had been printed in six volumes; the government immediately came forward, bought the whole of the collection for £13,000 or £14,000, and made it an addition to the Royal Library in Brussels; they did the same thing at Ghent; I believe that the library that they bought at Ghent consisted of about 20,000 volumes, and in Brussels about 60,000 or 70,000 volumes." Our own government would do well to imitate this example more frequently than it has hitherto done.

[Pg 375]

Passing by several witnesses whose evidence we should be glad to notice did our limits permit, we come to George Dawson, Esquire, who as a lecturer, has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition, the feelings and the wants of the working-classes in the manufacturing towns both in England and Scotland. He testifies that libraries to some extent have already been formed in those places, and that there is a very general desire among the working-people to avail themselves of more and better books. They can appreciate the best authors. Political and historical subjects interest them most, but the higher class of poetry is also read by them. Milton is much read. Mr. Dawson says, "Shakspeare is known by heart almost. I could produce men who could be cross-examined upon any play." The contrast between the manufacturing and the farming districts in respect to the intelligence of the people and their desire for improvement is very great. Speaking of one of the agricultural districts, Mr. Dawson says, "I have heard of a parish in Norfolk where a woman was the parish clerk, because there was not a man in the parish who could read or write!"

Henry Stevens, Esq., formerly librarian of one of the libraries connected with Yale College, gave some valuable information respecting the present state of public libraries in the United States. He says: "The public libraries of the United States are small but very numerous. We have but two containing above 50,000 volumes, while there are nine above 20,000, forty-three above 10,000, more than a hundred above 5000 volumes, and thousands of smaller ones. The want of large public consulting libraries, like those of Europe, is much felt." The chief readers in these libraries are the working-classes, and persons who are engaged in active business through the day. Works on physical science, history, biography, and of a superior class, are those chiefly read by them; and Mr. Stevens stated, that when he came to England, he could not help being struck by the "little reading that there is among the laboring and business classes" of this country as compared with the United States. This is succinctly explained by Mr. Dawson, who says: "The quantity of people who cannot read and write in this country is a very great hinderance to the demand for books. We have *eight millions* who cannot write yet!" Mr. Edwards, in his evidence, also points to the same deficiency of elementary education, "In addition," he says, "to the positive want of schooling on the part of large numbers of the population who are now growing up, those who do get some partial education, habitually neglect to improve what they get from the want of cultivating a taste for reading. Unless good books are made accessible to the people, this is very likely to continue to be a cause—even where education by Sunday schools, and other efforts of that kind, have been brought within the reach of a considerable number of the population—why the good effects of education have not been continued in after life."

The committee very justly place much value on the opinions and suggestions of M. Libri. The thorough knowledge which that eminent bibliographer possesses of all matters pertaining to the condition and wants of public libraries, as well as of the needs of literary men, renders his remarks worthy of careful consideration. In a letter addressed to Mr. Ewart, the chairman of the committee, he develops his views at some length, and shows the necessity of having in great countries libraries "in which one may expect to find, as far as it is possible, all books which learned men—men who occupy themselves upon any subject whatever, and who cultivate one of

the branches of human knowledge—may require to consult. Of these there is nothing useless, nothing ought to be neglected; the most insignificant in appearance, those which on their publication have attracted the least attention, sometimes become the source of valuable and unexpected information." It is in the fragments, now so rare and precious, of some alphabets—of some small grammars published for the use of schools about the middle of the fifteenth century—or in the letters distributed in Germany by the religious bodies commissioned to collect alms, that bibliographers now seek to discover the first processes employed by the inventors of xylography and typography. It is in a forgotten collection of indifferent plates, published at Venice by Faush Verantio towards the end of the sixteenth century, that an engineer, who interests himself in the history of the mechanical arts, might find the first diagrams of iron suspension-bridges.

Nothing should be neglected; nothing is useless to whoever wishes thoroughly to study a subject. An astronomer, who desires to study the motions peculiar to certain stars, requires to consult all the old books of astronomy, and even of astrology, which appear the most replete with error. A chemist, a man who is engaged in the industrial arts, may still consult with profit certain works on alchemy, and even on magic. A legislator, a jurisconsult, needs sometimes to be acquainted with the laws, the ordinances, which derive their origin from the most barbarous ages; but it is particularly for the biographer, for the historian, that it is necessary to prepare the largest field of inquiry, to amass the greatest quantity of materials. This is not only true as regards past times, but we ought to prepare the materials for future students. Historical facts which appear the least important, the most insignificant anecdotes, registered in a pamphlet, mentioned in a placard or in a song, may be connected at a later period in an unforeseen manner with events which acquire great importance, or with men who are distinguished in history by their genius, by their sudden elevation, or even by their crimes. We are not born celebrated—men become so; and when we desire to trace the history of those who have attained it, the inquirer is often obliged to pursue his researches in their most humble beginnings. Who would have imagined that the obscure author of a small pamphlet, "Le Souper de Beaucaire," would subsequently become the Emperor Napoleon? and that to write fully the life of the execrable Marat, one ought to have the very insignificant essays on physics that he published before the Revolution? Nothing is too unimportant for whoever wishes thoroughly to study the literary or scientific history of a country, or for one who undertakes to trace the intellectual progress of eminent minds, or to inform himself in detail of the changes which have taken place in the institutions and in the manners of a nation. Without speaking of the commentaries or considerable additions which have been introduced in the various reprints of an author, the successive editions of the same work which appear to resemble each other the most, are often distinguished from each other by peculiarities worthy of much attention. It has been well said, that a public library should contain all those works which are too costly, too voluminous, or of *too little value* in the common estimation to be found elsewhere, down even to the smallest tracts. An old almanac, or a forgotten street-ballad, has sometimes enabled the historian to verify or correct some important point which would otherwise have remained in dispute.

[Pg 376]

With a brief extract from the evidence of one other witness we must close our notice of the Report on Public Libraries. Charles Meyer, Esq., German secretary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, had given attention to the public libraries of Germany, having resided several years in Gotha, Hamburg, Leipsic, and Munich. He had perused the principal part of the evidence which had been given by Mr. Edwards upon this subject, and found all that he stated to be quite correct. Dr. Meyer thinks the existence of the numerous and valuable libraries of Germany has given the literary men of that country an advantage over the literary men of England. "It has saved a great number of our German learned men," he says, "from the danger of becoming *autodidactoi*—self-taught. I think that is one essential point of difference that is visible in comparing the general character of the instruction in this country with that on the continent: there are in this country a great number of self-taught people, who think according to their own views, without any reference to previous scientific works. They make sometimes very great discoveries; but sometimes they find that they have wasted their labor upon subjects already known, which have been written upon by a great number of people before them; but as they have no access to libraries, it is impossible for them to get acquainted with the literature of that branch upon which they treat."

From the preceding quotations, it is evident that, in the opinion of the Parliamentary Committee, and of the witnesses examined by it, there exists in this country at once a great deficiency of public libraries and a pressing necessity for their establishment. Our people are and will be readers. They are generally prepared to make a good use of books of a higher order than those offered to them in so cheap and attractive a form by our enterprising publishers. Now, either their energies will be wasted in a desultory course of reading, by which they will gain only a superficial knowledge of almost every conceivable subject, or they must be furnished with the means, which they are so well prepared to use to advantage, of going to the bottom of whatever subject interests them, and having exhausted the wisdom of past generations, of adding to the stock of general knowledge from the results of their own thoughts and experience.

The necessity for the establishment of large collections of books, freely open to the public—of institutions in which, as Ovid well expresses it,

"Quæque viri docto veteres cepere novique
Pectore, lecturis inspicienda patent"—

is, we imagine, unquestioned and unquestionable. The question now arises, How are these

libraries to be constituted? On this point it will not be expected that we should dilate at length. At the present time the best books on all subjects are to be purchased at a moderate rate; and in the formation of new libraries, attention should first be paid to the supply of works most generally in demand. It will neither be wise nor just to the public to purchase, at the outset, rare and curious works: when a sufficient supply of really useful and generally read publications has been obtained, it will be quite time enough to think of indulging the bibliomania. But there is one subject on which this taste may advantageously be indulged—and that is, every town in which a public library is established should take care to collect all works relating to its local or municipal history. A selection of the best books on bibliography should also be possessed by each. These are to the librarian and the literary man what the compass is to the mariner, or the tools of his trade to the artisan.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. As a pendent to the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Ewart brought forward a bill for the establishment of libraries and museums in country towns. This bill has now received the sanction of the legislature; its operation is, however, limited to boroughs whose population exceeds 10,000; and before it can be carried into effect, a public meeting of rate-payers must be called, and the consent of two-thirds of those present obtained. Liverpool was the first to profit by this act: other towns have followed her example; and we trust that ere long, in all the considerable towns throughout the length and breadth of this land, public libraries and museums will be established. The subject is one that cannot be long neglected. It will go on gaining upon public attention, until seen by all in its true light, and in all its bearings. Then the connection between a sound literature and the means used for its formation will be felt; then the numerous and immediate advantages of such a form of encouragement, as the establishment of these institutions, will be clearly seen and fully understood; and the rich harvest of glory which our future scholars will reap in every branch of study must convince even the most incredulous, that literature asks no favors and seeks no aid for which she does not repay the giver with a tenfold increase.

[Pg 377]

FOOTNOTES:

- [19] The library of Pergamos was founded by King Eumenes, and enlarged by his successor Attalus. It soon became so extensive that the Ptolemies, afraid that it would speedily rival their own collection at Alexandria, issued an edict forbidding the exportation of papyrus; but this prohibition, so far from attaining the unworthy object for which it was destined, proved rather beneficial; for the Pergameans, having exhausted their stock of papyrus, set their wits to work, and invented parchment (*charta Pergamena*) as a substitute.
- [20] One of the most remarkable of these purchases was that made of the private library of the Prince Eugene, for a life-income of 10,000 florins. It was composed of 15,000 printed volumes, 337 manuscripts, 290 folio volumes of prints, and 215 portfolios or boxes.
- [21] For a detailed account of, and guide-book to, the treasures of this great national collection, see "The British Museum, Historical and Descriptive, with Numerous Engravings," recently published by W. & R. Chambers.

THE JOURNALS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Our readers know that one of the points of the singular but admirable education that Madame de Genlis gave Louis Philippe and his brothers, was to teach them to examine and regulate their mind and conduct by the keeping of a journal; and this Louis Philippe has done, not, we suppose, continuously, nor even, perhaps, for the greater part of his busy life, but for particular periods—during seasons either of peculiar interest or of unusual leisure. A fragment of his early journal, extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791, was lost or stolen in the tumults and pillage of the first Revolution, as the memoirs of 1815 have been in the late one, and like these, published by an illegitimate possessor. That most curious little tract had become very rare—so rare, indeed, that Louis Philippe himself had not a copy, till a friend of ours lately presented him the copy from which we ourselves had made a translation, which we published *in extenso* in our article on "The Personal History of Louis Philippe." The King had also written and printed the "Journal of the Hundred Days," just mentioned; and we were permitted to see and make extracts in our last March number from his Journal of February and March, 1848. It is known, too, that during his residence at Claremont, as at former intervals of repose, he amused himself in recording his recollections; but no information has yet transpired of the extent (either as to bulk or time) of what he may have left—beyond the conjecture (which is, however, only founded on an accidental expression of his which was repeated to us some months ago) that the portion which he was so anxious to complete related to his return to France in 1814. * * But whatever Louis Philippe may have left, it will be curious and valuable, as the production of so powerful a mind, always engaged in, and for a long period actually directing, the most extraordinary series of events in the history of the modern world. Its publication, however, must be, of course, a matter of great delicacy, and of mature deliberation, and we have not as yet heard even a rumor on the subject.

These facts are from an interesting paper in the last number of the Quarterly Review.

THE BUNJARAS.

This most interesting race, the travelling grain merchants of western India (who lead a life wholly nomadic, and have done so earlier than is recorded), have their best interests opposed to the introduction of foreign innovation in the matter of transit. The Bunjaras have no sympathy with civilized life; from the people of India they move, think, live apart, varying in dress, language, religion, from all about them. Rajpoots by origin, they can follow no trade; the Bunjara may *serve* only as a soldier; in all other callings he must be free and independent. For hundreds of years we find them, as hordes, encamping in the open air, and living by the exchange of merchandise. They are owners of great droves of bullocks, which, laden with grain in the upper country, they drive to the coast, exchanging their burthens for salt, at a favorable market, but sedulously avoiding all intercourse with strangers and their cities. The Bunjaras are a stout, sturdy race; sturdy and stout in action and resolve as they are in body and form, Spartan-like in their sense of honor, free in their opinion as the mountain breeze, keeping apart from men and their cabals, and existing by their own energies. A short time since, I journeyed on horseback over the very line of this proposed railway, from the city of Nassiek to Bombay, and encountered several hundreds of bullocks heavily laden, and attended by Bunjara families; the men armed with sword and matchlock, the children propped up among the bullock furniture, and each younger woman of the tribe looking much as one fancies the Jewish maiden must have looked when she obtained grace and favor in the sight of King Ahasuerus, who "made her queen instead of Vashti." It is worthy of remark, that the choice of colors among the Bunjara women is altogether opposed to general taste among the Hindoos. Red and yellow among the latter are always favorite tints, and blue is never worn by any but the common people, to whom it is recommended by the cheapness of the indigo used in dyeing. The Bunjara women, on the contrary, select the richest imaginable Tyrian purple, a sort of rosy smalt, as the ground of their attire, which is bordered by a deep phylactery of divers colors in curious needlework, wrought in with small mirrors, beads, and sparkling crystals. Their saree has a fringe of shells, and their handsome arms and delicate ankles are laden with rich ornaments. The Bunjara women plaid their hair with crimson silk, and suffer it to fall on either side of the face, the ends secured with silver tassels, and on the summit of the head they wear a small tiara studded with silver stars. The reader may think this a fanciful and exaggerated dress for the wife of a drover; but these costumes are heir-looms, and though they are often seen faded, torn, travel-stained, and grim, the materials are always as I have described them, differing in freshness, but never in character.—*Sharpe*.

[Pg 378]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MYSTIC VIAL:

OR, THE LAST DEMOISELLE DE CHARREBOURG

Concluded from page 264.

XI.—JONQUIL.

Blassemare, meanwhile, made his toilet elaborately, and by ten o'clock was in Paris. He stopped at the Hotel Secqville.

"Is the marquis yet risen?" he asked.

"No;" he was in his bed; he had not retired until very late, and must not be disturbed.

"But I *must* see him, my good friend; his happiness, indeed his safety, depends upon my seeing him immediately."

Blassemare was so very urgent, that at length the servant consented to deliver a note to his master.

Rubbing his eyes, and more asleep than awake, the marquis took the billet, and read—

"The Sieur de Blassemare, who had the honor of meeting the Marquis de Secqville last night at the Chateau des Anges, implores a few minutes conversation without one moment's delay; by granting which the marquis may possibly avert consequences the most deplorable."

Certain shocks are strong enough to restore a drunken man to sobriety in an instant, and, *a fortiori*, to dispel in a moment the fumes of sleep. In a few seconds the marquis, in slippers, and morning-gown, received Blassemare, with many apologies, in his dressing-room.

"A very slight acquaintance will justify a *friendly* interposition," said Blassemare, after a few little speeches of ceremony at each side; "and my visit is inspired by a friendly and charitable motive. The fact is—the fact is—my dear friend, that—your coat is torn."

"My coat torn!" repeated the marquis in surprise, visibly disconcerted, while he affected surprise.

"Yes, the coat you wore last night. Ah! there it is—this blue velvet, with diamond button. La! Yes, there is the place. It was caught—ha, ha, ha!—in that cursed door; and, egad, as one of Le Prun's confidential advisers has got the piece in his possession—"

"Psha! you are jesting. Why, there are more blue coats than one in the world."

"I know; but there is only *one* Marquis de Secqville. And as I happened, purely accidentally, upon my honor, to witness with my own eyes no inconsiderable part of his last night's adventure, it may be as well if he reverses his clever points of evidence for Monsieur Le Prun, should his suspicions chance to take an unfortunate direction."

"What adventure pray, sir, do you speak of?"

"Your interview with Madame Le Prun, your unfortunate descent from the balcony, your flight through the park-door, and the disastrous severance of a button and a specimen-bit of velvet from your coat—in short, my dear marquis, you may, if you please, affect a reserve, which, indeed, *I* should prefer to a frank confession, by which, although I have nothing to learn, I should, in some sort, be compelled to regard your secret as one of honor; as it is, you know, I am free —"

"No gentleman is free to compromise a lady's character by his insinuations."

"Nor by his *conduct*, my dear marquis. But should he be so unfortunate as to have done so, he ought, in prudence and generosity, to seal as many lips as he possibly can."

"It seems, sir, to me that you have come to me with a cock-and-a-bull story, to establish an imaginary connection between me and some stupid adventure, which occurred at the Chateau des Anges."

"And such being your belief, my dear marquis, I have, of course, only to make my adieux, and relieve you from so impertinent an intrusion."

"Stay, sir. You are a gentleman; there are, perhaps, circumstances of suspicion. It is very embarrassing to have a lady's name involved; and—and—in short, sir, I—"

He hesitated.

"*What*, sir?"

"I throw myself upon your honor!" said the marquis, with an effort, and extending his hand.

"You are right, my dear marquis," said Blassemare, accepting his proffered hand. "You know I am Le Prun's friend; and as there was no obligation of secrecy, till your own confidence imposed it, I should have been in a difficult position as respected him. I have now learned your secret from yourself—honor seals my lips; and so, having put you upon your guard, and enjoined the extremest caution, at least for the present, I commend you to your presiding planets, Mercury and Venus. But you had better burn that tell-tale coat; for here is not a shrewder fellow in all France than Le Prun, and 'gad you are not safe till it is in ashes."

"My dear Blassemare, be my friend; quiet his suspicions. I shall one day tell you all; only avert his suspicions from her."

"By my faith, that is more than I *can* do. Give me a line to her; *I* must direct her conduct, or she will ruin herself. I know Le Prun; it needs a skilful player to hide one's cards from him. I am a man of my word; and I pledge my honor that Le Prun shall not have hint of your secret."

"You are right, Blassemare. *I* can't see her without exposing her to risk; do all you can to protect her from jealousy."

"Well, give me my credentials."

Secqville wrote:—"Blassemare is the friend of Dubois; Lucille may trust him."

"She knew me first by that name; be careful not to risk losing the paper."

Again they bid farewell, and Blassemare departed.

Blassemare's head was as full of strange images as the steam of a witch's caldron. He had his own notions of honor—somewhat fantastic and inconsistent, but still strong enough to prevent his betraying to Le Prun the secret of which he had just made himself completely master. He was mortified intensely by the discovery of a successful rival where he had so coolly and confidently flattered himself with a solitary conquest. He looked upon himself as the *dupe* of a young girl and her melancholy lover. His vanity, his spleen, and his guilty fancy, which, with the discovery of his difficulties, expanded almost into a passion, all stimulated him to continue the pursuit, and his brain teemed with schemes for outwitting them both, supplanting his rival, and gaining his point.

Full of these, he reached the Chateau des Anges—a sage, trustworthy, and virtuous counsellor for old Le Prun to lean on in his difficulties!

"You did wrong, in my opinion, to unmask your suspicions to old Charrebourg," said Blassemare, after he and Le Prun had talked over the affair.

"But he has not seen my wife since, and she, therefore, knows nothing of them."

"Were I in your place, notwithstanding, I should see him again, undo the effect of what I had said, and so prevent his putting Madame Le Prun on her guard."

"You are right for once. I thought of doing so myself."

Le Prun generally acted promptly; and so he left Blassemare to his meditations. Framing his little speech of apology as he went along, he traversed several passages, descended a stair in one of the towers, and found himself at last at the lobby of the Visconte's suite of rooms. It was now night—and these apartments lying in the oldest part of the chateau, and little frequented, were but very dimly lighted. There was nobody waiting in the anteroom—the servant had probably taken advantage of his master's repose, or reverie, to steal away to the gay society of his brother domestics; and these sombre and magnificently constructed rooms were as deserted as they were dim.

Having called in vain, the Fermier-General lighted a candle at the murky lamp, and entered the Visconte's apartment. His step was arrested by a howling from the inner chambers that might have spoken the despair of an evil spirit.

"Charrebourg! Visconte! Charrebourg!"

No answer—There was a silence—then another swelling howl.

"Psha!—it is that cursed old cur. I had forgotten him. Jonquil, Jonquil! come here, boy."

The old dog came scrambling along, and looking up into Le Prun's face, yelped strangely.

"What!—hungry? They have forgotten you, I dare say. What! not a scrap, not a bone! But where is your master?"

Le Prun entered the inner room, and the dog, preceding him, ran behind the fauteuil that stood at the table; and then running a step or two towards Le Prun, raised a howl that made him jump.

"Hey! what's the matter? But, sacre! there *is* something—what is this?"

There was a candle burning on the table, and writing materials. The Visconte de Charrebourg, who had evidently been writing, had fallen forward upon the table—dead. Le Prun touched him, he was quite cold. He raised the tall lank figure as well as he could, so that it leaned back in the chair; a little blood came from the corner of the mouth, the eyes were glazed, but the features wore, even in death, a character of sternness and dignity. He had fallen forward upon the fingers that held the pen, and the hand came stiffly back along with the body, still holding the pen in the attitude in which the chill of death had stiffened them. In this attitude he looked as if he only awaited a phrase or a thought of which he was in search to resume his writing.

"Dead—dead—a long time dead! how the devil has all this happened?"

And he looked for a moment at the old hound that was sniffing and whimpering in his master's ears, as if he could answer him. Poor Jonquil! he has shared his master's fortune fairly—the better and the worse; for years his humble comrade in the sylvan solitudes of Charrebourg, and here the solitary witness of his parting moment. Who can say with what more than human grief that dumb heart is swelling! He will not outlive his old friend many days—Jonquil is past the age for making new ones.

Le Prun glanced at the letter, a few lines of which the dead man had traced when he was thus awfully interrupted. "Sir," it began, "the family of Charrebourg, of which I am the unworthy representative, have been remarkable at all times for a chivalric and honorable spirit. They have maintained their dignity in prosperity by great deeds and princely munificence—in adversity, by encountering grief with patience, and insolence with defiance. Insult has never approached them unexpiated by blood; and I, old as I am, in consequence of what this morning——" here the summons had interrupted him.

"Intended for me!" said Le Prun, with an ugly sneer. "Well, he can't now put his daughter on her guard, or inflame her with the magnificent spirit of the beggarly Charrebourgs."

And so saying, he surrendered the chamber to the dead Visconte and his canine watcher.

XII.—ISOLATION.

Blassemare kept his counsel and his word. He dropped no hint to Le Prun of his interview with the Marquis de Secqville. His own vanity was at once mortified and excited by the discovery he had made. He was resolved to obliterate the disgrace of having been duped, by the reality of his meditated triumph. Love and war have much in common, a truth perhaps embodied in the allegoric loves of Mars and Venus. Certain, at least, it is, that in each pursuit all authorities agree that every stratagem is fair. Blassemare was not the man to rob this canon of its force by any morbid scruples of conscience; and having the courage of a lion, associated with some of the vulpine attributes, and a certain prankish love of mischief, he was tolerably qualified by nature for the enterprises of rivalry and intrigue.

Le Prun brooded savagely over his suspected wrongs. He awaited with affected contempt, but a real and malignant anxiety, the verdict of Blassemare, who insisted upon deferring his interview with Madame Le Prun until some weeks had passed over the grave of that "high and puissant signer, the Visconte de Charrebourg."

It was nearly a month after the death of that old gentleman, when Blassemare, happening to meet Madame Le Prun as she walked upon one of the terraces, dressed in so exquisite a suit of mourning, and looking altogether so irresistibly handsome, that, for the life of him, he could not forbear saluting, approaching, and addressing her. He was affably received, and the conversation, at first slight and indifferent, turned gradually, without premeditation on his part, but, as it were, by a sort of irresistible fatality, into that sombre and troubled channel whither, sooner or later, though not exactly then, he had determined to direct it.

"Monsieur Le Prun is unaccountably out of spirits, madame—I should say morose, ill-tempered. I almost fear to approach him."

"Is there any thing to surprise one in that?"

"Why, no, considering his provocations."

"Provocations! what do you mean, sir?"

"Madame must pardon me. I happen to be in possession of some secrets."

There was a short pause, during which Madame Le Prun's color came and went more than once.

"Will Madame Le Prun be so kind as to sit down here for a few minutes, and I will convince her that I have kept those secrets well, and that I am—I dare not say her friend—but the most devoted of her servants?"

Madame Le Prun sat down upon the marble couch that stood there, carved with doves and Cupids, and embowered, in the transparent shadows of myrtle, like a throne of Venus. Blassemare fancied that he had never beheld so beautiful and piquante an image as Lucille at that moment presented: her cheeks glowing, her long lashes half dropped over the quenched fires of her proud dark eyes; her countenance full of a confusion that was at once beautiful and sinister; one hand laid upon her heart, as if to quell its beatings, and shut with an expression half defiant, half irresolute—and the pretty fingers of the other unconsciously playing with the tendrils of a pavenche.

Blassemare enjoyed this pretty picture too much to disturb it by a word. Perhaps, too, there was comfort to his vanity in the spectacle of her humiliation; at all events he suffered some time to pass before he spoke to her. When he did, it was with a great deal of respect; for Blassemare, notwithstanding his coarseness, had a sufficiency of tact.

"Madame perceives that I am not without discretion and zeal in her service."

"Sir, you speak enigmas; you talk of secrets and provocation; and while you affect an air of deference, your meaning is full of insolence."

It was plain her pride was mastering her fears, Blassemare thought it high time to lower his key. He therefore said, with a confident smile and an easy air—

"My meaning may be disagreeable, but that is chargeable not upon *me*, but on the *circumstances* of our retrospect; and if I am enigmatical rather than explicit, I am so from respect, not insolence. My dear madame, on the honor of a gentleman, I saw Monsieur le Marquis de Secqville take his abrupt departure from your window—you understand. I not only saw him, but found and retained proofs of his identity, armed with which, I taxed him with the fact, and obtained his full confession. *Now*, madame, perhaps you will give me credit for something better than hypocrisy and insolence."

Lucille looked thunderstruck for a moment, then rising, she darted on him a glance of rage and defiance, and overpowered by the tumult within her, she burst into a flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed in silence, almost hysterically.

Blassemare waited patiently while she wept on. Suddenly she looked full and fiercely on him, and cried—

"Perhaps you have told me falsehoods, and dared thus to trifle with me."

"I swear, madame, on the honor of a nobleman of France, I have told you the simple truth. De Secqville did not venture to deny the fact; on the contrary, he confessed it frankly."

"Yes—I see you tell me the truth; it was base of De Secqville!"

"Well, to say truth, I did think he might have kept a lady's secret better."

Blassemare was ready and unscrupulous; but all is fair in love.

"I am innocent!" she cried, with abrupt vehemence, and fixing her fiery gaze upon him.

"Of course, madame."

"I say I am innocent, sir. Why do you say *of course*!"

"Because *I* never knew a lady yet, who was otherwise than innocent."

She looked at him with a lowering contempt—he thought it *guilt*—for a few moments, then dropping her gaze gloomily, she murmured, in bitter abstraction—

"Yes, it was base of De Secqville; he ought to have perished rather."

"Egad," thought Blassemare, "my project prospers—she is at my mercy—and disgusted with the Marquis. I'm no general or she surrenders at discretion."

[Pg 381]

"De Secqville, madame, is a handsome fellow; but he admires nobody but himself. He has been all his life—and trust me, he is not quite so young as he pretends—a man of intrigue. He is not content with his *bonnes fortunes*, but he boasts of his conquests, and sacrifices reputations to his vanity. Such men are not to be trusted with impunity, or loved without disgrace. It is best never to have favored them, and next best to discard them promptly."

He fancied his speech had hit the fierce temper of his auditor. He paused for a time, to let it work, and then, in a tone of profound humility, said—

"As for me, madame, if one so unworthy dare invite a passing thought of yours, I have but to ask your forgiveness; if I have said one word that gave you pain, I implore your forgiveness."

Here he sank upon his knee. Lucille was by no means as experienced in the ways of the wicked gender as many younger women. Blassemare looked very humble, and she took his humility in good faith. She looked on him then with a softened aspect, and the heart of the profligate beat thick with anticipated triumph.

"You have had, madame, in these recent transactions, signal proofs of my fidelity. The secret so lightly esteemed by De Secqville, I would rather lose my last drop of blood than reveal to a living mortal. I am secrecy itself. Judge what I have endured. I have striven—how vainly my own heart tells me—to hide the sentiments of my soul from you, madame. I could see with comparative indifference the happiness of that rival whom the forms of law, and not the preference of the heart, had elevated; but judge how I could endure the fortune of an unworthy and faithless competitor. Imagine, if you can, my despair. Compassionate, I conjure you, my misery, and with one relenting word or look of pity, raise me from the abyss, and see at your feet the happiest, as he is the most devoted, of mortals."

At the same moment Blassemare attempted to take Lucille's hand; it was, however, instantly withdrawn, and the back of it, instead, struck him in the face, with all the force of enraged and insulted pride.

"How dare you, sirrah, hold such language to me—how *dare* you? Another word, and I denounce you to my husband—ay, sir, I—to Monsieur Le Prun. I defy you."

Blassemare had started to his feet, very much astonished; his cheek tingling, his self-love stung to the quick. But he was too experienced in such affairs to indulge any tragical emotions on the occasion. He stared at her for a minute, with an expression of absurd bewilderment. There was no very graceful *exit* from the undignified predicament to which he had, like a simpleton, reduced himself. Recovering his self-possession, however, he broke into a cold laugh, and said—

"Madame, I have misunderstood you with a vengeance; I pray you believe that you have misunderstood *me*. We now, however, thoroughly understand one another. I keep your little secret on condition that you keep mine."

Lucille deigned no answer; but the compact had, it seemed, been silently ratified by her, for Le Prun and Blassemare continued to be the best friends imaginable.

Blassemare was not vindictive, but he *was* exquisitely vain. He had a good-humored turn for mischief, too; and, notwithstanding the repulse he had experienced, or perhaps, such is human perversity—in *consequence* of it—he was more than ever resolved to pursue his guilty designs upon the heart of Madame Le Prun.

His hands were, therefore, tolerably full; for he had not only this little affair to attend to, but to exercise his vigilance to prevent De Secqville's hearing of his breach of faith, and at the same time to confirm and exasperate, in furtherance of his own schemes, the suspicions of Monsieur Le Prun.

This latter task circumstances rendered an easy one, and Blassemare executed it without giving any definite direction to Le Prun's inflamed jealousy. So far, indeed, was he from suspecting the identity of the criminal, that he brought De Secqville two or three times to sup at the Chateau des Anges, an act of temerity which excited Blassemare's anxiety and vigilance. That gentleman had therefore kept so close and constant a watch upon the handsome Marquis, that he had not, upon any of these occasions, an opportunity of exchanging a single sentence with Madame Le Prun.

The occasional appearance of De Secqville at the Chateau des Anges was a sufficient proof that Blassemare had kept the secret with fidelity. Madame Le Prun, therefore, was far from suspecting that *he* was in secret the inspiring cause of that ominous restraint, the pressure of which she began to feel every day more and more severely. One by one her personal attendants were removed. Gradually she felt the process of isolation shrouding her from the eyes of her fellow-creatures. Her walks were prescribed and restricted; and with bitter resentment she perceived that she was subjected to the outrage of a systematic espionage. The face of M. Le Prun was always darkened with hatred and menace. Every day made his power more directly felt, and more nearly reduced her to his solitary, rare, and sinister companionship. At last a note, in M. Le Prun's hand, upon her table, announced in a few barbarous and insulting words that his niece Julie had been removed, by his orders, from the contagion of a companionship unfit for

innocence. This was to Lucille a frightful blow. Her solitude was now virtually complete. Her own old faithful servant, Marguerite, had been withdrawn; and a tall pale Norman matron, taciturn and sardonic, was now her sole attendant. It was plain, too, that M. Le Prun had gradually removed his establishment from the Chateau des Anges. The gay and gorgeous staff of servants and grooms had disappeared. The salons, halls, and lobbies of the vast mansion were silent as the chambers of a mausoleum—the outer courts still and deserted. She was becoming the prisoner of an enraged tyrant, alone, in the midst of an impenetrable and funereal solitude.

