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Title: Continental Monthly, Vol. 4, No 3, September 1863

Author: Various

Release date: December 11, 2008 [eBook #27496]

Language: English

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, VOL. 4, NO 3, SEPTEMBER 1863 ***

Transcriber's note

A Table of Contents has been created for the HTML version. Printer errors have been changed, and they are indicated with a mouse-hover and listed at the [end of this book](#). All other inconsistencies are as in the original.

THE

[241]

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. IV.—SEPTEMBER, 1863.—No. III.

SOUTHERN HATE OF NEW ENGLAND
WAITING FOR NEWS!
EARLY HISTORY OF THE PRINTING AND NEWSPAPER PRESS IN BOSTON AND NEW
RECONNOISSANCE NEAR FORT MORGAN
THE CRUEL CARPENTER
DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA
THE ISLE OF SPRINGS
THE GRAVE
REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM
REMEMBRANCE
THE GREAT RIOT
THE DESERTED HOUSE
SPRING MOUNTAIN
ENDURANCE
JAPANESE FOREIGN RELATIONS
WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?
JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION
EDITOR'S TABLE
AMOR PATRIÆ VINCIT
THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY
CONTENTS.—No. XXII

SOUTHERN HATE OF NEW ENGLAND.

In these days of strange and startling events, of rapid and fundamental changes, of curious and unexpected developments; these days, tremulous with the vibrations of the political atmosphere, and quaking with the fierce earthquake of national war; these days, that are filling up a web of history with more fearful rapidity, more complete, important, and decisive results than any previous epoch in the world's annals,—a history which, if ever truly and worthily penned, will demand a deeper search into moral causes and effects, a closer scrutiny of the philosophy of mind, and a more careful balancing of political judgments, than any drama ever before played on the great world's stage,—in such days as these, I say, it is curious and profitable to subject each new moral phase that presents itself to a rigid analysis, and trace every effect, moral, political, governmental, or popular, to the cause or causes that may, after a fair showing, appear to have produced it. A fair and dispassionate application of true and just principles is as essential to a right political judgment as to a correct moral decision, and he who allows himself to be led by passion, selfishness, prejudice, or a blind adoration of party, instead of the calm convictions of educated reason and conscience, thereby dishonors himself, and abdicates the right he possesses of acting for the best interests of himself and all. Especially is this true under a democratic form of government—where every citizen is a legislator, virtually,—where opinion leads to political action, and is consequently responsible for the course that action may take, and where each one helps to swell the numbers of those great parties that in their plannings and counterplannings make or mar the general good fortune. If this is true of individual citizens, how much more is it true of those mighty engines of the press and of party, that sweep such grand circles of influence, and install, in grandeur or in gloom, such important national conditions. That these are fruitful of evil as well as of good, every great national struggle, every crisis in the affairs of nations and of humanity, bears witness. Every national contest has seen the rise and the fall of an anti-war party, and felt the influence of a press wielded in the interest of that party. These have not, necessarily, always been in the wrong. The contrary has been often true, though their fall, and the opprobrium cast upon them have been none the less sure. It is only when these have arisen during the progress of a war involving great moral and humanitarian principles in its successful prosecution, that the whole force of such an opposing influence is felt, the whole evil apparent. No cause however just, no war however holy, no trust however high and honorable, but has met the violence of this evil opposition, and the danger of betrayal from this source. Not while men possess the greed of power, place, and gold; not while reason is held in abeyance to passion, is freedom safe without a guardian, or the liberties of mankind able to abide without 'eternal vigilance.' Even our national war, the grandest and holiest of time, both in its purposes and results, is only the last most mournful illustration of this fact. When these contemporaneous judgments, true or untrue, as they shall prove, now in the heat of the time evolved in the thoughts of those who do think, and becoming crystallized in the countless newspapers and periodicals which deluge our land, and in the party records of the hour, come to be thoroughly sifted, and the sure and impartial verdict made up to pass into 'the golden urn of history,' without appeal thenceforth, great will be the glory or the shame of the prominent actors in the drama now enacting before the eyes of the world. [242]

What is the spectacle that our astonished eyes behold? The Genius of Liberty, standing on the threshold of her besieged temple, pale, fettered, betrayed in the house of her very friends, but resolute and dauntless as ever, her eye calm and steadfast, her hand firmly grasping the Magna Charta of our birthright, and the birthright of all the race. While a raging and vindictive foe bays her in front, and the leal and true are pressing in countless hosts around her at her call, a false and craven crew are basely creeping in at undefended passages, and, with lies and slanders and deceitful tongues, endeavoring to undermine the foundations of her strength. Base sappers and miners! Thank God ye are few! And the number of the people ye are trying to hoodwink and seduce from their allegiance is hourly growing less, as your cunningly devised schemes explode. Do ye not know that the people of the Free States are loyal to the core? That great principles are invincible as fate, say rather, Providence? and that those who will not move in their onward course must be overwhelmed beneath the wheels of their triumphal chariot? Do ye not fear the award of posterity? Let the partisan press of to-day, and those who inspire and sustain it here at the North, who are vainly and impotently trying to turn back the tide of human progress by aiding and abetting the vilest rebellion against a good government that has been seen since Satan, that arch rebel, chose 'rather to reign in hell than serve in heaven,' shudder at the report the unerring tongue of history will give them, even if they care nought for the good of humanity as bound up in the well being of this land. I have called these men *few*, for it *cannot be* that the great and time-honored organization of which I hope these men are but the calumniators, boasting the grand old names of Jefferson and Jackson as founders, and enrolling in its ranks so many thousands of the substantial yeomanry and solid men of the country, will really prove false to its name and trust, and be willing to descend into history in the robe of horror and infamy which, like the fabled shirt of Nessus, would cling to it forever as the country's betrayer, if it shall not shake itself free from these vile contaminators. No party could survive the weight of the foul imputation of putting barriers in the way of this war, which, we firmly believe, though terrible and bloody while it lasts, is to end by giving a fresh and vigorous impulse to the cause of human redemption and advancement—an impulse that nothing thereafter shall be able to check materially. [243]

Although one only comprehensive principle lies at the bottom of the anomalous condition of

things which preceded, and at last culminated in, the tremendous civil contest through which the country is now passing—a fierce baptism of fire and blood necessary to purge and reinstate her in pristine purity and grandeur, whose end is certainly not yet—still it is constantly assuming new disguises, and has been aptly likened to a virulent and incurable cancer in the body politic, which, driven in in one place, instantly breaks out with redoubled fierceness in another. Its latest and favorite form is that of hatred to New England. I have called it *Southern* hatred of New England. By this I do not mean to denote any geographical limit or boundary. This war is not a war of sections, but a war of ideas; and the terms *Southern* and *Northern* are to be limited to this ideal meaning. The two sections, as such, are not arrayed against each other, but the two antagonistic principles represented by these sections are, in sad truth, at deadly warfare. We see Union men at the South, and secessionists at the North; but there is this difference in the position of those who oppose the Government North, and those who favor it South. The former are would-be leaders, who assume to act for the outraged people; the latter are merely *the people*, or a portion of them, lacking organization and leadership, and consequently obliged to submit to the tyranny that has laid its iron hand upon them. I do not believe, and never have believed, in the asserted unanimity of the Southern people. Recalling my eight years' residence among, and acquaintance with, the people of the South, of two of the cotton States principally, I cannot think that they have, almost to a man, lost their respect and love for the national banner and authority, and, rather than submit to it again, would prefer to be '*English Colonists*,' '*French vassals*,' or '*Russian serfs*!' No; their leaders first grossly cajole and deceive them, and then basely slander them. That there is an apparent oneness, I admit; but I think the time is not far off when, if the Federal Government but does its duty, and uses its authority and strength wisely, crippling the rebel faction in every possible way, thousands of liberated arms will spring forth to seize the sword in its defence, and as many liberated voices swell the *All hail!* that will burst out for its welcome. For, so long tutored to the repression of any independent ideas, any sentiments that do not tally with the doctrines to full belief in which these leaders have aimed to educate the men of the last generation, viz., the divine origin and purpose of slavery, and the other mischievous and absurd dogma of State sovereignty, which, but for slavery and its imperative demands, would never have seen the light, but have perished stillborn—they have no idea of the freedom of opinion and expression permitted among us, and their minds and consciences have become nerveless and supine to an astonishing degree; or, if thinking and feeling, as very many do, they suffer in silence, not daring to resist the oppressive faction that has ruled them so long. Moral force and courage is not the fruit of subserviency to the principles and ideas that have gradually filled the Southern mind. No wonder that the Union sentiment that showed itself so plainly at the outbreak of the rebellion became, ere long, like one of those streams that, starting impetuously from its mountain source, flows on awhile clearly and rapidly, and then begins to wander and slacken its pace, till finally it is lost in the dreariness and desolation of some marshy wilderness, and so never reaches its destination, the open sea. There is no people in the world so abused and defrauded as the bulk of the Southern whites. If you pity the oppressed of another race, then pity still more those of your own blood who are suffering a worse slavery, and who yet do not know it, but hug fondly the chains of their servitude. Then, too, consider the thousands of Northern men and women scattered all over the South, and say if you think *they* are linked, heart and hand, with the destroyers of the Government.

[244]

But with all this as an offset, still there is an undeniably strong and unscrupulous faction there, composed of the leading minds of the South, acute, imperious, sophistical, used to political and social rule, and backed by a small but cunning minority here at the North, so vile and contemptible that, in comparison with its adherents, they, these slave oligarchs, are 'Hyperion to a satyr.' These, with the thousands both North and South, misled and befooled by them, form the formidable opposition with which the Government is even now closing in a life-or-death encounter. These represent one of the two grand ideas at last met in a decisive struggle on this North American Continent, after the numberless petty skirmishes, reconnoissances, and lesser conflicts which have stained the battle fields of the world with the best blood of humanity during so many thousand years. No child's play now—no diplomatic dissembling—no sword thrusts intended to be parried, no machiavelian hits nor disguises. The fight is close, desperate, deadly; it is yard arm to yard arm; it is heart seeking for naked heart, flashing eye to eye, visor down, and hot breath mingling with hot breath, as the foes close in the last grapple. The other idea is embodied in the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and is represented by the Federal authority. The South, then, is taken to mean the one, and the North, its opposite. On one side barbarism, slavery, injustice, ignorance, despotism, the woes and maledictions of oppressed races, the carnival of fiends; on the other, civilization, freedom, justice, education, republicanism, the gladness and gratitude of redeemed humanity, the jubilee of joy among angels. On the side of disunion, endless bickerings, intestine wars, standing armies, crushing debts, languishing commerce, all improvement at a stand still, tyranny settling darkly down over the liberties of the people and of individuals, and national influence gone forever. On the side of Union, honorable peace, legitimate expansion, social order and improvement, increasing commerce, the education and elevation of the masses, the path of success open to all, the freedom and rights of all, even the least and poorest secured, and the nation occupying a front rank among nations, her flag loved no less than feared, her government the model one of the world, and the great experiment of self-government safe beyond the peradventure of failure. Who doubts the issue of such a struggle—who would cheat himself of being one with God and good men in the glory of a triumph so possible and certain?