In fact, many prisoners of state enjoyed a great deal more liberty than she; for not only was she restricted to her own apartment, but confined to the range of the small court which lay immediately under her own windows.

The indignation and fury which these outrages inspired, by degrees gave place to something like despair and panic. With the exception of her ill-looking handmaid, and the no less sinister-visaged sentinel who stealthily watched her movements, and between both of whom a sort of ominous correspondence seemed to be carried on by signals, she had latterly seen no one, but at rare intervals the hated and dreaded apparition of Le Prun at a distance, and Blassemare once or twice.

XIII.—THE ROSE-TREE.

One day Lucille was walking in the little court we have described, when the door of the park, which we have had occasion to signalize, opened, and Blassemare stood within a yard or two of her.

"Good-day, madame."

"Good-day, sir."

A glance at the attendant, who seemed to regard Blassemare as Le Prun's vicegerent, was sufficient to cause her to withdraw to some distance, and affecting a light and easy air, which might well mislead the more distant observers as to the serious purport of his discourse, he continued—

"I am afraid madame is very unhappy."

"Truly, I am so."

"I fear she is also *in danger*."

She started as if a bolt of ice had pierced her heart. He had spoken in that word the secret fears of many a long night. How inexpressibly more terrible do our untold terrors become, when they are spoken in our ears by the lips of strangers!

"Yes, madame, I say in danger. There are odd stories afloat about Monsieur Le Prun—they may be all lies, I don't pretend to say; for in truth I don't very well *comprehend* my friend Le Prun. But it cannot be hidden from madame, that when one wants to make away with an individual, the first step is to conceal them—to cut them off from all intercourse with the world, and cause them to be forgotten. Madame understands me?"

"Yes, yes—oh, my God!"

"Madame must learn to command herself, if she wishes to prolong our conversation. We must *appear*, at least, indifferent. There are *spies* watching our gestures and countenances, though they can't hear our words."

"I will—thank you, thank you: but for the mercy of God, monsieur, will you suffer me to perish?"

"No, madame, if you will aid in your own deliverance. Will you fly with me to-morrow night?"

"If monsieur, for the charity of heaven, will undertake to act only as my brother and protector."

"By my faith, madame, I'll put myself under no conditions."

"Monsieur de Blassemare, have you no honor, no pity, no manhood? Will you be accessory to a *murder*? I will go with you on no other terms."

"I accept none, madame."

"You are a coward, sir, and a criminal."

"Madame might command, at least, her countenance and her gestures; imitate me. You call me hard names; I'm prepared for them. Now listen: I won't accept your condition, because, if I did, I should keep my word; and, I tell you frankly, I won't despair, and I don't despair. But, madame, you shan't perish. What do you say to leaving the chateau with De Secqville?"

"Yes, *he* will agree to whatever I propose."

"I dare say."

"But when—how?"

"To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, through that door; a coach shall wait in the park. You know the

well under the two chestnut-trees; there he will await you; don't fail—a moment late, and all may be lost."

"But—but how to evade the woman who watches me?"

"She shall be perfectly drunk."

"And the man?"

"Drunker still. Leave all details to me. There are more than one Argus besides these; but a man of resource is at home among difficulties. Watch at ten o'clock. When you see a light in the window of the small pavilion, all is prepared: you will find the door open."

Blassemare signed to the woman to approach, and said, as he bowed his adieu, in a louder key—

"I shall not fail, madame, to report to Monsieur Le Prun the unfortunate temper in which I have the honor to find you."

"And have the goodness to add, that I only regret my inability to repeat the same sentiments in his presence."

"Madame shall be obeyed."

So, with an air of affected defiance on the one side, and of sarcastic levity on the other, the two conspirators parted. Her protracted residence in the Chateau des Anges, gloomy and anxious before, had become absolutely terrifying since she had heard the dark and menacing insinuations used by Blassemare. The evening that followed that scene, the night, and the ensuing morning, seemed endless, filled with horrid images, and haunted by the hideous thought that the catastrophe might possibly anticipate the hour of escape, or that some one untoward chance might defeat the entire scheme, and leave her at the mercy of a more than ever exasperated tyrant.

As the day wore on, every incident appeared to her overstrained mind an omen of good or ill-success. Towards evening the sky became overcast, and finally an awful thunder-storm swept over the Chateau des Anges. Her heart sank within her at the inauspicious augury; but as the same tempest, an hour later, rolled over other regions, it left one trifling token of its passage, which, by a mysterious stroke of fate, was nearly connected with her destiny.

[Pg 383]

Poor Gabriel, his head full of chimeras, his heart of true love, was slowly walking through the woodlands of the Parc de Charrebourg, towards that haunted spot, the cottage in which the beautiful demoiselle had passed her happiest days, when the storm began to mutter over the rising grounds, and before he had made much way, the thunder burst above his head with fury, and in a little time the rain descended with such tropical violence as to arrest his further progress, under the dense canopy of a chestnut-tree.

Here he waited until the thunder-clouds had quite passed away; and then, amid red glances of western sunshine, he resumed that pilgrimage, to him so full of melancholy, of ambition, and of tenderness.

"And now, dear, *dear* Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, I come into your presence, to learn how it fares with you."

He took off his hat, as if expecting to see her looking, as of old, from the window of her little room. From the plants that hung from the walls, and from the struggling bushes, the big rain-drops were trickling, in the merry sunlight, like tears of joy. His heart was full as he turned the corner of the cottage, and entered the little bowling-green. But, alas! what a sight awaited him! The rose-tree, the emblem of his adored mistress, was shivered: the casement, and the wall, and roof, were shattered, and reduced to a mass of rubbish, by a stroke of lightning.

Gabriel had never felt real desolation before. He rushed to the wide chasm which now admitted the winds and rains of heaven to the shrine which his adoration and reverence had consecrated with a tenderness so absorbing. Oh! what ruin—what profanation—what an irreparable havoc of all his treasure! And the tree, too—gone, blasted. Tears of passionate despair rained from his eyes: he wrung his hands, he stamped, raved, and "cursed his day."

In a little while, however, his thoughts took a different turn. From the material wreck they passed on to the dire significance which such portent might indicate.

"Yes, I came to see how she fares, and behold what I find—torn by storms—ruined—dead." He stooped, and took up a fragment of the rose-tree and kissed it.

"But the Chateau des Anges is not five leagues away. I will go there. I will go now. I will learn what all this means."

With this resolution he ran fleetly down the slopes of the park, now wreathed in the rising mists of night, towards the feudal village of Charrebourg, through which his path lay.

Breathless and eager, as if heaven were before him and all the fiends of hell at his heels, he sped through the darkening town, and did not slacken his speed until he was a full mile beyond it.

He had been so absorbed with the single idea that had seized upon his mind, that he was scarcely conscious of the objects he had passed or the speed at which he ran.

As he looked round upon the moonlit scenery among which he found himself, he felt for a moment stunned and perplexed; he slackened his pace and thought over his expedition. It lost none of its romantic fascination; he only wondered that he had not made a journey to the Chateau des Anges at least once in every week.

How beautiful the moonlight was! how soft the air! how enchanting the scenery! and oh, what vague possibilities of glory and rapture might not be unfolded in the undeveloped future of this wild excursion!

It was fully a quarter past twelve when Gabriel reached the point, at which the road directly leading to the Chateau des Anges diverged from that which he had been hitherto travelling. Just as he did so, a carriage and four, with two postillions and two mounted servants beside, came to a sudden stop within a few score paces of the pedestrian, and one of the men dismounting secured some part of the harness which had given way, and was getting into the saddle again when Gabriel arrived at the side of the carriage. He then made a momentary pause. In the brilliant moonlight every detail of the equipage was visible; the coach was dingy and battered, its principal color blue, and covered, according to the fashion, with gilded arabesques in cumbrous relief, in which a curious dragon, with a barbed tongue and tail, was contending in a hundred repetitions with as many little cupids. Just as these details seized upon his imagination, the window was suddenly opened, and a lady put out her head and in thrilling tones cried—

"Gabriel, Gabriel—save me, save me."

He saw Lucille's face; it was her voice that rang in his ears. He felt his strength multiplied a hundred fold. He would have, single-handed, fought an army in such a quarrel. With a cry of delight, that burst from his very soul, he sprang to the side of the carriage and grasped the door. Before he reached it, however, some one from within had drawn her away and shut the window close, and the horses being again in motion, and rapidly quickening their pace to a gallop, Gabriel ran by the side, tugging vainly at the door, until one of the mounted attendants, spurring beside, seized him by the collar, and flung him headlong upon the road.

Stunned and giddy, he got upon his feet again, and staggered blindly after the whirling carriage, uttering threats and defiance as huge as ever were thundered from the lips of the renowned knight of La Mancha. All would not do, however; the cortège held on its way with whirlwind speed. Vainly Gabriel strained every sinew to overtake the coach. The fell enchanters rapt his peerless mistress from his eyes, and every moment the distance between him and them became wider and more hopeless. At last, breathless, exhausted, enraged, he was forced to give over the pursuit, after having maintained it for nearly three miles over the pavements of the long straight road.

[Pg 384]

It was on the highway to Paris; thither he assumed they were bound, and there he resolved that night should behold him also. Sometimes running, sometimes walking with hurried strides, he steadily and rapidly pursued his way; his imagination every moment filled with images of the strange golden dragons and cupids, and the pale, beautiful face of Lucille shrieking from among them for help.

"What then had befallen Lucille?" The reader shall hear.

The first symptom which assured her that Blassemare was at work in the realization of this plot, was that her Norman woman, having stayed away longer than usual at her suppertime, returned with a very flushed face and dancing eyes, and altogether in a very hilarious and impertinent mood. For a long time, however, it appeared that the woman was only "pleasantly intoxicated," a state in which she would probably prove a more effectual check upon her plans of escape than in her ordinary condition. Spite of the seriousness of the issue, there was something inconceivably absurd in this distress. The woman was noisy, familiar, and sometimes indulged in a vein of menacing jocularities, the principal material of which was supplied from scraps of old Norman ditties. There was one in particular which had a specially grisly sound in the ears of the friendless and frightened young wife. It was about a *belle demoiselle*—

"Who lived all alone in a castle of brick,
And all in the night-time this lady fell sick;
She had eat of a berry that grew by the well,
And black grow her features—her members they swell;
This lady is poisoned and so she must lie,
All stark in her bower with nobody nigh."

In the midst of this sinister merriment the woman suddenly became drowsy, and after a few ineffectual efforts to shake off the torpor that was overpowering her, sank into a profound sleep. This occurred in the anteroom, and, leaving the snoring amazon to the sole occupation of the apartment, Lucille hastened to the bedchamber, from which she commanded a view of the little pavilion, in the window of which she was to expect the signal of escape.

It was quite dark; and with a heart palpitating so violently that she felt at times almost suffocating, she watched the hardly discernible outline of the building from which the signal was to be displayed.

The wicked Norman was snoring under the influence of her narcotics; but to the accompaniment of her abominable drone what a hell of suspense did poor Lucille endure! At length, and not until considerably past ten o'clock, a light gleamed faintly and for an instant in the appointed spot, and

then disappeared. It returned, however, and now shone steadily. The decisive moment which was to commence the adventure had arrived. She murmured an imploring prayer, and turned the bolt of the window which opened on the balcony. Horror of horrors! it was fast locked; a strong wire grating covered the outside, so that even had she ventured upon so much noise as would have been necessary in order to break the glass, she would in that have encountered a further obstacle, to *her* strength absolutely insurmountable.

She made up her mind to escape by the outer door of her suite of rooms, and to risk all on being able undetected to make her exit in that way from the house. But that door was also locked. She wrung her hands in an agony of distraction; but she did not abandon the enterprise. Encouraged by the lusty snoring of the woman, she approached the fauteuil, where she lay rather than sat. She slid her hand into the sleeper's pocket, scarcely daring to breathe while she did so. The keys were not in it; and the woman turned with something like a start in the chair. Lucille recoiled on tiptoe, holding her breath, until she seemed again soundly asleep. She might have concealed them in her bosom; and with an effort of resolution Madame Le Prun stepped noiselessly beside her and tried there. She was successful, but in drawing out the key her hand brushed slightly on the slumbering woman's face, and to her unutterable terror she started bolt upright in the chair, and stared with a wild and glassy gaze in her face. Lucille's heart died within her; she froze with terror; but the action was purely physical, the woman's senses were still slumbering; there was no trace of meaning in her face; and in a few moments she fell back again in the same profound sleep.

XIV.—THE PALACE OF TERROR.

With this key Lucille opened the window of the balcony softly. The descent from this would at another time have appeared to her a matter of peril, if not impossibility; nerved, however, by the stake and the emergency, it was nothing; she was upon the ground. The park door she found, as Blassemare had promised, open. She was now amidst the misty shadows of the solemn wood. She knew the path to the well by which the two chestnut-trees grew, and, with light and trembling steps, ran toward the trysting place. The moon had just begun to rise, and afforded a wan light, as she reached the appointed spot.

She stood beside the well, almost frightened at the success of her adventure. A figure emerged from a thicket close by. It was that of a man in a huge red cloak, and with a great cocked hat, like that of a *gens-d'armes*. Could this possibly be De Secqville? He whistled a shrill summons as he approached, and she heard the sound of steps hurrying to the spot. She was full of fear, apprehensive of treason and danger. The gentleman in the cocked hat was now close to her. He had long black hair, descending upon his shoulders, a pair of shaggy eyebrows, and a preposterous pair of black moustaches. She asked, in a faltering voice—

[Pg 385]

"Who are you, sir?"

"An officer, madame, of the police; and you are Madame Lucille Le Prun, *née* de Charrebourg, wife of Etienne Le Prun; and I arrest you in the King's name."

"Arrest me!—why?—upon what charge?—who is my accuser?"

"By my faith, madame, I know not. My duty is, simply to arrest you, in the name of his Majesty, and to convey you to Paris. It is nothing very bad, I fancy. Perhaps you have made monsieur a little jealous, or so; but you know best."

He spoke in a harsh, gruff voice, and his hand rested upon her arm, so as to render escape impossible, while he addressed her.

"By what authority do you arrest me?—by what order?"

"By virtue of this *lettre-de-cachet*; you see, madame, signed by the minister of police."

"I cannot read it; there is not light sufficient."

"*Ma foi*, madame, there is little sunshine at half-past eleven o'clock at night. I can't help that. Madame will please to come with us."

Two men by this time had appeared close at hand; and Madame Le Prun, who much preferred one of the King's prisons to that in which her husband was absolute, accompanied her captors with a far better grace than under other circumstances she would have done.

Distant a few score steps, upon a sort of grass-grown road, which traversed the park, stood the equipage which we have already described; and in a few seconds Lucille found herself seated beside the red cloak and mighty moustache, that held her in durance, jolting and rolling at a rapid pace along the moonlit scenery of the park.

"Where am I going?—to the Bastile?" asked Lucille, when a few minutes had a little recovered her from the stun and confusion of this adventure.

"Hum!—why, no, madame—not the Bastile; you are going to a convent."

"A convent!—how strange! What convent?"

"That of the Sisters of Love and Our Lady of the Sparkling Eyes—an ancient foundation of royalty in the city."

"I dare say; I never heard of it before;" and Lucille sank into profound silence.

After a considerable interval, she asked, with a tremulousness she in vain tried to conceal—

"There were some friends who were to have arranged my departure from the place where you arrested me to-night—did you see them?"

"Oh, yes; there was the atribilious Marquis de Secqville and the handsome Conte de Blassemare. St. Imay arrested them about half-an-hour ago; *they* are gone to the Bastile."

Lucille sighed profoundly. She did not observe that the farouche officer in the corner of the coach was shaking with suppressed laughter. After a time he ejaculated, in a sepulchral tone—

"I strongly suspect their punishment will be dreadful. It is bad enough to conspire to steal away the wife of a respectable curmudgeon, madame, but to draw one's sword on the king's police! —*ma foi*, madame, that is another affair. If his majesty's clemency be enlisted, notwithstanding, in their behoof, they may chance to get off with the galleys. It will be a dreadful sight to see that solemn De Secqville and that jovial Blassemare pulling one of those cursed long oars together, in red serge shirts, cursing Cupid and Monsieur Le Prun."

Lucille shrunk back into the obscurity of her corner. The officer could not discern how his brusque communication had affected her; but, after a short silence, he burst into an unrestrained peal of laughter. This unseasonable insolence incensed his prisoner. She felt, however, that she was at his mercy, and commanded herself; but she could not avoid saying—

"If the calamities of other people afford you entertainment, monsieur, I can congratulate you upon possessing an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the discharge of your odious and melancholy office."

"Amusement! entertainment!" he ejaculated, with another eclat of laughter, still more obstreperous. "I can't help laughing; but it is merely hysterical, on the faith of a gentleman. I laugh in proportion to my desolation. I could at this moment tear out my beard by handfuls through sheer despair. *Par exemple*, madame, *par exemple!*" And, with a frantic gesture and a roar of laughter, he literally tore off his huge moustache with both his hands, at a single pluck. "And my chevelure also, madame. See, here it goes—all for despair—hurra, hurra, hurrah! And my eyebrows—ay, they, too—*pa ma foi*—the eyebrows—there, presto—hurra, hurra!"

He shook and roared with laughter as he made these successive sacrifices, and, shifting his seat, so that the moonlight fell full upon him, cried, panting from exhaustion—

"Does not madame know me?—is it possible? Here I am—cloak, cocked hat, wig, all gone—in the proper costume of madame's fortunate and adoring deliverer."

So saying, Blassemare, for it was he, descended, as well as he could, upon one knee, and seizing Lucille's hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Monsieur Blassemare, you insult me, sir; you forget the conditions upon which I trusted myself to your care."

"Pardon me, there are *no* conditions. Madame will please to remember I would accept none."

[Pg 386]

At this moment the carriage stopped at the point where Gabriel was at that instant about to pass.

"Let me go, sir—I will descend. Open the door, I am free—I insist, I desire to leave the carriage."

"No, no—pray be tranquil—it is impossible."

"I *will* descend, monsieur."

"Madame, *you shall not*."

He spoke with a good-humored and emphatic impudence which implied the most perfect resolution. A vague terror took possession of her. She rushed to the window, and Blassemare, with a gentle force, drew her back.

It was at that moment she saw Gabriel, and shrieked to him for help.

The coach was again thundering at a gallop along the highway. Lucille sank back in the corner, and wept with mingled anger and despair. Blassemare was not a ruffian, so he said, "Madame, calm yourself, I wish to treat you with respect; your suspicions wound me as much as your ingratitude. I hope, however, that both will vanish on reflection. In the meantime, I cannot consent to so insane a measure as your leaving the carriage. Your return to the Chateau des Anges is not to be thought of; you dare not go back; and pardon me, madame, I will not permit you to leave this carriage except for a place of safety and temporary concealment."

Lucille's haughty and fiery temper could hardly brook this hoity-toity assumption of authority. There was, however, an obvious vein of reason in what he said; and she saw, besides, the futility of contending with one whose will was probably as strong as her own, and backed with power to make it effectual. She therefore maintained a moody silence, and Blassemare, deeming it best to suffer her ill-humor to expend itself harmlessly, awaited better moments in congenial taciturnity.

Having got a relay of fresh horses upon the way, they continued their journey at the same furious pace, and at last they entered Paris. Passing through streets which hemmed her in, or opened in

long vistas like the fantastic scenery of a dream, hurrying onward, she knew not whither, under swinging lamps, amidst silence and desertion, the carriage at last drove under a narrow archway into a sort of fore-court, over which a dark mass of building was looming, and through a second gateway in this, into an inclosed quadrangle, surrounded by the same black pile of buildings.

Here the carriage stopped, and one of the attendants, dismounting, rang a hall bell, whose deep sudden peal through empty vastness gave a character of profound desolation to the silence in which it was swallowed. More than once the summons was repeated, and at last a faint light gleamed upon the windows, and the door was timorously unbarred and opened. A hard-featured hag, in a faded suit of an obsolete fashion—the *genius loci*—received the party. She scrutinized Lucille with a protracted stare of audacious inquisitiveness, and when she had quite satisfied her curiosity, she led the way through several halls and lobbies up the great staircase, along a corridor, through a suite of rooms, upon another lobby up a second staircase, into a great dreary passage, through half a dozen waste and desolate chambers, and so at last into a room which had a few pieces of furniture at one end of it, and a log of wood smouldering and smoking on the hearth.

In truth it was a melancholy place, haunted by dismal reverberations and a deathlike atmosphere—everywhere mildewed, faded, and half rotten with decay. It was a place where crimes might be committed, unrecorded and unsuspected—where screams would lose themselves in vacancy, and desolation and solitude would swallow up the ghastly evidences of outrage. Here was the fitting scenery for tales of preternatural terror or fiendish crime. Lucille felt her heart sink within her as she entered this vast and awful labyrinth. But she felt that, be her destiny what it might, she had herself no power to mend it. What resource was left to her? Necessity retained her amidst the menacing solitudes of this half-ruined mansion.

Blassemare left her to the care of the old crone, who, to judge from appearances, was hardly an improvement upon the ungracious attendant she had left at the Chateau des Anges. This hag had evidently the worst possible opinion of her guest, and took no pains to affect a respect which she was far from feeling. She contented herself with offering Lucille some supper, and this declined, showed her the bedroom that was prepared for her—a room of the same depressing vastness, and offering, in its shabby and niggard furniture, a contrast to its majestic dimensions.

Such as it was, however, it was welcome. Lucille was exhausted with the anxieties and agitations of the day, as well as with her late and rapid journey. Having examined the room with a fearful scrutiny, she succeeded in bolting one of the doors, and placed the only chair the room contained against the other; so that she might, at least, be warned by the noise, in the event of any persons forcing an entrance. She lay down without taking off her clothes, and leaving the candle unextinguished.

For a long time the excitement of her strange situation, and the alarms that environed her, chased sleep away, worn and exhausted as she was. After a while, however, fatigue began to confuse her thoughts with interposing visions. The dreary chamber faded from her view; her heavy eyelids closed; fantastic scenes and images chased one another through her wearied brain, and slumber stole gradually upon her, overpowering spirit and body with a sweet torpor.

[Pg 387]

From this profound sleep Lucille was disturbed by a peremptory knocking at the door of the room, which she had bolted. This was accompanied by violent and reiterated attempts to force it open. At first, these sounds had mingled with her dreams; but the noise of a struggle, the suppressed tones of a man's voice, speaking rapidly and fiercely, followed by one thrilling maniacal scream, which hurried away through the remote passages, until it either subsided, or was lost in distance, called her up from her slumbers, trembling with terror.

Sleep was effectually dispelled, and, overcome with the horror of her situation, she wept, and prayed, and watched through the remainder of the night. In the morning she heard the old woman arranging the next room, and soon the voice of Blassemare. Emboldened by the daylight, and confident that Blassemare, however insulting his designs, would at all events protect her from actual violence, she opened the door, and entered the outer chamber, looking so pale, haggard, and fear-stricken, that the *roué* himself felt a momentary emotion of compassion.

XV.—THE GRATED WINDOW.

"Monsieur de Blassemare," she said, abruptly, "I cannot remain here!"

"And why not, madame?"

"I have passed a night of terror."

"I should be happy to protect madame."

The significance of his tone, made her eyes flash and her cheeks tingle; but she controlled her indignation, and said—

"I last night heard the sounds of violence and agony at my very door—in this apartment. Who was the woman that screamed? What have they done?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Blassemare, with an odd smile.

"Yes, monsieur, who was she?" she persisted, her curiosity aroused by the pointed question of Blassemare.

"Well, madame, the person whom you heard scream at your door last night is Madame Le Prun, wife of the Fermier-General—the wealthy and benevolent owner of the Chateau des Anges, and your successful—*lover!*"

"Wife—*wife* of Monsieur Le Prun!" she faltered, nearly stupefied.

"Ay, madame, his wife."

"Then, thank God, he has no control over me. I am free!—that, at least, is a happiness."

"Nay, madame, you will not find it so easy to satisfy our tribunals—you seem to have forgotten the necessity of *proofs*. In the mean time, you are *de facto* the wife of Monsieur Le Prun, and he will exert, according to law, the rights and authority of a husband over you."

"Monsieur de Blassemare, for God's sake, help me—help me in this frightful extremity!"

"Madame, the fact is, I must be plain with you. If I mix myself further in this frightful affair, as you justly term it, I must lay my account with serious perils. Men do not run their heads into mischief for nothing; and, therefore, if I act as your champion, I must be accepted as your lover also."

"Oh, Monsieur de Blassemare, you cannot be serious!—you will not be so inhuman as to desert me!"

"By my faith, madame, the age of knight-errantry is over—nothing for nothing is the ruling principle of our own prosaic day. To be plain with you, I can't afford to quarrel with Le Prun for nothing; and, if you persist in refusing my services, I must only make it up with him as best I can; and of course you return to the Chateau des Anges."

"I can't believe you, Monsieur de Blassemare; I won't believe you. You are a gentleman—kind, honorable, humane."

"Gad!—so I am, madame; but I am no professed redresser of wrongs. I never interpose between husband and wife—or those who pass for such—without a sufficient motive. Now, Monsieur Le Prun believes I have gone down to his estate at Lyons, but he will have intelligence of your flight to-day, and he will learn, in a few days more, that *I* have also disappeared. The fact is, my complicity can't remain a secret long. You see, madame, I must take my course promptly. It altogether rests with you to decide what it shall be. But you are fatigued and excited: don't pronounce in too much haste. Consider your position, and I shall have the honor to present myself again in the course of the afternoon."

She did not attempt to detain him, or, indeed, to reply. Her thoughts were too distracted.

Lucille, alone once more, became a prey to the terror of another visit from the so-called Madame Le Prun, whose ill-omened approaches had inspired her with so much terror on the night preceding.

The chambers looked, if possible, more decayed and dilapidated by daylight than they had upon the preceding night. She went to the windows, but they afforded no more cheering prospect—looking out upon a dark courtyard, round which the vast hotel rose in sombre altitude—dreary, inauspicious, and colossal. The court was utterly deserted, and the gate leading from it into the fore-court was closed and barred. The Bastille itself would have been cheerful compared with this vast and fearful castle of solitude, or, as it might be, *worse*. The sense of absolute defencelessness added poignancy to her fears of a renewed visit from some ill-disposed denizen of the mansion; and her fears at last became so strong, that she ventured to leave the rooms where she had been established, intending to retreat to some part of the house where her presence might at all events be less certainly expected than where she was. Accordingly she was soon wending among all the intricacies and solemn grandeur of a huge and half-ruinous hotel. Descending, at last, a turret stair, she came to a small stone chamber, in which was a little grated window. Standing upon a block of stone, she looked through the strong bars of this little aperture, and perceived that it was but some six or seven feet above the pavè of a dark and narrow lane. She would have given worlds to escape from the prison in which she found herself, but the close, thick bars rendered all chance of making that a passage of escape wholly desperate.

[Pg 388]

As she looked wistfully through, a little ragged urchin came whistling carelessly along the lane, kicking a turnip before him.

She called the gamin: he was a shrewd monkey-faced fellow, with an insolent crafty eye.

"My good boy, here is a louis-d'or, as earnest of twenty more which I will give you, if you bring this safely to Monsieur le Marquis de Secqville, at the Hotel de Secqville, Rue St. Etienne, and conduct him hither."

"Hey, mademoiselle! it is a bargain. But how shall I know you again?—what is your name?"

"I am Madame Le Prun; but the marquis will tell you where I am to be found. See, here is the note!"

She had written a few lines upon a leaf of her tablet. She tore it off, directed it, and then threw it out to the boy, together with the promised coin. He ran away, chuckling and singing upon his errand, believing his fortune made, and in an instant was out of sight.

Let us now see how he fared.

As the demon of contrariety would have it, Monsieur Le Prun, almost insane with rage and spite, had, not five minutes before, dismounted at the Hotel de Secqville, to consult the marquis respecting the flight of Madame Le Prun. He had certainly chosen his advisers well. The marquis, as it happened, was out, and Le Prun, who, of course, had access under all circumstances to the interior of the hotel, established himself in the private apartment of De Secqville, awaiting his return.

While there, the servant brought in the pencil-note on which so much depended.

"It must be intended for monsieur," said the man presenting it upon his salver, "for the messenger says it comes from Madame Le Prun."

"Hey!—ha!—let us see! Ten thousand devils, what is this?"

He read—

"Relying upon your professions of devotion, I implore of you to deliver me from a prison as terrifying as that of which my husband was the jailer. The messenger, a little boy whom fortune has sent to me, will conduct you to this spot. I know not the name of the street, nor of the hotel. In the name of heaven lose not a moment!

"LUCILLE."

Monsieur Le Prun descended the stairs, and was in the street in a second.

"Well, garçon, here I am—I've got the note—conduct me to the place."

"Ha, ha! then you are—the marquis?"

"To be sure I am. Here, boy, take this, and lead on."

He gave him a piece of money, and, following his little guide, Le Prun, in less than half an hour, reached the spot from which he had started.

"Bon jour, madame. I hope you have recovered the fatigue of your night's journey. You see I lose no time in hastening to bid you welcome."

So cried Monsieur Le Prun, with a sardonic grin upon his pale face, as he bowed to the horror-stricken girl, who still occupied the little window, where she expected so different an image.

She fled from this spectre as if she had seen the Evil One incarnate. Flying wildly through the passages and chambers of the deserted house, she found herself on a sudden in an apartment furnished like an office, with shelves, desks, &c., and here Blassemare was sitting among a pile of papers. He started on seeing her, and she exclaimed:

"Monsieur Le Prun has seen me—he will be here in a moment."

"*Here!*—where is he?"

"He saw me in the window, and spoke to me with furious irony from the street. For God's sake, hide me. I feel that he will kill me."

"Hum!—so. Gad, he *will* be here in a moment. I must meet him boldly—I have nothing for it but impudence. A few fibs, and, if the worst should come, my sword. But don't be frightened, madame, he shan't hurt *you*."

Blassemare proceeded to the court, awaiting the advent of his incensed patron.

XVI.—THE WOMAN IN FLANNEL.

We must now, with the reader's leave, follow Gabriel to Paris, where he arrived fully three hours later than the fugitive cortège. He wandered for more than an hour among the streets, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the coach with the blue panels, and the golden cupids and dragons so curiously interlaced; but we need not say how vainly.

Worn out with fatigue, hungry and cold—for the nights were now very chill—and without a sou in his pocket, poor Gabriel, having wandered for some hours among the streets of this great city, now emptied of all but its crime and destitution, at last found shelter for the night in an empty cask, which had served probably as a dog-kennel in an open workyard into which he strayed. In this he made his bed with a few armfuls of shavings, and, spite of the cold, slept soundly till morning.

Had it not been for the charity of a poor woman, who gave him a piece of black bread, he might have starved. Refreshed, however, with this dainty, he prosecuted his rambles. Among other wonderful sights, he saw the splendid equipages of many of the nobility, drawn up in the street before the mansion of the minister, who was holding a levee. Fortune seemed to have directed his steps thither, for he saw a familiar face among the splendid throng who glided in and out at the great man's portals. This was no other than the Marquis de Secqville, who was passing to his carriage.

"Oh, pray, Monsieur Dubois, monsieur, don't you know me?"

So cried poor Gabriel in his eagerness, forcing himself to the front rank of the crowd.

"No, my good friend, no," answered the marquis, hesitating and surprised; "I do not recollect you."

"Don't you recollect the park of Charrebourg, monsieur, and the boy who sometimes carried your game, Gabriel, who was so frequently your attendant?"

"Hey! by my faith, so it is."

"Well, but monsieur, I want to consult you about a lady who, I fear, is in distress."

"Well, let us hear," continued the marquis, feeling in his pocket for his purse, and smiling.

"It is Mademoiselle Lucille—that is, I mean, Madame Le Prun. You have heard of her, perhaps?"

The marquis could not restrain a start at the name; but affecting haste, he desired one of his servants to give the boy a cloak, and directing him to roll himself up in it, and jump into the carriage, he followed him thither, amidst the wonder and gibes of the crowd, and in a few minutes they were at the Hotel de Secqville.

The marquis, having learned all that Gabriel had to disclose, was utterly at fault as to what steps it was prudent for him to take. It was just possible that the removal of the lady from the Chateau des Anges might be a measure of Monsieur Le Prun's. This seemed to him more than probable, and the hypothesis prevented his having recourse to the minister of police. He, however, lost not a moment in adopting such measures as the resources of his wealth enabled him to command. In the course of the afternoon he had nearly a score of paid agents, excellently qualified for the task, pushing their sagacious inquiries in every quarter.

He had promised to sup with some of the officers of his regiment, in the quartier de St. Thomas du Louvre, and he had there appointed his emissaries to meet him, having also directed Gabriel, whom he retained in his service, to call for him there, with a flambeau, at twelve o'clock.

Gabriel was destined to another adventure in executing these directions, simple as they were.

As he was on his way, he was suddenly set upon, in a deserted spot at the end of the Pont St. Michel, by four robbers. He brandished his flambeau, and shouted for help; but he was instantly disarmed, and a sword at his throat reduced him to silence. Disappointed of money, they proceeded to undress him with a running accompaniment of threats and curses, and in a trice had left poor Gabriel standing in his shirt, while they made good their retreat.

It was bitter cold, and, what made it worse still, rather windy; and after a few moments of hesitation, he began to retrace his steps towards the Hotel de Secqville at the top of his speed. As ill luck would have it, however, this course led him unconsciously upon the track of the four brethren of the road, who, convinced that he was dogging them, turned about, and, with awful menaces and drawn swords, recommenced the pursuit with the most murderous designs.

Of course Gabriel had nothing for it but his fleetness of limb. He ran as fast as he could toward the Quai des Augustins. At that moment a coach was passing at a furious speed, and thinking of nothing but his safety, he jumped nimbly up behind.

He had distanced the thieves, and the sound of pursuit was no longer heard. The wind often whirled his shirt, his only covering, over his head, and he could not control its vagaries, for both his hands were engaged in retaining his position; and, indeed, so numbing was the cold, hardly sufficed for the purpose. Could any thing more undignified or uncomfortable be imagined?

His teeth were chattering, his hands numb, his shirt sporting cruelly in the blast, yet, spite of his misery, he did not fail to observe, in the dull moonlight, that the carriage was blue, and decorated with gilded dragons and cupids in relief. It was, in short, he could have no doubt, the very carriage which had conveyed away Lucille. Forgetting his nakedness, and even his cold, in the astonishment of this discovery, he awaited, with the intensest interest, the conclusion of an adventure which promised to furnish him with a clue to the present habitation of the concealed lady.

The carriage continued to drive at a furious rate, and having passed the College des Quatre Nations, it took the line of the Pont Rouge (now perfectly deserted), in the middle of which it came to a full stop.

Two gentlemen descended; they looked up and down the bridge to ascertain that all was quiet. One of them came so close that the plumed fringe of his cocked hat almost touched Gabriel, who was cowering as close as possible to escape notice. His surprise at their stopping at a place where there was no house or dwelling of any sort was soon changed to horror, when he saw these gentlemen carry a corpse out of the carriage, which, by its long hair, he perceived to be that of a female, and project it over the battlements of the bridge into the river.

They then re-entered the carriage, which again turning toward the Louvre, retraced its way. Was that pale corpse, with its long tresses, the murdered body of the fair and beloved Lucille? Were her assassins unconsciously hurrying through the dark in company with him? Torture, despair, vengeance!

At the same mad pace this carriage drove through deserted streets, scarce encountering a human being—Gabriel still clinging to his position, and exciting many a strange surmise, as, half seen, he was whirled beside such stray passengers as were still abroad.

At length it turned abruptly—thundered through a narrow archway into a fore-court, and then through a second, into the dark quadrangle of the half ruinous and vast hotel, to which we conducted Lucille.

Gabriel jumped nimbly to the ground, and, unperceived, glided into the shadow of the archway, intending to escape through the outer gate, and spread the alarm of murder. This door was, however, already secured, and hearing steps, he glided along under the shadow until he reached the open door of a stable, and climbing to the loft, found some hay there, in which, nearly dead with cold, he buried himself.

Let us now follow Monsieur Le Prun, whom we left in a high state of malignant frenzy, approaching the entrance of the desolate building.

"Ha!—Blassemare," he said, with a livid smile, the meaning of which was obvious, in reply to that gentleman's fearless salutation, "you have made good speed from the south. How goes all at Lyons? Come, come, the particulars?"

"I have not been there at all; I altered my plans; not without just reason. I have removed Madame Le Prun here; the fact is, I had reason to suspect a design to escape. It was nearly ripe; the *eclat* of such a thing would have been scandalous. I disorganized the whole affair, and have placed her here under your own roof; I had to use stratagem for the purpose, but I succeeded; she is still safe—the plot has failed."

"More than one plot, perhaps, has failed, sir," said Le Prun, with a look of lowering scrutiny; "I have exploded one myself. Let me see Madame Le Prun."

"Do you wish to see her?"

"Certainly—conduct me to her at once."

Blassemare, with a malicious smile and shrug, exclaimed—

"Well, monsieur, you shall be obeyed; let us proceed to Madame Le Prun, by all means."

He led the way; they ascended a staircase, Le Prun growing gloomier and gloomier at every step.

Smothering his malicious laughter, Blassemare glided past him, and opening a door exclaimed—

"Madame, a gentleman desires the honor of an interview; Monsieur Le Prun attends you."

Le Prun entered; a step was heard in a recess opening from the room, and a form entered, before which he recoiled as from a malignant spectre.

"Is it *this* one or the other?" asked Blassemare, with much simplicity.

Le Prun did not hear him; he was astounded and overpowered in the presence of the phantom-like form that stood in its strange draperies of flannel at the other end of the chamber, eyeing him askance, with a look of more than mortal hate.

"It is not fair to disturb such a meeting; the domestic affections, eh? had best be indulged in private."

So saying, Blassemare abruptly withdrew, and shut the door sharply upon the pair.

Roused by the sound, Le Prun attempted to follow him, but his agitation prevented his being able to open the door, and he cursed Blassemare from the bottom of his soul, in the belief that he had bolted it.

"So, face to face at last," she said; "for years you have escaped me; for years your agents have persecuted and imprisoned me. I heard of your courtship—aye, and your marriage, and rejoiced at it, for I knew it could bring you nothing but grief; accursed monster, murderer of my sister, attempted murderer of myself, seducer and betrayer of the girl you call your wife."

"I say, she is my wife," stammered Le Prun, recovering his voice.

"No, miscreant! that she cannot be; well you know that *I* am your wife."

"It is a lie; I have that under your own hand; it is a lie, a lie."

"And do you fancy that, because intimidated by a murderer, I signed the paper you speak of, the document has lost its force, and I ceased to be your wife? No, no; adulterer and poisoner that you are, I retain the right to blast you; you shall yet taste retribution; you shall perish by a bloody end."

XVII.—CONCLUSION.

Blassemare read in Le Prun's countenance that there was an end of their connection. He was, however, a man of resource, and whatever the loss involved in the severance, he was not dismayed. He made up his mind to quarrel with *eclat*, and sitting himself down upon the window-

sill, laughed with a sardonic glee at the rencontre he had just brought about. In a little while, however, he began to wonder at its length, and after a while he was startled by Le Prun's voice calling him by name, and at the same time by a furious knocking at the door.

"Hey!—why don't you come here if you want me?" cried Blassemare.

"I can't—you *know* I can't—you have locked the door."

"I've *not*—try it," replied Blassemare, coolly.

In a moment more Le Prun entered, trembling like a man in an ague, his face livid and covered with a cold sweat.

"That, that accursed fiend, she has—the murderess—she attempted my life—upon my soul she did."

There was some blood upon his hand, and more upon his lace cravat.

"What do you mean?" said Blassemare, growing very pale. "Why, why, you have not, great God, you have not hurt the wretched woman?" and he grasped him by the collar with a hand that trembled with mingled fury and horror.

"It was *she*, I tell you—let me go—it was she—she that tried—by ---, she had a knife at my throat—I could not help it—I'm ruined—help me, Blassemare—for God's sake, help me—what—what is to be done?"

[Pg 391]

Blassemare gave him a look of contemptuous fury, turned from him, and entered the chamber.

Le Prun stood like one stupefied, stammering excuses and oaths, and trembling as if it were the day of judgment.

Blassemare reëntered, paler than before, and said—

"You cowardly, barbarous miscreant, you will answer for it here and hereafter."

"Blassemare, my friend—my dear friend—in the name of God, don't denounce me. You would not; no, you could not. I have been a good friend to you. For the love of God, help me, Blassemare—save me. You shall have half my fortune; I'll stick at no terms; I'll make you, by — the richest man in Paris. You shall have what you like—every thing, any thing—only help me in this accursed extremity."

For a long time, Blassemare met his abject and agonized entreaties with a stoical scorn; at last, however, he relented.

The body was removed that night; and it is well known to the readers of old French trials, how wonderfully Providence supplied by a chain of apparent accidents, an important witness in our friend Gabriel.

We left him buried in the hay of the stable-loft. We must pursue his adventure to its conclusion.

As soon as he had a little recovered the heat which was nearly extinguished, he got up, and finding an old piece of druggot, he wrapped it about him in the fashion of a cloak; and having looked in vain for any window opening upon the street, he climbed, by the aid of the joists, to an aperture in the half-rotten roof, and passing through it, crept like a cat along, until he reached the spout, down which, at the risk of his neck, he climbed. He was now safe in the public street. Picking up a sharp stone, he scratched some marks, such as he could easily recognize again, upon the gateway. He then knocked at a barber's shop, nearly opposite, where he saw a light, and asked the name of the street, and his route to the Hotel de Secqville.

The marquis had arrived before him; and his amazement at the strange attire of his retainer was changed to horror, when he learned the particulars of his adventure.

Not a moment was lost by De Secqville in applying to the police, and, with an officer and a party of archers, he proceeded at once to the Hotel St. Maurice—for such was the name of the nearly ruinous building we have described. There they arrested Monsieur Le Prun, who was just emerging from the gate as they arrived; as also Blassemare, whom they surprised in his room. No definite suspicion, beyond the conjectures of De Secqville, had as yet attached to either of these gentlemen; but some expressions which escaped Le Prun, upon his arrest, were of a character to excite the profoundest suspicions of his guilt.

Blassemare instantly tendered his evidence, and in the course of it was forced to make disclosures very little creditable to himself. The old woman, Gertrude Peltier, who resided in the house, and had attended upon Lucille, was also examined, and a servant named St. Jean, a sort of groom, who had been a long time in Le Prun's service, also deposed to some important facts. This evidence, collected and reduced to a narrative form, was to the following effect:—

It seemed that, about twenty-four years before, Le Prun had privately married an actress of the Théâtre —, named Emilie Guadin. They had lived together—not very happily—by reason, as was supposed, of her violent temper. Her sister, Marie Guadin, resided with them. After about four years it began to be rumored that Monsieur Le Prun was about to be married to the widow of an immensely rich merchant of Bourdeaux. The strict privacy and isolation in which his wife and her sister were compelled by him to live, prevented the rumor from reaching them, and the

circumstance of his existing marriage had been kept so strict a secret, that it was not suspected by any but the immediate parties to the ceremony.

Monsieur Le Prun, about this time, visited the country-seat where he had placed his wife and sister-in-law. He affected an unusual kindness towards the former; but he had not been there a week, when she became ill. A physician was called in, and appeared perplexed by the nature of her disease, which, notwithstanding his treatment, seemed to be rapidly gaining ground. As matters were in this state, one night Le Prun entered his wife's bedroom; her sister Marie was sitting at the further side of the bed, in the shadow of the curtains, which, as well as the unusual hour, prevented Le Prun's suspecting her presence. He looked stealthily round the room. His wife was sleeping, and with her face away from him, and a draught ordered by the physician was upon the table waiting her awaking.

From a small vial he dropped some fluid into this, and was about to replace it, when Marie, nerved with terror, glided swiftly to his side, snatched the vial from his hand, and cried, in a thrilling voice—

"Emilie, awake! he is poisoning you!"

The sleeping girl started up, and at the same moment the vial, which in her horror Marie had flung from her hand, fell beside her, on the pillow. Le Prun was first confounded and speechless—then furious. He broke the glass that contained the medicine, and pursuing the girl to the further end of the room, seemed on the point of wreaking his fury upon her. He restrained himself, however, and having demanded the vial repeatedly in vain, went to his own room. The next day the physician did not attend, and in the dead of night the house was entered by thieves, some valuables were stolen, and Mademoiselle Marie Guadin was found murdered in her bed in the morning.

The occurrence made a great *eclat*, and suspicions, from the taint of which he had never quite recovered, began to environ Monsieur Le Prun. His unhappy wife was now put under the severest restraint—from which, and, as was supposed, the partial effects of the poison, she became subject to temporary fits of insanity. By sheer terror, Le Prun extorted from her a written declaration, to the effect that she lived with him merely as his mistress, and that no marriage ceremony, or any contract of marriage, had ever been performed between them. It was about three months after these terrible occurrences that she gave birth to a male child. This child, it appeared, was removed after a few weeks from its mother, and placed in the care of a poor woman in the village of Charrebourg, where, under the name of Gabriel, he, as we know, lived unrecognized, and himself unsuspecting his origin.

[Pg 392]

His mother had been a heartless, as she was a vicious and a miserable woman. Instead of the yearnings of maternal love, she regarded her innocent child merely as the offspring of that monster, whom she execrated and feared with a preternatural hate. If she looked upon him with any feeling more lively than that of indifference, it was with one of positive malice and antipathy.

Among his other employments of a delicate kind, Blassemare had charge of all arrangements affecting this person, of whom, for every reason, Le Prun hated even to hear. He paid, therefore, whatever was demanded on this account, with the sole proviso that her name should never be mentioned. On her removal, about a year since, from the country-house where she had been for so long a scarcely unwilling prisoner, to the vast and melancholy Hotel St. Maurice, which had lately fallen into the hands of M. Le Prun, an accident to the carriage obliged them to arrest their progress for an hour at the village of Charrebourg. She was brought into the park meanwhile, and there met with Gabriel, and subsequently, as the reader may recollect, with Lucille. Her she had armed with the hateful relic of her husband's uncompleted crime, conscious that its exhibition would sow between her and Le Prun suspicion, fear, and enmity enough to embitter their lives. She had at first intended declaring all the truth, but feared the explosion of Le Prun's fury, and doubted, too, whether the girl would believe her. The rest the reader knows.

As there was no reason to doubt Blassemare's statement, and no actual suspicion attached to him, he was merely examined as witness.

Le Prun is, we need scarcely remind the student of old French criminal cases, a celebrated name in the annals of guilt. Suspicion, by a strange coincidence, fell upon the servant whom we have mentioned, and this man having been, according to the atrocious practice of the civil law, put to the torture confessed his having, at the instigation of Le Prun, murdered the unfortunate Marie Guadin, so contriving as to make it appear that the house had been entered and plundered by thieves.

A full confession, after condemnation, was extorted by the question, that dreadful ordeal, from Le Prun, who ultimately suffered the extreme penalty of the law, as every body knows, upon the Place de Greve.

That portion of Le Prun's immense property which was not appropriated by the crown, went, of course, to Gabriel, the peasant boy of Charrebourg. He purchased an estate near it, and was ultimately ennobled. His grandson, the Count de St. M——, distinguished himself in the Austrian service, and after the Restoration, obtained a distinguished position in the court of Louis XVIII.

The king remitted a large portion of the line in favor of Julie and of Lucille. As, however, some grave suspicions were entertained by the advisers of his majesty both as to Lucille's avowed, and, as we know, *real* ignorance of the existence of Le Prun's first wife when she consented to marry

him, and also as to her subsequent conduct in relation to De Secqville, the remission in her favor was coupled with a condition that she should take the veil. This was in effect a command; and Lucille entered a convent with a cheerful acquiescence in this condition which astonished all who knew the facts of her story.

Julie, of course, on learning the pre-engagement of De Secqville's affections, and being relieved from the influence which had hitherto held her to her involuntary engagement, demanded her freedom, and De Secqville, as may be supposed, offered no vexatious resistance to her request.

Julie, indeed, had never loved him, and consequently had little difficulty in forgiving Lucille her treason. Inspired by the example of her companion, she proved the sincerity of those professions which so few had believed in, by taking the veil on the same day with Lucille.

The astounding and mysterious adventure which, under these melancholy circumstances, closed the hazardous romance of Lucille's existence, would form in itself a story, too long, however, to be told in a single page.

BARRY CORNWALL'S LAST SONG.

Mr. Proctor does not write very often now-a-days, but he has contributed several songs lately to the *Ladies' Companion*, which remind us of his best performances. Here is one:—

Sit near! sit near! I kiss thy lips,
Ripe, richer than the crimson cherry.
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse?
Tell me, and bid my soul be merry.

My light is dim, my fortune fled;
I've nothing save the love I bear thee.
Give back *thy* love, or I am dead;—
A word—a look—whilst I can hear thee.

Sit nearer! near! I kiss thine eyes;
There,—where the white lids part asunder.
I love thee—dost thou hear my sighs?
Love thee beyond the world, thou wonder!

My life is spent. I've nothing left
To tender now, save love's soft duty;
Yet, gaze I,—of all else bereft,—
And feed till death upon thy beauty.

[Pg 393]

From the London Keepsake

ANIMA MUNDI.

BY RICHARD MONCTON MILNES.

"Anima Mundi"—of thyself existing,
Without diversity or change to fear,
Say, has this life to which we cling persisting,
Part in communion with thy steadfast sphere?
Does thy serene eternity sublime
Embrace the slaves of Circumstance and Time?

Could we remain continually content
To heap fresh pleasure on the coming day,
Could we rest happy in the sole intent
To make the hours more graceful or more gay,
Then must the essence of our nature be
That of the beasts that perish, not of Thee.

But if we mourn, not because time is fleeting,
Not because life is short and some die young,
But because parting ever follows meeting;
And, while our hearts with constant loss are wrung,
Our minds are tossed in doubt from sea to sea,
Then may we claim community with thee.

We cannot live by instincts—forced to let

To-morrow's wave obliterate our to-day—
See faces only once—read and forget—
Behold Truth's rays prismatically play
About our mortal eye and never shine
In one white daylight, simple and divine.

We would erect some thought the world above,
And dwell in it for ever—we make
Some moment of young Friendship or First-love
Into a dream, from which we would not wake;
We would contrast our action with repose,
Like the deep stream that widens as it flows.

We would be somewise as Thou art,
Not sprig, and bud, and flower, and fade and fall;
Not fix our intellects on some scant part
Of Nature, but enjoy or feel it all.
We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows—to understand the Whole.

If such things are within us—God is good—
And flight is destined for the callow wing,
And the high appetite implies the food,
And souls must reach the level whence they spring;
O Life of very Life! set free our Powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou! to whom old Philosophy bent low,
To the wise few mysteriously revealed;
Thou! whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field;
Once an Idea—new Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the human Heart! Descend! Descend!

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE GHETTO OF ROME.

The Church of Rome has never been famed for her tolerance; her energy and indomitable will have been too frequently manifested by the stern behests of imperious authority. The sovereign pontiffs, with their claims of infallibility, have left the Pagan far behind in the ardor of persecution and the more than imperial character of their governments. Julian published edicts of universal toleration; from time to time he assumed the garb of each different sect, and claimed affinity with the gods of each conquered race. At one moment the zealous supporter of Christianity, then the ablest advocate of the Platonic philosophy: at another, initiated into all the arcana of the Theurgic science and the Eleusinian mysteries, terminating his checkered religious career by that great edict of universal toleration which astonished the whole Roman world, when all classes of all religions, Pagan and Christian, received alike an express command to open the portals of their temples. Paganism could afford to be tolerant, not so Christianity. One god, more or less, in the Heathen Pantheon makes very little difference, but the worship of the Christian Church is one and exclusive. The very ardor of its belief renders it essentially intolerant. How is it possible to be indulgent to error, when we are firmly persuaded that such error must lead to eternal condemnation? But whatever apology may be made for intolerance by those who do not suffer from its severities, it will not be approved of by the thousands who find themselves deprived of their most prized social rights for the sake of their faith. None suffer more from this Christian spirit than the favored and exclusive race in Rome. While other nations have been constantly relieving the Jews from the pains and penalties which have been attached to their absence of faith, the Church of Rome has stood over them stern, proud, and uncompromising. To be a Jew in the Holy City, is at once to be deprived of half the social privileges of citizenship. Among other grievances under which they suffer, they are confined to a small district of the town called the Ghetto, where formerly the gates were locked from sunset to sunrise, during which period no one was permitted to pass out; on the slightest pretences they used to be persecuted for any the least expression of irritation into which they may have been betrayed: the poor people bear impressed on their countenances the downcast dogged look of persecution. Confined to such a small space, they have crowded their houses together until, in some of the streets, or rather lanes, it is easy to step across from one roof to another. The dark eye, the luxurious black hair, and a sensual expression produced by a fulness of the lower lip are the characteristics of the women. Long, dirty, scanty beards—thin, lank, gray hair—frames which have grown decrepit through long persecution—eyes piercing and crafty—sickly, wrinkled features, are the characteristics of the men. Although, as I have remarked, the gates and the pales of the Ghetto are now removed, a stranger can easily tell when he enters what Catholic Rome considers its tainted circle, by the miserable, poverty-stricken appearance of the whole district. The people

crowd around him, losing all sense of manly dignity or mental degradation in the anxiety for gain. Skinny shrivelled hands touch his clothes in the hope of arresting his progress; worn-out tawdry finery is thrust before him, in the hope of tempting him to purchase. No shop, or rather store, is devoted to any particular object of gain. Butter, dates, olives, broken and pawned articles, are mixed up in the most absurd confusion. With brocaded coats, valuable lace, and Eastern silks, Jewish trade resembles the Jewish character and the Jewish faith,—much that is low, mean, and sordid, combined with some elements of the beautiful, the prized, and the good.

And yet this strange, fantastic, rococo district, if beyond the pale of Christianity, is far from being without the pale of fashion. Ladies, exhibiting the height of Parisian fashions, with dainty footsteps and soft movement, may be seen of an afternoon endeavoring to thread their way through the greasy throng, which jostle, elbow, and abuse each other in these narrow lanes. The cunning Israelites must have scouts to tell them whenever any particular connoisseur is approaching; for, strange enough, the article which each is in search of is precisely that which is displayed in all the shops. If the lady come to purchase lace, the most valuable specimens of the *pointe du roi* are forced upon her; if she require silks, by the strangest magnetism the finest dyes and richest fabrics are unrolled as she draws near. From the constant and invaluable habit of concealing their own impressions, the Jews appear to be better enabled to read the sensations of others. They know, almost to a nicety, the extent of their customers' means and intentions. Go disguised as you choose, they will discover you. The Jewish origin, grafted on the Roman craft, has produced a progeny which would astonish the adroitness of our own peculiar tribe of Levis and Fagans.

[Pg 394]

I had, on two or three different occasions, visited the Ghetto in search of old lace, and on each occasion had turned to admire perhaps one of the most beautiful faces which could at that time have been found in Rome. It was that of a young Jewish girl, who was always sitting at the same corner of the street at the entrance of the Ghetto, where she kept a fruit-stall.

Hers was one of those faces in which the features, from their strongly marked development, become at once impressed upon the memory. She was tall, of a commanding appearance, her cheek was very pale, but lit up by the blackest eyes. She wore a thick Indian-striped handkerchief, tied cunningly round her head; and a large pair of massive gold ear-rings, which fell almost to her neck. Even if plain, she would have been most remarkable, from the perfect indifference which she evinced as to whether she sold her goods or not. While all the rest of her tribe were fawning, cringing, flattering, and importuning, she sat there like a statue, but a statue of a most perfect order. Nor was this indifference and apathy of her manner thrown away on the purchasers who crowded towards the Ghetto. It stood her in better stead than the most manifest anxiety could have done; it placed her apart from that detestable crowd. I observed many persons stop and make purchases of her on whom all importunity would have been thrown away. There was not one of the buyers who did not look back with hurried gaze at that pale and glorious face, which did not even glow with the least tinge of animation at the admiration which she excited. She sold her stock in trade, changed her money, with the same entire absence of interest in her occupation. Carriages turning the corner suddenly where her fruit-stall was placed, sometimes almost grazed it and overthrew all its contents; but even this circumstance did not appear to awaken any interest in her mind; she only stooped down to pick up one or two of the peaches which had been shaken off by the jar, quietly moved her stall a little nearer the wall, and then folded her arms again in the same contemptuous manner.

Strange, indeed, but it ever is so; the world cares most for those who appear to treat it with contempt and to be indifferent to its petty interests. Be a slave to the world, and it will impose the heaviest burdens upon you; it will be the hardest of all taskmasters; but, on the other hand, drive it before you, and it will obey almost every impulse of the determined. In this country, where individualism and idiosyncrasy are now so rare, the very deference which the whole of constituted society pays to the requirements of the majority, only renders the exceptional case more rare and prized. We unconsciously admire those who, instead of seeking to be guided by the opinions of others, endeavor to direct them, and who, forming their own standard of judgment, keep themselves aloof from all fluctuations of indecision and weakness.

I had been commissioned to purchase two founces of the handsomest lace, and had made two unsuccessful expeditions to the Ghetto in search of it, ransacking all the shops and listening to an immeasurable amount of falsehood; but as I was soon to leave Rome, I did not wish to do so with my commission unfulfilled, and resolved to make another search: besides, that beautiful pale statuette deeply interested me, without ever having addressed a single word to her. I felt well assured that her mind must be one of no ordinary stamp. One day I stopped near her for some time, without attracting her observation, and then it was that I so greatly admired and marvelled at the total absence of the two qualifications for which her nation are remarkable—cunning and obtrusiveness.

I reached the stall, and turned after I had passed it a little way to take a passing glance at her. To my astonishment, and almost sorrow, I observed that her cheeks, and even her figure, had lost their admirable fulness: there was a strange and wild expression in her eye. I turned back involuntarily and stood for a moment opposite her stall. She beckoned me towards her.

"I know what you want," she said, with a rapid utterance, as if anxious to get rid of the subject; "you want to purchase some lace. I have a piece which I am sure will suit you, and you shall have it very cheap. It belonged to—." Here she hesitated, looked down, and, as I fixed my eye on her countenance for the first time, the blood rose to the very temples, and she appeared lovely. "No

matter who it belonged to; some great man, of course; but I have the lace, that is sufficient for you to know. Tell me what sum you are willing to give, and then I shall know whether mine is too expensive."

I named the amount which I was desired to lay out for the finest quality of old lace. It was, I knew, a small sum for such an object, unless in the case of some fortunate hit; but to my surprise she told me that her piece of lace was much within that mark; and then I began to imagine that it must be of inferior quality, but she assured me of the contrary.

[Pg 395]

She commissioned a boy to keep her stall for her for a few minutes, and then walked on at a rapid pace, desiring me to follow her.

It was not until she rose from her seat that I had an opportunity of observing the beautiful symmetry of her figure. Her footstep was firm, like that of one who possesses a strong will. To have seen her as she swept along the streets, you would have imagined that she was on a mission, in which high resolve and great self-sacrifices were required, so compressed was the lip and haughty the glance,—

Moving through the throng,
Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

No one would have imagined that it was the question of the sale of a piece of lace as she passed down the streets, with the folds of her dress almost sweeping the ground; while, with a scarf of beautiful texture fastened round her waist, she resembled one of those maidens of the sun which we see in Egyptian frescoes.

"Let me pass, Emmanuel," she said to a broken-backed, stunted broker, who was hanging some filthy rags on a string which stretched across a narrow lane.

"Pass! so you shall, my love, my own bright eyes: but you shall give me a kiss first," said the cadaverous-looking wretch; and he put his thin, bleared, and hairy lips near her face; but in the act he turned his head half round, and, for the first time, he saw me.

"Oh, I ask your pardon, Rachel!" he said; "the Christian, of course, before one of our own tribe. I know you well, my darling, you never deceived me in your brightest days. You are a great lady; but, after all, we are both more or less in the same line. I sell old clothes, you sell old kisses; the difference is, that I cannot get rid of my wares as fast as you can of your kisses."

Suddenly she turned round in all her beauty; flushed with indignation and trembling with anger, contempt, bitterness, and hatred, could not have been more gloriously expressed. The sallow, sickly, hollow-eyed impertinent was looking up at her face when, with one push, she hurled him over a heap of rubbish, which in the centre of the street supplied the place of a gutter; and shouts of laughter saluted him as he slunk, downcast and defeated, back into his shop.

When I looked at him, I observed that his eyes, which before had only expressed lust and sordid avarice, now gleamed wildly with a look of intense and bitter hatred.

There are none whom we are so disposed to punish as the mean and sordid, and yet there are none whom it is more dangerous to offend; they feel, with tenfold virulence, the disgust which they engender; they go about bearing with them a curse, which they are ever ready to transfer to any who offend them. No man is ignorant of his possessing the lower qualities; and no one, not even he who suffers from their action, can so intensely hate and despise them as their possessor. They are the chains on the galley-slaves, which clank at every step, but which they cannot shake off, allowing them only that amount of liberty of action which incessantly recalls their restraint.

My guide turned sharp round to the left, and the next moment we were at the foot of the broken stair. Two or three dogs, which as usual had taken possession of the small space allotted for the passage to the primo piano, rushed, with frantic yells, down stairs. It could scarcely be properly called a house; it was rather a collection of planks nailed together, supporting the most rickety description of roof. It was quite wonderful how the whole fabric held together at all; for between the chinks of the rotten and creaking floor we could look into the shop below, where, amid immense piles of bales and casks, children were riotously playing.

There was a curious expression of doubt and uneasiness in Rachel's countenance, when, with some slight degree of impatience, I begged her to be quick and show me the lace. She looked carefully round the room, as though fearful of being observed. At last, after some hesitation, she ransacked an old drawer, and drew forth the lace from beneath a heap of rags and rubbish.

It was certainly the most magnificent specimen of old lace which I had seen in Italy. A large and deep flounce of the *pointe du roi*; that lace which was made solely for the Grand Monarque, and subsequently sold at immense prices, a great portion of it coming into the possession of the cardinals. It was in a most perfect state, and the only thing that surprised me in the transaction was the excessively low price which she asked for it: but, of course, it was not my business to tell her the real value of her own property; so I eagerly wrote a check on Torlonia, and requested her to pack it up.

My attention had latterly been so absorbed by the beauty of the fabric, that it was not until I placed the check in her hand I observed how she trembled. She endeavored, when she saw me observing her, to conceal her agitation, but it soon defied even her dissimulation. She leant against a small chest of drawers, and had barely strength enough to point to a cup, which was

half full of spirits, which I handed to her. She drank it off with the energy of apparent despair, and then it was that she commenced to revive slowly; but her forehead was still damp from agitation, and her lips were as pale and colorless as her cheeks.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Are you ill, Rachel?"

She clutched hold of my arm mechanically.

"Do not show the lace," she exclaimed, "to any one in Rome; at least promise me solemnly that you will not allow a single person to know from whom you purchased it."

[Pg 396]

"Just as you like," I answered, "but you ought, on the contrary, to be very proud of having such a beautiful piece in your possession. I should have thought that you would have wished me to tell every one of my friends, so as to extend the reputation of your shop; but, of course, I will do as you like, and lock it up until I leave Rome."