But why is it that the hate of all rebels, North and South, is so malignantly directed toward New England especially? What has she done more than New York or Illinois? Again I reply, it is not

geographical New England that is so feared and hated, but the ideas she represents. I have called these, already, the *Northern* idea. But if the nature of our political philosophy be closely scanned, if we exactly analyze the genius of our institutions in their proper and unbiased action, we shall be forced to acknowledge that it was the *Puritan* idea which predominated; that it is, in fact, the saving clause in the gospel of our national salvation. And New England was the first home of the Puritans—the focus from which have radiated the myriad beams of the light of which they were the repositories to the remotest corners of the land. Let no one be alarmed at the mention of the word *Puritan*. There are some people who have no other notion of a Puritan than that of a close-cropped, saturnine personage, having a nasal twang, who is forevermore indulging an insane propensity to sing psalms, quote Scripture, or burn witches. These are the people who can never see into the profound deep of a great truth, but are quite ready to laugh at its travesty or caricature. And what high or holy truth has not been caricatured? For one, I envy not the head or the heart of him who can think the name of Puritan a badge of shame or reproach, and who has no sympathy nor admiration for the stern resolution, the wondrous fortitude, the deep enthusiasm for freedom, the unwavering faith, and the high religious devotion of those men and women who first lit a torch in the wilderness, soon to become the beacon light of the world. [245]

Nor would I be understood to mean a wholesale and indiscriminate adoration of the Puritans as a *sect*. The appellation, which was bestowed upon them in opprobrium, and which they certainly wore in no meek manner, but evidently gloried in as a word of highest praise and honor, I use as a convenient one to characterize the idea I would represent. These men were but the chosen instruments in the hands of Him who no doubt has ever ordered the course of affairs in the world, to open up a new epoch in its history. The time was ripe—the men had been moulded—and through them the free principles which had been culminating through the ages, which had stirred the souls, animated the imaginations, and quickened the desires of the best and noblest of the race from its birth till now, were at last to find a resistless voice, a limitless scope, an unrepressed expansion, on a new and magnificent theatre. For freedom is of no time, nor clime, nor color, nor sect, nor nationality. She is the primal gift of God to his intelligent creatures, and is the kingly dower of every human soul. She was not born with the Puritans, nor did she die with them. In no age or land, among no sect or people, has she been without her priesthood, her altar, her ritual, her heart worship. Nor is she to blame for the wrongs and atrocities committed in her name. The ideas and principles the Puritans were ordained to carry out and embody in a great political structure were of the noblest, rarest, most enduring and beneficent; the faults that marred the beauty and consistency of their own character, were the exaggerations of their virtues, and arose from the frailty and instability of the human heart, even when most governed and inspired by the highest motives. The principles remain steadfast, immovable, immortal; the defects we can but grieve over and forgive for the sake of the grandeur they only marred but could not destroy.

Through the weakness of our nature, through the deceitfulness of the heart, the zeal which, in its proper exercise, is admirable, as inciting us to a grand enthusiasm in a cause believed to be true and holy, oftentimes degenerates into a blind and bitter bigotry, as unreasoning as reprehensible; the faith which pierces the unseen and eternal, and fixes its calm eye on One who sits changeless amid infinite series of changes, all-wise amid infinite follies and wickednesses of His creatures, all-merciful and all-loving amid the hate and opposition of weak, finite hearts, becomes a gloomy asceticism, or a fierce inquisitorial despotism, perverting Him—this glorious and loving God—into a cold, selfish, unreasonable Being, as far removed from our sympathies and love as He is from caring for us, and only existing to receive the hateful homage of fearful and enslaved souls; and what *was* a high, disinterested, fearless devotion to truth and duty becomes a narrow, selfish, insane thirst for the ascendancy of sect or party, or the propagation of some pet dogmas, which, so far from touching practically the happiness, duty, or destiny of the soul, are mere stumbling stones, strewing the dark mountains of vain, egotistic, arrogant human speculation. As there is no power so relentless as a theological or spiritual despotism, so there is no tendency of the mind more easy, subtle, or strong, than a tendency toward it. To say these men erred, is to say that they were men. But if they partook of the common liability to error of this nature, let us not forget that but for them, fallible and inconsistent as they were, the seeds of liberty, wafted from a thousand shores, and gathered through thousands of ages, might not have been transplanted to this continent, nor this mighty banyan of American freedom have struck its million roots into the soil far and wide, and stretched its million interlacing arms abroad, a sure and safe refuge for the nations. [246]

It is not as a *sect* that I admire the Puritans. Away with all party lines, all sectional prejudices, all barriers of creed or sect at such a time as this, when all nations and creeds and colors are forming in serried ranks, a close and impervious breakwater, to resist the threatening tide of rebellion and ruin whose sullen roar is in our ears, and when 'heaps of brothers slain' look into the sad face of heaven from fields where they fell, battling heroically to preserve the common heritage. No! a better day is dawning—a day of fairer promise, of more tranquil beauty, of more enduring blessedness, than ever before gladdened the hearts of men. To see that day come, all the good and true and loyal are waiting and working, no matter of what faith, or tongue, or nationality. I do not regard the sins of the Puritans as resulting from the principles by which they professed to be governed, but rather as something extraneous and antagonistic to them. Their ideas and principles resulted in the broadest constitutional liberty, while the free thought, free speech, free inquiry, the wide individual freedom, which, as a church, under the influence of a stern theological despotism they sought to stifle, under those very institutions they founded are to-day the pride, the life, the glory of free and progressive New England.

It is only in this broad sense, then, that I use the term *Puritan*, to denote the agency whereby Providence saw fit to inaugurate the ideas which were to form the foundation of our national polity.

The Puritan idea, then, predominated in the principles embodied in the Declaration of Rights and in the Constitution. But says one, Washington was no Puritan, nor Jefferson, nor the majority of the first framers of our Government. Granted that they were not born on Puritan soil, *par excellence*, but were they not of the spirit and understanding of the Puritans? (In fact, I suspect that Washington was a Puritan of the Puritans.) A Virginia Puritan, a cavalier Puritan even, was not then the strange phenomenon, the *lusus naturæ*, it would be nowadays. Besides, let it be remembered that the Constitution was not the production of any man or set of men. It was the outgrowth of the political ideas and necessities of the age and country. These men, trained in the spirit of the time, gave direction to their development, assisted to inaugurate the reign of those ideas, and to give them a specific embodiment, no more. Great and good men they were—the fit productions of the renowned epoch of the birth of a great people. It is a noble thing, a thing for fame and just pride, if men live at such a time who can share the inspiration, and cause it to live in great deeds, to say nothing of creating it.

What, then, are the distinguishing characteristics of this Puritan idea or influence?

Since the country had a history at all, New England has been reputed the centre, the abiding home of a pure morality. This needs no elaborate argument to sustain it. The records of her criminal and civil courts attest it; so do the general good order of her small communities and larger cities, as well as the high character of the numerous men and women who, emigrating to the various portions of the country, carry with them, wherever they choose a home, the pure principles they have learned around the home firesides in their native New England—the industry, the thrift, the obedience to law, the superior intelligence, which make them the best citizens in any community. The New England communities, generally, possess a higher standard of morals, a more intelligent adhesion to what is regarded as duty, a more simple social intercourse, and purer social manners and customs, with fewer dissipations and derelictions, than perhaps any other people in the world can boast. Nor is there claimed for the New England Puritan a perfect character. On the contrary, there are some traits which, in their excess, we could wish were omitted in his composition. These, however, will be found to be but exaggerations of his virtues for the most part, and for the sake of those virtues can easily be tolerated, though they have been sufficiently inveighed against from time to time. From this high state of morals there results a very high degree of *social* order, which, in its result, again, gives large social and individual liberty. Nowhere will there be found a freer people, and yet one more observant of law. Indeed, the former is only the effect of the latter. A cultivated reason sees at once that the more perfectly law is observed, the more absolute does freedom become; that the highest personal and social freedom is only attainable through a perfect obedience to the laws by which persons and societies are bound.

[247]

Again, it is no doubt true, and may be stated as a characteristic correlated to the one above mentioned, that nowhere else is a purer gospel preached than in New England. The piety of the New England heart is deep and strong, if not demonstrative and fervent. It is not like the sweep of the winds, nor the rush of the torrents; its faith may be burning, but it is the steady burning of the hidden fire, a vestal flame, not the glare of the conflagration. It rather reminds me, in its depth and strength and purity, of the ocean, calm, uniform, and monotonous outwardly, but concealing under its surface many a swift current and strong countercurrent, many a fair expanse, many a lovely secret of life, beauty, and glory. The religious faith of New England fully and devoutly receives those sublime doctrines of Christianity which were given as good news, indeed, to the race; not to a favored few, but to the individual man and woman of the race. It credits in a real and literal sense the declaration of Paul that 'God hath made of *one* blood all the nations of the earth;' and the opening sentence of the Declaration of Rights is something more to them than a 'glittering generality.' A deep, intelligent religious faith may be said to underlie all the institutions of New England, political and social. For what *is* that genius of Christianity that has ever found its truest exponent in the teachings of the New England theology, and in the lives and practice of her people? Is it not the liberty of every person, without respect to color or condition, but simply in consideration of his humanity, to learn and to obey every law of his being, physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious? To be untrammelled in following out the best light conscience and revelation may afford him as to the constitution and laws of his being, his duty to himself, his fellow man, and his Creator, and his destiny, which he himself is to determine? The Christian religion may be comprehensively defined as the golden circlet which includes all the complex duties, interests, and affections of the most complex being, man, and lifts him up, and binds him back, with all his capacities, hopes, and sympathies, to the throne of the Infinite, from which, in his low, fettered, and sinful estate, he is an alien; and all this through the love and mercy of the Infinite One Himself. This I conceive to be the true intent and glorious result of Christianity, when allowed to have free and unimpeded action on the soul of man. It will be seen to be wellnigh limitless—a power adequate to the work to be accomplished, and in this sense is truly 'the power of God and the wisdom of God.' This power is dominant, either consciously or unconsciously, over every relation of life in New England, being interwoven in the very life of her institutions. I believe this secret, quiet, yet active, all-pervading influence is very little understood, and yet it will explain much in the Puritan character that no other key will unlock. I have mentioned a pure morality, which is the effect, before a pure Christianity, which is the cause, simply because the effect is more obvious at first glance.

[248]

The third great characteristic of the Puritan idea is a *pure republicanism*. In the largest sense, I hold this also to be the effect of the one just mentioned; for, if tested, the whole spirit and tone of Christianity are republican. On New England soil, from the hour when the little band of pilgrim heroes first set foot on an inhospitable shore, by their footprints upon it making a barren rock a holy shrine for the world's love and veneration, has ever been a sure refuge, a very palladium of republican institutions, of human liberties. It was not alone its religious tendencies that excited the persecution and detestation of Puritanism in the Old World which gave impulse to the resolution to transplant themselves to a land where freedom, if nothing else, was to be found. It was equally as much its republican and democratic theories. Souls made free by the spirit of the Lord, as the souls of those grand old Puritans were, could no more brook the tyranny of the Charleses and Georges of Britain, and so, through blood and fire and sword and chains, was the germ of liberty borne across the watery waste, to be sown anew, as they thought and proposed, in the genial soil of the region bordering on the Hudson, but, as God willed it, in the perverse and barren soil of rockbound, sea-washed New England. Truly this was a novel spectacle. Never in the history of peoples before was it seen that a bare idea was strong enough to lay the foundations of a great state, through persecution, exile, and death, and untold privations worse than death. O you who would bring discredit on the memory and name of the Puritans, recall this noblest era of time; rise for one hour, if your souls have any wings, to the height of this grandeur, and bid calumny and defamation be dumb!

This germ of republican freedom took deep root, and acquired an ineradicable hold of their civil polity, and the whole machinery of their civil government; and, spreading from New England to the adjoining colonies, and from these to others, soon permeated the whole confederation, at length forming the basis of a national government, a national condition which has heretofore represented the highest civilization of the world.

Is it not plain, then, *why* they do so, who oppose and hate the influence and ideas of New England? If anything could measure the utter vileness of slavery and its degrading effect on the mind, it would be the consideration of the unblushing assurance with which its lovers defend it, and at the same time assail those sacred principles which lie at the root of our national life, and without which we are dead and cumbering the ground. Our nation holds *in trust* certain principles, for the successful carrying out of which the nations of the earth wait in hushed and anguished expectancy, and in the failure of which we should be no better than any of the effete, defunct peoples of buried ages; or, rather, in the failure to bring them to a triumphant vindication, we had far better be as Sodom and Gomorrah. These principles are now the stake for which the loyal men of the land are gladly offering up life, treasure, children, *all*, so they but win.