She seemed greatly relieved by this assurance; it must have restored or confirmed her confidence in me, for after a long pause she said,—

"I will tell you the truth, for you are a friend. You saw that man," she continued; "that miserable wretch, Emmanuel? Well, although I treated him in so bold and harsh a manner, I must tell you that I am at heart bitterly afraid of him. He is at once a coward to the strong, and a tyrant to the weak; one of those despicable characters which get our nation unjustly aspersed. He really does possess all those vices and meannesses which are attributed to many who are as noble, true, and good as you of the Christian race. You will consider me as unmerciful as my faith, from the manner in which I speak of this abandoned villain; but the truth is, that I am in the power of a guardian, who, if he knew that I had this money, would be the first to take it from me; and Emmanuel, who finds every thing out, will be certain to inform him. You saw the look he gave when I pushed the foul creature from me. I know that he is only waiting his opportunity to be revenged upon me. He had the insolence to ask me to marry him two years since; and upon my refusing to accept him, he swore that his hatred should some day or another find me out; so I quite tremble when I see him, however bold I may pretend to be. But, oh, my heart! Hush! he is standing there below."

She knelt down on the floor, and touched me gently to make me draw back so as not to be seen by him; but it was too late, he had caught a glimpse of her through the crevices of the floor. He did not attempt to come up the stair, but he stood at the foot of it, heaping upon her the coarsest and most brutal expressions. For a moment, all the fear that had shortly before marked her countenance had given way to the most intense hatred. It flashed from her eyes and dilated her nostrils. My first impulse was to rush forward and turn the man out of the shop; but the girl saw the movement, and placed her hand on my arm with a significant look. The color had left her cheeks, and she was again pale as star-light.

We waited there some minutes, when Emmanuel, after muttering sundry curses, withdrew. We looked at him as he passed down the lane, with his hands clenched and the muscles of his countenance trembling with excitement. We heard him, as he passed by, telling every one of his friends that Rachel was shut up in the room with a Christian. Some treated the information with indifference, others only called him jealous; but sundry boys crowded round the door, waiting for my departure.

I took the lace and left the shop with her. The children in the street, excited by that rascal, made use of some insulting expressions towards her; but ran away whenever I made an attempt to approach them. I could, however, see that the poor girl was, if not alarmed, very unhappy; for, now that Emmanuel was no longer present, the tears ran down her cheeks. I took her hand kindly and parted from her, but not without a vague and uncomfortable feeling of doubt and mistrust.

"Ah, me!" I thought, when alone, "is this the freedom, the liberty, the charity which suffereth long, the consideration for others, which the gospel teaches? It is well for the great poet to write of the freedom of the Roman citizen:—

But Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace and war, thine own majestic sway.
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free:
These are imperial acts, and worthy thee.

The fettered slave is set free, but the citizen is enthralled; not because he now proclaims another king than Cæsar, but simply because the tenets of his faith are not precisely the same as our own. And this beautiful girl, brought up in that worst of suffering—mental suffering—keenly feeling the persecution to which her race is exposed, however, she could bear children who would, in those moments of tribulation to which Imperial Rome of all empires is most subject, stand forth to defend her walls!"

I went away, however, well pleased with my purchase. Notwithstanding my promise to the contrary, I could not avoid showing it to one or two particular friends. Even in so slight a matter it is very easy to find food for vanity. It gratified me to have purchased it so cheaply. When it was pronounced quite beautiful, I accepted the expression as an indirect tribute to my judgment, taste, and ability. It was, of course, not the lace that I cared for, although most anxious to gratify her who had charged me with the commission. What, to judge myself truly, I delighted in, was the

circumstance of my having gained a victory over those who possess hereditary claims for depth and cunning.

Ah, it does not do to cast the lead too frequently into the depths of the heart in search of motives.

I was at dinner the same day when a card was sent in to me; it had the name of M. Narelli, the head of the police, printed upon it. I was at a loss to imagine what business he could have with me; but as my servant told me that it was a matter of the last moment, with some misgivings I desired that he might be shown in. The moment he appeared, I could detect at one glance that he was a man of official eminence, and also of great ability. The eye always catches the resolution or indecision of the mind. To judge from his expression, he must have been a man of the coolest courage and most determined character. His manner was deferential, without being obsequious; his voice, clear, sonorous, and distinct, rang on the ear like a well-toned bell.

[Pg 397]

He commenced by apologizing for the intrusion, and then at once asked me whether it was true that I had that morning purchased some lace of a young Jewish girl in the Ghetto.

No sooner had he uttered the word lace, than the whole tragedy burst upon me. I remembered Rachel's hesitation, her fears, her tremblings, and excitement: all was explained. For one moment I felt tempted to deny the whole transaction, and to refuse to show the lace: a second consideration, however, proved to me that it would be at once absurd and unjustifiable: but that moment showed me the poor girl, pale, broken-hearted, and trembling under the weight of a terrible accusation. I bitterly lamented the innocent part which I had taken in this transaction, and regretted that I had ever visited the Ghetto in search of lace. I thought of her as I first saw her standing at the fruit-stall, with that haughty, contemptuous glance, that resolute and open countenance; and it was bitter to picture her sinking in jail, in such a prison as Italy boasts of in these enlightened days: but there was not much time for reflection and consideration. M. Narelli, who saw that I was hesitating, told me at once that the whole truth was known, and that he must require the piece of lace to be given over to him; he then suggested that it would be a kindness to the woman herself if I would accompany him at once to St. Angelo, to be confronted with her.

As we drove rapidly down the streets, he told me that the lace had been stolen some months since from one of the cardinals. The police had suspected for a long time that it was concealed somewhere in the Ghetto; but in consequence of the hostile feeling which had been apparent there for many months, they did not like to commence an official search in that district without sufficient evidence; this evidence had been obtained that very day through one of those ill-conditioned, ill-omened spies, who are to be found connected with the police of every country. From the description which he gave of the man, I could not for a moment doubt that it was Emmanuel. He told me very frankly the precise hour at which the informer came to him, and I found that it was soon after I had left the shop.

There was a slight stoppage caused by the carriages which were driving up to the Teatro d'Apollion, the present Opera. People looked curiously into ours, which was well-known as that of the chief of the police. How wonderful are the circles into which the interests of society are divided; how many currents are eddying and bubbling in their course before the mighty river of human existence is formed; each stream so perfect in itself, so separate from every other, yet ever flowing towards the same wide fathomless sea. Of the gay and the happy whom I passed, how few cared for this poor girl, or how few would have cared had they even heard the tale! I felt myself almost criminal from the circumstance of having been the cause of this misery to another. My whole thoughts were fixed on this one object. Before the fulness of my imagination the prison-walls disappeared, and I saw nothing but the cells, and listened to the voices of the many to whom the voice of the comforter is never heard. We were passing over the yellow Tiber, but I heeded not its associations, either with history or with my early schoolboy days, their studies and their struggles. When the mind is full of one object, all others become invisible, even to the senses. The light of the mind is greater than the light of the body.

We arrived at last at the gates of St. Angelo, the tomb of the dead Pagan and of the living Christian. After certain stern, painful formalities were gone through, in the most matter-of-fact way, between my companion and the commander of the strong post which was on guard, we entered the mighty precincts, and the gates closed behind us. I had then time to marvel at the massiveness of the structure—the immense blocks of stone, so typical of the colossal empire under which it was constructed. Passing through a long series of narrow passages, gloomy and sad, impervious to all sound, save that of low sighs and groans from dungeons below and around us, we arrived at an open space in the centre, above which the winged angel is poised in the act of sheathing his sword. The moon shone around it, and the expanded wings, edged with a silvery light, seemed almost to move in the light breeze: there were guards on the battlements, who marched with solemn, measured tread; and high above all floated the Pontifical banner, with the keys of St. Peter in its huge folds flapping in the breeze,—the emblem of sovereignty, spiritual and temporal. No one can judge of the immense extent of St. Angelo from the interior. The ashes of the great Emperor, how small a space could they have occupied in that vast circumference—the tomb of the one day, the citadel of the morrow—the grave of the Pagan, the fortress of Christianity! During the recent revolution at Rome the people broke down the viaduct which connects it with the Vatican, and the ruined wall still remains;—we may hope, as a good omen, to show that the palace and the prison are no longer closely connected together, and that safety does not depend on the battlements and armaments of that stern old tower of other days, which stands surrounded with the memorials and memories of imperial Rome.

In one of the darkest of these cells the poor girl had been thrown.

When the door was opened gently, we saw what seemed to be a heap of clothes piled together in one corner; but the light from a small lamp suspended from the ceiling was so weak that it was quite impossible to distinguish any object distinctly. The cell, as far as I could judge from a hasty glance, resembled those abodes of misery which have been so frequently described, and which it would require the energies of ten Howards to improve. There was a disagreeable, close, damp smell; the pavement of the floor was sadly out of repair; there was a bracket placed against the wall, with a few necessary articles of furniture for ordinary use; but when my eyes became more accustomed to the light, I discovered that what had appeared a mere heap of clothes was the poor girl, almost rolled up in the corner. For some moments she continued to lie there, apparently quite insensible; but at last, with a sharp cry, she raised her head suddenly, and then I could not mistake the beautiful countenance that had so struck me on that morning. But, sad to say, even these few hours had made great ravages: sorrow, anxiety, and misery are the most zealous accessories of age. She really looked years older: this might have been partly the effect of the lurid, flickering light, and the disorder of her dress; but sure I am that no one could have recognized the haughty, dignified, imposing woman, who but a few hours since had swept almost contemptuously through the streets.

"You are come to accuse me," she exclaimed, falling with both her hands on the pavement, and striking it with violence; "now you come to accuse me. It is like a Christian," she continued, with increased bitterness in her voice and vehemence in her action. And then she sobbed violently, and looked into my face with a piteous expression.

The police prevented the necessity of my reply, for one of the men seized her at once by the arm, and dragged her up rudely, desiring her to stand. And she did stand there—a picture of utter prostration, mental and physical, to have melted any heart, save the stony, arid ones of those men who were with me. Stand alone she could not, but she leaned against the wall, and her head fell on her shoulder, her fingers were intertwined together, and she moved them about with a kind of galvanic agitation. All the anger and impetuosity of her character had passed away: she was no longer the ideal of ruined greatness, but the simple, broken-hearted woman. Violence in a woman is at all times so painful to witness, even in moments of extreme sorrow, that it rather offends than interests.

"You know this woman?" said the abrupt, uncouth examiner, in a voice which echoed to the vaulted roof.

I scarcely dared look at her; but I felt that those large black eyes were fixed supplicatingly upon me, and I, too, trembled.

The question was repeated in the same harsh manner, and this time I nodded in the affirmative.

"She sold you this piece of lace?" was the next question.

He took the lace of exquisite texture, and unrolled it so roughly that it tore in his hand. M. Narelli had left us for some minutes, or this miserable subordinate would not have dared to behave in so rude a manner; but I scarcely thought it worth while to notice it,—or rather, I scarcely did notice it at the time, my attention was so absorbed by the poor girl, whose happiness, whose every prospect, depended on my evidence.

I could not but repeat the affirmation; but how strange a thing is justice, that it is sometimes difficult to reconcile it to humanity, generosity, and all the nobler qualities of the heart! At the moment that I was telling the truth my heart, and almost my conscience, reproached me; it was impossible for me to deny the fact; even had it been possible by a denial to have destroyed all the links of evidence, could I so violate every received principle? But, nevertheless, however irreconcilable with honor, dignity, and religion such a course would have been, the features of that poor girl have frequently since appeared to me wearing such a reproachful glance, that I have seemed to stand before her abashed and self-convicted.

"And this piece of lace you stole?" continued the inquisitor, turning sharply to Rachel,—a style of examination which would scarcely be understood in England.

She made no reply, but looked at him with a calm, steady glance. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"I ask you but one favor," she said, speaking to M. Narelli, who had just returned. "Order these men away, and leave me alone for ten minutes with this gentleman: if you mistrust me, you will, at least, have confidence in an English gentleman. Besides, what chance is there of my escaping from this place?" And she cast a melancholy glance around the cell. "You can watch at the door, if you choose," she continued, with additional animation; "do this, and I will give him some most important information; if you remain, I will tell nothing at all."

The men whispered together, and appeared to hesitate about granting her request. I looked on in great anxiety. I was most desirous of being of some use to the poor girl, more especially as I felt myself to have been the innocent, but still the original cause, of all her sufferings.

"Do this," she continued, with a heightened tone,— "do this, and I will tell you much more: I will put you upon the track of a man who has stolen countless wealth—who has done worse than steal, who has stained his hands with blood. You know Flavio. Well, I know him also; and at the present moment I can tell you where he is to be found. Do you believe me now?"

Flavio had been well known some two years previously as one of those bandits who was the terror of a whole province. He was accused of several daring crimes, and a few months before these events a person had been murdered in one of the narrow streets which skirt the city, and the strongest circumstantial evidence pointed him out as the criminal. Since then the police had been vigorously on the alert to discover his hiding-place, but all their efforts up to this period had been fruitless. I had often heard him spoken of, more especially in connection with the republican movement then in progress in Italy; but I was quite at a loss to imagine what connection could have subsisted between this man and Rachel, or where she had had the opportunity of seeing him.

The men left the cell, M. Narelli whispering me to curtail the interview as much as possible, as they were anxious to terminate the first inquiry. So soon as the door was closed, she threw herself at my feet, took from her bosom a small packet, which I opened, and there I saw the picture of a fair child—she might have been seven years of age; and packed up with the picture was a lock of hair, and an address.

"As you are the cause of my misery," she said, "be also the source of my happiness, even in this infliction. Give this to my child at the inclosed address, and tell her to love me."

"Your child!" I exclaimed, with astonishment.

"My child, and by a man who you heard me mention so recently—Flavio!"

"And Flavio?" I said.

"I shall denounce him," she exclaimed,—"denounce him, as the one great duty which I owe to society, as an atonement for my own sins. And does he not deserve it? Is it but a light thing for a man to ruin me, in the first instance,—to leave me afterwards to starve, and compel me to keep a fruit-stall to gain the shadow of a subsistence,—condemning me to misery and to humiliations which my soul abhorred and loathed? And was that all? I said that you were the cause of my being here in this wretched dungeon; you are the innocent cause, but the man who betrayed me was——"

"Was Emmanuel," I interrupted.

"Yes, Emmanuel, it is true," she continued; "but there was a traitor prior to him, and greater than him; it was Flavio."

"Flavio?"

"It is scarcely credible, but true. He insisted upon my giving him all my earnings; when I refused to do so,—not for my own sake, for I could live just as happily on bread-and-water as you could surrounded by all your luxuries, but for the sake of my child, who, at that time, was almost starving, for I had to bestow all the pittance I could scrape together to procure it a nurse and a lodging. It was Flavio induced me to steal the lace. I did so in a moment of desperation, when I fully believed he would have murdered me if I had refused to obey him. I had it by me so long; for, in the first instance, I did not venture to offer it for sale; and latterly, I thought it would be difficult to procure the full price. At last I heard that you were searching for old lace, and thought I was safe in your hands. Circumstances have turned out differently. I sent to Flavio to tell him that I had found a customer for it, and till the very moment I was arrested I was perfectly ignorant that he and that scoundrel Emmanuel were in close communion together; but when I was dragged out of my small, miserable lodging, like a condemned criminal, rather than as a person only accused of a crime, Emmanuel, who stood by, with a glow of triumph over his pale, miserable, withered countenance, whispered to me, 'Thank Flavio for this; he denounced you for the reward.'"

"He will escape you," I said; "of course he will imagine that you intend to be revenged upon him."

"He will not escape me long, for I know that he imagines me ignorant of the woman with whom he is now living, and who hates him with a bitterness second only to my own. She will give him up to justice, and deservedly so. A greater villain does not exist. I cannot tell you what his whole conduct has been to me—his acts of barbarous cruelty. Even my child, whom I dote on, cannot make me forgive the father all his iniquity."

"And this poor child?" I said.

"Ah, that is the thought that lays next my heart with a weight which I can scarce sustain!" And she clasped her hands to her bosom, as though to express the greatness of her affliction. "What I ask you is to see the child, to give her this lock of hair and likeness. And may I venture one thing more,—may I ask you to take care that she is not left utterly destitute?" And so saying, she put a small purse in my hand, saying, "It is very light, but it contains all that I possess."

I returned her the purse, as she required every baiocchi to add to her comforts in the prison; but I set her mind at rest by promising to see her child the next morning, and to do all that lay in my power for its support and protection.

She fell at my feet, bathing my hands with her tears. In her beauty, as she knelt before me, I for the moment forgot in what spot we were standing, and looked upon her with an interest which was only broken, rudely enough, by the clanging of the chains of the door, and its creaking movement on its rusty hinges. M. Narelli entered, and with the rough, straightforward, practical

conduct of a man in his position, he came at once to the point.

"You confess, then, that you stole the lace?"

"I do," she answered, with a firm voice, which surprised me after the scene I had just witnessed; "I do confess that I stole the lace; but it was not for myself, but for one far greater, and far better capable of making a defence—for that man Flavio."

I noticed the gleam of satisfaction that passed over M. Narelli's countenance at the mention of his name; and when he felt well assured that he was, at last, fairly on the track of the man who had evaded all his efforts, and in pursuit of whom, as I afterwards learned, he was, on one occasion, nearly losing his situation, on account of a robbery which it was quite evident that Flavio had committed, but of which he could not obtain the least trace, at once his whole manner changed towards the unfortunate girl; he asked her to sit down, to be quite calm, and to tell him all that she knew of the man's career.

[Pg 400]

I thought, for one moment, that even then she would have relented, but it was far otherwise; she began at once, with the calmest voice, to give a sketch of Flavio's life from the time when she first met him. The story was one of intense interest. It seems that at one time he was engaged in gaining an honest livelihood; but one unlucky day he quarrelled with a man—struck him; this led to a tussle, and, in a fit of exasperation, he took out a knife and killed him on the spot. From that moment he was lost. The dead man's family vowed vengeance against him. He had to take to the woods, where, for self-defence, and really for his subsistence, he took to the brigand's life. His extreme courage, and even generosity, soon brought a large number of followers together; and, as I have already remarked, he became the terror of the whole Neapolitan frontier. At one time two or three regiments were sent in pursuit of him; and then it was he undertook the last and boldest step of coming to Rome itself. He got into the city at night, and for a long time nothing more was heard of Flavio. At last his old habits returned. Some robberies committed with wondrous skill, and a murder of extraordinary atrocity, made the police suspect that the man who thus braved their vigilance was a criminal of no ordinary description; but do what they would, they were baffled in every scheme which they planned for his arrest. At one moment his extraordinary nerve saved him,—for instance, when chased by the police, he sought shelter in one of the very tribunals, which they might naturally imagine was about the last place where he would have been found. Mingled with this wild and savage character were some generous qualities; he had been known to assist people in misfortune, and a vague kind of interest attached to him on account of traits of self-denial that were attributed to him. But now, when Rachel told me of his heartless conduct to her, I learned how entirely visionary are all those tales of nobility of character among men who are leading an abandoned and vicious life.

From her story it could not be doubted for a moment that he it was who had instigated her to commit the act which had brought her to despair. Nothing could equal the bitterness with which she inveighed against him. She told all his hiding-places—the secret passages by which he evaded all pursuit; and when the story was finished, and her vengeance accomplished, she wept like a child.

Even the stern M. Narelli was touched at the painful tale. He gave orders that every comfort should be shown her, and after some minutes further delay, we left the prison.

We had been there almost three hours, but the time had seemed very short. When we crossed the Ponte St. Angelo the people were leaving the Opera, after three hours of fictitious sorrow, while I had been passing that time in the presence of real affliction—side by side, as it were, in the face of each other, the mockery of woe and its solemn reality. And how often is it so! Unthought of—not, indeed, uncared for—but unthought of by the happy, the carriage rolls along, passing the hospital and the prison in its rapid progress; the golden youth, listlessly reclining in happy indolence, hears not the voice of pain, sees not the hectic glow of suffering on the cheek; nursed in the sweet sorrows of romance, dreams not of living agonies more fearful than those which the greatest actor can portray, and of death as a reality.

I determined to lose no time in fulfilling my mission. The directions of the house where the child lived had been very carefully written, so I had no difficulty in discovering it; but I had to pass through a labyrinth of dirty streets, until at last, in a small, narrow lane, next the Farnese Palace, I found the house. Evidently something had occurred to excite the inmates, for people were bustling about the door, and there was unusual excitement for that late hour of the night. I stood aside for a few moments to learn, if possible, what was the cause of all this movement; and then I overheard expressions which made me tremble for the safety of the poor child, if it was quite certain that she lived there. "Who did it? Where is the man? Poor child, how beautiful she was!" At last, unable to restrain my feelings, I rushed through the group, and asked whether a young girl of eight or ten years lived there.

"She did live here," said an old woman, with the tears trickling down her cheek,— "she did live here, but she is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed; for however indifferent a person may be to us, perhaps in the circle of events nothing is more fearful than to seek the living and find the corpse; to expect joy, and tremble before despair. "Dead! When did she die? How did she die?"

"Come up, and see for yourself," said the woman; "the room will explain every thing." And the men made way for me, and I followed up a rickety staircase to the third flat,—it was scarcely worth the name of a floor. As we drew near the top I saw two or three myrmidons of the police;

they all, I observed, looked pale—almost alarmed: evidently some great catastrophe had occurred, but I had yet to learn the worst.

The light which the old woman held in her hand shone upon something sparkling on the ground. I touched her arm to point it out to her, and then she threw the full blaze of light upon it, and I saw at once that it was blood. A cold, creeping sensation passed over me; that terrible conviction that in one moment we are going to be witnesses of the effects of a great crime almost paralyzed my senses; but, strange to say, at this moment of horror I felt as if I had witnessed the whole scene before. When we entered the room, and I saw the body of a young and lovely child lying on the floor, bathed in blood, I did not shrink even then, although destitution and crime were both presented to me in their most fearful aspect. My nerves appeared to have been braced for some great necessity. The police were standing by perfectly irresolute, and incapable of taking any decided course, when one of them picked up a handkerchief from the floor.

[Pg 401]

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, looking at the corner.

I started at the name, and then a sudden idea flashed across me: it was Flavio who had been here, and with that devilish spirit of revenge to which Rachel alluded, he had killed his own child. I took the chief of the police to one side, and asked him if he knew Flavio.

"Well," he replied. "I was one of the band who were sent in pursuit of him for two or three months. We fell in with him several times, but never were able to take him."

"You had better inquire about him," I said; "for I strongly suspect him of having committed this murder."

He took my suggestion, and it appeared that a man, precisely resembling Flavio, had been seen leaving the house at the time of the murder. When once suspicion was directed into the right channel, numerous corroborative circumstances were cited. It appeared that Flavio came constantly to see the child: the only strange part of the case was that he appeared very fond of it, and as tender and considerate towards it as a man of his brutal nature could be. There clearly must have been some ground for this sudden and unprovoked attack,—if, indeed, he committed it; after exhausting every possible motive, we could not arrive at any definite conclusion.

After a while the horror of the spectacle grew upon me: it presented itself no longer as a picture to my imagination, but as a fearful fact. The crowd of people who forced their way into the room—the blasphemous and terrible expressions—the coarse jokes—the vulgar, obscene language—the poor child, not fashioned tenderly, but lying like a confused mass of clothes and gore upon the floor, perfectly sickened my heart. And when I thought that I could not be of any further use, I was too happy to turn away.

I returned home, but could not sleep. All the events of the day crowded upon my mind. My dream had been dreamt before I laid my head upon the pillow: it now filled my brain like a horrible vision. I rose early, wearied with restlessness, and went immediately in search of M. Narelli. To my great surprise I found that he was up, and in close communication with the chief of the police, whom I had seen on the preceding night at the poor child's room. I was immediately shown into his office, and I observed that his countenance betrayed an anxiety and annoyance unusual in persons of his nature under any circumstances.

I was beginning to tell him my story, when he interrupted me.

"My dear sir," he said, "pardon me, but we have no time to lose, and I know it all. A murder has been committed, and there is no question that Flavio is the murderer: and I will tell you something more that will surprise you. I know the cause of the murder—the motives that influenced him. What do you think?—he was present at the examination of that girl, yesterday!"

"He!" I exclaimed, with an expression of astonishment.

"It is surprising what he can do," he said: "he was disguised like a soldier on guard; and, if you remember, two or three of them were listening when the door was opened, when I returned after your interview with Rachel."

The whole mystery was now explained: he had murdered the child to revenge himself on Rachel.

"What I fear is," continued M. Narelli, "that we are three hours too late, and the fellow has escaped; but we have sent off in all directions, and all that can be will be done. I am now going to see the poor girl, will you come with me?"

A strange fascination made me do so; besides, I wished to restore the objects which she had given into my charge. When we arrived we found her asleep: the jailer awoke her more gently and with more consideration than before, for her sorrow had touched even his heart. When she saw me she gave an exclamation of joy.

"And my child?" she said.

I could not answer a word, but put the packet into her hand.

She looked up with a kind of vague, incredulous smile, and passed her hand across her forehead, as though to reflect more clearly.

"You have seen her, and you have not given it to her," she said. "What does it mean?"

"It means," said M. Narelli, "that your child is the victim of an act of fearful treachery, of a dreadful crime."

"My child! my child!" she shrieked aloud. "There is but one man who could hurt a child, a sweet child like that—its own father!"

She bowed her head for a time, and raised it again only to utter the most fearful ravings. Fit followed fit; her whole frame was convulsed, and I withdrew in horror and anguish.

The result may be shortly stated. She went mad, and was confined in an asylum,—one of those glorious charitable establishments of which modern Rome can boast. Flavio escaped to the Campo Morto, where he is now living,—an asylum for men guilty of the blackest crimes, where they gradually fall victims to the pestilential vapors which they inhale, and perish beneath the brightest sun while cultivating the soil so soon to become their graves.

From the American Whig Review for January.

[Pg 402]

HENRY C. CAREY, AND HIS POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Henry C. Carey has been recognized through continental Europe as one of the master thinkers of our generation. It is time for him to be known in his own country. In Political Economy he has applied the methods of the Positive Philosophy, and his works exhibit the chief advances the science has made since Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations." They are text-books in the colleges even of Sweden and Norway, while at the University in the street next to that in which the author has his residence, books are adopted composed of ideas from empirical and nearly obsolete systems: Say and Ricardo are regarded as expositors of the last and ultimate discoveries. Let us see if this law respecting prophets cannot be changed; or if not changed, confirmed, by an exception in the case of our philosopher.

Mr. Carey was born in Philadelphia, in December, 1793. His father was the late eminent Matthew Carey, memories of whose virtues preserve about his name a thousand delightful associations. Matthew Carey was a political economist also. He wrote much, and he wrote effectively, because he taught that which was in accordance with the feelings and interests of his readers; but he was of the old school, dead now, with its professors. He disliked abstract ideas or principles, and did not trouble himself much with their investigation. The consequence was, that he made no addition to politico-economical knowledge, and left nothing by which he should be remembered except the fact that he was a consistent and ardent friend of Protection.

Ricardo left his doctrine of Rents; Malthus his principle of Population; their books are little read now, and they themselves would have been long since forgotten, but that they taught what had been taught by no others. Of the hundreds of their countrymen who have since written, scarcely one has furnished a new idea; or if such an idea can be found in the books of any one, it will not bear investigation. Many have collected facts, that are useful, and all of them have talked and written about their facts and theories; but only as empirics. One man contended on one side and another on another, and there was no standard by which to judge them. Ricardo and Malthus gave laws that would not fit the facts, and the facts were altered and suppressed to suit the laws. [22] McCulloch taught that transportation and exchange were more advantageous than production, [23] and Cobden that it was better to go to colonies in which *rich* lands were to be had cheap, than to stay at home where landlords charged high rents for the *poor* ones that were necessarily cultivated: and therefore that imported food would be cheaper than that which was grown at home. The result has proved that he was wrong. Food is now obtained with more difficulty than before; emigration is necessary, and the late decision in Parliament shows that Protection will be restored: as the ministry could command only the mean majority of 21.

A few years hence McCulloch will be remembered only as the compiler of a few indifferent books of reference, and Cobden as the author of much ill to the people of England. Many of these men have ideas that are sound; but they know nothing of the principles of the science they undertake to teach; and so they are continually making blunders. Of all the French writers of the first forty years of this century, only one, Jean Baptiste Say, has lived to the middle of it, and his work is only a mass of error in an imposing form.

This may be called sweeping criticism; but time will prove that it is just. We need principles, as the astronomers did before Copernicus, Kepler and Newton, gave them the laws which govern the movements of the universe. Others observed facts and wrote treatises, but only these names have lived. Ricardo and Malthus furnished what they believed to be the great natural laws in regard to land and the sources of its value; the relation of the laborer and the capitalist; and of population. Their names are still familiar, but their theories are shattered by the assaults of critics; they will be forgotten, and their places will be occupied by those of the great author of whose works we propose to write. Ricardo and Malthus will be to Carey as Ptolemy to Copernicus.

From 1803, a period of almost fifty years, since Ricardo published his doctrine of Rent, there has

not been even an attempt, except Carey's, to add any thing to political economy. Senior, Whateley, and a thousand others, have been disputing about words, while as many others have been attacking Malthus and Ricardo; but no one has attempted to discover laws, to take the place of those which were assailed. Of the supporters of these writers, every one has been compelled to admit that their laws did not cover the facts, and to interpolate accommodating passages. John Stuart Mill, in his recent work, has done this even more largely than his predecessors, and so furnished additional proof that their laws were *not* laws, but mere anarchy. Ricardo had to leave a place of escape for difficult facts^[24] and his successors have since found themselves obliged to open so many new ones, that his laws are now like sieves.

The period was propitious for a discoverer. The opinion of D'Alembert that the steps of Civilization were to be taken in the middle of each century, was to be confirmed by a new illustration.

[Pg 403]

Mr. Carey's father was a practical man; all his children were trained to affairs; thus they became observers. The students of books are rarely creators in science. Truth is most likely to be evolved in the school of experience. From the age of seven years until he was twenty-one, Mr. Carey was in his father's bookstore. From 1821 to 1838, he was a partner in the important publishing house of Carey, Lea & Carey, and Carey & Lea; but in this period he passed one season abroad, we believe immediately after his marriage with a sister of Leslie the painter. The determination of his mind was already fixed, when his retirement from business enabled him to devote his faculties entirely to the science with which his name will for ever be associated.

Mr. Carey's first book—*An Essay on the Rate of Wages*—was published in 1836, and was soon after expanded into *The Principles of Political Economy*, which appeared in three octavo volumes in 1837—1840.

Before proceeding to give an account of this performance, we will more particularly show what was, at the date of its publication, the condition of the science it was designed to illustrate. Mr. Malthus had taught that population tended to increase faster than food, and that so irresistible was this tendency, that all human efforts to restrain the number of men within the limits of subsistence were vain. It was a great "law of nature," and it was of little consequence, therefore, how fast food might be increased, since the only effect must be to stimulate population, which, in the end, was sure to outrun the means of living. The impression which this work produced has been briefly noticed in what we have written in connection with Mr. Alexander H. Everett's reply to it, printed in London and Boston in 1822. The doctrine was a convenient one, for it relieved the directors of affairs from the charge of causing, or suffering, the poverty and wretchedness by which they were surrounded.