[249]

We hear a great deal, nowadays, from rebel sources, of the different race which settled Virginia and Carolina from that which peopled New England, and the immeasurable superiority of the former. If the mouthpiece of the confederacy, Mr. Jefferson Davis, may be believed, the latter and their descendants are not worthy even to be the *slaves* of the former, and are a degree lower in the scale of creation than the *hyenas*! Differing in language, manners, customs, ideas, there is no possibility of a peaceable union, say the confederate organs. In fine, language is exhausted of epithets expressive of their scorn, contempt, and hatred of the *Yankees*, as they are opprobriously nicknamed. But do these men ignore the fact that the original settlers of both New England and Virginia were purely English? They were from the same stock precisely. As to the *character* of each, I cannot do better than to quote from a work of which Americans may well be both glad and proud, a work that has set us and our institutions in a truer and juster light than any before it. I allude to the work of M. De Tocqueville on 'Democracy in America.' In volume first, chapter fifth, he says:

'The men sent to Virginia were seekers of gold, adventurers without resources and without character, whose turbulent and restless spirits endangered the infant colony, and rendered its progress uncertain. The artisans and agriculturists arrived afterward; and although they were a more moral and orderly race of men, they were in no wise above the level of the inferior classes in England. No lofty conceptions, no intellectual system, directed the foundation of these new settlements.'

He adds, in a note:

'It was not till some time later, that a certain number of rich English capitalists came to fix themselves in the colony.'

It is true that in the course of time some men of high character and position were attracted to the genial climate and virgin resources of the new Southern colonies, and, buying up large tracts of land, fixed themselves permanently, sensibly modifying the condition of affairs. The descendants of such men as these afterward became the most famous leaders of the Revolution which Puritan principles effected. They were men of whom descendants may well be proud, but it is certain that they have had *very few* descendants; *therefore*, the great body of the slaveholders, each one of whom would fain believe himself, and try to make others believe him, a scion of this renowned stock, must have had a very different origin.

In striking contrast with the above account, here is what he says of the first settlers of the Northern colonies:

'The settlers who established themselves on the shores of New England all belonged to the more independent classes of their native country. Their union on

the soil of America at once presented the singular phenomenon of a society containing neither lords nor common people, neither rich nor poor. These men possessed, in proportion to their number, a greater mass of intelligence than is to be found in any European nation of our own time. All, without a single exception, had received a good education, and many of them were known in Europe for their talents and their acquirements. The other colonies had been founded by adventurers without family; the emigrants of New England brought with them the best elements of order and morality; they landed in the desert, accompanied by their wives and children. But what most especially distinguished them was the aim of their undertaking. They had not been obliged by necessity to leave their country; the social position they abandoned was one to be regretted, and their means of subsistence were certain. Nor did they cross the Atlantic to improve their situation, or to increase their wealth: the call which summoned them from the comforts of their homes was purely intellectual; and in facing the inevitable sufferings of exile, their object was the triumph of an idea.'

Let the world judge between the Puritan and the so-called Cavalier!

[250]

As the same author remarks—'The influence of slavery, united to the English character, explains the manners and the social condition of the Southern States;' so it is no less true, that the influence of an almost unlimited democracy, the product of widespread intelligence and pure religion, united to the English character, explains the peculiar civilization of New England. It is nothing strange, certainly, that, after the wide and continued divergence of two aggressive principles for more than two hundred years, they should at last come to stand in the position of giant antagonisms, and close in a deadly grapple for the ascendancy. It is perfectly natural that the ignorance and mental darkness of slave Virginia or Carolina should fear and hate above all things the light of knowledge that streams from New England; it is natural that the unquestioned immorality and laxity of principle engendered by slavery should shrink from the contrast with a state of morals unsurpassed for purity in the world; and that an obsequious church and clergy, which, in the holy name of religion, and 'using the livery of heaven to serve the devil in,' had dared by the thinnest sophistries and most palpable perversions to garble the true teachings of the Bible, and been willing to brave the anathemas denounced against those who add to or subtract from aught written therein, should accede willingly to a separation which could relieve them somewhat from an odious comparison, to say the least. Compare the vigorous, consistent, and sublime theology of New England, the widely spread influence of her cultivated and philanthropic clergy, with that part of the clergy and church of the South which, in sustaining slavery, has lost all hold upon human sympathies, all influence, save in the regions where the highest crime against humanity has become a matter of interest, of sordid speculation. Alas! what sadder spectacle could be seen than the ministers of Christ using their talents to lead their people into wrong, mocking religion, trailing its snowy wings in the mire of the most corrupt political dogmas, doing their utmost to upheave that grand corner stone set by Christ himself in the primal temple of Christianity and humanity: 'All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.'

That men and women, taught from infancy to look upon slavery as a moral and political as well as a material good; whose ideas, manners, habits have become interwoven with its existence in their midst, and who, no matter how falsely, as those may think who look upon it from a comparatively disinterested standpoint, conceive that it lies at the base of their social prosperity and happiness; who have been accustomed from forum, hustings, pulpit, and press, to hear an institution that appeals to so many selfish instincts and principles in the human heart, lauded and defended, and made to be the Ultima Thule of Southern hope, pride, and ambition; that they should view with displeasure and anger such an influence as the institutions of New England must always wield, is not so surprising. But that men can be found here in the free North, yea, more, in New England itself, to sympathize with them, to echo their degraded sentiments, and to wish to see the slave power supreme in the land, is what surpasses wonder, and almost belief. Yet a portion of a large, old, and venerated party have come to be their miserable allies and claqueurs. The truth is, we may say and believe that slavery is a dire wrong, a foul injustice, done to a whole race, and therefore ought to die, but that does not tell one half of the damning story: the worst is this, that it gradually kills out the virtue, the manliness, the moral vitality of the nation that allows it; that it has done so in our own nation to an alarming extent is the great, the fear-impelling cause why it should be rooted out, abolished, as an influence in the Government.

[251]

'Ah, but,' says the Northern traitor, 'that very *abolition* has done the whole mischief. If there had been no Abolitionists, there would have been no war. The *Abolitionists* are responsible for it all.' Softly, poor, weak-minded man! Does not any man's common sense tell him that wherever a wrong exists, it is in the nature of things that somebody should oppose it—that a desire should arise to get rid of it? It is the *chief* mercy of God to the world, next to His providing salvation for it, that this *conscience* is left to it, this sense of wrong, and the will and struggle to abolish the wrong. For such remonstrance the Abolitionists are indeed responsible!

There are certain words that have come to be used in an indefinite, canting sort of way, so that they have no meaning at all, or, at least, a meaning very deceptive. These words represent bugbears to unthinking people, and unscrupulous men do not fail to pervert this fact to their own or party ends. Such are some of the terms which have been applied to New England, both South and North. She is called *radical*, and a most absurd and mischievous idea of New England radicalism is rife, especially in the South. Said a Southern gentleman to me on one occasion (he

was a physician, was one of the most intelligent slaveholders I ever met, and was an occasional contributor to De Bow's *Review*):

'You New Englanders do not believe anything; you are all freethinkers—is it not so?'

Par parenthese, that word *freethinker* is another of the terms conventionally abused. This gentleman had just been speaking of this very thing, New England radicalism, and in his query showed an evident idea that it involved that species of unbelief, that discarding of all creeds or standards of belief, popularly known as *freethinking*. It also includes, in the minds of many of the Southern people, the exercise of a kind of personal license, an abandoning of the good old established landmarks of thought and action, and a strong-minded striking out into new paths of experiment, regardless of form or law. A Northern woman going to the South is assumed to be *strong-minded*, especially, till she has proved herself *feminine*. There is nothing so absurd as this idea, when one considers that there is no people on earth as free, independent, and original, intellectually, as they are, who possess so deep and abiding a respect and veneration for those same laws and institutions. New England is the prolific hive whence swarm all the *isms* that infest the country, say they. They do not understand that in a state of society where education is universal, where mind is constantly meeting mind, and thought clashing with thought, the restless and heaving mass must be always throwing up something to the surface, it may be froth, it may be tangled weeds, rough stones, or plain shells, or it may be curious and valuable gems fit to glitter in a coronet, or shells of dazzling colors and manifold convolutions fit to shine in rare cabinets. The waveless and stagnant calm of the mass of the Southern mind can have no conception of the intellectual movement that is ever going on in such a community as New England.

But this radicalism especially bears on its 'horrid front' that bugbear of all conservatism, the world over—*abolition*. There is no word so abused as that. The thing itself is as old and inevitable as the relation of cause and effect, as the existence of sin and righteousness, as the contest between God and Satan. Just as if there could help being an abolition sentiment where there existed the aggressive, hateful principle of slavery!

Then that peculiar and valuable trait of Yankee character, which the French so aptly call *savoir faire*, and which they themselves term *faculty*, the power of accomplishing, the knowing how to do, the understanding how to suit means to ends, which makes a Yankee so useful and versatile, and consequently a valuable acquisition to society—has received its full share of Southern abuse and ridicule. 'They palm off upon us their inventions, half of which are worthless,' say they. 'They cheat us with their wares, their manufactures, their patents, and nostrums. They grow rich on our necessities, and take the world's trade from our harbors, so superior to theirs, and they are always busy, and intermeddling in everybody's affairs; and we hate them—ah, how we *do* hate them!' In short, a certain leading class at the South, that which moulds and leads the hollow, shrinking, scared thing they called *public opinion*, have come to hate and detest everything distinctively New English, and finally to make the wicked, traitorous attempt to overturn the Government, which they know received its highest and controlling impulse from the Puritan ideas of that portion of the country. In the material world, nothing is plainer than the fact embodied in the old adage, 'Straws show which way the wind blows.' In the realm of moral and social law, however, the indications, just as palpable, of the direction in which the current of public sentiment is setting, are usually ignored or pass unobserved at the time being; and not till great events have called attention to the causes that produced them, do these indications take all the prominence due to them. These minor symptoms I have noticed, of the dislike of New England in the Southern mind, have been plainly to be seen in all the doings and sayings of their public men of this generation at least, to go no further back, and in the utterances of the press throughout the South. Flings, innuendoes, sarcasms, condescensions, insults, have been heaped upon the *Yankees*, by the representatives of the slave power, in the National Congress, in the State Legislatures, in their public speeches, and by the minions of the press, until it would seem as if they must have fallen on dead ears, so little fever they have stirred in the blood of the North. Still, if anyone supposes that the ostensible causes of dislike are the real ones, he is mistaken. Does any man of them all, of these leaders, I mean, suppose for one instant that the Yankee negro-trader, overseer, peddler, lucre-loving tradesman, slaver, slave catcher, subservient politician, or mouthing, dirt-swallowing pulpit huckster, is a true representative of the influence and ideas of New England? Or that the present Copperhead Democracy of that section is the real exponent of the genuine spirit of the Puritan Democracy? Certainly not. They are shrewd men, of great discernment, and in their way brave and chivalrous, and I verily do not wonder if they would not have these renegade Yankees even as *slaves*. No! the actual cause of their hatred is the silent, all-pervading influence of the *free institutions* of New England, which derive their power and efficacy from the universal means of education there enjoyed. Shut up the schoolhouses, and burn the schoolbooks in New England, to-day, and let these free institutions become a dead letter thereby, and the *Yankees* would be as good as anybody in their eyes, because the sword which their intelligence keeps ever suspended over the head of slavery would be effectually laid to rust in its scabbard. Is it not a pitiful, a disgusting sight, that men are found, Northern men, *New-England Yankees* even, to kneel before the slaveocrats still, after the load of scorn and contumely already heaped upon them, and humbly cry, 'More—give us more contempt—our backs are made to bear the burden!'

God pity such creatures!

And these are the men who advocate a confederation of States with New England left out to shift

for herself! New England left out? Fools! to think it possible. Knaves! to deem it desirable, if it were possible. As well banish the Creator from the universe He has made—the sun from the system he warms and enlightens! Not until you have destroyed the essence, the inner spirit of the Government which of all the governments in the world secures 'the greatest good to the greatest number;' not until Freedom is dead and laid in her final grave; not until the temple of knowledge is barred and double barred; not until all your common schools are closed, your free presses manacled, your free Bible suppressed, your right of free speech and free inquiry smothered to death; not until your ships have gone down in the waters, and the hammer rests in your shipyards, and your railroads cease to open a way in the wilderness made straight for the entrance of the most advanced civilization; not until the race of Yankee capitalists is extinct, and enterprise, thrift, industry, nerve, moral courage, the intellectual conquest of the material world become traditional, will that be possible. No! I thank God, that the record of New England is so sure and indelible that nothing can root her out of this land, not even if her whole geographical area were forever submerged by the waters of the ocean that girts her round in barren majesty. Ideas, principles, can never die or be effaced. They shall survive the wreck of matter, and the final catastrophe of the universe. And her empire is that of ideas. Small as she is, she wields the power of the very foremost ideas of the highest civilization of the world. These ideas have at last held at bay the so long encroaching slave principles which were so strangely left to grow alongside with them by the early framers of the Government, and who doubts which is to conquer? The struggle may be a long one, a costly one, and freedom may at last barely escape with her life. But so sure as humanity sweeps onward; so sure as the average progress of the race is never retrograde; so sure as right bears in its bosom the seeds of eternal life, and wrong the seeds of eternal death; so sure as God sits on His throne and the heavens do rule,' the free ideas of New England will yet bear sway over this continent, and, in their moral force at least, mould and remodel the governments of the world. If not preserved intact by the men of this generation, then by others will this ultimate result be reached. God is not confined in His agencies. He sets up one, and puts down another, and the generation that is found worthy to build the temple for Him to dwell in, to preserve and perfect the beautiful heritage He has provided for His freedmen, His redeemed and enfranchised people out of all the nations in which they have been held in mental and political bondage, shall have the honor and privilege, be sure. And think not, O ye men to whom is committed this high trust, that it will be a small thing to leave this birthright unto others; for as no people were ever before so distinguished in having this holiest ark of the covenant of freedom in their midst, so the grave of infamy into which ye shall be cast, if the Philistines dispossess you of it, shall be bottomless. There is no resurrection for the people who should betray such a cause, freighted as it is with the hopes and future destiny of the struggling races of the earth.

[253]

And O ye other men (would ye *were* men!) who are in league with traitors, ay, who are even worse than they, to do this accursed thing, know that this pit is yawning for you. Down—down—deeper—deeper—pressed to perdition by the curses of those who are to come after you, whom you wronged so remorselessly.

In that terrific vision of hell, seen by the poet Dante, those who had betrayed country, freedom, were visited by the most awful sufferings, pursued by the most vengeful fiends, and pushed to the most dire extremity of woe. Among the pale, haunted, shrieking shades flitting through that limbo of horrors, they were conspicuous in punishment. And if remorse is in reality the undying worm, the quenchless fire of that future state which recompenses for the deeds of this, surely the traitor to this good, free Government will be made to experience its unmeasured horrors. The salvation of our country, then, and its position and influence as one of the family of nations, depend on its return to, and its enforcing of, those fundamental principles of freedom, moral right, and justice which underlie our system, and for the most part form our superstructure. Ours is the moral lever that is to move the world, if we will have it so. If we lose our moral prestige we are nothing. We have the best Government in the world, but it has, since the time of the fathers, for the most part, been the worst administered. Instead of being made to work in the interest of freedom, the opposite has been the fact, and the whole influence and patronage of the Government for years have been in favor of the slave element. Prior to the incoming of the present Administration, this gradual deterioration in the animus of the Federal Government had culminated in a condition so disgraceful and shameful, that it is enough to dye the cheek of any honest man with red, only to think of it. It was time, if ever, for the climax to be put upon it all, and now it will be a thing to give endless thanks for, if enough virtue and manliness and true patriotism are left in the loyal States to bring the nation, under God, safely through the troubles and disasters into which its supineness, its temporizing and subserviency to wrong have led it.

[254]

Oh, could I speak with the convincing tones of a prophet or an angel, instead of the weak voice of a woman, I would make myself heard throughout the length and breadth of the land by every man, of whatever caste or color, whatever birth or tongue, whatever nationality or political creed, North, East, West, South, and especially this great West, of which I am so proud and confident, and would say to them:

'Rise! quit you like men—be strong! Upon you the ends of the world have come. If you have manhood, assert it now! If you are worthy the name of American, make it *now* to be honored among the nations. If there is any incentive in the glory of the career that would open to the accelerated progress of a Union at last free and redeemed, without a tyrant or a slave, let it nerve your hearts and inspire your exertions *now*. If you do not desire the self-gratulations of the crowned despots of the world, and the despair and lamentation of their subject millions, see to it that this great experiment of self-government fail not *now*. If you would gladden the hearts of our

friends in other lands, the Brights and Cobdens, the Gasparins and Laboulayes, liberal men, who love truth, justice, right, freedom, who are 'one with their kind,' be ambitious of coöperating with them in the work of human elevation and amelioration.'

Those who seize upon great opportunities are the men whom History rescues from oblivion, and sets in the memory of mankind forever, whether with blessings or cursings, with glory or shame, as the benefactors or the enemies of their kind. A rare opportunity is passing before this nation. Who will seize upon it, and how? We shall see.

[255]

WAITING FOR NEWS!

The succeeding Poem, 'Waiting for News,' was written by a mother, who says.

'If there is any power in truth, this poem should express what is intended; for my own boy, but little more than fifteen, had been in the battle at Culpepper, and I knew not if he were living or dead! He was far too young to enter the army, but I could not resist his earnest pleadings—for he is tall and manly, and I well know, were *I* in his place, I too would shoulder my knapsack and go!'

All honor to such mothers!—ED.

Waiting, O Father! a fond mother waiting,
Waiting *so* anxious, the dark tide's abating!
Waiting all breathless, in agonized anguish,
Living by heart-throbs that spring up—then languish;
Catching each sound that comes back from the battle,
Dark shrieks and groans and the lonely death rattle,
Imaging visions of feverish thirsting—
Hearts in their utterest loneliness bursting!

Thinking of *him*, late the babe of her bosom,
Fair faced and blue eyed, love's tenderest blossom,
Dashing along 'mid the carnage around him,
Fearless as Mars 'mid the balls that surround him,
Changed, as by magic, from home's tender brother,
Lovingest son, both to father and mother—
Changed to a man, to a stern, noble soldier—
None in the field that is braver or bolder!
Writing: 'I'm proud of the name, dearest mother!
Craven is he who would hold any other
While our loved standard of freedom 's in danger,
May he forever be held as a stranger!'
Such are the words in his last noble letter!
What fifteen years that could write any better?
Now I am waiting to know if he 's wounded—
Waiting—to know how my fears must be bounded:
Closed his eyes *may* be to sorrow or danger—
Dead he *may* be in the land of the stranger!

God of the desolate—Rachel's Consoler!
Light of the universe—Nature's Controller!
Pity me, pity me! Send consolation!
Let not my heart feel this deep desolation!
He is *so* young, and he loves me so truly—
Scourge me not, Father! so deep—so unduly!
Leave him! to lighten my life-load of sorrow!
Leave him to brighten the clouds of my morrow!
Leave him to love me when other loves fail me,
Leave him to strengthen when rude storms assail me!
Leave him—so kind, both as son and as brother;
Leave him, a future of hope to his mother!
God of all battles! speed, speed this decision!
Let us not look, as afar, at a vision!
Send to our soldiers the true men to lead them:
They have the courage—do Thou guide and speed them!
Then shall our sisters, our wives, and our mothers
Feel that our husbands, our sons, and our brothers,
Though they may fall, are not led to the altar
Heedless and reckless, like beasts by the halter!
Then we may feel, though their dear blood is staining
Freedom's fair banner, a COUNTRY we're gaining!
Then we may look, though with eyes dim and burning,
Some day or other, their blessed returning!

[256]

Or we may see, though with eyes dim with weeping,
Freedom's bird hover in love o'er their sleeping:
Feeling, though sorrow may make our heads hoary,
They are not victims of weakness, but glory!

EARLY HISTORY OF THE PRINTING AND NEWSPAPER PRESS IN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

To write an article on the history of the Art of Printing, without paying our respects, in the first instance, to the Devil and Doctor Faustus, will be considered not only a violation of all precedent, but, as regards those individuals, a positive breach of good manners. They have so long been associated together, not only in popular tradition but in books, that the greater part of the reading world seem to think them to have been the original partners in the republic of letters. Indeed, for some absurd reason or other, the opinion is even yet quite prevalent that one of the original concern has been a silent partner, though not a sleeping one, in every printing establishment since. The proposition, to this extent, is certainly inadmissible; and yet, from the moral condition of a large portion of the press, it must be confessed there is strong presumptive evidence that in the unhappy influences exercised by the personage referred to over the affairs of men, he is not altogether neglectful of the press. Be this, however, as it may, the press has become, in this country especially, an engine of such great importance in the daily affairs of life—its energies are of such tremendous power, either for good or evil, that it is believed a few moments can be profitably spent in glancing at its rise and early progress in Boston and New York.

The honor of setting up the first printing press in the American Colonies belongs to Massachusetts. Only eighteen years had elapsed from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, before a press was in operation at Cambridge—then as populous as Boston. The project of establishing a press in the New World was conceived and almost executed by the Rev. Jesse Glover, a dissenting clergyman in England, who had interested himself largely in planting the colony, and a portion of whose family was already in America. Mr. Glover raised the means of purchasing his press, types, and other necessary apparatus by contributions in England and Holland. With these materials he embarked for America in 1638, but died a few days before the ship reached the shore. Cambridge was at that time the seat of the civil and ecclesiastical power in Massachusetts; and as the academy which subsequently grew into Cambridge University had then been commenced, it was determined by the leading men of the colony to establish the press there; and there it remained for sixty years under their control, and forty years before a press was established in any other colony. The first printer was Stephen Day, engaged in London by Mr. Glover, and supposed to be a descendant of the celebrated John Day, the noted printer. The second printer in the Colonies was Samuel Green, to whom Day relinquished the business in 1649. Colonel Samuel Green, the late venerable editor of the *New London Gazette*, was a descendant in a direct line from the original printer of that name; the family having uninterruptedly engaged in that business for nearly two hundred years. The elder Green printed the Indian Bibles and Testaments for those early apostles of the New World who first engaged in the benevolent work of attempting the civilization and evangelization of the aboriginals of this country—a noble race of wild men, who have melted away before the palefaces, like the hoarfrost beneath the beams of the morning sun. [257]

The sturdy republican religionists of New England became very soon as chary of allowing the freedom of the press as were the Pontiff and the crowned heads of Europe. Some religious tracts having been published which the clergy and the General Court deemed of too liberal a character, licensers of the press were appointed in 1662; but in the year following, it was ordered by the Provincial Government that 'the printing press be as free as formerly.' This freedom, however, was soon exerted more freely than ever. The attention and the fears of the Government were accordingly again awakened; and in October, 1664, it was enacted that no printing press should be allowed in any other town or place of the colony than Cambridge; and that no person or persons should be permitted to print anything even there, but by the allowance of at least two of a board of three censors appointed for that purpose. But even the licensers were not sufficiently rigid to please the General Court—for, having permitted the publication of that most excellent and pious little work, 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, it was held to be heretical by the Legislature, and its further publication without a new revision was prohibited in 1667. The principal specification against it was that it was written by a Popish minister.