Soon after this, Mr. Ricardo attempted to explain by what means the supply of food was limited. He taught that men always commenced the work of cultivation on the most fertile soils, capable of yielding, say, one hundred quarters for a given quantity of labor; but that as population increased, it became necessary to resort to poorer soils, yielding but ninety quarters, and that then the owner of the first could command as rent ten quarters. With a further increase, lands of a third quality, yielding but eighty quarters, were brought into use, and then the first and second would command as rent the whole difference, say, twenty quarters for the first, and ten quarters for the second. The payment of rent is thus regarded, in this school, as an evidence of constantly diminishing reward of labor, resulting from the increase of population in consequence of which it is necessary to extend the area of cultivation. With each step of its progress, the owner of the land takes a larger proportion of this constantly decreasing product, leaving a smaller one to be divided among those who apply either labor or capital to cultivation, thus producing a constant increase in the *inequality* of human condition. The interests of the landlord are in this manner shown to be for ever opposed to those of all the other portions of society. Rent is supposed to be paid because land has been occupied in virtue of an exercise of power and not because the owners have done any thing to entitle them to it. Here we see the germ of that discord which everywhere in Europe exists between the payers and receivers of rent. The annual fund from which savings can be made is held to be continually diminishing, the poor becoming poorer as the rich grow richer. The tendency to increase is more powerful in population than in capital, and the natural result must be that "wages will be reduced so low that a portion of the population will regularly die of want."^[25]

The effect of the promulgation of these principles, upon the science of which they were asserted to be the basis, was curious. It was clear that increase of population led to famine. It was equally clear that increase of wealth tended to the extension of cultivation over inferior soils, with constantly decreasing returns to labor. Nevertheless, the political economist was everywhere surrounded by facts showing that the condition of man improved as numbers increased, and as cultivation was extended. With lessened rewards of toil there should be deterioration of moral condition, and abridged facilities for intellectual cultivation, but it was incontestable that men were more moral and better instructed than in any previous centuries. The increasing disproportion between the share of the landlord and that of the laborer was calculated to increase the inequality of condition, and yet it was not to be doubted that the two were nearer together than they were in the days of Elizabeth or of Henry VIII. The fact and the theory were always at variance with each other, and hence resulted a determination to limit the science to the consideration of wealth alone, excluding all reference to social condition. Mr. McCulloch therefore defined Political Economy as the Science of Values, and Archbishop Whately desired to change the name to *Catallactics*, or the Science of Exchanges. The whole duty of the teacher of

this new science was held to be that of explaining how wealth might be increased, allowing "neither sympathy with indigence, nor disgust at profusion nor at avarice; neither reverence for existing institutions, nor detestation of existing abuses; neither love of popularity, nor of paradox, nor of system, to deter him from stating what he believed to be the facts, or from drawing from those facts what appeared to him to be the legitimate conclusions."^[26]

Such was the Political Economy then, and such is that which is now, taught in the schools of England. The consequences are seen in the manner in which the poor people of every part of the United Kingdom are being expelled from the little holdings to which they have been reduced by a system of unbounded public expenditure, and the contemptuous tone in which the common people are spoken of in all their journals. Charity is denounced as tending to promote the growth of population. Marriage among the poor is regarded as a crime, and farmers are regarded as participant in crime for giving employment to men with families in preference to single men. But the system itself was an enormous wrong against nature. Mr. Carey entered the lists against it, with the earnestness and confidence inspired by a conviction that he contended for humanity.

[Pg 404]

His book commences with a single elementary proposition, that man desires to maintain and improve his condition, whether physical, moral, intellectual, or political: and the object of it is to show, that the theories of Mr. Malthus and Mr. Ricardo are in direct opposition to the universal fact, and therefore cannot be regarded as natural laws. On the contrary, he shows that food has always grown faster than population, and that the power to obtain subsistence has always increased most rapidly in those countries, and at those times, in which population has most rapidly increased, and in which cultivation has most rapidly extended over those soils denominated by Mr. Ricardo inferior. The error of all these writers is shown to be in taking *quantities* instead of *proportions*, and it is the law of proportions that constitutes the novel feature of this work. Ricardo and Malthus assert that land, labor, and capital are the agents of production, and are subject to different laws, all tending to produce contrariety of interests, and that the reason why such is the case is that land owes its value—or power to command rent for its use—to *monopoly*, while capital is the accumulated product of labor. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows, by a vast variety of facts, that land owes its value to labor alone, and that its selling price is *invariably* less than would purchase the quantity of labor required to induce its present condition were it restored to a state of nature. It is, therefore, like steam-engines, mills, or ships, to be considered as capital, the interest upon which is called rent, and it is subject to the same laws as capital in any other form. With the growth of wealth and population, the landlord is shown to be receiving a constantly decreasing *proportion* of the product of labor applied to cultivation, but a constantly increasing *quantity*, because of the rapid increase in the amount of the return as cultivation is improved and extended.^[27] So it is with the capitalist. The *rate* of interest falls as cultivation is improved, and capital is accumulated with greater facility, and the capitalist receives a smaller *proportion*; but the *quantity* of commodities obtainable in return for the use of a given amount of capital increases, and with every change in that direction there is shown to be an increasing tendency to equality and to improvement of condition, physical, moral, intellectual, and political.

According to the system of Mr. Ricardo, the interests of the land owner and laborer, the capitalist and the employer of capital, are always opposed to each other. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, proves, and we think most conclusively, that "the interests of the capitalist and of the employer of capital are thus in perfect harmony with each other, as each derives advantage from every measure that tends to facilitate the growth of capital, and to render labor productive; while every measure that tends to produce the opposite effect is injurious to both."^[28]

The entire novelty of these views rendered it necessary that they should be supported by a great body of facts, and Mr. Carey therefore furnished an examination of the causes which have in various countries, particularly India, France, Great Britain, and the United States, retarded the growth of wealth—demonstrating that they were to be found in the great public expenditure for the support of fleets and armies, and the prosecution of wars, the natural results of a state of things in which the few govern the many, taxing them at their will; and that the remedy was to be found in that improvement of political condition which should enable men to govern and to tax themselves, doing which they would be disposed to remain at peace.

[Pg 405]

That man may be enabled to improve his physical condition, combination of effort is shown to be necessary, and that tends to increase with the increase in the density of population. Therewith comes increased security of person and property, and increased respect for the rights of others, tending to promote the further increase of wealth, and to enable men to devote more time to the cultivation of mind. Improved mental condition enables men to apply their labors more productively, and thus obtain better subsistence from a diminished surface, facilitates combination of action, and increases the growth of wealth. With its growth the proportion of the laborer increases, and that of the landlord or other capitalist decreases, and the power of the former to govern himself, and to tax himself, grows steadily with the growth of wealth and population; and thus we have physical, moral, intellectual and political improvement, each aiding, and aided by, the other.

It will be seen from this brief summary that the field occupied is a most extensive one, more so than that of any similar work that has been written. The views are presented with great distinctness and force, and illustrated throughout by numerous facts drawn not only from the four countries principally referred to, but from Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, &c. It is one of the chief distinguishing merits of the work, that each part of it, while

complete in itself, has that relation to the other which belongs to the divisions of a whole, in which all things are so interblended and harmonious as to produce a cumulative and finally perfect effect; while in the various systems presented to us by Europe, every part is in conflict with every other.

In denying Mr. Ricardo's *theory of the occupation of the earth*, Mr. Carey did not undertake to present any by himself, but this he has done in his more recent performance, *The Past, the Present and the Future*, published in Philadelphia in 1848. In this original and masterly composition, he has shown that the law is in direct opposition to the principle announced by Mr. Ricardo, and since adopted in the English school, and to some extent in France and in this country. In the infancy of civilization, man is poor and works with poor machinery, and must take the high and poor soils requiring little clearing and no drainage; and it is only as population and wealth increase, that the richer soils are brought into cultivation. The consequence is, that in obedience to a great law of nature, *food tends to increase more rapidly than population*, and it is only by that combination of effort which results from increasing density of population that the richer soils can be brought into activity. The truth of this is shown by a careful and particular account of the settlement of this country, followed by a rapid sketch of the occupation of Mexico, the West Indies, South America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, India, and the Islands of the Pacific, illustrating and confirming the position that the poor lands at the heads of streams, or the small and rocky islands, are first chosen for cultivation, while the lower and richer soils are left unimproved for want of the means which come with growing wealth and population. Mr. Ricardo's theory is then examined in all its parts, and shown to be entirely opposed to the whole mass of facts presented in a rapid review of the course of events in the different portions of the world, while the exceptions made by him for the purpose of providing for the infinite number that could not be brought under his general law, are shown to be *themselves the law*; and that such is the case is now admitted by some of the most eminent economists of Europe.

With the downfall of Mr. Ricardo's hypothesis of the occupation of land, disappears the base on which rests the celebrated theory of Mr. Malthus—a theory which has been largely discussed in this country by Mr. Everett and others, and which is examined at length from his point of view by Mr. Carey, who shows that everywhere increase of population has led to the cultivation of the lower and richer soils, followed by increase in the facility of obtaining food, while depopulation has everywhere been marked by the retreat of cultivation to the hills; a truth which he illustrates by numerous instances.

He next surveys the circumstances attending the progress of wealth. It is held by the English economists that capital, applied to land, must necessarily bring diminishing profits, because applied to a machine of constantly decreasing powers; and that, therefore, manufactures and trade, steam-engines and ships, are more profitable than agriculture; whereas, Mr. Carey shows that land is a machine of constantly *increasing* capacities, and that the only manner in which machinery of any description is beneficial, is by diminishing the labor required for converting and transporting the products of the earth, and permitting a larger quantity to be given to the work of production. The earth is the sole producer, says Mr. Carey, and man merely fashions and exchanges her products, adding nothing to the quantity to be converted or exchanged, and the growth of wealth everywhere is shown to be in the ratio of the quantity of labor that can be given to the cultivation of the great machine bestowed on man for the production of food and wool. This leads to an examination of the British system, the object of which is shown to have been that of compelling the people of every part of the world to bring to her their raw products to be converted and exchanged, thus wasting on the road a large portion of them, and all the manure that would result from their home consumption, the consequence of which is shown to be the exhaustion of the land and its owner. The broad ground is then taken that the products of the land should be consumed upon the land, and that nations grow rich or remain poor precisely as they act in accordance with, or in opposition to, that view. Mr. Carey is a free-trader. In his first book he advocated the British doctrine of diminished duties, as the means of bringing about free trade. In his *Past and Present* he admits his error, and shows that the protective system was the result of an instinctive effort at the correction of a great evil inflicted upon the world by British legislation, and that *the only course towards perfect freedom of trade is to be found in perfect protection*.

[Pg 406]

The effect of increasing wealth and population resulting from the power to cultivate the richer soils, in bringing about the division of land and the union of man is then shown, and illustrated by examples drawn from the history of the principal nations of the world, ancient and modern; and here the European system of primogeniture is examined, with a view to show that it is purely artificial, and tends to disappear with the growth of wealth and population. This leads to the discussion of the relations of man to his fellow-men, which are shown to tend to the establishment of equality wherever peace is maintained, and wealth and population are allowed to grow; and to inequality, with every step in the progress of war and devastation.

Man himself next appears on the scene. Mr. Malthus, Mr. Ricardo, and all others of the English School, represent him as the slave of his necessities, working because he fears starvation. Mr. Carey, on the contrary, shows him to be animated by hope, and improving in all his moral qualities, precisely as by the growth of wealth and population—the results of peace—he is enabled to clear and cultivate the rich soils of the earth.

Thence we pass to the relations of man and his helpmate, which are shown to improve precisely as do those of man to his fellow-man, as the rich soils are brought into cultivation. Man and his family follow, and the same improvement, under the same circumstances, is shown to take place

in the relations of parent and child.

Concentration, or the habit of local self-government, so strikingly illustrated in New-England, is next examined in contrast with centralization, as exhibited in England and France, and its admirable effects in tending to the maintenance of peace are fully exhibited. The various systems of colonization next pass in review, and give occasion for an examination of the various causes that brought negro slavery into this country, and the reason why it is here alone that the race has increased in numbers. India and Ireland, and the devastating effects of the colonial system, Annexation, and Civilization, furnish the materials for the succeeding chapters, and give occasion—the last particularly—for the expression of opinions much at variance with those taught by Guizot and others of the most distinguished men of our day. Such are the Past and Present. The closing chapter is the Future, and contains an examination of many remarkable facts now presented to our view by our own country, produced by the existence of the unnatural system fastened upon the world by England, and to be remedied by the adoption of an American policy, having for its object that of enabling men to live together and combine their exertions, instead of flying from each other, leaving behind rich lands uncultivated, and going to Texas or Oregon to begin the work of cultivation on the poorer ones. "With each step in the progress of concentration his physical condition would improve, because he would cultivate more fertile lands, and obtain increased power over the treasures of the earth. His moral condition would improve, because he would have greater inducements to steady and regular labor, and the reward of good conduct would steadily increase. His intellectual condition would improve, because he would have more leisure for study, and more power to mix with his fellow-men at home or abroad; to learn what they knew, and to see what they possessed; while the reward of talent would steadily increase, and that of mere brute wealth would steadily decline. His political condition would improve, because he would acquire an increased power over the application of his labor and of its proceeds. He would be less governed, better governed, and more cheaply governed, and all because more perfectly self-governed."

The field surveyed by Mr. Carey in the *Past and Present* is a broad one—broader than that of any other book of our time—for it discusses every interest of man. The ideas are original—whether true or not, they are both new and bold. They are based upon a great law of Nature, and it is the first time that any system of political economy has been offered to the world that was so based. The consequence is, that all the facts place themselves, as completely as did the planets when Copernicus had satisfied himself that the earth revolved around the sun.^[29]

More recently, in his *Harmony of Interests*, Mr. Carey has published a full examination of the great question of commercial policy, with a view to show that protection, as it exists in this country, is the true and *only* road to free trade. He has brought to the illustration of this important doctrine a mass of facts, greater, probably, than was ever before displayed in support of any position in political economy. It commences with an examination of our whole commercial policy for the last thirty years, and shows the effect of protection in increasing the sum of production and consumption, the means of transportation, internal and external, and the influx of population from abroad, always an evidence of the increased productiveness of labor. In this work it is shown conclusively, that shipping grows with protection, because protection tends to promote immigration, or the import of men, the most valuable of commodities, and thus to diminish the cost of *sending* to market the less valuable ones, grain, tobacco, and cotton. The question is examined in every point of view—material, moral, intellectual, and political; and the result arrived at is, "that between the interests of the treasury and the people, the farmer, planter, manufacturer and merchant, the great and little trader and the ship-owner, the slave and his master, the land-owners and laborers of the Union and the world, the free-trader and the advocate of protection, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the way to the establishment of universal peace and universal free trade, is to be found in the adoption of measures tending to the destruction of the *monopoly of machinery*, and the location of the loom and the anvil in the vicinity of the plough and the harrow."

[Pg 407]

In addition to the works I have named, Mr. Carey has published two others, on the Currency—the larger of which is entitled *Credit System in France, England, and the United States*. Their object is to show, that there is a very simple law which lies at the root of the whole currency question, and that by its aid the revulsions so frequently experienced may be perfectly accounted for. That law is perfect freedom of trade in money, whether by individuals or associations, leaving the latter to make their own terms with their customers, and to assume limited or unlimited liability, as they themselves may think most expedient. In a detailed review of the operations of several of the principal nations, and of all the States of this Union, it is shown that the tendency to steadiness in the quantity, and uniformity in the quality, of currency, is in the exact ratio of freedom, while with every increase in the number or extent of restrictions, steadiness diminishes and insecurity increases. The views contained in this work are now adopted by some of the most eminent writers in France. They constitute the basis of a recent and excellent work^[30] by M. Coquelin, who quotes largely from that of Mr. Carey, declaring that our countryman has, "in the investigation of causes and effects, succeeded better than the English inquirers," and had, as early as 1838, "clearly shown the primary causes of the perturbations recurring almost periodically in commerce and currency."^[31]

Since these paragraphs were written, Mr. Carey has commenced the publication of a series of Letters to Mr. Walker, the late Secretary of the Treasury, in which he promises more largely and satisfactorily than heretofore to indicate and vindicate his opinions upon the subject of Trade. They are likely to have a powerful influence upon affairs, being of that class of compositions

which the mind receives with astonishment that it had not anticipated their truth.

FOOTNOTES:

- [22] Thus we see by a correspondence published in the London papers that Mr. Horace Mayhew, author of the metropolitan "Labor and the Poor" articles, has ceased to write for the London *Morning Chronicle*, the conductors of that journal wishing him to *suppress*, in his reports on the condition of the working classes, *facts opposed to free trade*.
- [23] See Carey's Past, Present and Future, p. 128.
- [24] The Past, the Present and the Future, pp. 70, 71.
- [25] Mr. Mill, quoted by Mr. Carey.
- [26] Mr. Senior, quoted by Mr. Carey.
- [27] By the following passages, which we take from M. Bastiat's new work, *Harmonies Economiques*, it will be seen that he adopts these views as the basis of his political economy: "*A mesure que les capitaux s'accroissent, la part absolue des capitalistes dans les produits totaux augmente et leur part relative diminue. Au contraire, les travailleurs voient augmenter leur part dans les deux sens.* (p. 280).... Ainsi le partage se fera de la manière suivante.

	Produit total.	Part du capital.	Part du travail.
Première période,	1000	500	500
Deuxième période,	2000	800	1200
Troisième période,	3000	1050	1950
Quatrième période,	4000	1200	2800

"Telle est la grande, admirable, consolante, nécessaire, et *inflexible* loi du capital."—(p. 281.)

"Ainsi la grande loi du capital et du travail, en ce qui concerne le partage du produit de la collaboration, est déterminée. Chacun d'eux a une part *absolue* de plus en plus grand, mais la part *proportionnelle* du capital diminue sans cesse comparativement à celle du travail."—(p. 284.)

Cause of value in Land.—"Cette valeur, comme tous les autres, est de création humaine et social."—p. 362. After reciting the various modes of applying labor to the improvement of land, he says: "La valeur c'est incorporée, confondue dans le sol, et c'est pourquoi on pourra très bien dire par métonymie: *le sol vaut.*"—(p. 363.)

Land not changeable for as much labor as it has cost. "J'ose affirmer qu'il n'est pas un champ en France qui *vaille* ce qu'il a coûté, qui puisse s'échanger contre autant de travail qu'il en a exigé pour être mis à l'état de productivité où il se trouve."—(p. 398.)

Cause of this.—"Vous avez employée mille journées à mettre votre domaine dans l'état où il est; je ne vous en restituerai que huit cents, et ma raison est qu'avec huit cents journées je puis faire aujourd'hui sur la terre à côté ce qu'avec mille vous avez fait autrefois sur la votre. Veuillez considérer que depuis quinze ans l'art de dessécher, de détricher, de bâtir, de creuser des puits, de disposer les étables, d'exécuter les transports a fait des progrès. Chaque résultat donné exige moins du travail, et je ne veux me soumettre à vous donner dix de ce que je puis avoir pour huit, d'autant que le prix du blé a diminué dans la proportion de ce progrès, que ne profite ni à vous ni à moi, mais à l'humanité tout entière."—(p. 368.)

The reader who may desire to see the perfect correspondence of these views with those published by Mr. Carey, as far back as 1837, may do so by a glance at Chapters II., III., IV., and VII. of his first volume, where he gives a great number of facts in support of ideas then so new, and of course so heretical.

A remarkable fact, to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is, that which M. Bastiat has thus adopted the views of Mr. Carey, without, so far as we have been able to see, alteration or addition. His name never occurs in the work, except as authority for one of his quotations, which M. Bastiat has copied, while the names of Ricardo, Malthus, Senior, Scrope, Considerant, and a host of others, are found in almost every chapter. It must be highly gratifying to Mr. Carey to see his views obtain so entirely the approbation of a man of the reputation of M. Bastiat, that he should be willing to give them to the world as his own.

[28] Vol. I., p. 339.

[29] This work has been much read abroad, and we perceive that it has recently been translated into Swedish, and published at Stockholm.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MY NOVEL: OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

Continued from page 285.

BOOK III.—INITIAL CHAPTER, SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE CALLED "MY NOVEL."

"I am not displeased with your novel, so far as it has gone," said my father graciously; "though as for The Sermon—"

Here I trembled; but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had taken Parson Dale under their special protection; and observing that my father was puckering up his brows critically, they rushed boldly forward in defence of The Sermon, and Mr. Caxton was forced to beat a retreat. However, like a skillful general, he renewed the assault upon outposts less gallantly guarded. But as it is not my business to betray my weak points, I leave it to the ingenuity of cavillers to discover the places at which the Author of *Human Error* directed his great guns.

"But," said the Captain, "you are a lad of too much spirit, Pisistratus, to keep us always in the obscure country quarters of Hazeldean—you will march us out into open service before you have done with us?"

Pisistratus, magisterially, for he has been somewhat nettled by Mr. Caxton's remarks—and he puts on an air of dignity, in order to awe away minor assailants.—"Yes, Captain Roland—not yet awhile, but all in good time. I have not stinted myself in canvas, and behind my foreground of the Hall and the Parsonage I propose, hereafter, to open some lengthened perspective of the varieties of English life—"

Mr. Caxton.—"Hum!"

Blanche, putting her hand on my father's lip.—"We shall know better the design, perhaps, when we know the title. Pray, Mr. Author, what is the title?"

My Mother, with more animation than usual.—"Ay, Sisty—the title?"

Pisistratus, startled,—"The title! By the soul of Cervantes! I have never yet thought of a title!"

Captain Roland, solemnly.—"There is a great deal in a good title. As a novel-reader, I know that by experience."

Mr. Squills.—"Certainly; there is not a catchpenny in the world but what goes down, if the title be apt and seductive. Witness 'Old Parr's Life Pills.' Sell by the thousand, sir, when my 'Pills for Weak Stomachs,' which I believe to be just the same compound, never paid for the advertising." [Pg 408]

Mr. Caxton.—"Parr's Life Pills! a fine stroke of genius! It is not every one who has a weak stomach, or time to attend to it, if he have. But who would not swallow a pill to live to a hundred and fifty-two?"

Pisistratus, stirring the fire in great excitement.—"My title! my title!—what shall be my title!"

Mr. Caxton, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat, and in his most didactic of tones.—"From a remote period, the choice of a title has perplexed the scribbling portion of mankind. We may guess how their invention has been racked by the strange contortions it has produced. To begin with the Hebrews. 'The Lips of the Sleeping,' (*Labia Dormientium*)—what book do you suppose that title to designate?—A Catalogue of Rabbinical writers! Again, imagine some young lady of old captivated by the sentimental title of 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' and opening on a treatise on the Jewish Ceremonials! Let us turn to the Romans. Aulus Gellius commences his pleasant gossiping 'Noctes' with a list of the titles in fashion in his day. For instance, '*The Muses*' and '*The Veil*,' '*The Cornucopia*,' '*The Beehive*,' and '*The Meadow*.' Some titles, indeed, were more truculent, and promised food to those who love to sup upon horrors—such as '*The Torch*,' '*The Poniard*,' '*The Stiletto*'—"

Pisistratus, impatiently.—"Yes, sir; but to come to My Novel."

Mr. Caxton, unheeding the interruption.—"You see, you have a fine choice here, and of a nature pleasing, and not unfamiliar to a classical reader; or you may borrow a hint from the early Dramatic Writers."

Pisistratus, more hopefully.—"Ay! there is something in the Drama akin to the Novel. Now, perhaps, I may catch an idea."

Mr. Caxton.—"For instance, the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* (from whom, by the way, I am plagiarizing much of the information I bestow upon you), tells us of a Spanish gentleman who wrote a Comedy, by which he intended to serve what he took for Moral Philosophy."

Pisistratus, eagerly.—"Well, sir?"

Mr. Caxton.—"And called it 'The Pain of the Sleep of the World.'"

Pisistratus.—"Very comic indeed, sir!"

Mr. Caxton.—"Grave things were then called Comedies, as old things are now called Novels."

Then there are all the titles of early Romance itself at your disposal—'Theagenes and Chariclea,' or 'The Ass' of Longus, or 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius, or the titles of Gothic Romance, such as 'The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful History of Perceforest, King of Great Britain.'—And therewith my father ran over a list of names as long as the Directory, and about as amusing.

"Well, to my taste," said my mother, "the novels I used to read when a girl (for I have not read many since, I am ashamed to say),—"

Mr. Caxton.—"No, you need not be at all ashamed of it, Kitty."

My Mother, proceeding.—"Were much more inviting than any you mention, Austin."

The Captain.—"True."

Mr. Squills.—"Certainly. Nothing like them now-a-days!"

My Mother.—"Says she to her Neighbor, What?"

The Captain.—"The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery"—

Mr. Squills.—"There is a Secret; Find it Out!"

Pisistratus, pushed to the verge of human endurance, and upsetting tongs, poker, and fire-shovel.—"What nonsense you are talking, all of you! For heaven's sake, consider what an important matter we are called upon to decide. It is not now the titles of those very respectable works which issued from the Minerva Press that I ask you to remember—it is to invent a title for mine—My Novel!"

Mr. Caxton, clapping his hands gently.—"Excellent—capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—"

Pisistratus.—"What is it, sir—what is it! Have you really thought of a title to My Novel?"

Mr. Caxton.—"You have hit it yourself—'My Novel.' It is your Novel—people will know it is your Novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will—be as allegorical as Hebrew, Greek, Roman—Fabulist or Puritan—still, after all, it is your Novel, and nothing more nor less than your Novel."

Pisistratus, thoughtfully, and sounding the words various ways.—"'My Novel'—um—um! 'My Novel!' rather bald—and curt, eh?"

Mr. Caxton.—"Add what you say you intend it to depict—Varieties in English Life."

My Mother.—"My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life"—I don't think it sounds amiss. What say you, Roland? Would it attract you in a catalogue?"

My Uncle hesitates, when Mr. Caxton exclaims imperiously:

"The thing is settled! Don't disturb Camarina."

Squills.—"If it be not too great a liberty, pray who or what is Camarina?"

Mr. Caxton.—"Camarina, Mr. Squills, was a lake, apt to be low, and then liable to be muddy; and 'Don't disturb Camarina' was a Greek proverb derived from an Oracle of Apollo; and from that Greek proverb, no doubt, comes the origin of the injunction, '*Quieta non movere,*' which became the favorite maxim of Sir Robert Walpole and Parson Dale. The Greek line, Mr. Squills (here my father's memory began to warm), is preserved by *Stephanus Byzantinus, de Urbibus*—

'Μή κίνει Καμαριναν ακινητος γαρ αμεινων.'

Zenobius explains it in his Proverbs; *Suidas* repeats *Zenobius*; *Lucian* alludes to it; so does *Virgil* [Pg 409] in the Third Book of the *Aeneid*; and *Silius Italicus* imitates *Virgil*—

'Et cui non licitum fatis Camarina moveri.'

Parson Dale, as a clergyman and a scholar, had, no doubt, these authorities at his fingers' end. And I wonder he did not quote them," quoth my father; "but, to be sure, he is represented as a mild man, and so might not wish to humble the Squire over much in the presence of his family. Meanwhile, My Novel is My Novel; and now that that matter is settled, perhaps the tongs, poker, and shovel may be picked up, the children may go to bed, Blanche and Kitty may speculate apart upon the future dignities of the Neogilos, taking care, nevertheless, to finish the new pinbefore he requires for the present; Roland may cast up his account-book, Mr. Squills have his brandy and water, and all the world be comfortable, each in his own way. Blanche, come away from the screen, get me my slippers, and leave Pisistratus to himself. Μή κίνει Καμαριναν—don't disturb Camarina. You see, my dear," added my father kindly, as, after settling himself into his slippers, he detained Blanche's hand in his own—"you see, my dear, every house has its Camarina. Man, who is a lazy animal, is quite content to let it alone; but woman, being the more active, bustling, curious creature, is always for giving it a sly stir."

Blanche, with female dignity.—"I assure you, that if Pisistratus had not called me, I should not have—"

Mr. Caxton, interrupting her, without lifting his eyes from the book he has already taken.—"Certainly you would not. I am now in the midst of the great Puseyite Controversy. Μή κινεί Καμαρίναν—don't disturb Camarina."

A dead silence for half an hour, at the end of which

Pisistratus, from behind the screen.—"Blanche, my dear, I want to consult you."

Blanche does not stir.

Pisistratus.—"Blanche, I say."

Blanche glances in triumph towards *Mr. Caxton*.

Mr. Caxton, laying down his theological tract, and rubbing his spectacles mournfully.—"I hear him, child: I hear him. I retract my vindication of Man. Oracles warn in vain: so long as there is a woman on the other side of the screen,—it is all up with Camarina!"

CHAPTER II.

It is greatly to be regretted that *Mr. Stirn* was not present at the Parson's Discourse—but that valuable functionary was far otherwise engaged—indeed, during the summer months he was rarely seen at the afternoon service. Not that he cared for being preached at—not he: *Mr. Stirn* would have snapped his finger at the thunders of the Vatican. But the fact was, that *Mr. Stirn* chose to do a great deal of gratuitous business upon the day of rest. The Squire allowed all persons, who chose, to walk about the park on a Sunday; and many came from a distance to stroll by the lake, or recline under the elms. These visitors were objects of great suspicion, nay, of positive annoyance, to *Mr. Stirn*—and, indeed, not altogether without reason, for we English have a natural love of liberty, which we are even more apt to display in the grounds of other people than in those which we cultivate ourselves. Sometimes, to his inexpressible and fierce satisfaction, *Mr. Stirn* fell upon a knot of boys pelting the swans; sometimes he missed a young sapling, and found it in felonious hands, converted into a walking-stick: sometimes he caught a hulking fellow scrambling up the ha-ha! to gather a nosegay for his sweetheart from one of poor *Mrs. Hazeldean's* pet parterres; not unfrequently, indeed, when all the family were fairly at church, some curious impertinents forced or sneaked their way into the gardens, in order to peep in at the windows. For these, and various other offences of like magnitude, *Mr. Stirn* had long, but vainly, sought to induce the Squire to withdraw a permission so villanously abused. But though there were times when *Mr. Hazeldean* grunted and growled, and swore "that he would shut up the park, and fill it (illegally) with man-traps and spring-guns," his anger always evaporated in words. The park was still open to all the world on a Sunday; and that blessed day was therefore converted into a day of travail and wrath to *Mr. Stirn*. But it was from the last chime of the afternoon service bell until dusk that the spirit of this vigilant functionary was most perturbed; for, amidst the flocks that gathered from the little hamlets round to the voice of the Pastor, there were always some stray sheep, or rather climbing desultory vagabond goats, who struck off in all perverse directions, as if for the special purpose of distracting the energetic watchfulness of *Mr. Stirn*. As soon as church was over, if the day were fine, the whole park became a scene animated with red cloaks, or lively shawls, Sunday waistcoats, and hats stuck full of wildflowers—which last *Mr. Stirn* often stoutly maintained to be *Mrs. Hazeldean's* newest geraniums. Now, on this Sunday especially, there was an imperative call upon an extra exertion of vigilance on the part of the superintendent—he had not only to detect ordinary depredators and trespassers; but, first, to discover the authors of the conspiracy against the stocks; and secondly, to "make an example."

He had begun his rounds, therefore, from early in the morning; and just as the afternoon bell was sounding its final peal, he emerged upon the village green from a hedgerow, behind which he had been at watch to observe who had the most suspiciously gathered round the stocks. At that moment the palace was deserted. At a distance, the superintendent saw the fast disappearing forms of some belated groups hastening towards the church; in front, the stocks stood staring at him mournfully from its four great eyes, which had been cleansed from the mud, but still looked bleared and stained with the marks of the recent outrage. Here *Mr. Stirn* paused, took off his hat, and wiped his brows.

[Pg 410]

"If I had sum un, to watch here," thought he, "while I takes a turn by the water-side, praps summat might come out; praps them as did it ben't gone to church, but will come sneaking round to look on their willainy! as they says murderers are always led back to the place where they ha' left the body. But in this here willage there ben't a man, woman, nor child, as has any consarn for Squire or Parish, barring myself." It was just as he arrived at that misanthropical conclusion that *Mr. Stirn* beheld *Leonard Fairfield* walking very fast from his own home. The superintendent clapped on his hat, and stuck his right arm akimbo. "Hollo, you sir," said he, as *Lenny* now came in hearing, "where be you going at that rate?"

"Please, sir, I be going to church."

"Stop, sir—stop, Master *Lenny*. Going to church!—why, the bell's done; and you knows the Parson is very angry at them as comes in late, disturbing the congregation. You can't go to church now!"

"Please, sir"—

"I says you can't go to church now. You must learn to think a little of others, lad. You sees how I

sweats to serve the Squire! and you must serve him too. Why, your mother's got the house and premises almost rent-free: you ought to have a grateful heart, Leonard Fairfield, and feel for his honor! Poor man! *his* heart is well-nigh bruk, I'm sure, with the goings on."