In 1671, the General Court directed the revision and publication of the laws of the colony. Until that time the laws had always been printed at the expense of the commonwealth. But a wealthy bookseller, by the name of John Usher, applied for permission to publish them on his own account; and to prevent Green from printing extra copies for himself, he procured the passage of an act prohibiting the printing of any more copies than he should direct; and in this enactment we find the origin of copyright in this country. In 1673, the copyright was secured to Usher for seven years. Green soon became a prolific printer. He came to this country so destitute as to be obliged to sleep under the shelter of a barrel; but lived to an advanced age, and had two wives and nineteen children. He was early in life elected an ensign of the Cambridge militia company, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain, under which commission he served thirty years. So

exceeding fond was he of his martial life, that, when extremely old, he was carried to the parade ground in a chair to direct the exercises of his company. Some of his descendants have been engaged in the printing business for more than a century past in Connecticut. Others of his family established their business at Annapolis, in Maryland, in 1740, where it has been continued by their descendants until the present day.

The partner of the elder Green, for a number of years, was Marmaduke Johnson, who had been sent over from England by the Commissioners of Indian affairs to assist in printing the Bible in the Indian language. He turned out badly, however, and, in two years after his arrival, was tried and convicted of making an unlawful *impression* upon Mr. Green's daughter. The charge in the indictment was 'for alluring the daughter of Mr. Samuel Green, printer, and drawing away her affection, without the consent of her father.' This was a direct breach of the law of the colony; for in those good times, no young lady might venture to fall in love without, like a dutiful child, asking her father's consent. But Johnson was doubly guilty, since he had a wife in England. He was therefore fined five pounds, and ordered to go home to his first love. This order, however, was for a time evaded; and he afterward found means of procuring a reconciliation with Green—his wife having probably died in the mean time—and of entering into a partnership with the father of his American charmer. Her prudent father, however, as is most likely, obliged her to leave off loving him, since the chronicles of those days say that the inconstant typographer was married in 1770 to Ruth Cane of Cambridge. He then began to look up in the world, and was elected to the office of constable, which in those days was much more elevated than that of sheriff is now.

In 1674 the first press was established in Boston by permission of the General Court; and two additional licensers were appointed—one of whom was the Rev. Increase Mather. The printer was John Foster, who was also somewhat of an astronomer. He made and printed almanacs; but died at the early age of thirty-three. He was a man of so much consideration that two poems were published on the occasion of his death. One of them concluded with the following lines:

'This body, which no activeness did lack,
Now 's laid aside like an old almanack;—
But for the present 's only out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair EDITION, and of matchless worth,
Free from ERRATAS, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the Great Creator,
It shall be done, when he saith IMPRIMATUR.'

'Whoever,' says Isaiah Thomas, 'has read the celebrated epitaph of Franklin on himself, will have some suspicion that it was taken from this original.'

One of Green's apprentices was an Indian lad, who became master of the business, and assisted in printing Eliot's Indian Bible. When King Philip's war came on, however, his bosom was fired with *amor patriæ*, and he ran off and joined himself to his countrymen. Returning again, under the proclamation, after the death of the great Narragansett king, James, for such was his English name, obtained a pardon, and worked at the business for the remainder of his life. From Eliot's account of him, he was the most accurate printer in the colony—the only one 'who was able to correct the press with understanding.' He printed the Psalter and several other works in the Indian language; and being always known as James the Printer, he assumed the latter as his surname. He married and reared a family by that name, whose descendants were recently living in Grafton.

The first newspaper published in North America was the *Boston News Letter*, commenced in April, 1704, by John Campbell. It was printed by the authority of the licensers, as a half sheet of what was then called pot paper—a large size of foolscap. Campbell was a bookseller, and the postmaster of Boston. The paper was printed by Bartholomew Green. The first number contained the Queen's speech to both houses of Parliament; some notice of the attempts of the Pretender, James the Eighth of Scotland, who was said to be sending over Popish missionaries from France; three or four paragraphs of domestic intelligence; four items of ship news from Philadelphia, New York, and New London; and one advertisement by the editor. The paper was continued fifteen years, weekly, upon the half sheet of foolscap, without a rival on the continent, and continually languishing for want of support.^[A] In 1719 the editor made a great effort to enlarge his publication. He stated in his prospectus that he found it to be impossible, with a weekly half sheet, to carry on all the public occurrences of Europe, with those of the American colonies and the West Indies. He was then thirteen months behind the news from Europe, and to obviate the difficulty he resolved to publish every other week a full sheet of foolscap, he afterward announced, as the advantage of this enlargement, that in eight months he was able to bring down the foreign news to within five months of the date of his publication!

What a contrast between the newspaper of that day and our own! *Then* news from England, five months old, was fresh and racy. Now we must have it in twelve days, and even then send out fleets of newsboats from Cape Race to bring it to us two days sooner than steam can take the ship up to New York and Boston. *Then*, news seven days old from New York to Boston was swift enough for an express. Now, if we cannot obtain the news from Washington in less than the same number of minutes, we rave and storm, and talk of starting new telegraph companies. *Then*, four

snug little foolscap papers a month contained all that the world was doing that any one cared to know. Now, a paper published every morning as large as a mainsail needs a supplement; and I presume there is not an editor in any of our large cities who publishes half the new matter he gets prepared.

The second American newspaper was the *Boston Gazette*, the first number of which was published in December, 1719, by William Brookes, the successor of Campbell as postmaster. It was printed on half a sheet of foolscap by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin, who served his apprenticeship with him. The proprietor, printer, and publisher of the *Gazette*, however, were soon changed; and in 1721 the *New England Courant* was established in Boston by James Franklin, who was both proprietor and publisher. With the establishment of this paper commenced the newspaper wars of America, which have continued ever since. Franklin, piqued at having been ousted from the *Gazette*, commenced attacking that journal with bitterness. He did not make the *Courant* so much of a newspaper as an essayist; and it was filled with discussions of the prevailing religious opinions of that day, and with attacks upon the public officers and the clergy. These essays were furnished by a society of nine literary gentlemen, who were called a set of freethinkers by some, and the 'Hell Fire Club' by others. Young Benjamin wrote some of the essays, although the authorship was not at the time known. Among other matters, inoculation for the small pox was then warmly opposed as being highly improper. The character of the paper was spirited, and its tone that of religious scepticism. It was not long in attracting much of the public attention, and in provoking the resentment of the colonial Government and clergy. The Rev. Increase Mather having been claimed in the *Courant* as one of its supporters, came out with a long and wrathful contradiction of the assertion. 'I can well remember,' says that eminent and excellent divine, 'when the civil Government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a *cursed libel!* which, if it be not done, I am afraid that some *awful judgment* will come upon this land, and that the wrath of God will arise, and there will be no remedy. I cannot but pity poor Franklin, who, though but a young man, it may be, speedily he must appear before the judgment seat of God; and what answer will he be able to give for printing things so vile and abominable?' In sober truth, it would be well for all those connected with the press to bear in mind this passage from that excellent man; for who can estimate the evil of even one lie, once put into circulation?

[260]

It was not long before Franklin was arrested by the Government, and imprisoned four weeks in the common jail, for the conduct of his paper. The council also published an order, setting forth that Franklin had published many passages, boldly reflecting upon the Government of the province, the ministry, the churches, and the college, and that it often contained paragraphs tending to fill the readers' minds with vanity to the dishonor of God, and the service of good men—in consequence of which, it was resolved that nothing should be published in the said colony, that had not been first perused and allowed by the secretary of the colony.

The order does not seem to have been enforced; and the first number of the paper, after James Franklin's release, contained another essay from the club, of increased boldness. It was headed by a sort of a text as follows: '*And then, after they had anathematized and cursed a man to the devil, and the devil would not, or did not, take him, then to make the sheriff and the jailer take the devil's leavings.*'

Other publications, equally liberal, and equally offensive to the civil authorities, were brought before both Houses of the General Court, and a joint committee was appointed to consider and report. This committee reported that the tendency of Franklin's paper was 'to mock religion and bring it into contempt.' They therefore recommended that James Franklin be prohibited from publishing anything not previously examined and approved by the secretary. The recommendation was adopted, but Franklin again disregarded the order, for which he was prosecuted for a contempt of the General Court; but the jury ignored the bill. He was, however, bound to good behavior, in conformity to the order of the General Court.

These proceedings were severely attacked in the *American Weekly Mercury*, which by that time had been established in Philadelphia; and the Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts was denounced as being made up of oppressors and bigots, who made religion only an engine of destruction to the people. Their public officers were proclaimed to be remarkable for their hypocrisy, raised up as 'a scourge in the hands of the Almighty for the sins of the people.'

These attacks were undoubtedly written by the club in Boston and sent to Philadelphia for publication. But neither the club nor James Franklin would submit to the order of the Court; and for the purpose of evading it, the name of James was taken out of the paper, and that of Benjamin substituted. The latter was then a minor, and this was the first introduction of his name into public life. But though a poor printer's lad, the name thus first used as a shield for others who were behind the curtains, has since challenged the world for illustrious deeds of his own.

With this change of the name of the publisher, came a new prospectus, probably the first effort of the kind, of the then youthful philosopher. This prospectus was rather an odd one, as will be seen by the following extract: 'The main design of this weekly will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life; which in so large a place as Boston will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersions of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of human life.'

[261]

The character of the paper, however, does not appear to have been changed for the better by the change of names. It was continued in the name of Benjamin Franklin some time after he had left

it; but the members of the club at length grew wearied with the labor, and the paper expired in 1727. James Franklin then removed to Rhode Island, and established the first newspaper in that State, at Newport.

It remains to notice but one more of the early Boston editors, who seems to have been an odd fish—somewhat witty, but, to use a homely proverb, 'as rough as a rat-catcher's dog.' He first established the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal*, in 1731, and afterward the *Boston Evening Post*. His name was Thomas Fleet. Massachusetts was then a slaveholding country, and Fleet owned several negroes, two of whom he instructed in the art of printing. Their names were Pompey and Cæsar—the only two *Romans*, I believe, who ever belonged to the printing fraternity. These honest fellows lived and printed until after the war of the Revolution, having become freemen by the Constitution of Massachusetts of 1780. Fleet was droll and witty in the conduct of his paper, especially in his advertisements. Witness the following advertisement of one of his negro women for sale: 'To be sold, by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, will work like a beaver.'

There was a common evil existing in those days which, it is to be feared, has now become chronic. People were prone to omit paying for their newspapers. Fleet had often to complain of this crying sin, even against men of great religious professions. On one occasion he read them quite a severe lesson upon their injustice and oppression in this respect. 'Every one,' says he, 'thinks he has a right to read news, but few find themselves inclined to pay for it. 'Tis a great pity a soil that will bear *piety* so well, should not produce a tolerable crop of common honesty.'

It is, moreover, slanderously reported in the ancient chronicles, that Fleet was not blessed with the most beautiful and sweet-tempered wife and daughters in Boston. On one occasion he invited a friend to dine with him on *pouts*, a kind of fish then esteemed a great delicacy, and of which he knew his friend to be remarkably fond. His domestic matters, however, did not move along very smoothly that morning, and when they sat down to table, the gentleman remarked that the *pouts* were wanting.

'Oh no,' said Fleet, 'only look at my wife and daughters!'

Twenty-one years elapsed from the establishment of a newspaper in Boston, before William Bradford commenced the *New York Gazette*, in October, 1725. It was printed on a half sheet of foolscap, with a large and almost wornout type. There is a large volume of these papers in the New York City Library, in good preservation. The advertisements do not average more than three or four a week, and these are mostly of runaway negroes. The ship news was diminutive enough; now and then a ship, and some half a dozen sloops arriving and leaving in the course of the week. Such was the daily paper published in the commercial metropolis of the United States, one hundred and thirty-eight years ago!

Eight years after the establishment of Bradford's *Gazette*, the *New York Weekly Journal* was commenced by John Philip Zengar. This paper was established for the purpose of opposing the colonial administration of Governor Crosby, under the patronage, as was supposed, of the Honorable Rip Van Dam, who had previously discharged the duties of the executive office, as President of the Council. The first great libel suit tried in New York was instituted by the Government in 1734 against Zengar. He was imprisoned by virtue of a warrant from the Governor and Council; and a concurrence of the House of Representatives in the prosecution was requested. The House, however, declined. The Governor and Council then ordered the libellous papers to be burned by the common hangman, or whipper, near the pillory. But both the common whipper and the common hangman were officers of the corporation, not of the Crown, and they declined officiating at the illumination. The papers were therefore burned by the sheriff's deputy at the order of the Governor. An ineffectual attempt was next made to procure an indictment against Zengar, but the grand jury refused to find a bill. The Attorney-General was then directed to file no information against him for printing the libels, and he was kept in prison until another term. His counsel offered exceptions to the commissions of the judges, which the latter not only refused to hear, but excluded his counsel, Messrs. Smith and Alexander, from the bar. Zengar then obtained other counsel—John Chambers, of New York, and Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia. The trial at length came on, and excited great interest. The truth, under the old English law of libel, could never be given in evidence, and was of course excluded on the present trial. Hamilton nevertheless tried the case with great ability. He showed the jury that they were the judges as well of the law as of the fact, and Zengar was acquitted. The verdict was received with cheers by the audience; and the corporation voted the freedom of the city to Andrew Hamilton, 'for the remarkable service done to the inhabitants of this city and colony, by his defence of the rights of mankind and the liberty of the press.' The certificate was sent to Mr. Hamilton by Mr. Stephen Bayard in a superb gold box, on the lid of which were engraved the arms of the city with several classical and appropriate mottoes.

[262]

Thus ever has power been arrayed against the liberty of the press; and thus ever have the people been ready to sustain it.

Soon after the relinquishment of his paper by Bradford, it was resumed by James Parker, under the double title of *The New York Gazette and Weekly Post Boy*. In 1753, ten years afterward, Parker took a partner by the name of William Wayman. But neither of the partners, nor both of them together, possessed the indomitable spirit of John Philip Zengar. Having in March, 1756, published an article reflecting upon the conduct of the people of Ulster and Orange counties, the Assembly, entertaining a high regard for the majesty of the people, took offence thereat, and

both the editors were taken into custody by the serjeant-at-arms. What the precise nature of the insult upon the sovereign people of those counties was, does not appear. But the editors behaved in a craven manner. They acknowledged their fault, begged pardon of the House, and paid the costs of the proceedings; in addition to all which, they gave up the name of the author. He proved to be none other than the Rev. Hezekiah Watkins, a missionary to the county of Ulster, residing at Newburgh. The reverend gentleman was accordingly arrested, brought to New York, and voted guilty of a high misdemeanor and contempt of the authority of the House. Of what persuasion was this Mr. Watkins, does not appear. But neither Luther, nor Calvin, nor Hugh Latimer would have betrayed the right of free discussion as he did, by begging the pardon of the House, standing to receive a reprimand, paying the fees, and promising to be more circumspect in future, for the purpose of obtaining his discharge. [263]

This case affords the most singular instance of the exercise of the doubtful power of punishing for what are called contempts, on record. A court has unquestionably a right to protect itself from indignity, while in session; and so has a legislative body, although the power of punishing for such an offence, without trial by jury, is now gravely questioned. But for a legislative body to extend the mantle of its protection over its constituency in such a matter, is an exercise of power of which it is difficult to find a parallel. Sure it is that a people, then or now, who would elect such members to the Legislature deserve nothing else than contempt.

The fourth paper established in New York was called the *Evening Post*. It was commenced by Henry De Forest in 1746. It was remarkable chiefly for stupidity, looseness of grammar, and worse orthography, and died before it was able to go alone.

In 1752 the *New York Mercury* was commenced, and in 1763 the title was changed to the *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury*. This paper was established and published by Hugh Gaine, at the sign of the Bible and Crown, Hanover square. It was conducted with taste and ability, and became the best newspaper in the Colonies. In 1763, Gaine was arraigned by the Assembly for publishing a part of its proceedings without permission, and withal incorrectly. He was a gentleman of a kind spirit, and never had the power to withhold an apology when it was asked. He accordingly apologized, was reprimanded, and discharged.

As the storm of war drew on in 1775, the *Mercury* contained a series of patriotic papers, under the signature of the Watch Tower. But as the British forces drew near to New York, the patriotism of Gaine began to cool; and during the whole course of the Revolutionary war, his *Mercury* afforded very accurate indications of the state of the contest. When with the Whigs, Hugh Gaine was a Whig. When with the Royalists, he was loyal. When the contest was doubtful, equally doubtful were the politics of Hugh Gaine. In short, he was the most perfect pattern of the genuine non-committal. On the arrival of the British army he removed to Newark for a while; but soon returned to the city and published a paper devoted to the cause of the Crown. His course was a fruitful theme for the wags of the day; and at the peace, a poetical petition from Gaine to the Senate of the State, setting forth his life and conduct, was got up with a good deal of talent and humor. His paper ceased with the war.

Another paper, called the *New York Gazette*, was commenced by Wayman, the former associate of Parker. In 1766, Wayman was arrested for a contempt of the Assembly, upon no other charge than that of two typographical errors in printing the speech of Sir Henry Moore, the Governor of the Colony. One of these errors consisted in printing the word NEVER for *ever*; and the other was the omission of the word NO, by reason of which the meaning of the sentence was reversed. Wayman protested that it was a mere inadvertency; but so tenacious were legislators in those days of 'privilege,' that an investigation was instituted; but in the end the transgressor was discharged from 'durance vile,' on condition of acknowledging his fault, asking pardon, and promising to behave more circumspectly for the future.

The Assembly, however, was more rigid in this case, from the suspicion entertained that one of the errors was intentional; but such was clearly not the fact.

Nothing can be more annoying to authors and publishers than errors of the press; and yet those who are unskilled in the art of printing, can scarcely conceive the difficulty of avoiding them. The art of proof reading with perfect accuracy is an high and difficult attainment. To arrive at ordinary accuracy in a daily newspaper, requires the reading and correction of at least two proofs; and even then an editor, who has not become case hardened, by long practice and long endurance, will often be shocked at the transformation of sense into nonsense, or the murdering of one of his happiest conceits, or the plucking of the point out of one of his neatest paragraphs, by a typographical error. [264]

In the early stages of the art of printing, typographical errors were far more numerous than in books of modern execution, where there is a real effort to attain to ordinary accuracy. It was then very common for a volume of ordinary size to contain page upon page of *errata* at the close. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind was the curious treatise of Edward Leigh, 'On Religion and Learning,' published in 1656. At the close of the work were two folio pages of corrections in very minute characters. The author himself complains as follows: 'We have no Plantier or Stevens (two celebrated printers of another day) amongst us; and it is no easy task to specify the chiefest *errata*; false interpunctions there are too many; here a letter wanting, there a letter too much; a syllable too much, one letter for another; words joined, which should be severed; words misplaced, chronological mistakes, &c.'

Leigh's case, however, was not so hard as that of a monk, who wrote and published the 'Anatomy

of the Mass,' in 1561. The work itself contained only one hundred and seventy-two pages, to which were added FIFTEEN pages of *errata*. The pious monk wrote an apology for these inaccuracies, which, if true, proved that his case was indeed a cruel one—clearly proving, moreover, that even if the devil had originally assisted Doctor Faustus and Gutenberg in the invention, his brimstone majesty very soon became sick of his bargain. The monk avers that he wrote the work to circumvent the artifices of Satan, and that the devil, ever on the alert, undertook to circumvent him. For this purpose Satan, in the first place, caused the MS. to be drenched in a kennel, until it was rendered comparatively illegible; and, in the second place, he compelled the printers to perpetrate more typographical blunders than had ever before been made in a book of no greater magnitude. But the malice of Lucifer did not end here. He compelled the priest to act under his influence while making the corrections!

But they were not all unintentional errors of the press in those days that appeared such. There were words and phrases interdicted by the Pope and the Inquisition; and sometimes by adroit management the interdicted word, though not inserted in the text, could be arrived at in the table of *errata*.

It is a singular fact, that the edition of the Latin Vulgate, by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, although his Holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, has ever remained without a rival in typographical inaccuracy. Still more curious was the fact, that the Pope, in the plenitude of pontifical infallibility, prefixed to the first volume a bull of excommunication against any and every printer, who in reprinting the work, should ever make any alteration in the text. To the amazement of the public, however, when the Bible appeared, it swarmed with errors too numerous for an *errata*. In a multitude of instances it was necessary to reprint whole passages in scraps, and paste over the incorrect verses. Great efforts were made to call in the edition; and it is now only to be found among rare collections, as a monument of literary blunders. If the Devil ever troubles himself about the correction of proofsheets, he was much more likely to be standing at the Pope's elbow while the Bible was printing, than to be bothering his head in regard to the poor monk's mass book to which allusion has been made.

[265]

Typographical errors happen in a variety of ways; sometimes by carelessness, sometimes by the ignorance and stupidity of the printer, and sometimes by design. Occurring in either way, they are often ludicrous, and sometimes productive of positive evil. A few examples of each variety will suffice.

In the fine description of the Pantheon, by Akenside, the expressive phrase 'SEVERELY great,' not being understood by the printer, who undertook to think for himself, was printed '*serenely* great.'

An edition of the Bible was once published in England, in which the word *not* was omitted in the seventh commandment. For this offence, whether by carelessness or by design, the archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty ever recorded in the annals of literary history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

There was a more severe punishment than even this awarded in Germany once, for a wilful alteration of the sacred text. It seems that in Gen. iii. 16, the Hebrew word which has been rendered *husband* in the English translation, is *lord* in the German. It is the passage in which God tells Eve: 'And thy desire shall be to thy husband, who shall rule over thee.' The German word signifying lord is HERR; and in the same language the word NARR answers for fool. The case was this: A new edition of the Bible was printing at the house of a widow, whose husband had been a printer. The spirited lady, not liking the subordinate station of her sex, and having acquired a little knowledge of the art, watched an opportunity by night to enter the printing office; and while the form was lying on the press, she carefully drew out the letters *H* and *e*, and inserted in their stead the letters *Na*. The outrage was not discovered in season, and the Bible went forth declaring that man should be the woman's fool. Such, probably, is too often the case, but the gentlemen would not like to see it in print. Gravely, however, the person committing such an offence must needs stand in awful apprehension of the fearful curse denounced in the conclusion of the Apocalypse.

An edition of the *Catholic Missal* was once published in France, in which the accidental substitution merely of the letter *u* for an *a*, was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *calotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte*, which, as my readers are aware, means, in drawing-room English, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the service, where it is said: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*!"

Among the errors that have occurred through design, was one which happened in the old *Hudson Balance*, when the Rev. Dr. Croswell was the editor of that ancient and excellent journal. A merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, too, was a little more no than yes, in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriages to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymenial sentimentality. In compliance with this custom, the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the bliss of the marriage state, 'when *heart* meets *heart* reciprocally soft.' The wicked boys in the printing office, however, corrected the poet, making the stanza read thus:

'When *head* meets *head*, reciprocally soft.'

Another instance, more ludicrous still, was the following: A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line like this:

'Shall reign the *Hecate* of the deepest hell.'

The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer, and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. 'Why, no, you blockhead,' was the reply. Away went the boy to the press room, and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher, when the poem appeared with the line:

'Shall reign the HE CAT of the deepest hell.'

But let a form of types, arranged either for book or newspaper, be ever so correct when sent to the press, errors not unfrequently happen from yet another cause, viz.: the liability of now and then a letter to drop out, when the form has not been properly adjusted, or locked sufficiently tight in the iron frame which by printers is called a *chase*. How important the loss of a single letter may become is seen by the following example. A printer putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him: 'We shall all be CHANGED in the twinkling of an eye.' When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read: 'We shall all be HANGED in the twinkling of an eye.'