Leonard opened his innocent blue eyes, while Mr. Stirn dolorously wiped his own.

"Look at that ere dumb cretur," said Stirn, suddenly, pointing to the stocks—"look at it. If it could speak, what would it say, Leonard Fairfield? Answer me that!—'Damn the stocks, indeed!'"

"It was very bad in them to write such naughty words," said Lenny, gravely. "Mother was quite shocked when she heard of it, this morning."

Mr. Stirn.—"I dare say she was, considering what she pays for the premises: (insinuatingly,) you does not know who did it—eh, Lenny?"

Lenny.—"No, sir: indeed I does not!"

Mr. Stirn.—"Well, you see, you can't go to church—prayers half over by this time. You recollect that I put them stocks under your 'sponsibility,' and see the way you's done your duty by 'em. I've half a mind to"—

Mr. Stirn cast his eyes on the eyes of the stocks.

"Please, sir," began Lenny again, rather frightened.

"No, I won't please; it ben't pleasing at all. But I forgives you this time, only keep a sharp look-out, lad, in future. Now you just stay here—no, there—under the hedge, and you watches if any person comes to loiter about or looks at the stocks, or laughs to hisself, while I go my rounds. I shall be back either afore church is over or just arter; so you stay till I comes, and give me your report. Be sharp, boy, or it will be worse for you and your mother; I can let the premises for four pounds a year more, to-morrow."

Concluding with that somewhat menacing and very significant remark, and not staying for an answer, Mr. Stirn waved his hand, and walked off.

Poor Lenny remained by the stocks, very much dejected, and greatly disliking the neighborhood to which he was consigned. At length he slowly crept off to the hedge, and sat himself down in the place of espionage pointed out to him. Now, philosophers tell us that what is called the point of honor is a barbarous feudal prejudice. Amongst the higher classes, wherein those feudal prejudices may be supposed to prevail, Lenny Fairfield's occupation would not have been considered peculiarly honorable; neither would it have seemed so to the more turbulent spirits among the humbler orders, who have a point of honor of their own, which consists in the adherence to each other in defiance of all lawful authority. But to Lenny Fairfield, brought up much apart from other boys, and with a profound and grateful reverence for the Squire instilled into all his habits of thought, notions of honor bounded themselves to simple honesty and straightforward truth; and as he cherished an unquestioning awe of order and constitutional authority, so it did not appear to him that there was any thing derogatory and debasing in being thus set to watch for an offender. On the contrary, as he began to reconcile himself to the loss of the church service, and to enjoy the cool of the summer shade, and the occasional chirp of the birds, he got to look on the bright side of the commission to which he was deputed. In youth, at least, every thing has its bright side—even the appointment of Protector to the Parish Stocks. For the stocks, themselves, Leonard had no affection, it is true; but he had no sympathy with their aggressors, and he could well conceive that the Squire would be very much hurt at the revolutionary event of the night. "So," thought poor Leonard in his simple heart—"so if I can serve his honor, by keeping off mischievous boys, or letting him know who did the thing, I'm sure it would be a proud day for mother." Then he began to consider that, however ungraciously Mr. Stirn had bestowed on him the appointment, still it was a compliment to him—showed trust and confidence in him, picked him out from his contemporaries as the sober moral pattern boy; and Lenny had a great deal of pride in him, especially in matters of repute and character.

All these things considered, I say, Leonard Fairfield reclined in his lurking-place, if not with positive delight and intoxicating rapture, at least with tolerable content and some complacency.

Mr. Stirn might have been gone a quarter of an hour, when a boy came through a little gate in the park, just opposite to Lenny's retreat in the hedge, and, as if fatigued with walking, or oppressed by the heat of the day, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the great tree which overhung the stocks.

[Pg 411]

Lenny pricked up his ears, and peeped out jealously.

He had never seen the boy before: it was a strange face to him.

Leonard Fairfield was not fond of strangers; moreover, he had a vague belief that strangers were at the bottom of that desecration of the stocks. The boy, then, was a stranger; but what was his rank? Was he of that grade in society in which the natural offences are or are not consonant to, or harmonious with, outrages upon stocks? On that Lenny Fairfield did not feel quite assured. According to all the experience of the villager, the boy was not dressed like a young gentleman. Leonard's notions of such aristocratic costume were naturally fashioned upon the model of Frank Hazeldean. They represented to him a dazzling vision of snow-white trowsers, and beautiful blue coats, and incomparable cravats. Now the dress of this stranger, though not that of a peasant nor

of a farmer, did not in any way correspond with Lenny's notions of the costume of a young gentleman: it looked to him highly disreputable; the coat was covered with mud, and the hat was all manner of shapes, with a gap between the side and crown.

Lenny was puzzled, till it suddenly occurred to him that the gate through which the boy had passed was in the direct path across the park from a small town, the inhabitants of which were in very bad odor at the Hall—they had immemorially furnished the most daring poachers to the preserves, the most troublesome trespassers on the park, the most unprincipled orchard-robbers, and the most disputatious assertors of various problematical rights of way, which, according to the town, were public, and, according to the Hall, had been private since the Conquest. It was true that the same path led also directly from the Squire's house, but it was not probable that the wearer of attire so equivocal had been visiting there. All things considered, Lenny had no doubt in his mind but that the stranger was a shopboy or 'prentice from the town of Thorndyke; and the notorious repute of that town, coupled with this presumption, made it probable that Lenny now saw before him one of the midnight desecrators of the stocks. As if to confirm the suspicion, which passed through Lenny's mind with a rapidity wholly disproportionate to the number of lines it costs me to convey it, the boy, now standing right before the stocks, bent down and read that pithy anathema with which it was defaced. And having read it, he repeated it aloud, and Lenny actually saw him smile—such a smile!—so disagreeable and sinister! Lenny had never before seen the smile sardonic.

But what were Lenny's pious horror and dismay when this ominous stranger fairly seated himself on the stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and, taking out a pencil and a pocketbook, began to write. Was this audacious unknown taking an inventory of the church and the Hall for the purposes of conflagration? He looked at one, and at the other, with a strange, fixed stare, as he wrote—not keeping his eyes on the paper, as Lenny had been taught to do when he sat down to his copybook. The fact is, that Randal Leslie was tired and faint, and he felt the shock of his fall the more, after the few paces he had walked, so that he was glad to rest himself a few moments; and he took that opportunity to write a line to Frank, to excuse himself for not calling again, intending to tear the leaf on which he wrote out of his pocketbook, and leave it at the first cottage he passed, with instructions to take it to the Hall.

While Randal was thus innocently engaged, Lenny came up to him with the firm and measured pace of one who has resolved, cost what it may, to do his duty. And as Lenny, though brave, was not ferocious, so the anger he felt, and the suspicions he entertained, only exhibited themselves in the following solemn appeal to the offender's sense of propriety,—

"Ben't you ashamed of yourself? Sitting on the Squire's new stocks! Do get up, and go along with you!"

Randal turned round sharply; and though, at any other moment, he would have had sense enough to extricate himself very easily from his false position, yet, *Nemo mortalium*, &c. No one is always wise. And Randal was in an exceedingly bad humor. The affability towards his inferiors, for which I lately praised him, was entirely lost in the contempt for impertinent snobs natural to an insulted Etonian.

Therefore, eyeing Lenny with great disdain, Randal answered briefly,—

"You are an insolent young blackguard."

So curt a rejoinder made Lenny's blood fly to his face. Persuaded before that the intruder was some lawless apprentice or shop lad, he was now more confirmed in that judgment, not only by language so uncivil, but by the truculent glance which accompanied it, and which certainly did not derive any imposing dignity from the mutilated, rakish, hang-dog, ruinous hat, under which it shot its sullen and menacing fire.

Of all the various articles of which our male attire is composed, there is perhaps not one which has so much character and expression as the top-covering. A neat, well-brushed, short-napped, gentlemanlike hat, put on with a certain air, gives a distinction and respectability to the whole exterior; whereas, a broken, squashed, higgledy-piggledy sort of a hat, such as Randal Leslie had on, would go far towards transforming the stateliest gentleman that ever walked down St. James's Street into the ideal of a ruffianly scamp.

[Pg 412]

Now, it is well known that there is nothing more antipathetic to your peasant-boy than your shopboy. Even on grand political occasions, the rural working-class can rarely be coaxed into sympathy with the trading town-class. Your true English peasant is always an aristocrat. Moreover, and irrespectively of this immemorial grudge of class, there is something peculiarly hostile in the relationship between boy and boy when their backs are once up, and they are alone on a quiet bit of green. Something of the game-cock feeling—something that tends to keep alive, in the population of this island, (otherwise so lamblike and peaceful,) the martial propensity to double the thumb tightly over the four fingers, and make what is called "a fist of it." Dangerous symptoms of these mingled and aggressive sentiments were visible in Lenny Fairfield at the words and the look of the unprepossessing stranger. And the stranger seemed aware of them; for his pale face grew more pale, and his sullen eye more fixed and more vigilant.

"You get off them stocks," said Lenny, disdainingly to reply to the coarse expressions bestowed on him; and, suiting the action to the word, he gave the intruder what he meant for a shove, but which Randal took for a blow. The Etonian sprang up, and the quickness of his movement, aided but by a slight touch of his hand, made Lenny lose his balance, and sent him neck-and-crop over

the stocks. Burning with rage, the young villager rose alertly, and, flying at Randal, struck out right and left.

CHAPTER III.

Aid me, O ye Nine! whom the incomparable Persius satirized his contemporaries for invoking, and then, all of a sudden, invoked on his own behalf—aid me to describe that famous battle by the stocks, and in defence of the stocks, which was waged by the two representatives of Saxon and Norman England. Here, sober support of law and duty and delegated trust—*pro aris et focis*; there, haughty invasion, and bellicose spirit of knighthood, and that respect for name and person, which we call honor. Here, too, hardy physical force—there, skilful discipline. Here—the Nine are as deaf as a post, and as cold as a stone! Plague take the jades!—I can do better without them.

Randal was a year older than Lenny, but he was not so tall nor so strong, nor even so active; and after the first blind rush, when the two boys paused, and drew back to breathe, Lenny, eyeing the slight form and hueless cheek of his opponent, and seeing blood trickling from Randal's lip, was seized with an instantaneous and generous remorse. "It was not fair," he thought, "to fight one whom he could beat so easily." So, retreating still farther, and letting his arms fall to his side, he said mildly—"There, let's have no more of it; but go home, and be good."

Randal Leslie had no remarkable degree of that constitutional quality called physical courage; but he had all those moral qualities which supply its place. He was proud—he was vindictive—he had high self-esteem—he had the destructive organ more than the combative;—what had once provoked his wrath it became his instinct to sweep away. Therefore, though all his nerves were quivering, and hot tears were in his eyes, he approached Lenny with the sternness of a gladiator, and said between his teeth, which he set hard, choking back the sob of rage and pain—

"You have struck me—and you shall not stir from this ground—till I have made you repent it. Put up your hands—I will not strike you so—defend yourself."

Lenny mechanically obeyed; and he had good need of the admonition; for if before he had had the advantage, now that Randal had recovered the surprise to his nerves, the battle was not to the strong.

Though Leslie had not been a fighting boy at Eton, still his temper had involved him in some conflicts when he was in the lower forms, and he had learned something of the art as well as the practice in pugilism—an excellent thing, too, I am barbarous enough to believe, and which I hope will never quite die out of our public schools. Ah, many a young duke has been a better fellow for life from a fair set-to with a trader's son; and many a trader's son has learned to look a lord more manfully in the face on the hustings, from the recollection of the sound thrashing he once gave to some little Lord Leopold Dawdle.

So Randal now brought his experience and art to bear; put aside those heavy roundabout blows, and darted in his own, quick and sharp—supplying the due momentum of pugilistic mechanics to the natural feebleness of his arm. Ay, and the arm, too, was no longer so feeble: so strange is the strength that comes from passion and pluck!

Poor Lenny, who had never fought before, was bewildered; his sensations grew so entangled that he could never recall them distinctly: he had a dim reminiscence of some breathless impotent rush—of a sudden blindness followed by quick flashes of intolerable light—of a deadly faintness, from which he was roused by sharp pangs—here—there—everywhere; and then all he could remember was, that he was lying on the ground, huddled up and panting hard, while his adversary bent over him with a countenance as dark and livid as Lara himself might have bent over the fallen Otho. For Randal Leslie was not one who, by impulse and nature, subscribed to the noble English maxim—"Never hit a foe when he is down;" and it cost him a strong if brief self-struggle, not to set his heel on that prostrate form. It was the mind, not the heart that subdued the savage within him, as, muttering something inwardly—certainly not Christian forgiveness—the victor turned gloomily away.

[Pg 413]

CHAPTER IV.

Just at that precise moment, who should appear but Mr. Stirn! For, in fact, being extremely anxious to get Lenny into disgrace, he had hoped that he should have found the young villager had shirked the commission intrusted to him; and the Right-hand Man had slyly come back, to see if that amiable expectation were realized. He now beheld Lenny rising with some difficulty—still panting hard—and with hysterical sounds akin to what is vulgarly called blubbing—his fine new waistcoat sprinkled with his own blood which flowed from his nose—nose that seemed to Lenny Fairfield's feelings to be a nose no more, but a swollen, gigantic, mountainous Slawkenbergian excrescence,—in fact, he felt all nose! Turning aghast from this spectacle, Mr. Stirn surveyed, with no more respect than Lenny had manifested, the stranger boy, who had again seated himself on the stocks (whether to recover his breath, or whether to show that his victory was consummated, and that he was in his rights of possession). "Hollo," said Mr. Stirn, "what is all this?—what's the matter, Lenny, you blockhead?"

"He *will* sit there," answered Lenny, in broken gasps, "and he has beat me because I would not let him; but I doesn't mind that," added the villager, trying hard to suppress his tears, "and I'm

ready again for him—that I am."

"And what do you do, lolloping there on them blessed stocks?"

"Looking at the landscape; out of my light, man."

This tone instantly inspired Mr. Stirn with misgivings: it was a tone so disrespectful to him that he was seized with involuntary respect: who but a gentleman could speak so to Mr. Stirn?

"And may I ask who you be?" said Stirn, falteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat. "What's your name, pray, and what's your bizness?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's family—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr. Hazeldean's ploughman!"

So saying, Randal rose; and moving on a few paces, turned, and throwing half-a-crown on the road, said to Lenny,—“Let that pay you for your bruises, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As for you, fellow,”—and he pointed his scornful hand towards Mr. Stirn, who, with his mouth open, and his hat now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth—“as for you, give my compliment to Mr. Hazeldean, and say that, when he does us the honor to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean.”

O my poor Squire! Rood Hall ashamed of Hazeldean! If that message had ever been delivered to you, you would never have looked up again!

With those bitter words, Randal swung himself over the stile that led into the parson's glebe, and left Lenny Fairfield still feeling his nose, and Mr. Stirn still bowing to the earth.

CHAPTER V.

Randal Leslie had a very long walk home: he was bruised: and sore from head to foot, and his mind was still more sore and more bruised than his body. But if Randal Leslie had rested himself in the Squire's gardens, without walking backwards, and indulging in speculations suggested by Marat, and warranted by my Lord Bacon, he would have passed a most agreeable evening, and really availed himself of the Squire's wealth by going home in the Squire's carriage. But because he chose to take so intellectual a view of property, he tumbled into a ditch; because he tumbled into a ditch, he spoiled his clothes; because he spoiled his clothes, he gave up his visit; because he gave up his visit, he got into the village green, and sat on the stocks with a hat that gave him the air of a fugitive from the treadmill; because he sat on the stocks—with that hat, and a cross face under it—he had been forced into the most discreditable squabble with a clodhopper, and was now limping home, at war with gods and men;—*ergo*, (this is a moral that will bear repetition)—*ergo*, when you walk in a rich man's grounds, be contented to enjoy what is yours, namely, the prospect;—I dare say you will enjoy it more than he does.

CHAPTER VI.

If, in the simplicity of his heart, and the crudeness of his experience, Lenny Fairfield had conceived it probable that Mr. Stirn would address to him some words in approbation of his gallantly, and in sympathy for his bruises, he soon found himself woefully mistaken. That truly great man, worthy prime-minister of Hazeldean, might, perhaps, pardon a dereliction from his orders, if such dereliction proved advantageous to the interests of the service, or redounded to the credit of the chief; but he was inexorable to that worst of diplomatic offences—an ill-timed, stupid, over-zealous obedience to orders, which, if it established the devotion of the *employé*, got the employer into what is popularly called a scrape! And though, by those unversed in the intricacies of the human heart, and unacquainted with the especial hearts of prime-ministers and right-hand men, it might have seemed natural that Mr. Stirn, as he stood still, hat in hand, in the middle of the road, stung, humbled, and exasperated by the mortification he had received from the lips of Randal Leslie, would have felt that that young gentleman was the proper object of his resentment; yet such a breach of all the etiquette of diplomatic life as resentment towards a superior power was the last idea that would have suggested itself to the profound intellect of the Premier of Hazeldean. Still, as rage, like steam, must escape somewhere, Mr. Stirn, on feeling—as he afterwards expressed it to his wife—that his “buzzom was a burstin,” turned with the natural instinct of self-preservation to the safety-valve provided for the explosion; and the vapors within him rushed into vent upon Lenny Fairfield. He clapped his hat on his head fiercely, and thus relieved his “buzzom.”

[Pg 414]

"You young willain! you howdacious wiper! and so all this blessed Sabbath afternoon, when you ought to have been in church on your marrow bones, a-praying for your betters, you has been a-fitting with a young gentleman, and a wisiter to your master, on the werry place of the parridge hinstitution that you was to guard and pectect; and a-bloodying it all over, I declares, with your blaggard little nose!" Thus saying, and as if to mend the matter, Mr. Stirn aimed an additional stroke at the offending member; but, Lenny mechanically putting up both his arms to defend his face, Mr. Stirn struck his knuckles against the large brass buttons that adorned the cuff of the boy's coat-sleeve—an incident which greatly aggravated his indignation. And Lenny, whose spirit was fairly roused at what the narrowness of his education conceived to be a signal injustice, placing the trunk of the tree between Mr. Stirn and himself, began that task of self-justification which it was equally impolitic to conceive and imprudent to execute, since, in such a case, to justify was to recriminate.

"I wonder at you, Master Stirn,—if mother could hear you! You know it was you who would not let me go to church; it was you who told me to—"

"Fit a young gentleman, and break the Sabbath," said Mr. Stirn, interrupting him with a withering sneer. "O yes! I told you to disgrace his honor the Squire, and me, and the parridge, and bring us all into trouble. But the Squire told me to make an example, and I will!" With those words, quick as lightning flashed upon Mr. Stirn's mind the luminous idea of setting Lenny in the very stocks which he had too faithfully guarded. Eureka! the "example" was before him! Here, he could gratify his long grudge against the pattern boy; here, by such a selection of the very best lad in the parish, he could strike terror into the worst; here, he could appease the offended dignity of Randal Leslie; here was a practical apology to the Squire for the affront put upon his young visitor; here, too, there was prompt obedience to the Squire's own wish that the stocks should be provided as soon as possible with a tenant. Suiting the action to the thought, Mr. Stirn made a rapid plunge at his victim, caught him by the skirt of his jacket, and, in a few seconds more, the jaws of the stocks had opened, and Lenny Fairfield was thrust therein—a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. This done, and while the boy was too astounded, too stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity for the resistance he might otherwise have made—nay, for more than a few inaudible words—Mr. Stirn hurried from the spot, but not without first picking up and pocketing the half-crown designed for Lenny, and which, so great had been his first emotions, he had hitherto even almost forgotten. He then made his way towards the church, with the intention to place himself close by the door, catch the Squire as he came out, whisper to him what had passed, and lead him, with the whole congregation at his heels, to gaze upon the sacrifice offered up to the joint powers of Nemesis and Themis.

CHAPTER VII.

Unaffectedly I say it—upon the honor of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by Lenny Fairfield, as he sat alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suffered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was preëminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful, galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and he had no means to right himself. Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the Parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honorable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support: he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage;—for he heard steps approaching. And he began to picture to himself the arrival of all the villagers from church, the sad gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle, ill-suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unblotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sat in the stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. "A sad disgrace, Lenny—you'll never be in such a quandary." "Quandary," the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him.

[Pg 415]

CHAPTER VIII.

"Kettles and frying-pans! what has us here?" cried the tinker.

This time Mr. Sprott was without his donkey; for, it being Sunday, it is to be presumed that the donkey was enjoying his Sabbath on the common. The tinker was in his Sunday's best, clean and smart, about to take his lounge in the park.

Lenny Fairfield made no answer to the appeal.

"You in the wood, my baby! Well, that's the last sight I should ha' thought to see. But we all lives to larn," said the tinker sententiously. "Who gave you them leggins? Can't you speak, lad?"

"Nick Stirn."

"Nick Stirn! Ay, I'd ha' ta'en my davy on that: and cos vy?"

"Cause I did as he told me, and fought a boy as was trespassing on these very stocks; and he beat me—but I don't care for that; and that boy was a young gentleman, and going to visit the Squire; and so Nick Stirn—"

Lenny stopped short, choked by rage and humiliation.

"Augh," said the tinker, staring, "you fit with a young gentleman, did you? Sorry to hear you confess that, my lad! Sit there, and be thankful you ha' got off so cheap. 'Tis salt and battery to fit with your betters, and a Lunnon justice o' peace would have given you two months o' the treadmill. But vy should you fit 'cause he trespassed on the stocks? It ben't your natural side for fitting, I takes it."

Lenny murmured something not very distinguishable about serving the Squire, and doing as he was bid.

"Oh, I sees, Lenny," interrupted the tinker, in a tone of great contempt, "you be one o' those who would rayther 'unt with the 'ounds than run with the 'are! You be's the good pattern boy, and would peach agin your own horder to curry favor with the grand folks. Fie, lad! you be sarved right: stick by your horder, then you'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally 'espised—as you'll be arter church time! Vell, I can't be seen 'sorting with you, now you are in this here drogatory fix; it might hurt my cracter, both with them as built the stocks, and them as wants to pull 'em down. Old kettles to mend! Vy, you makes me forgit the Sabbath. Sarvent, my lad, and wish you well out of it; 'spects to your mother, and say we can deal for the pan and shovel all the same for your misfortin."

The tinker went his way. Lenny's eye followed him with the sullenness of despair. The tinker, like all the tribe of human comforters, had only watered the brambles to invigorate the prick of the thorns. Yes, if Lenny had been caught breaking the stocks, some at least would have pitied him; but to be incarcerated for defending them, you might as well have expected that the widows and orphans of the Reign of Terror would have pitied Dr. Guillotin when he slid through the grooves of his own deadly machine. And even the tinker, itinerant, ragamuffin vagabond as he was, felt ashamed to be found with the pattern boy! Lenny's head sank again on his breast, heavily as if it had been of lead. Some few minutes thus passed, when the unhappy prisoner became aware of the presence of another spectator to his shame: he heard no step, but he saw a shadow thrown over the sward. He held his breath, and would not look up, with some vague idea that if he refused to see he might escape being seen.

CHAPTER IX.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, putting his hand on Lenny's shoulder, and bending down to look into his face—"Per Bacco! my young friend, do you sit here from choice or necessity?"

Lenny slightly shuddered, and winced under the touch of one whom he had hitherto regarded with a sort of superstitious abhorrence.

"I fear," resumed Riccabocca, after waiting in vain for an answer to his question, "that, though the situation is charming, you did not select it yourself. What is this,"—and the irony of the tone vanished—"what is this, my poor boy? You have been bleeding, and I see that those tears which you try to check come from a deep well. Tell me, *povero fanciullo mio*, (the sweet Italian vowels, though Lenny did not understand them, sounded softly and soothingly,)—tell me, my child, how all this happened. Perhaps I can help you—we have all erred; we should all help each other."

Lenny's heart, that just before had seemed bound in brass, found itself a way as the Italian spoke thus kindly, and the tears rushed down; but he again stopped them, and gulped out sturdily,—

"I have not done no wrong; it ben't my fault—and 'tis that which kills me!" concluded Lenny, with a burst of energy.

"You have not done wrong? Then," said the philosopher, drawing out his pocket handkerchief with great composure, and spreading it on the ground—"then I may sit beside you. I could only stoop pityingly over sin, but can lie down on equal terms with misfortune."

Lenny Fairfield did not quite comprehend the words, but enough of their general meaning was apparent to make him cast a grateful glance on the Italian. Riccabocca resumed, as he adjusted the pocket-handkerchief, "I have a right to your confidence, my child, for I have been afflicted in my day; yet I too say with thee, 'I have not done wrong.' *Cospetto!* (and here the Doctor seated himself deliberately, resting one arm on the side column of the stocks, in familiar contact with the captive's shoulder, while his eye wandered over the lovely scene around)—*Cospetto!* my prison, if they had caught me, would not have had so fair a look-out as this. But, to be sure, it is all one: there are no ugly loves, and no handsome prisons!"

[Pg 416]

With that sententious maxim, which, indeed, he uttered in his native Italian, Riccabocca turned round, and renewed his soothing invitations to confidence. A friend in need is a friend indeed, even if he come in the guise of a Papist and wizard. All Lenny's ancient dislike to the foreigner had gone, and he told him his little tale.

Dr. Riccabocca was much too shrewd a man not to see exactly the motives which had induced Mr. Stirn to incarcerate his agent, (barring only that of personal grudge, to which Lenny's account gave him no clue.) That a man high in office should make a scape-goat of his own watch-

dog for an unlucky snap, or even an indiscreet bark, was nothing strange to the wisdom of the student of Machiavelli. However, he set himself to the task of consolation with equal philosophy and tenderness. He began by reminding, or rather informing, Lenny Fairfield of all the instances of illustrious men afflicted by the injustice of others that occurred to his own excellent memory. He told him how the great Epictetus, when in slavery, had a master whose favorite amusement was pinching his leg, which, as the amusement ended in breaking that limb, was worse than the stocks. He also told him the anecdote of Lenny's own gallant countryman, Admiral Byng, whose execution gave rise to Voltaire's celebrated witticism, "*En Angleterre on tue un amiral pour encourager les autres.*" ("In England they execute one admiral in order to encourage the others.") Many more illustrations, still more pertinent to the case in point, his erudition supplied from the stores of history. But on seeing that Lenny did not seem in the slightest degree consoled by these memorable examples, he shifted his ground, and, reducing his logic to the strict *argumentum ad rem*, began to prove, 1st, that there was no disgrace at all in Lenny's present position, that every equitable person would recognize the tyranny of Stirn and the innocence of its victim; 2dly, that if even here he were mistaken, for public opinion was not always righteous, what was public opinion after all?—"A breath—a puff," cried Dr. Riccabocca—"a thing without matter—without length, breadth, or substance—a shadow—a goblin of our own creating. A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom 'opinion' than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark."

Now, as Lenny did very much fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark, the simile spoiled the argument, and he shook his head very mournfully. Dr. Riccabocca was about to enter into a third course of reasoning, which, had it come to an end, would doubtless have settled the matter, and reconciled Lenny to sitting in the stocks till doomsday, when the captive, with the quick ear and eye of terror and calamity, became conscious that church was over, that the congregation in a few seconds more would be flocking thitherwards. He saw visionary hats and bonnets through the trees, which Riccabocca saw not, despite all the excellence of his spectacles—heard phantasmal rustlings and murmurings which Riccabocca heard not, despite all that theoretical experience in plots, stratagems, and treasons, which should have made the Italian's ear as fine as a conspirator's or a mole's. And, with another violent but vain effort at escape, the prisoner exclaimed:

"Oh, if I could but get out before they come! Let me out—let me out. O, kind sir, have pity—let me out!"

"*Diavolo!*" said the philosopher, startled, "I wonder that never occurred to me before. After all, I believe he has hit the right nail on the head;" and looking close, he perceived that though the partition wood had hitched firmly into a sort of spring-clasp, which defied Lenny's unaided struggles, still it was not locked, (for, indeed, the padlock and key were snug in the justice-room of the Squire, who never dreamt that his orders would be executed so literally and summarily as to dispense with all formal appeal to himself.) As soon as Dr. Riccabocca made that discovery, it occurred to him that all the wisdom of all the schools that ever existed can't reconcile man or boy to a bad position, the moment there is a fair opportunity of letting him out of it. Accordingly, without more ado, he lifted up the creaking board, and Lenny Fairfield darted forth like a bird from a cage—halted a moment as if for breath, or in joy; and then, taking at once to his heels, fled, fast as a hare to its form—fast to his mother's home.

Dr. Riccabocca dropped the yawning wood into its place, picked up his handkerchief and restored it to his pocket; and then, with some curiosity, began to examine the nature of that place of duress which had caused so much painful emotion to its rescued victim.

"Man is a very irrational animal at best," quoth the sage, soliloquizing, "and is frightened by strange buggaboos! 'Tis but a piece of wood! how little it really injures; and, after all, the holes are but rests to the legs, and keep the feet out of the dirt. And this green bank to sit upon—under the shade of the elm-tree—verily the position must be more pleasant than otherwise! I've a great mind—" Here the Doctor looked around, and, seeing the coast still clear, the oddest notion imaginable took possession of him; yet not indeed a notion so odd, considered philosophically— [Pg 417] for all philosophy is based on practical experiment—and Dr. Riccabocca felt an irresistible desire practically to experience what manner of thing that punishment of the stocks really was. "I can but try!—only for a moment," said he apologetically to his own expostulating sense of dignity. "I have time to do it, before any one comes." He lifted up the partition again; but stocks are built on the true principle of English law, and don't easily allow a man to criminate himself—it was hard to get into them without the help of a friend. However, as we before noticed, obstacles only whetted Dr. Riccabocca's invention. He looked round and saw a withered bit of stick under the tree—this he inserted in the division of the stocks, somewhat in the manner in which boys place a stick under a sieve for the purpose of ensnaring sparrows: the fatal wood thus propped, Dr. Riccabocca sat gravely down on the bank, and thrust his feet through the apertures.

"Nothing in it!" cried he triumphantly, after a moment's deliberation. "The evil is only in idea. Such is the boasted reason of mortals!" With that reflection, nevertheless, he was about to withdraw his feet from their voluntary dilemma, when the crazy stick suddenly gave way, and the partition fell back into its clasp. Doctor Riccabocca was fairly caught—" *Facitis descensus—sed revocare gradum!*" True, his hands were at liberty, but his legs were so long that, being thus fixed, they kept the hands from the rescue; and as Dr. Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness of adhesion which things newly painted possess, so, after some vain twists and contortions, in which he succeeded at length (not without a stretch of the sinews that made them crack again) in finding the clasp and

breaking his nails thereon, the victim of his own rash experiment resigned himself to his fate. Dr. Riccabocca was one of those men who never do things by halves. When I say he resigned himself, I mean not only Christian but philosophical resignation. The position was not quite so pleasant as, theoretically, he had deemed it; but he resolved to make himself as comfortable as he could. And first, as is natural in all troubles to men who have grown familiar with that odoriferous comforter which Sir Walter Raleigh is said first to have bestowed upon the Caucasian races, the Doctor made use of his hands to extract from his pocket his pipe, match-box, and tobacco-pouch. After a few whiffs he would have been quite reconciled to his situation, but for the discovery that the sun had shifted its place in the heavens, and was no longer shaded from his face by the elm-tree. The Doctor again looked round, and perceived that his red silk umbrella, which he had laid aside when he had seated himself by Lenny, was within arm's reach. Possessing himself of this treasure, he soon expanded its friendly folds. And thus doubly fortified within and without, under shade of the umbrella, and his pipe composedly between his lips, Dr. Riccabocca gazed on his own incarcerated legs, even with complacency.

"He who can despise all things," said he, in one of his native proverbs, "possesses all things"—if one despise freedom, one is free! This seat is as soft as a sofa! I am not sure," he resumed, soliloquizing, after a pause—"I am not sure that there is not something more witty than manly and philosophical in that national proverb of mine, which I quoted to the *fanciullo*, that there are no handsome prisons! Did not the son of that celebrated Frenchman, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, write a book not only to prove that adversities are more necessary than prosperities, but that among all adversities a prison is the most pleasant and profitable?^[32] But is not this condition of mine, voluntarily and experimentally incurred, a type of my life? Is it the first time that I have thrust myself into a hobble?—and if in a hobble of mine own choosing, why should I blame the gods?"

Upon this Dr. Riccabocca fell into a train of musing so remote from time and place, that in a few minutes he no more remembered that he was in the parish stocks, than a lover remembers that flesh is grass, a miser that mammon is perishable, a philosopher that wisdom is vanity.—Dr. Riccabocca was in the clouds.

CHAPTER X.

The dullest dog that ever wrote a novel (and, *entre nous*, reader—but let it go no farther—we have a good many dogs among the fraternity that are not Munitos^[33]) might have seen with half an eye that the Parson's discourse had produced a very genial and humanizing effect upon his audience. When all was over, and the congregation stood up to let Mr. Hazeldean and his family walk first down the aisle (for that was the custom at Hazeldean), moistened eyes glanced at the Squire's sunburned, manly face, with a kindness that bespoke revived memory of many a generous benefit and ready service. The head might be wrong now and then—the heart was in the right place after all. And the lady, leaning on his arm, came in for a large share of that gracious good feeling. True, she now and then gave a little offence when the cottages were not so clean as she fancied they ought to be—and poor folks don't like a liberty taken with their houses any more than the rich do; true, that she was not quite so popular with the women as the Squire was, for, if the husband went too often to the alehouse, she always laid the fault on the wife, and said, "No man would go out of doors for his comforts, if he had a smiling face and a clean hearth at his home;" whereas the Squire maintained the more gallant opinion, that "if Gill was a shrew, it was because Jack did not, as in duty bound, stop her mouth with a kiss." Still, notwithstanding these more obnoxious notions on her part, and a certain awe inspired by the stiff silk gown and the handsome aquiline nose, it was impossible, especially in the softened tempers of that Sunday afternoon, not to associate the honest, comely, beaming countenance of Mrs. Hazeldean with comfortable recollections of soups, jellies, and wine in sickness, loaves and blankets in winter, cheering words and ready visits in every little distress, and pretexts afforded by improvement in the grounds and gardens (improvements which, as the Squire, who preferred productive labor, justly complained, "would never finish") for little timely jobs of work to some veteran grandsire, who still liked to earn a penny, or some ruddy urchin in a family that "came too fast." Nor was Frank, as he walked a little behind, in the whitest of trousers and the stiffest of neckcloths—with a look of suppressed roguery in his bright hazel eye, that contrasted his assumed stateliness of mien—without his portion of the silent blessing. Not that he had done any thing yet to deserve it; but we all give youth so large a credit in the future. As for Miss Jemima, her trifling foibles only rose from too soft and feminine a susceptibility, too ivy-like a yearning for some masculine oak, whereon to entwine her tendrils; and so little confined to self was the natural lovingness of her disposition, that she had helped many a village lass to find a husband, by the bribe of a marriage gift from her own privy purse; notwithstanding the assurances with which she accompanied the marriage gift,—viz., that "the bridegroom would turn out like the rest of his ungrateful sex; but that it was a comfort to think that it would be all one in the approaching crash." So that she had her warm partisans, especially amongst the young; while the slim Captain, on whose arm she rested her forefinger, was at least a civilspoken gentleman, who had never done any harm, and who would doubtless do a deal of good if he belonged to the parish. Nay, even the fat footman, who came last with the family Prayer-book, had his due share in the general association of neighborly kindness between hall and hamlet. Few were there present to whom he had not extended the right-hand of fellowship, with a full horn of October in the clasp of it: and he was a Hazeldean man, too, born and bred, as two-thirds of the Squire's household (now letting themselves out from their large pew under the gallery) were.

On his part, too, you could see that the Squire was "moved withal," and a little humbled moreover. Instead of walking erect, and taking bow and courtesy as matter of course, and of no meaning, he hung his head somewhat, and there was a slight blush on his cheek; and as he glanced upward and round him—shyly, as it were—and his eye met those friendly looks, it returned them with an earnestness that had in it something touching as well as cordial—an eye that said, as well as eye could say, "I don't quite deserve it, I fear, neighbors; but I thank you for your good-will with my whole heart." And so readily was that glance of the eye understood, that I think, if that scene had taken place out of doors instead of in the church, there would have been an hurrah as the Squire passed out of sight.

Scarcely had Mr. Hazeldean got well out of the churchyard, ere Mr. Stirn was whispering in his ear. As Stirn whispered, the Squire's face grew long, and his color changed. The congregation, now flocking out of the church, exchanged looks with each other; that ominous conjunction between Squire and man chilled back all the effects of the Parson's sermon. The Squire struck his cane violently into the ground. "I would rather you had told me Black Bess had got the glanders. A young gentleman, coming to visit my son, struck and insulted in Hazeldean; a young gentleman—'sdeath, sir, a relation—his grandmother was a Hazeldean. I do believe Jemima's right, and the world's coming to an end! But Leonard Fairfield in the stocks! What will the Parson say? and after such a sermon! 'Rich man, respect the poor!' And the good widow, too; and poor Mark, who almost died in my arms. Stirn, you have a heart of stone! You confounded, lawless, merciless miscreant, who the deuce gave you the right to imprison man or boy in my parish of Hazeldean without trial, sentence, or warrant? Run and let the boy out before any one sees him: run, or I shall"—The Squire elevated his cane, and his eyes shot fire. Mr. Stirn did not run, but he walked off very fast. The Squire drew back a few paces, and again took his wife's arm. "Just wait a bit for the Parson, while I talk to the congregation. I want to stop 'em all, if I can, from going into the village; but how?"

Frank heard, and replied readily—

"Give 'em some beer, sir."

"Beer! on a Sunday! For shame, Frank!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Hold your tongue, Harry. Thank you Frank," said the Squire, and his brow grew as clear as the blue sky above him. I doubt if Riccabocca could have got him out of his dilemma with the same ease as Frank had done.

"Halt there, my men—lads and lasses too—there, halt a bit. Mrs. Fairfield, do you hear?—halt! I think his reverence has given us a capital sermon. Go up to the Great House all of you, and drink a glass to his health. Frank, go with them; and tell Spruce to tap one of the casks kept for the hay-makers. Harry, [this in whisper,] catch the Parson, and tell him to come to me instantly."

"My dear Hazeldean, what has happened? you are mad."

"Don't bother—do what I tell you."

"But where is the Parson to find you?"

"Where, gad zooks, Mrs. H.—at the stocks to be sure!"

[Pg 419]

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Riccabocca, awakened out of his reverie by the sound of footsteps, was still so little sensible of the indignity of his position, that he enjoyed exceedingly, and with all the malice of his natural humor, the astonishment and stupor manifested by Stirn, when that functionary beheld the extraordinary substitute which fate and philosophy had found for Lenny Fairfield. Instead of the weeping, crushed, broken-hearted captive whom he had reluctantly come to deliver, he stared, speechless and aghast, upon the grotesque but tranquil figure of the Doctor, enjoying his pipe and cooling himself under his umbrella, with a *sang-froid* that was truly appalling and diabolical. Indeed, considering that Stirn always suspected the Papisher of having had a hand in the whole of that black and midnight business, in which the stocks had been broken, bunged up, and consigned to perdition, and that the Papisher had the evil reputation of dabbling in the Black Art, the hocus-pocus way in which the Lenny he had incarcerated was transformed into the Doctor he found, conjoined with the peculiarly strange, eldritch, and Mephistophelean physiognomy and person of Riccabocca, could not but strike a thrill of superstitious dismay into the breast of the parochial tyrant. While to his first confused and stammered exclamations and interrogatories, Riccabocca replied with so tragic an air, such ominous shakes of the head, such mysterious, equivocating, long-worded sentences, that Stirn every moment felt more and more convinced that the boy had sold himself to the Powers of Darkness; and that he himself, prematurely, and in the flesh, stood face to face with the Arch-Enemy.

Mr. Stirn had not yet recovered his wonted intelligence, which, to do him justice, was usually prompt enough—when the Squire, followed hard by the Parson, arrived at the spot. Indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean's report of the Squire's urgent message, disturbed manner, and most unparalleled invitation to the parishioners, had given wings to Parson Dale's ordinarily slow and sedate movements. And while the Squire, sharing Stirn's amazement, beheld indeed a great pair of feet projecting from the stocks, and saw behind them the grave face of Doctor Riccabocca, under the majestic shade of the umbrella, but not a vestige of the only being his mind could identify with

the tenancy of the stocks, Mr. Dale, catching him by the arm, and panting hard, exclaimed with a petulance he had never before been known to display—except at the whist-table:—

"Mr. Hazeldean, Mr. Hazeldean, I am scandalized—I am shocked at you. I can bear a great deal from you, sir, as I ought to do; but to ask my whole congregation, the moment after divine service, to go up and guzzle ale at the Hall, and drink my health, as if a clergyman's sermon had been a speech at a cattle-fair! I am ashamed of you, and of the parish! What on earth has come to you all?"

"That's the very question I wish to heaven I could answer," groaned the Squire, quite mildly and pathetically—"What on earth has come to us all? Ask Stirn:" (then bursting out) "Stirn, you infernal rascal, don't you hear?—what on earth has come to us all?"

"The Papisher is at the bottom of it, sir," said Stirn, provoked out of all temper. "I does my duty, but I is but a mortal man, arter all."

"A mortal fiddlestick—where's Leonard Fairfield, I say?"

"*Him* knows best," answered Stirn, retreating mechanically, for safety's sake, behind the Parson, and pointing to Dr. Riccabocca. Hitherto, though both the Squire and Parson had indeed recognized the Italian, they had merely supposed him to be seated on the bank. It never entered their heads that so respectable and dignified a man could by any possibility be an inmate, compelled or voluntary, of the parish stocks. No, not even though, as I before said, the Squire had seen, just under his nose, a very long pair of soles inserted in the apertures—that sight had only confused and bewildered him, unaccompanied as it ought to have been with the trunk and face of Lenny Fairfield. Those soles seemed to him optical delusions, phantoms of the overheated brain; but now, catching hold of Stirn, while the Parson in equal astonishment caught hold of him—the Squire faltered out, "Well, this beats cock-fighting! The man's as mad as a March hare, and has taken Dr. Rickeybockey for little Lenny!"

"Perhaps," said the Doctor, breaking silence, with a bland smile, and attempting an inclination of the head as courteous as his position would permit—"perhaps, if it be quite the same to you, before you proceed to explanations,—you will just help me out of the stocks."

The Parson, despite his perplexity and anger, could not repress a smile, as he approached his learned friend, and bent down for the purpose of extricating him.

"Lord love your reverence, you'd better not!" cried Mr. Stirn. "Don't be tempted—he only wants to get you into his claws. I would not go a-near him for all the—"

The speech was interrupted by Dr. Riccabocca himself, who now, thanks to the Parson, had risen into his full height, and half a head taller than all present—even than the tall Squire—approached Mr. Stirn, with a gracious wave of the hand. Mr. Stirn retreated rapidly towards the hedge, amidst the brambles of which he plunged himself incontinently.

"I guess whom you take me for, Mr. Stirn," said the Italian, lifting his hat with his characteristic politeness. "It is certainly a great honor: but you will know better one of these days, when the gentleman in question admits you to a personal interview in another and—a hotter world."

CHAPTER XII.

"But how on earth did you get into my new stocks?" asked the Squire, scratching his head.

[Pg 420]

"My dear sir, Pliny the elder got into the crater of Mount Etna."

"Did he, and what for?"

"To try what it was like, I suppose," answered Riccabocca.

The Squire burst out a-laughing.

"And so you got into the stocks to try what it was like. Well, I can't wonder—it is a very handsome pair of stocks," continued the Squire, with a loving look at the object of his praise. "Nobody need be ashamed of being seen in those stocks—I should not mind it myself."

"We had better move on," said the Parson dryly, "or we shall be having the whole village here presently, gazing on the lord of the manor in the same predicament as that from which we have just extricated the Doctor. Now pray, what is the matter with Lenny Fairfield? I can't understand a word of what has passed. You don't mean to say that good Lenny Fairfield (who was absent from church by the by) can have done any thing to get into disgrace?"

"Yes, he has though," cried the Squire. "Stirn, I say—Stirn." But Stirn had forced his way through the hedge and vanished. Thus left to his own powers of narrative at second-hand, Mr. Hazeldean now told all he had to communicate: the assault upon Randal Leslie, and the prompt punishment inflicted by Stirn; his own indignation at the affront to his young kinsman, and his good-natured merciful desire to save the culprit from the addition of public humiliation.

The Parson, mollified towards the rude and hasty invention of the beer-drinking, took the Squire by the hand. "Ah, Mr. Hazeldean, forgive me," he said repentantly; "I ought to have known at once that it was only some ebullition of your heart that could stifle your sense of decorum. But this is a sad story about Lenny, brawling and fighting on the Sabbath-day. So unlike him, too—I

don't know what to make of it."

"Like or unlike," said the Squire, "it has been a gross insult to young Leslie; and looks all the worse because I and Audley are not just the best friends in the world. I can't think what it is," continued Mr. Hazelden, musingly, "but it seems that there must be always some association of fighting connected with that prim half-brother of mine. There was I, son of his own mother—who might have been shot through the lungs, only the ball lodged in the shoulder—and now his wife's kinsman—my kinsman, too—grandmother of a Hazelden—a hard-reading sober lad, as I am given to understand, can't set his foot into the quietest parish in the three kingdoms, but what the mildest boy that ever was seen—makes a rush at him like a mad bull. It is FATALITY!" cried the Squire solemnly.

"Ancient legend records similar instances of fatality in certain houses," observed Riccabocca. "There was the House of Pelops—and Polynices and Eteocles—the sons of Œdipus!"

"Pshaw," said the Parson; "but what's to be done?"

"Done?" said the Squire; "why, reparation must be made to young Leslie. And though I wished to spare Lenny, the young ruffian, a public disgrace—for your sake, Parson Dale, and Mrs. Fairfield's;—yet a good caning in private—"

"Stop, sir!" said Riccabocca mildly, "and hear me." The Italian then, with much feeling and considerable tact, pleaded the cause of his poor protégé, and explained how Lenny's error arose only from mistaken zeal for the Squire's service, and in the execution of the orders received from Mr. Stirn.

"That alters the matter," said the Squire, softened; "and all that is necessary now will be for him to make a proper apology to my kinsman."

"Yes, that is just," rejoined the Parson; "but I still don't learn how he got out of the stocks."

Riccabocca then resumed his tale; and, after confessing his own principal share in Lenny's escape, drew a moving picture of the boy's shame and honest mortification. "Let us march against Philip!" cried the Athenians when they heard Demosthenes—

"Let us go at once and comfort the child!" cried the Parson, before Riccabocca could finish.

With that benevolent intention, all three quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the widow's cottage. But Lenny had caught sight of their approach through the window; and not doubting that, in spite of Riccabocca's intercession, the Parson was come to upbraid, and the Squire to re-imprison, he darted out by the back way, got amongst the woods, and lay there *perdu* all the evening. Nay, it was not till after dark that his mother—who sat wringing her hands in the little kitchen and trying in vain to listen to the Parson and Mrs. Dale, who (after sending in search of the fugitive) had kindly come to console the mother—heard a timid knock at the door and a nervous fumble at the latch. She started up, opened the door, and Lenny sprang to her bosom, and there buried his face, sobbing loud.

"No harm, my boy," said the Parson tenderly; "you have nothing to fear—all is explained and forgiven."

Lenny looked up, and the veins on his forehead were much swollen. "Sir," said he sturdily, "I don't want to be forgiven—I ain't done no wrong. And—I've been disgraced—and I won't go to school, never no more."

"Hush, Carry!" said the Parson to his wife, who, with the usual liveliness of her little temper, was about to expostulate. "Good night, Mrs. Fairfield. I shall come and talk to you to-morrow, Lenny; by that time you will think better of it."

The Parson then conducted his wife home, and went up to the Hall to report Lenny's safe return; for the Squire was very uneasy about him, and had even in person shared the search. As soon as he heard Lenny was safe—"Well," said the Squire, "let him go the first thing in the morning to Rood Hall, to ask Master Leslie's pardon, and all will be right and smooth again."

"A young villain!" cried Frank, with his cheeks the color of scarlet; "to strike a gentleman and an Etonian, who had just been to call on *me*! But I wonder Randal let him off so well—any other boy in the sixth form would have killed him!"

"Frank," said the Parson sternly, "if we all had our deserts, what should be done to him who not only lets the sun go down on his own wrath, but strives with uncharitable breath to fan the dying embers of another's?"

The clergyman here turned away from Frank, who bit his lip, and seemed abashed—while even his mother said not a word in his exculpation; for when the Parson did reprove in that stern tone, the majesty of the Hall stood awed before the rebuke of the Church. Catching Riccabocca's inquisitive eye, Mr. Dale drew aside the philosopher, and whispered to him his fears that it would be a very hard matter to induce Lenny to beg Randal Leslie's pardon, and that the proud stomach of the pattern-boy would not digest the stocks with as much ease as a long regimen of philosophy had enabled the sage to do. This conference Miss Jemima soon interrupted by a direct appeal to the Doctor respecting the number of years (even without any previous and more violent incident) that the world could possibly withstand its own wear and tear.

"Ma'am," said the Doctor, reluctantly summoned away to look at a passage in some prophetic periodical upon that interesting subject—"ma'am, it is very hard that you should make one remember the end of the world, since, in conversing with you, one's natural temptation is to forget its existence."

Miss Jemima blushed scarlet. Certainly that deceitful heartless compliment justified all her contempt for the male sex; and yet—such is human blindness—it went far to redeem all mankind in her credulous and too confiding soul.

"He is about to propose," sighed Miss Jemima.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he drew on his nightcap, and stepped majestically into the four-posted bed, "I think we shall get that boy for the garden now!"

Thus each spurred his hobby, or drove her car, round the Hazeldean whirligig.

CONDITIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

Hume, the historian, was a competitor with Burke for the professorship of logic in the University of Glasgow, made vacant by the appointment of Adam Smith to the chair of moral philosophy. The place was given to a Mr. Clow, who owes the perpetuation of his name thus long to the distinguished rivals whom he distanced, and the illustrious professor whom he succeeded.

FOOTNOTES:

[30] *Du Credit et des Banques, Paris, 1848.*

[31] Un des plus beaux ouvrages assurément qu'on ait publiés sur le credit.—*Journal des Economistes.*

[32] "*Entre tout, l'état d'une prison est le plus doux, et le plus profitable!*"

[33] Munito was the name of a dog famous for his learning (a Porson of a dog) at the date of my childhood. There are no such dogs now-a-days.

From Frazer's Magazine

DANTE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Ere blasts from northern lands
Had covered Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Centuries twice seven had past
And crush'd Etruria rais'd her head at last.
A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Look'd doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Alters still smoke, still is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And leadest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease—
Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, 'Can this be borne?'
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light

From Sharpe's Magazine

AN EDITORIAL VISIT.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I was passing from my office one day, to indulge myself with a walk, when a little hard-faced old man, with a black coat, broad-brimmed hat, velvet breeches, shoes and buckles, and gold-headed cane, stopped me, standing directly in my path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I crossed my hands before me patiently, forced my features into a civil smile, and waited the development of his intentions; not being distinctly certain, from his firm, determined expression, whether he was "a spirit of health or goblin damned," and whether his intents were "wicked or charitable"—that is, whether he came to discontinue or to subscribe, to pay a bill or present one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. For my part, I am peaceable, and much attached to life, and should esteem it exceedingly disagreeable to be either shot, or horsewhipped. I am not built for action, but love to sail in quiet waters; cordially eschewing gales, waves, water-spouts, sea-serpents, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all such matters, both on sea and land. My antipathy to a horsewhip is an inheritance from boyhood. It carried me across Cæsar's bridge, and through Virgil and Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable understanding of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and other occult sciences. It enlightened me not a little upon many algebraic processes, which, to speak truth, presented, otherwise, but slender claims to my consideration. It disciplined me into a uniform propriety of manners, and instilled into my bosom early rudiments of wisdom, and principles of virtue. In my maturer years, the contingencies of life have thrust me rather abruptly, if not reluctantly, into the editorial fraternity (heaven bless them, I mean them no disrespect), and in the same candor which distinguishes my former acknowledgments, I confess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtruded themselves somewhat forcibly upon my fancy, in the paroxysms of an article, dampening the glow of composition, and causing certain qualifying interlineations and prudent erasures, prompted by the representations of memory or the whispers of prudence. The reader must not fancy, from the form of my expression, that I have ever been horsewhipped. I have hitherto escaped, (for which Heaven be praised!) although my horizon has been darkened by many a cloudy threat, and thundering denunciation.

[Pg 422]

Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of the editorial business. To have any part of one pulled is annoying; but there is a dignity about the nose impatient even of observation or remark: while the act of taking hold of it with the thumb and finger is worse than murder, and can only be washed out with blood. Kicking, cuffing, being turned out of doors, being abused in the papers, &c., are bad, but these are mere minor considerations. Indeed, many of my brother editors rather pique themselves upon some of them, as a soldier does on the scars obtained in fighting the battles of his country; they fancy that, thereby, they are invested with claims upon their party, and suffer indefinite dreams of political eminence to be awakened in their bosoms. I have seen a fellow draw his hat fiercely down over his brow, and strut about, with insufferable importance, on the strength of having been thoroughly kicked by the enemy.

This is a long digression, but it passed rapidly through my mind as the little, hard-faced old gentleman stood before me, looking at me with a piercing glance, and a resolute air. At length, unlike a ghost, he spoke first.

"You are the editor?"—&c.

"A slight motion of acquiescence with my head, and an affirmative wave of my hand, a little leaning toward the majestic, announced to my unknown friend the accuracy of his conjecture."

The little old gentleman's face relaxed—he took off his broad-brimmed hat, and laid it down with his cane carefully on the table, then seized my hand and shook it heartily. People are so polite and friendly when about to ask a favor.

"My dear air," said he, "this is a pleasure I have long sought vainly. You must know, sir. I am the editor of a theatrical weekly—a neat thing in its way—here's the last number." He fumbled about in his pocket, and produced a red-covered pamphlet.

"I have been some time publishing it, and though it is admitted by all acquainted with its merits to be clearly the best thing of the kind ever started this side of the Atlantic, yet people do not seem to take much notice of it. Indeed, my friends tell me that the public are not fully aware of its existence. Pray let me be indebted to you for a notice. I wish to get fairly afloat. You see I have been too diffident about it. We modest fellows allow our inferiors to pass us often. I will leave this number with you. Pray, pray give it a good notice."

He placed in my hands the eleventh number of the "North American Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, and also to literature, science, history, and the arts. On reading over the prospectus, I found it vastly comprehensive, embracing pretty much every subject in the world. If so extensive a plan were decently filled up in the details, the "North American Thespian

Magazine" was certainly worth the annual subscription money, which was only one dollar. I said so under my "literary notices" in the next impression of my journal; and, although I had not actually read the work, yet it sparkled so with asterisks, dashes, and notes of admiration, that it looked interesting. I added in my critique, that it was elegantly got up, that its typographical execution reflected credit on the publishers, that its failure would be a grievous reproach to the city, that its editor was a scholar, a writer, and a gentleman, and was favorably known to the literary circles by the eloquence, wit, and feeling of his former productions. What those productions were, I should have been rather puzzled to say, never having read, or even heard of them. This, however, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally cast in one mould, that I was in some tribulation, on reading over the article in print, to find that I had omitted the words, "native genius," which possesses a kind of common-law right to a place in all articles on American literary productions. Forth, however, it went to the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion in fancying how pleased the little, hard-faced old gentleman would be with these flattering encomiums on his "Thespian Magazine."

The very day my paper was out, as I was sitting "full fathom five" deep in an article on "The Advantages of Virtue" (an interesting theme, upon my views of which I rather flattered myself), I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my "Come in" exhibited to view the broad-brimmed hat of the hard-faced gentleman, with his breeches, buckles, gold-headed cane and all. He laid aside his hat and cane with the air of a man who has walked a great way, and means to rest himself a while. I was very busy. It was one of my inspired moments. Half of a brilliant idea was already committed to paper. There it lay—a fragment—a flower cut off in the bud—a mere outline—an embryo; and my imagination cooling like a piece of red-hot iron in the open air. I raised my eyes to the old gentleman, with a look of solemn silence, retaining my pen ready for action, with my little finger extended, and hinting, in every way, that I was "not i' the vein." I kept my lips closed. I dipped the pen in the inkstand several times, and held it hovering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be driven off his ground by shakes of the pen, ink-drops, or little fingers. He fumbled about in his pockets, and drew forth the red-covered "North American Thespian Magazine," devoted to the drama, &c., number twelve. He wanted "a *good* notice." The last was rather general. I had not specified its peculiar claims upon the public. I had *copied* nothing. That sort of critique did no good. He begged me to *read this carefully*—to *analyze* it—to give it a *candid* examination. I was borne down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment, as well as, at that particular moment, in an impatient, feverish hurry to get on with my treatise on the "Advantages of Virtue," which I felt now oozing out of my subsiding brain with an alarming rapidity, I promised to read, notice, investigate, analyze, to the uttermost extent of his wishes, or at least of my ability.

[Pg 423]

I could scarcely keep myself screwed down to common courtesy till the moment of his departure; a proceeding which he accomplished with a most commendable self-possession and deliberate politeness. When he was fairly gone, I poked my head out, and called my boy.

"Peter."

"Sir."

"Did you see that little old gentleman, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you know him again, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if he ever come here again, Peter, tell him I am not in."

"Yes, sir."

I reëntered my little study, and closed the door after me with a slam, which could only have been perceptible to those who knew my ordinary still and mild manner. There might have been also a slight accent in my way of turning the key, and (candor is a merit!) I could not repress a brief exclamation of displeasure at the little old gentleman with his magazine, who had broken in so provokingly upon my "essay on virtue." "Virtue or no virtue," thought I, "I wish him to the d——."

My room is on the ground-floor, and a window adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a heavy crimson curtain, near which I sit and scribble. I was just enlarging upon the necessity of resignation, while the frown yet lingered on my brow, and was writing myself into a more calm and complacent mood, when—another knock at the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's voice asserting sturdily that I had "gone out." Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too much of my person to withdraw, and I was recognized and pounced upon by the little old gentleman who had come back to inform me that he intended, as soon as the increase of his subscription would permit, to enlarge and improve the "North American Thespian Magazine," and to employ all the writers in town. "I intend also," said he, and he was in the act of again laying aside that everlasting hat and cane, when a cry of fire in the neighborhood, and the smell of the burning rafters attracted him into the street, where, as I feared, he escaped unhurt. In many respects fires are calamities; but I never saw a more forcible exemplification of Shakspeare's remark, "There is some spirit of good in things evil," than in the relief afforded me on the present occasion. I wrote, after that, with my door locked. This I knew was, from the confined air, prejudicial to my health; but what was dyspepsy or consumption to that little hard-faced old gentleman—to those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—to those buckles—to that

gold-headed cane?

"Remember, Peter," said I, the second morning after the foregoing, "I have gone out."

"Where have you gone?" inquired Peter, with grave simplicity. "They always ask me where you have gone, sir. The little man with the hat was here last night, and wanted to go after you."

"Forbid it Heaven! I have gone to Albany, Peter, on business."

I can hear in my room pretty much what passes in the adjoining one, where visitors first enter from the street. I had scarcely got comfortably seated, in a rare mood for poetry, giving the last touches to a poem, which, whatever might be the merits of Byron and Moore, I did not think altogether indifferent, when I heard the little old gentleman's voice inquiring for me.

"I *must* see him; I have important business," it said.

"He has gone out," replied Peter, in an undertone, in which I could detect the consciousness that he was uttering a bouncer.

"But I *must* see him," said the voice.

"The scoundrel!" muttered I.

"He is not in town, sir," said Peter.

"I will not detain him a single minute. It is of the greatest importance. He would be very sorry, *very*, should he miss me."

I held my breath—there was a pause—I gave myself up for lost—when Peter replied firmly,

"He is in Albany, sir. Went off at five o'clock this morning."

"Be back soon?"

"Don't know."

"Where does he stay?"

"Don't know."

"I'll call tomorrow."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and inwardly resolved to give Peter a half-dollar, although he deserved to be horsewhipped for his readiness at deception. I laughed aloud triumphantly, and slapped my hand down upon my knee with the feelings of a fugitive debtor, who, hotly pursued by a sheriff's officer, escapes over the line into another county, and snaps his fingers at Monsieur Bailiff. I was aroused from my merry mood of reverie by a touch on my shoulder. I turned suddenly. It was the hard-faced little old gentleman, peeping in from the street. His broad-brimmed hat and two-thirds of his face were just lifted above the window-sill. He was evidently standing on tiptoe; and the window being open, he had put aside the curtain, and was soliciting my attention with the end of his cane.

"Ah!" said he, "is it you? Well, I *thought* it was you, though I wasn't sure. I won't interrupt you. Here are the proofs of number thirteen; you'll find something glorious in that—just the thing for you—don't forget me next week—good-bye. I'll see you again in a day or two."

I shall not cast a gloom over my readers by dwelling upon my feelings. Surely, surely, there are sympathetic bosoms among them. To them I appeal. I said nothing. Few could have detected any thing violent or extraordinary in my manner, as I took the proofs from the end of the little old gentleman's cane, and laid them calmly on the table. I did not write any more about "virtue" that morning. It was out of the question. Indeed, my mind scarcely recovered from the shock for several days.

When my nerves are in any way irritated, I find a walk in the woods a soothing and agreeable sedative. Accordingly, the next afternoon, I wound up the affairs of the day earlier than usual, and set out for a ramble through the groves and along the shore of Hoboken. I was soon on one of the abrupt acclivities, where, through the deep rich foliage of the intertwining branches, I overlooked the Hudson, the wide bay, and the superb, steeped city, stretching in a level line of magnificence upon the shining waters, softened with an overhanging canopy of thin haze. I gazed at the picture, and contemplated the rivalry of nature with art, striving which could most delight. As my eye moved from ship to ship, from island to island, and from shore to shore—now reposing on the distant blue, then revelling in the nearer luxuriance of the forest green, I heard a step in the grass, and a little ragged fellow came up and asked me if I was the editor of the ——. I was about replying to him affirmatively, when his words arrested my attention. "A little gentleman with a hat and cane," he said, "had been inquiring for the editor, &c., at the adjoining hotel, and had given him sixpence to run up into the woods and find him." I rushed precipitately, as I thought, into the thickest recesses of the wood. The path, however, being very circuitous, I suddenly came into it, and nearly ran against a person whom it needed no second glance to recognize, although his back was luckily toward me. The hat, the breeches, the cane, were enough. If not, part of a red-covered pamphlet, sticking out of the coat-pocket, was. "It must be number thirteen!" I exclaimed; and as the little old gentleman was sauntering north, I shaped my course with all possible celerity in a southerly direction.

In order to protect myself for the future, I took precautionary measures; and in addition to having myself denied, I kept the window down, and made my egress and ingress through a door round the corner, as Peter told me he had several times seen the little old gentleman, with a package in his hand, standing opposite the one through which we usually entered, and looking at the office wistfully.