Sometimes a whole page or a whole form drops through, and falls into what printers call *pi*—that is, a mass of all sorts of letters, stops, marks, points, spaces, forming a jumble of everything—and involving the dire necessity of assorting over the whole mass, letter by letter. In isolated printing houses, where they have but few workmen, and assistance is not near, such a catastrophe is a serious matter. An instance of this kind, which happened many years ago in the county of Oneida, is in point. An editor was putting his paper to press (for in the country, editor and printer are often combined) when down fell his form—a wreck of matter and a crush of words. There was no other printing office nearer than Albany, and it was impossible for him to rearrange his types for the paper that week. But his paper must come out at all hazards, on account of the legal advertisements on the first side. He therefore hit upon the expedient of publishing his paper with a blank page, inserting in large letters, '*Omitted for want of room!*'

But, after all, when it is considered of how many separate and minute pieces of metal a book form or the page of a newspaper is composed, the wonder is that errors of the press are not far more numerous than they are. A single page of one of our largest papers cannot contain less than 150,000 separate pieces of metal, each of which must be nicely adjusted in its own proper place, or error and confusion will ensue.

But to return from this long digression of the early newspaper press of New York. A paper called the *New York Chronicle* was published during the years 1761-'62, and then died. The *New York Pacquet* was next published, in 1763, but how long it lived is not known. In 1766, Holt established the *New York Journal, or General Advertiser*, which in the course of the year was connected with Parker's *Gazette*, the *Journal*, however, being printed as a separate paper. John Holt edited the first Whig paper published in New York; nor, as in the case of Hugh Gaine, did his patriotism come and go as danger approached or receded from the city. In 1774, Holt discarded the King's arms, and took that engraving from the title of his paper, substituting in place of it, a serpent cut in pieces, with the expressive motto, 'Unite or Die.' In January, 1775, the snake was united and coiled, with the tail in its mouth, forming a double ring: within the coil was a pillar standing on Magna Charta and surmounted with the cap of liberty: the pillar on each side was supported by six arms and hands, figurative of the colonies. On the body of the snake, beginning at the head, were the following lines:

'United now, alive and free,
Firm on this basis Liberty shall stand;
And thus supported, ever bless our land,
Till Time becomes Eternity.'

The designs both of 1774 and 1775 were excellent—the first, by a visible illustration, showing the disjointed state of the colonies; and the second presenting an emblem of their strength when united. Holt maintained his integrity to the last. When the British troops took possession of New York, he removed to Esopus, now Kingston, and revived his paper. On the burning of that village by the enemy in 1777, he removed to Poughkeepsie, and published the *Journal* there until the peace of 1783, when he returned to New York and resumed his paper under the title of *The Independent Gazette; or, The New York Journal Revived*. Holt was an unflinching patriot, but did not long survive the achievement of his country's freedom. In 1784 he gave his paper a new typographical dress, and commenced publishing it twice a week, being the second paper thus frequently published in the United States. He died, however, early in that year. The *Journal* was continued for a time by the widow; but after undergoing several changes of name and proprietorship, it passed into the hands of Francis Greenleaf in 1787, by whom it was converted into a daily paper, called the *Argus, or Greenleaf's New Daily Advertiser*. A semi-weekly paper was also published by Greenleaf, called the *New York Journal and Patriotic Register*. Mr. Greenleaf was a practical printer and an estimable and enterprising man. He fell a victim to the yellow fever in 1798. The paper was continued by his widow for a little while, but ultimately fell into the hands of that celebrated political gladiator, James Cheetham.

The *Independent Reflector* was a paper commenced by James Parker in 1752, and continued for two years. Among its contributors were Governor Livingston, the Rev. Aaron Burr (father of the distinguished and unhappy statesman of that name), William Alexander (afterward Lord Stirling), and William Smith, the historian of New York. The tone of the paper was unsuited to the ears of the men in power: it was free and fearless in its discussions; and means were found to silence it. The belief was that Parker was suborned to refuse longer to publish it.

The celebrated James Rivington began his paper, under the formidable title of *Rivington's New York Gazette; or, The Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson's River, and Quebec Weekly Advertiser*, in 1733. The imprint read as follows: 'Printed at his *ever open* and uninfluenced press, fronting Hanover Square.' It is well known that Rivington was the royal printer during the whole of the Revolutionary War; and it is amusing to trace the degrees by which his toryism manifested itself as the storm gathered over the country. The title of the paper originally contained a cut of a large ship under sail. In 1774, the ship sailed out of sight, and the King's arms appeared in its place; and in 1775 the words *ever open and uninfluenced* were withdrawn from the imprint. These symptoms were disliked by the patriots of the country, and in November, 1775, a party of armed men from Connecticut entered the city on horseback, beset his habitation, broke into his printing office, destroyed his presses, and threw his types into *pi*. They then carried them away, melted, and cast them into bullets. Rivington's paper was now effectually stopped—'omitted for want of room'—until the British army took possession of the city. Rivington himself meantime had been to England, where he procured a new printing apparatus, and returning, established '*The New York Royal Gazette*, published by James Rivington, printer to the King's most excellent Majesty.' During the remaining five years of the war, Rivington's paper was the most distinguished for its lies, and its loyalty, of any other journal in America. It was published twice a week; and four other newspapers were published in New York, at the same time, under the sanction of the British officers—one arranged for each day, so that, in fact, they had the advantages of a daily paper. It has been said, and believed, that Rivington, after all, was a secret traitor to the crown, and, in fact, the secret informant of Washington. Be this, however, as it may, as the war drew to a close, and the prospects of the King's arms began to darken, Rivington's loyalty began to cool down; and by 1787 the King's arms had disappeared and the title of the paper, no more the *Royal Gazette*, was simply *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*. But although he labored to play the republican, he was distrusted by the people, and his paper was relinquished in the course of that year.

[268]

In 1775, Samuel Loudon commenced his *New York Pacquet and American Advertiser*. When New York fell into the hands of the enemy, Loudon removed to Fishkill, and published his paper there. At the close of the war he returned to the city, and began a daily paper, which was continued many years.

We have thus sketched the history of printing, and of the newspaper press in Boston and New York, from the introduction of the art, down to the period of the Revolution. From these brief sketches, an idea may be formed of the germ of the newspaper press which is now one of the chief glories of our country. The public press of no other country equals that of the United States, either on the score of its moral or its intellectual power, or for the exertion of that manly independence of thought and action, which ought to characterize the press of a free people. What a prophet would the great wizard novelist of Scotland have been, had the prediction which he put into the mouth of Galeotti Martivalle, the astrologer of Louis the Eleventh, in the romance of Quentin Durward, been written at the period of its date! Louis, who has justly been held as the Tiberius of France, is represented as paying a visit to the mystic workshop of the astrologer, whom his Majesty discovered to be engaged in the then newly invented art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery—in other words, the apparatus of printing.

'Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import,' inquired the king, 'interest the thoughts of one before whom Heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?'

'My brother,' replied the astrologer, 'believe me, that in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who love their ease; how liable to be diverted or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarisms; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment, to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms—'

'Hold, hold, Galeotti,' cried the king, 'shall these changes come in our time?'

'No, my royal brother,' replied Martivalle; 'this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.'

[269]

FOOTNOTE:

- [A] For the benefit of the curious reader, I would state that a perfect file of the *Boston News Letter* is still preserved in the Worcester Historical Library. There is also an imperfect file in the New York Historical Society Library.

RECONNOISSANCE NEAR FORT MORGAN,

AND

EXPEDITION IN LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN AND PEARL RIVER, BY THE MORTAR FLOTILLA OF CAPTAIN D. D. PORTER, U. S. N.

In a former article, on the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which appeared in the May number of *THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY*, allusion was made to the efficiency of the mortar flotilla, to which the Coast Survey party, under charge of Assistant F. H. Gerdes, was attached, by special direction of Flag-officer D. G. Farragut. This party rendered hydrographic and also naval service, where such was required, their steamer, the *Sachem*, being used by the commander of the flotilla like any other vessel under his command. Captain Porter, in his letters to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, writes, under date of April 29, 1862: "Mr. Gerdes no doubt has written to you and sent you plans. I keep him pretty hard at work. The times require it," &c.

May 16th.—"I have not spared the *Sachem*, but treated her like the rest of the vessels, putting her under fire when it was necessary. I look upon the *Sachem* in the same light as I would upon a topographical party in the army, and if I lose her in such employment, she will have paid well for herself."

After the surrender of the Mississippi forts, the mortar fleet met at Ship Island, and the *Sachem* being directed to join it, arrived there on the 7th of May. Under instructions from the commander, the steamer division of the flotilla stood out for Mobile bar on the 8th, and came to anchor the same evening under the lee of Sand Key, viz.:

Harriet Lane, Com. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, flagship
Westfield, Commander W. B. RENSHAW.
Owasco, Commander JOHN GUEST.
Clifton, Lieut. Com. CHARLES BALDWIN.
Jackson, Lieut. Com. S. WOODWORTH.
Sachem, As't U.S. Coast Survey, F. H. GERDES.

It was Captain Porter's design to assemble his mortar vessels, which had started the day previous from Ship Island, at the outer bar of Mobile Bay. He intended then to cross the bar on their arrival, and to come to anchor inside at given distances, for the bombardment of Forts Morgan and Gaines. Those distances were to be ascertained and minutely determined by the Coast Survey party. Unfortunately a very severe northeast storm had been raging for a day or two, which made all headway for sailing vessels impossible, sweeping most of them far out to sea. The commander directed the Coast Survey party to sound the bar, and to plant buoys at the extreme points of the shoals. Messrs. Oltmanns and Harris, each in a separate boat, were sent to perform this duty, and accomplished it by 10 o'clock A. M. The steamer *Clifton* accompanied the Coast Survey boats for protection, and was running up and down while the spar buoys were planted on the east and west spit, but, caught by the current, she drifted too close to the east bank inside the bar, and grounded hard and fast, just when the attempt was made to bring her round. The tide at that time was ebbing. All efforts to clear her were unsuccessful, and even the powerful steamer *Jackson*, which was sent to her relief by the commander, had to give up the attempt and leave her exposed to the fire of Fort Morgan. The enemy opened on her directly after she grounded, and some of the shot and shell from the fort struck within twenty yards of her bows. Captain Porter then suggested her relief by the *Sachem*, which, on account of her light draft, might approach nearer than the *Jackson*. After clearing her screw, which had got entangled by some hanging gear, the *Sachem* got under way, and was anchored alongside and to the southward of the *Clifton* just before dusk. She let go both her heavy anchors, to prevent any dragging from the great strain that must naturally result from an effort to haul off the grounded steamer. A nine-inch hawser was sent to her, one end of the hawser being made fast to the *Sachem*. The tide had begun to rise by this time, and fortunately at the first strain on the hawser the *Clifton* floated, and was quickly drawn alongside of the *Sachem*. There was no time to spare, as the shell and shot from the fort fell very thick; the *Clifton* therefore got up steam at once, and moved out of range. The *Sachem* remained to get up her anchors which had been slipped, and was so engaged until 10 o'clock P. M., when she came to alongside of the *Harriet Lane*. Captain Porter, as well as Captain Baldwin, expressed great satisfaction with the cheerful readiness and seamanship which were shown by the party on the *Sachem*.