By means of these arrangements, I succeeded in preserving my solitude inviolate, when, to my indignation, I received several letters from different parts of the country, written by my friends, and pressing upon me, at the solicitation of the little old gentleman, the propriety of giving the "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the letters, each one as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadelphia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have at least two or three weeks' respite. I reached the place of my destination about five o'clock in the afternoon. It was lovely weather. The water spread out like unrippled glass, and the sky was painted with a thousand varying shadows of crimson and gold. The boat touched the shore, and while I was watching the change of a lovely cloud, I heard the splash of a heavy body plunged into the water. A sudden sensation ran along the crowd, which rushed from all quarters towards the spot; the ladies shrieked and turned away their heads: and I perceived that a man had fallen from the deck, and was struggling in the tide, with only one hand held convulsively above the surface. Being a practised swimmer, I hesitated not a moment, but flung off my hat and coat, and sprang to his rescue. With some difficulty I succeeded in bearing him to a boat and dragging him from the stream. I had no sooner done so, than to my horror and astonishment I found I had saved the little hard-faced old gentleman. His snuff-colored breeches were dripping before me—his broad-brimmed hat floated on the current—but his cane (thank Heaven!) had sunk forever. He suffered no other ill consequences from the catastrophe than some injury to his garments and the loss of his cane. His gratitude for my exertions knew no bounds. He assured me of his conviction that the slight acquaintance previously existing between us would now be ripened into intimacy, and informed me of his intention to lodge at the same hotel with me. He had come to Philadelphia to see about a plate for his sixteenth number, which was to surpass all its predecessors, and of which he would let me have an early copy, that I might *notice* it as it deserved.

"Never," said Southey, writing to his friend Bedford, "shall child of mine enter a school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or languages, but I can at least preserve him from vice."

From the Kings's College Magazine.

[Pg 425]

BIOGRAPHIES, LIVES, MEMOIRS, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Innumerable biographies, innumerable traces of human life that is now life no longer, may be met with in every walk. One lovely day, now some time ago, we had been taking a walk in a part of England of which we had little knowledge, and we came up to the gate of what appeared to be a large hospital. It was covered with trees, and the beauty of summer was luxuriantly displayed. The grayheaded porter at the gate, a very communicative and happy old man, aged eighty-eight years, soon gave us a history of the institution. This hospital had been built by a man who was much renowned. He had been once a poor shopboy, but he wandered to London, was very industrious, and at length became one of the greatest merchants of the imperial city. He realized the visions of Whittington; for he was twice Lord Mayor, was exceedingly wealthy, was honored with the friendship of King William the Third, and was universally respected. Age coming on, he retired to his native place, built and endowed this hospital, became famous for his deeds of kindness and charity, always kept with reverence the day on which the Prince of Orange landed on English ground, and, full of years and honors, sunk into his long repose. The charitable institution was situated amid the most beautiful scenery. No place could be more fitting for the old men who sat basking in the sun to spend the quiet evening of their lives. This was the biography of the great city merchant. It was not written in many volumes; his good deeds were not ostentatiously displayed, and he now sleeps peacefully and well.

But this was not all. On returning through a magnificent park, as the sun was setting, the haymakers returning from their labor, and all nature breathing peace, and happiness, and love, our attention was attracted to an old oak tree. It was indeed very old. It had seen all its brethren of the park rise and fall, seasons had come and gone, generations had reposed beneath its branches, and now they were reposing under the shadow of the old church, the clock of which had just struck the hour of six. On examining the tree closely, we were astonished to find carved in immense letters, and in quaint language, the following words:—

"This tree wittenesse beare,
That two lovers did walke heare."

Under the influence of the feelings which the sights we had just seen had excited, and enraptured as we were with the beautiful evening, this simple inscription seemed more touching

than the noblest verses. Knowing something of botany, it was not difficult to form some idea of the period when the inscription was written. It was not merely the external bark, but the deep woody layer also that had been cut by the carver's knife. It must have been cut while the tree was very young, for the bark had very much expanded, and the letters were now more than a foot in length. We stood contemplating the rude verse. In the distance the sun was placidly reflecting the last golden rays, every thing was fresh and green, not a sound was heard. It must have been on such another lovely eve that the two lovers had plighted their faith together, and commemorated it on the young oak tree; and this was all we knew of them, all that we would ever know. This was their biography; this was their ten volumes. Were they rich and noble, or poor and obscure? Did their lives pass in peace and content, or were their hearts pierced by the poisoned arrows of the world? Did they also feel how little real happiness there was here, and did they also look forward to the time when they should rest from their labors in a place where there was no suffering and no sorrow? Were they really happy in each other's love, or were their young and pure affections chilled by the winds of adversity? In vain we question the old oak tree. They are gone; the tree is silent; all that we know is that they walked here. And the world with its noise and folly is still going on, and publishing its biographies of ten volumes.

From the Quarterly Review.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and time to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wound till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the Battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf."

[Pg 426]

From the "Leader."

BURLESQUES AND PARODIES.

Among the signs of intellectual barrenness and the vicious pandering to lower appetites, consequent upon the *trading* spirit of literature, we note with regret the growing tendency to desecrate beautiful subjects by using them as materials for burlesque. We have had a *Comic History of England*—one of the dreariest and least excusable of jokes, and capable of for ever vulgarizing in the young mind the great deeds and noble life of our forefathers—and we have had burlesques in which the loved fairy tales that have charmed the imaginations of thousands, or subjects of mythology that belong to the religious history of the greatest people on record, are turned into coarse pot-house jests, with slang for wit, but *without* the playful elegance by which Planché justifies his sport. It is a sign of intellectual barrenness in the writers; for what is easier than parody? what means of raising a laugh so certain and so cheap as to roll a statue from its pedestal and stick some vulgar utensil in its place? Laughter always follows the incongruous; and to make a Grecian Deity call for a pot of half-and-half, or to ask a Fairy Princess if her mother has parted with her mangle, is to secure the laugh, though contempt may follow it. To our minds

there is something melancholy in such spectacles. Degrading lofty images by ignoble associations must operate maleficiently on the spectator. And if it be absolutely necessary to appeal to the coarse tastes and vulgar appetites of the crowd, let it be done without at the same time dragging beautiful objects through the mire.

We can understand the ribald buffoonery of LUCIAN, who first invented this species of burlesque. His *object* was to make the gods ridiculous. Whether the spirit which moved him was a mocking, skeptical spirit, like that of Voltaire, or whether, as we think more probable, he was a bitter satirist made bitter by the earnestness of his conviction, and ridiculing the gods only as a *reductio ad absurdum* of their pretensions, the fact is indubitable, that he ridiculed them in a polemical spirit, and not to excite the vulgar laughter of the vulgar crowd. But we, who do not believe in those gods, need no such warfare. To us they are beautiful images associated only with high thoughts, until the burlesque writer, in his beggary of wit and invention, takes them as the facile material out of which he can raise a laugh. Our complaint is twofold: first, that these subjects are soiled in our imaginations; secondly, that there is no compensating pleasure in the burlesque itself. The tendency is earthward, coarse, vulgarizing. It spoils a whole world of fancy, and it keeps down the creation of comic subjects by supplying writers with an easy and certain success. Surely, there is folly and humbug enough living and lying in the open day to supply the satirist with material. Surely, these imitators of LUCIAN (unconscious imitators, no doubt, for many of them never read a line of his dialogues) would be better employed in imitating the *spirit* of his works as well as the mere contrivance for producing the ludicrous, than in devastating Fairy Land for materials. It would be more difficult, no doubt, but is *that* a sufficient reason for abstaining?

Music may be parodied with success, and without evil consequences. That lies in the nature of music, which cannot be degraded. Let a hoarse, beery voice, chant slang words to a melody of Mozart, and the next time you hear the melody, it is as fresh and beautiful as if it had never been turned "to such vile purpose;" but it is not so with the beautiful creations of impassioned fancy. Fancy is a Butterfly which must be delicately handled; if rude fingers tamper with it, the flower-dust is rubbed off and the gay insect perishes.

JOHN ADAMS UPON RICHES.

In the thirty-sixth year of his age, John Adams made the following entry in his Diary. He was then practising law in Boston, though living in Braintree.

"It has been my fate to be acquainted in the way of business with a number of very rich men—Gardiner, Bowdoin, Pitts, Hancock, Rowe, Lee, Sargent, Hooper, Doane. Hooper, Gardiner, Rowe, Lee and Doane, have all acquired their wealth by their own industry; Bowdoin and Hancock received theirs by succession, descent, or devise; Pitts by marriage. But there is not one of all these who derives more pleasure from his property than I do from mine; my little farm and stock and cash afford me as much satisfaction as all their immense tracts, extensive navigation, sumptuous buildings, their vast sums at interest and stocks in trade yield to them. The pleasures of property arise from acquisition more than possession, from what is to come rather than what is. The rich are seldom remarkable for modesty, ingenuity or humanity. Their wealth has rather a tendency to make them penurious and selfish."

[Pg 427]

RECENT DEATHS.

FRANCIS XAVIER MICHAEL TOMIE, S.J., died on the tenth of December, 1850. We find in the *Truth-Teller* the following account of this excellent person, with whom we had the pleasure of such acquaintance as assures us of its justice. He was born in 1792, in Tivoli, of the most respectable family in the place. He made his studies at home, under a private tutor; pursued them in the Roman Seminary until the reëstablishment of the Society in 1814; that year he entered the novitiate, and immediately began to teach literature. He terminated with great distinction his course of theology, and as soon as the Roman College was restored to the Society, in 1825, was appointed Professor. In the twelve following years he was successively Rector of the Colleges of Spoleto, Fermo, Forli, and Reggio di Modena. At Spoleto he was an intimate friend of Pius the Ninth, then Cardinal Archbishop Mastai. While Rector of the College of Fermo, he was chosen by Cardinal Ferretti, its founder, his theologian, and never did this Cardinal, even when in Rome, cease to place confidence in his advice. In 1837 he was designated Professor of Moral Theology, and Prefect of Studies in the Roman College, where he lived till the Revolution of 1848. Gregory XVI. had appointed him Examiner of the Roman Clergy, during which time he had prepared several dissertations, treatises, &c., on theology and philosophy, which may some day be published. On the breaking out of the Revolution he retired some time to Monseigneur Morini, of Florence, until this learned and devout man was stabbed in the streets for his opposition to the revolutionists. Thus cast upon the world without a protector, he wished to take refuge in the Sanctuary of the Virgin, at Genezzano, which according to tradition was transported thither from Albania, and is still kept by the Hermits of St. Augustine. His superior's wish however sent him to England, where he lived six months in the mansion of Lord Waterton. In 1849 he came to

America, and taught moral theology in Georgetown College. In 1850 he began to fill the same office (i.e., Professor of Moral Theology) in St. Joseph's Seminary, in the diocese of New-York. He was endeared to the Church for his mildness, cheerfulness, and charity, insomuch that among the younger students of St. John's College he was known as the "Good Father, who is always smiling." On the 6th of December he fell ill; on the 8th, the President of St. John's College, in presence of the Fathers and Religious of the Society, administered the viaticum. The following night he was anointed; and on the 10th, towards ten o'clock in the afternoon, he breathed his last. On the evening of the 11th, at six o'clock, according to the custom of the Society, a solemn service was celebrated by all the members of St. John's College and Seminary. On the 12th, at six o'clock A. M., he was buried in the cemetery attached to the College.

WILLIAM PLUMER, formerly governor of New-Hampshire, died at his home in Epping, Rockingham county, in that State, on the 23d of December, at the advanced age of ninety-three, and SAMUEL BELL, another ex-governor of New-Hampshire, died at his home in the neighboring town of Chester, on the same day. His age could not have been less than eighty. Both were men of solid though not brilliant abilities; both were leaders of the Democratic party in its struggles in support of Jefferson and Madison; both ardent supporters of John Quincy Adams's election and administration, and adverse to Jacksonism in all its phases; and each has acted constantly and zealously with the Whig party through all its changing fortunes. Mr. Plumer was first elected to the Chief Magistracy in 1812, and continued to be the Democratic candidate, with alternate success and defeat, until 1819, when he declined, and Mr. Bell was nominated by the party, and chosen to succeed him. Mr. Bell was of a tall, graceful, commanding person. It was stated at the time of his inauguration that he seemed to be about a head taller than any other of the thousands present at the ceremony. He was chosen a senator in Congress in 1823, and served through a full term; and would have been reëlected in 1829, had not Isaac Hill meantime invented and given currency to a new style of Democracy, of which Bell had not been able to discern the excellence; so he retired to private life, in which he ever afterward continued. He cherished an especial affection for and confidence in the great statesman of the west, Henry Clay, with whom it had been his fortune to sympathize through his whole political life, and whom he hoped yet to see elevated to the Presidency. His brother, John Bell, who was governor some years after him, and beaten in 1829 by the first successful foray of Jacksonism, removed soon after to Massachusetts, where he died. Governor Plumer, it is understood, has left important historical memoirs, which will probably be published.

THOMAS BIRCH, the well-known painter, died in Philadelphia on the 14th of January, at the ripe age of seventy-two, after a life of quiet and laborious devotion to his profession. He was distinguished in a particular department of landscape and marine painting, delighting in the treatment of coast and river scenes in their simpler and homelier aspects, which he treated in his peculiar way, frequently with the best effect, and always with great fidelity to nature. He produced a very large number of pictures.

CHRISTIAN LAURITZ SVERDRUP, the celebrated Norwegian philologist, died at the University of Christiania, in which he had been a professor more than forty-five years.

MR. W. SEGUIN, the eminent singer, died in London, on the 30th December, after a short illness.

MRS. OGILVY, of Corrimony, who died at Edinburgh on the 14th of December, was a daughter of W. Fraser Tytler, Esq., and as "Margaret Fraser Tytler," was well known as the authoress of a very popular series of works for the young—"Tales of the Great and Brave," "Tales of Good and Great Kings," "Lives of Celebrated Admirals," &c.

[Pg 428]

WILLIAM HOWISON, A.R.S.A., a well-known line engraver, died in Edinburgh, on the 20th December. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1798. He was educated in George Heriot's Hospital; and on leaving that institution was apprenticed to an engraver, of the name of Wilson. Even as a boy he was remarkable for industry, perseverance, and punctuality. He never received any instructions in drawing, beyond what he acquired for himself during the period of his apprenticeship. He was, in every way, truly a self-made man. Mr. Harvey was the first to appreciate Mr. Howison's talents, and to afford scope for their display, by employing him to engrave the well-known picture of "The Curlers;" and it is no detraction from the merits of that painting to say, that the admirable skill displayed in transferring it to copper contributed in no small degree to the reputation of the

painter. On the completion of "The Curlers," Mr. Howison was elected an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy—the only instance, we believe, of such an honor being conferred upon an engraver. Mr. Howison afterwards engraved the "Polish Exiles," by Sir William Allan; the "Covenanters' Communion," and the "Schule Skailing," by Harvey; and at the period of his death he was engaged upon the "First Letter from the Emigrants," after Thomas Faed, for the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

HYPOLITE ROYER-COLLARD, nephew of the eminent philosopher of that name, died at Paris on the 15th of December, at the age of 48, after having been for five years afflicted by a paralysis, which did not however affect his mental powers. He was Professor of Public Hygiene, at the School of Medicine, and drew crowded audiences to his lectures. To a mind of rare scientific acuteness and endowments, he added an active and fertile imagination, and great youthfulness of spirit. He inherited the intellectual tendencies of his uncle, and was an intimate friend of Guizot.

COL. WILLIAMS, formerly M.P. for Ashton, died at Wootton, near Liverpool, on the 19th December, aged eighty-seven. At twelve years of age, he joined General Burgoyne's army in America, and carried the flag of truce upon the memorable occasion of the surrender at Saratoga. It is supposed that he was the last survivor of that army. After twenty-five years of active service in Nova Scotia, St. Domingo, and Jamaica, in Holland and in Ireland, he quitted the army in 1800, at which period the career of most of the military men of the present day commenced.

MR. WILLIAM STURGEON, well known for scientific attainments, died on the 15th December, at Manchester, where he had for some years filled the office of lecturer on science to the Royal Victoria Gallery of Practical Science. He was born at Whittington, in Lancashire, in 1783, and was apprenticed by his parents to a shoemaker. In 1802, he entered the Westmoreland militia, and two years later he enlisted as a private soldier in the Royal Artillery. While in this corps he devoted his leisure to scientific studies, and appears to have made himself familiar with all the great facts of electricity and magnetism which were then opening to the world. His subsequent career created for him a name in the annals of scientific discovery.

JOSEPH B. ANTHONY, President Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, died at his residence in Williamsport on the 11th January. He was born in Philadelphia, on the 19th day of June, 1795. While young, he for a time taught school in Milton, Northumberland county, at which place he studied law. He went to Ohio, and after an absence of about one year returned to Pennsylvania. In 1818 he was admitted to the bar at Williamsport, where he continued to reside until his death. In 1830 he was elected by the Democratic party to the Senate of Pennsylvania. In the year 1831 he was elected to Congress, and two years after was reëlected by an unprecedented majority. During the early part of the administration of Governor Porter he was appointed Judge of the Nicholson Court of Pennsylvania, and in March, 1844, was appointed President Judge of the Eighth Judicial District.

MR. OSBALDISTON, the well-known tragedian and theatrical manager, died at his residence, near London, on the 29th December. He was fifty-six or fifty-seven years of age, and besides sustaining tragic characters at most of the London and provincial theatres, he has held the reins of management at the Surrey, Sadler's Wells, Covent-Garden, and City of London theatres.

THEOLOGICAL SCIENCE, says the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, has sustained another blow in the loss of Professor MAU, of Kiel, who died some weeks ago. His studies lay mostly in the line of New-Testament Theology; and he is known especially by his treatise *Of Death, the Wages of Sin, and of Salvation* (Vom Tode, des Sünden Solde, u. von d. Erlösung). The work, which is distinguished for its acute and vigorous thought, was written in reply to one on the same subject by Professor Krabbe, of Rostock. Its chief peculiarity is the doctrine that the death of the body is inherent in its constitution, not the effect of sin; and therefore that redemption has regard only to spiritual death.

MRS. WALLACK, the wife of Mr. James W. Wallack the comedian, and the daughter of the celebrated "Irish Johnstone," died on Christmas day, aged fifty-eight years.

MADAME CAROLINE JUNOT, the eldest daughter of Schiller, died suddenly on the 19th December, at Wurtzburg, in Bavaria.

GENERAL SIR PHINEAS RIALI, K.C.H., died in Paris, early in November. He entered the British Army in 1792, and served in the West Indies, receiving a medal and clasp for his services at Martinique, and Guadaloupe, in 1809 and 1810. In 1813, he served in the American war, and was severely wounded at the battle of Chippewa.

LIEUT. GENERAL SEWIGHT MAWBY, who served during the wars of Napoleon, and since in India, died lately in London.

M. MARVY, eminent as a landscape painter and as an engraver; and M. DUBOIS, a distinguished architect, are noticed in the recent Paris obituaries.

GENERAL ETIENNE JOLY died at Villiers-les-Bel, on the 2d of January.

[Pg 429]

HERMANN KRIEGE died at Hoboken on the last day of December. He was of German birth, but spoke the English and the French language with fluency. A Democrat and Socialist by constitution, he devoted all the resources of an ardent nature and ready talents to the triumph of his principles. It is now some eight years since he first removed to this country, and established in New-York a weekly paper called the *Volks-Tribun*, in which he advocated the most radical ideas upon the relations of capital and labor, with as much ability as earnestness. In his views of American politics he inclined to the so-called democratic party, and when the Mexican War commenced gave it a hearty support—not because he had carefully inquired into its justice, but because he regarded the absorption of Mexico, and indeed the entire continent, by the United States, and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race in the western world, as absolutely essential to the progress of humanity. Though not originally a land reformer, he adopted and vigorously defended not only the doctrine that the earth belongs to the human race and cannot rightfully be trafficked in any more than can the air or the sunlight, but the measures which American reformers have deduced therefrom, namely, land limitation, freedom of the public domain, homestead exemption, &c. During this time he wrote and published in German a history of the United States, as well as a series of translations from the writings of our revolutionary patriots, works of the highest value to our German citizens. The *Volks-Tribun* ceased to be published in 1847, and for some time after Mr. Kriege gained a livelihood by teaching German. He also gave here, in his native tongue, a course of lectures on German Literature, which were greatly enjoyed by those who attended them. On the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848, he returned to Germany, and took an active share in the democratic movements. He was one of the Supreme Executive Committee, consisting of three members, if we remember rightly, which had its seat at Berlin, and thence conducted a revolutionary propaganda throughout the country. In the spring of 1849 he returned to the United States again, and took editorial charge of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* at Chicago. But the reaction which now followed the intense excitement of the previous year in Europe, proved too much for his physical powers, which were far from robust. His health compelled him to resign his connection with that paper and come back to the city. He fell into a sort of apathy which resulted in a partial derangement of his mind, and finally in the complete prostration of his system. After lingering for some months he at last expired with tranquillity, in the thirtieth year of his age. He was a man of extensive acquirements. His knowledge of history was very comprehensive and accurate. His intellect, though not remarkably original or brilliant, was clear and vigorous. His heart was of the manly and noble kind. There is encouragement in the recollection of such a man.—*Tribune*.

MME. LOUISA HENRIETTA SCHMALZ, the most famous German *Cantatrice* of the last century, and who for more than thirty years was the Queen of the German Lyrical Stage, has just died in Berlin, aged seventy-nine years. In her youth she was beautiful and she was always remarkable for fascination of manners.

GEORGE SPENCE, an eminent lawyer, and lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence at Lincoln's Inn, committed suicide in London, on the 12th December. He was born in 1786, educated at a Scotch University, called to the bar in London in 1811, and made a Bencher in 1834. As a writer upon

law, Mr. Spence had a high and deserved reputation. His work on "The Equitable Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery," is founded partly on Maddock's "Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Court of Chancery;" yet it is, in many important particulars, essentially an original work. This able production, the second volume of which appeared in 1849, has been generally commended.

GENERAL SIR WM. LUMLEY, G. C. B., a distinguished cavalry officer, died in London on the 15th December. He entered the army at the age of eighteen, in 1787, and continued in service through the greater part of his life. In the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, he commanded the 22nd Light Dragoons, and was wounded at Antrim. He was afterwards in Egypt, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in South America, at the capture of Monte Video in 1807. After commanding the advanced force at the taking of Ischia, and after attaining the rank of Major-General, Lumley joined the British army in the Peninsula. He there won great distinction at the first siege of Badajoz, and he led the whole allied cavalry at the battle of Albuera; few, indeed, were more useful during the Peninsular war.

ROBERT ROSCOE, third son of the historian, died during the early part of December, in his sixty-first year. For some time he followed the profession of the law, in partnership with the late Mr. Edgar Taylor; but he retired from active life, in consequence of infirm health, many years ago. Like all the members of the Roscoe family, he had literary powers, which an unusual amount of self-distrust prevented his exercising largely. The completion of Mr. Fitchett's huge epic of "Alfred" was done by him in fulfilment of a promise, and he wrote other poems, and some small works in prose, not unworthy of a son of William Roscoe.

MR. RICHIE, a sculptor of some reputation, from Edinburgh, went lately to Rome, where he died during the month of September. His death is mainly attributable to an excursion he made with some friends to Ostio, where, ignorant of the effects of the climate, and of the precautions necessary to be taken in it, he caught the malaria fever, and expired after his return to Rome. He was followed to the English cemetery by most of the English and American artists resident there. His journey to Rome had been for some years the object of his most ardent hopes and wishes.

M. MARTIN D'AUCH, the only surviving member of the first Constituent Assembly of the First French Republic, and the only one who, at the oath of the Jeu de Paume, refused to sign the declaration of the Tiers-Parti, has just died at Castlenaudary. In David's well-known picture, M. d'Auch is represented with his arms folded on his breast, and refusing to join his colleagues.

The well-known Dutch painter, MORITZ, died lately at the Hague, aged seventy-seven years.

Scientific Miscellany.

[Pg 430]

A Report by five eminent members has been made to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on a paper from Colonel Lesbros, entitled *Hydraulic Experiments relative to the Laws of the Flowing of Water*. Two thousand experiments, carried through four years, are detailed in three hundred and twelve pages of text, with thirty-seven large plates. The work was recommended to the Academy by the Minister of War. The Committee say, at the end of their report:—"Considering the high utility of these experimental researches, prosecuted to the end in the most satisfactory and complete manner; and being convinced of the beneficial effect which the publication of them may have in the promotion of science, and its application to public works,—to navigation, agriculture, hydraulic establishments, and the various branches of industry connected with them,—the Committee are of opinion that the Academy should accord full approbation to the work, and direct the early insertion of it in the Transactions." All parts of the report show that the publication will be of importance to both sides of the Atlantic.

Of the December number of the *Compte Rendu* of the Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, nearly twenty pages are occupied by one of the Reports of Blanqui, the Political Economist, on the Rural Populations of France. He made his personal survey, this year, as Commissioner of the Academy. He is preparing a work, in several volumes, on the state, in every

particular, of the inhabitants of France, in every part. His abstract of his recent survey of the Departments of the centre, including the basin of the Loire, abounds with curious details, especially as to the diversity of the manner in which the Revolution of February, 1848, affected the rural and city populations in their minds and interests. He speaks of the city of *Saint Etienne* as *extemporized* after the American fashion.

THE AFRICAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—Intelligence has been received from the Saharan African Expedition up to the 29th of August last. The expedition had literally fought its way up to Selonfeet in Aheer, near to the territory of the Kaillouee Prince, En-Nour, to whom it is recommended. Mr. Richardson had been obliged to ransom his life and those of his fellow-travellers twice. The whole population of the northern districts of Aheer had been raised against the expedition, joined by all the bandits and robbers who infest that region of the Sahara. The travellers are now in comparative security. The great Soudan route, from Ghat to Aheer, is explored. Of the expedition of Von Muller we have a few days later but not important news.

The Royal Society of London, at the last annual meeting, awarded "the Royal Medal" to Mr. Benjamin Brodie, F.R.S. (eldest son of Sir B. Brodie, Bart.) for his papers on the chemical nature of wax. It is nearly forty years since the Royal Society awarded the "Copley medal" to Sir Benjamin Brodie for his paper "on poisons;" the only instance of father and son receiving the same distinction.

Of an Hungarian Academy, Mr. Walsh writes to the *Journal of Commerce*, "Last month Mr. Kenigswater transmitted to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, a very interesting communication relative to the National Academy of Hungary, with the existence of which few of the French savants were acquainted. The idea of establishing a National Society for universal knowledge, dates from the end of the last century. Its accomplishment was delayed by political causes, and the want of adequate funds. But a Magyar Count succeeded, in 1827, in obtaining an act of the Diet for the creation of such an institute. He presented it with a sum of thirty thousand dollars; another magnate gave twenty thousand dollars; many others ten thousand; so that the fund from voluntary contributions, amounts to nearly two hundred thousand dollars—a million of francs. The Academy was inaugurated in 1830, and divided into six sections—Philology, Philosophy, History, Jurisprudence, Mathematics, and the Natural Sciences. Its only President since that period has been Count Joseph Teleki, deemed an excellent historian, to whom and his brothers it is indebted for a sum of twenty-five thousand francs, and a library of fifty thousand volumes. It consists now of nineteen honorary members; thirty-eight active or resident; and of a hundred and twenty-five corresponding members for the several sections. Each section has a weekly meeting; there are monthly and annual sittings of all. Papers on erudite and scientific subjects are read; the Magyar language is alone permitted in its business and transactions, except as to the communications of its foreign correspondents. It has published, at its own expense, a very large number of works; among them a series of critical Commentaries on the ancient monuments of the Magyar language, "which bears no affinity to the European tongues, and differs as much from the Slavonic as from the Teutonic and the Latin idioms." There is a very important and very rich collection of Hungarian translations of the Latin and Greek classics; another of translations of the principal modern dramatic authors. The Hungarian mind has been prolific for its stage, in original pieces. The Academy awards prizes, confers distinctions, &c., &c."

An important discovery has been made by M. NICHOLAS ZACH, a lithographer of Munich. He has invented a process by which, by means of a preparation applied to designs traced by a pointed instrument on a plate of any sort of metal, the drawing reproduces itself in relief, in less than an hour, on the plate. M. Zach has given to his discovery the title of *Metallography*.

GAS FROM WATER.—Mr. Paine's alleged discovery of a new process of procuring gas *from water*, after some months of discredit and ridicule, is acquiring fresh interest and importance. Mr. Elizur Wright, editor of the Boston *Chronotype*, and other gentlemen of ability and intelligence, have visited Worcester, and examined the whole process and the apparatus employed in it, and are perfectly convinced of the reality and importance of the discovery. A similar discovery is said to have been made recently in Paris. Mr. Paine has received from England letters patent for his discovery.



Ladies Fashions for February.

[Pg 431]

I. *Ladies' Equestrian Costume*.—Riding-habit of green cloth or cashmere; the skirt very long and full, and the corsage fastened from the waist to the throat by a row of fancy silk buttons of the color of the habit. A pardessus or polka jacket of cinnamon-colored cloth or merino. It has rather a deep basquine, and the corsage, which has a turning over collar and lappels, is open in front of the bosom. It is edged with a narrow band of black velvet. The sleeves are long, close to the arms, and slit open at the lower part, showing under sleeves of white cambric of moderate fulness, gathered on bands at the wrists. The pardessus is confined in front (not quite so low as the waist) by a gilt agrafe. Round the throat a small collar of worked muslin or a necktie of plaided ribbon. Round riding-hat of black beaver, with a small cock's-tail plume on one side. Veil of a very thin green or black tulle. Under the habit a jupon of cambric muslin with a deep border of needlework. Pale yellow riding gloves, and black boots.

II. *Boy's Dress*.—Jacket of bright blue cloth, trimmed on the two fronts with broad silk braid of the same color, placed in rows of three and three together. The sleeves are close at the ends, and the wristbands of the shirt are turned up just sufficiently to cover the edges of the jacket sleeves. Waistcoat of white piqué. Trousers of white and blue stripe. A plain square shirt collar, turned down, and a red silk necktie. Cap of black velvet. Glazed leather boots.

[Pg 432]



III. *An Evening Costume*, of pale lavender silk; the waist and point of a moderate length; the corsage is low, and *à la Grecque*; the short sleeves are open the front of the arm, and trimmed with a looped silk fringe; the skirt is long and full, and has five pieces, *en bias*, set on plain, and

edged with fringe corresponding to that on the sleeves.

IV. *An elegant Visiting Dress* of pale stone-colored *taffetas*, the skirt handsomely trimmed with three distinct rows of flounces, each row consisting of four rows of narrow flounces, pinked and waved at the edge, the upper row reaching to a little below the waist; plain high corsage, made open in the front, and trimmed with four narrow frills, put on nearly plain upon the front, where they meet in a point at the waist, and forming a kind of cape over the back and shoulders; half-long sleeves, trimmed to match; under-sleeves and chemisette of fine lawn. Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, the exterior decorated with a cluster of pink flowers on the right, a pink blond encircling the edge, being turned back plain over the front, the interior filled with pink *tulle*, and half wreaths of green heath.

The skirts of ball dresses still continue to be very highly trimmed. Flounces are the favorite style of trimming, and not unfrequently as many as ten are put on. Sometimes rows of lace are disposed alternately with flounces of the same material as the dress. For this purpose either black or white lace may be employed; the choice being determined by the tint of the dress. A novel style of trimming for the skirts of evening dresses consists of rows of broad fringe instead of flounces.

Another description of *trimming* resembling fringe, but made of marabout feathers, is employed for ball dresses. Tulle dresses of two or three jupes have the lowest one edged simply with a hem, and the upper ones edged with a row of marabout fringe. The sleeves and berthe should be edged with corresponding trimming.

Manteau Andriana, of violet velvet, having a small *capuchon*, or hood, decorated with a rich fancy trimming in *passementerie*, to which are attached at regular distances long soft tassels; very wide sleeves, in the Oriental form, decorated to match the *capuchon*; the lower part of the cloak is ornamented with a kind of shell-work in *passementerie*, which forms *galerie*; upon the fronts are placed *brandebourgs* in Spanish points.

Caps intended for morning toilette are very novel in their form and appearance, the most favorite style being a little *coiffe Bretonne*, having *papillons* of lace turned back, and *chutes* of lilac and violet velvet; then, again, those the crown of which is formed of *torsades* of ribbon, over which fall two rows of English lace, and having two half-wreaths of *vapeur* ribbon encircling the back part.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, VOLUME
2, NO. 3, FEBRUARY, 1851 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid

the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of

obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.