On the 10th of May, at sunrise, it blew a gale from the east, and as there appeared no chance whatever for the mortar schooners to reach Mobile bar, Captain Porter signalled the steam division to return to Ship Island. The *Sachem* was the second vessel under way, and although comparatively slow, she had now the advantage of a full suit of sails. Early in the evening all the steamers were at anchor again at Ship Island Spit. In the night, between the 11th and 12th of May, the *Harriet Lane* returned with the commander, who had been in the mean time to Pensacola, and had there taken possession of Fort McRea, the navy yard, and the city, all of which were evacuated a few days previous. Captain Porter at first intended to send Assistant Gerdes, with the *Sachem*, to Pensacola, to replace the buoys and beacons which had been destroyed by the enemy. It was afterward decided that the party should accompany several of the

steamers on an expedition in Lake Pontchartrain and the Pearl river, and in consideration of the light draft of the Coast Survey steamer, and the local information possessed by her officers, he directed that the Sachem should take the lead, and be closely followed by the Westfield, the Clifton, and the Jackson. Early in the morning of the 13th of May, he made signal from the flag ship for the division to start, and at 6 A. M. the steamers were abreast of Cat Island. The Sachem took them safely over the extensive flats, and although there were at times not more than six inches of water to spare, neither of the vessels ever touched the bottom. In the vicinity of Grand Island, a vessel was seen by the lookout, and on reporting to the senior officer of the expedition, Captain W. B. Renshaw, he directed the Sachem to give chase. A gun soon brought her to, and Mr. Harris was sent on board of her, where, on examination, he found no name, no ensign, no papers, in short, nothing but several men. The vessel was taken in tow, and delivered to Captain Renshaw, who despatched her to Ship Island. The steamers got under way again and steamed through the Rigolets, passing Fort Pike, which was then garrisoned by national troops. After entering Lake Pontchartrain in the evening, a steamer was seen some five or six miles distant, and the commanding officer, having ascertained from the Coast Survey party the sufficient depth thereabout in the lake, ordered the Clifton to follow the Sachem. At half past six P. M. a schooner was brought to by the leading vessel, and fifteen minutes later, another. Both were boarded by Messrs. Oltmanns and Harris, and found to be trading vessels with passports from General Butler. When the steamers passed the town of Mandeville, the inhabitants hoisted a large white flag high above the trees; having, probably, no American ensign. After communicating with the United States gunboat New London, all four vessels came to anchor at the Chifuncte river. It was ascertained that the New London was engaged in ferreting out the enemy's vessels in that river, and therefore Captain Renshaw determined to start next morning for the Pearl river, which he intended to examine. At five o'clock A. M. on the 14th of May, the division got under way, led as on the day before by the Sachem. At ten o'clock, the Jackson, getting out of range, grounded and signaled for assistance. The Sachem was ordered to her relief; but in the mean time, the Coast Survey party had furnished information such as would bring the other steamers safely to the mouth of Pearl river, by keeping along the southern bank in the Rigolets. When the Sachem came up with the Jackson, her captain informed Mr. Gerdes that as the transport boat Whiteman (a prize) was expected to pass soon, she would be expected to lighten and tow the steamer off. The Sachem therefore moved on, and reached the Westfield and Clifton at ten o'clock, at anchor near the mouth of Pearl river.

[271]

A row of stockades had been set by the enemy quite across that river, leaving only an opening for vessels to pass up and down. This obstruction consisted of heavy pieces of timber inserted vertically in the mud bed, and joined by cross pieces, to which were chained a number of logs so as to float off at right angles. The length extended about three quarters of a mile, and vessels could pass only through the opening, and under the fire of the guns, when Fort Pike was held by the enemy. The expediency of this device is somewhat questionable, as it plainly designated the otherwise intricate channel, and might have enabled a swift steamer to run the batteries without danger of being detained on the extensive mud flats.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th of May, the three steamers weighed anchor, and stood up Pearl river, the Westfield and the Clifton following in the wake of the Sachem. At eleven o'clock, Pearlinton was reached, a straggling village. Here two schooners and a small steamer (the William Hancock) were found, and boarded by Mr. Harris of the Sachem; but when it was proved that they had not been engaged in aiding the rebel cause, they were not further molested. The steamers of the mortar flotilla ascended the river about thirteen miles above Pearlinton, when the stream became quite narrow, and the turns so abrupt, that further progress for the larger boats seemed to be impracticable. Captains Renshaw and Baldwin therefore anchored their vessels, and went on board of the Sachem, which, on account of her lighter draught and less beam, could ascend higher, and was besides easier to manage. While pushing on with her, it was frequently necessary to fasten her stern to the trees, and to tow her bow around at the very abrupt turns in the river. Within three miles of Gainesville, where the stream became extremely narrow and crooked, with the shores on both sides thickly wooded, the Sachem encountered a very sudden ambushade, and received a heavy fire of musketry from the eastern bank. This was immediately returned from the vessel by some sixty rifle and musket shots, and discharges of small arms were continued in rapid succession from both sides for some time. The executive officer of the Sachem, Mr. J. G. Oltmanns, of the United States Coast Survey, while on the forecastle directing the crew, was dangerously wounded by a rifle ball in the breast, and fell. He was at once removed to the cabin, and Acting Assistant Harris directed to take his place. This he did instantly, and remained in that position during the whole of the subsequent cruise. As soon as the long guns of the Sachem and the Parrott rifle 20-pounder could be brought to bear, the thicket was cleared by discharges of canister and grape, and the fire of the enemy was silenced. No other casualties occurred on board of the steamer, but many of the crew narrowly escaped harm, particularly those who were near the wheel house. The sailing master and the steersman had their clothes pierced by bullets, and the sides and decks of the steamer were similarly marked in many places. The river, becoming still narrower and more crooked above Gainesville, it was found entirely impossible to force the Sachem higher up. Captain Renshaw therefore directed her to be turned down stream. In this man[oe]uvre, much difficulty was encountered. It succeeded only by cutting the overhanging trees on shore, then backing her into the bank, fastening her stern, and towing her bow around with the boats. While turning thus, one of the Sachem's boats and the Clifton's gig were smashed in the floating logs, and the flagstaff was carried away by hanging branches of the forest. The national ensign, however, was set on the main, and the steamer got finally clear, and stood down the river to rejoin the Westfield and the

[272]

Clifton. On coming alongside, Mr. Oltmanns was at once transferred, by the kind suggestion of Captain Baldwin, to the Clifton, and being made as comfortable as circumstances admitted, was put under care of Dr. Nestell, the surgeon of the boat. The warm-hearted commander of that vessel will always retain the sincere gratitude of every member of the Coast Survey party for his endeavors in behalf of their brave associate. The doctor probed the wound of Mr. Oltmanns, but was unable to discover the ball, which, by the by, was extracted six months later, by Dr. Lieberman, in Washington City, after it had gradually moved from the breast to the right shoulder blade. Dr. Nestell had no great hopes at the time he took charge of the wounded officer, but thought that with proper care and attention, it might be possible for him to recover. At eight o'clock P. M. the vessels anchored in Lake Borgne, and the next morning, the 16th of May, the whole expedition returned to Ship Island. Captain (now Admiral) Porter visited Mr. Oltmanns, and made suitable arrangements at once for his removal to his friends in New York in the spacious and comfortable steamer Baltic, Captain Comstock.

Between the 16th and 22d of May, the boilers of the Sachem were cleaned, and some repairs made in her machinery, at the end of which time Mr. Gerdes was directed by the commander to repair to the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi, and there to replace the missing buoys and stakes, and to survey the entrance.

Leaving Ship Island on the 22d of May, the Sachem entered the Pass à l'Outre mouth of the Mississippi, and reached Fort Jackson on the 23d in the evening. Here the can buoys and five or six anchors and chains which had been removed by the confederates were found, and brought down and replaced by the Sachem in their original locations at the Southwest Pass. This important inlet of the Mississippi, at present the most accessible and best, was surveyed, a manuscript chart was made by the officers of the Coast Survey, and copies of the same were sent at once to Flag-officer Farragut, Captain Porter, Major-General Butler, and to the Coast Survey office in Washington; at the latter place the chart was lithographed immediately, and extensively distributed in New York and New Orleans.

When Flag-officer Farragut directed Captain Porter to ascend the Mississippi with his mortar flotilla as far up as Vicksburg, the party in the Sachem was again called for. The vessel got under way on the 8th of June, in charge of Acting Assistant Joseph E. Harris, to whom Mr. Gerdes had transferred the command, but unfortunately a few hours after starting she broke her shaft by striking a snag, and was entirely disabled, until extensively repaired. She was towed from Baton Rouge, where the accident happened, to New Orleans, and there turned over to Captain Morris, of the U. S. Navy, commanding the sloop of war Pensacola. The officers and the crew of the Sachem were returned to New York in a U. S. transport steamer. Thus ended the expedition of the Coast Survey party attached in 1862 to the mortar flotilla. [273]

The intercourse and association of the navy officers with the officers of the Coast Survey during the eventful days of the siege of Fort Jackson, the reconnoissance to Mobile, the expedition in Lake Pontchartrain and Pearl river, up to the time the Sachem was disabled from further participation in the operations of that campaign, had cemented warm feelings of attachment and sincere friendship, and it was with a heavy heart the writer of these lines bade farewell to his honored commander and friend of twenty years standing, and to his other associates in the dangers and triumphs of that ever memorable campaign.

Porter now pursues his glorious career as rear admiral of the national navy, and his name has been since, and will be forever identified with Vicksburg, Arkansas Post, Red river, and Grand Gulf. Commanders Richard Wainwright, of the Hartford; Jonathan Wainwright, of the Harriet Lane; W. B. Renshaw, of the Westfield, and Lieutenant Lee, also of the Harriet Lane, have passed away from their friends and associates, consecrating their lives gloriously in our country's cause, but deplored and lamented by their friends. Mr. Oltmanns recovered slowly from his wound, and has served since on topographical duty for the Army of the Potomac. He is now with the Engineer Department of General Banks in Louisiana, where he has proved very useful, and so far eminently successful. Mr. Harris, who is esteemed and appreciated by the officers of the navy and of the Coast Survey, has gone back to his legitimate occupation in the office of the Northwestern Boundary. Messrs. Halter and Bowie remain in the Coast Survey, and are now employed in its duties.

THE CRUEL CARPENTER.

Lay, darling, thy hand on this heart of mine!
Ah! hear'st thou that knocking within the shrine?
A cruel carpenter dwells there, and he
Is busily making a coffin for me!

There's hammering and pounding by day and by night;
All sleep from my eyelids he scares in affright:
Ah, Master Carpenter, work still more fast,
That so I may slumber in peace at last!

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Shrove Tuesday, *February 26th.*

Our little Matthias says: 'One hundred horsemen despatched after *Miss Barbara* could never reach her.' She is now her ladyship the starostine. How can I ever describe all the entertainment and pleasure we have had during this festival? I was as much bewildered as charmed, and must endeavor to arrange my ideas, that I may proceed in an orderly manner.

Early yesterday morning we went to the church of Lissow; the bride and groom made their confession, and then took communion at high mass. They knelt before the high altar, and after mass, the parish priest gave them the benediction. I was much pleased when I saw that Barbara wore the pretty morning dress I had made for her: it fits her exactly. But as it was excessively cold, she was obliged to throw over it a white satin pelisse, lined with the fur of the white fox, which somewhat rumbled the morning dress. Her head was charmingly arranged—a white blonde veil hung down to her feet.

Immediately after their return to the castle they breakfasted, and the repast was served with great magnificence.

After breakfast, Barbara went up into her room, where my mother, accompanied by twelve ladies, presided at her toilette. She wore a dress of white satin with watered stripes, and trimmed with Brabant blonde, embroidered with silver. Her dress had a long train. A bunch of rosemary was fastened at her side, and a few sprigs of the same flower were placed in her hair, secured by a gold clasp, on which were engraved verses containing the date and day of the marriage, and various felicitations appropriate to the occasion.

Barbara looked very handsome in this attire, but my mother did not wish her to wear any jewels. She believes that wearing them at such a time is a presage of misfortune, and said: 'She who wears jewels on her wedding day, will weep bitter tears all the rest of her life.' Poor Barbara needed no more, for she had already wept so much that her eyes were all swollen. In the bouquet placed by my mother at Barbara's side were a gold ducat, coined on the day of her birth, a morsel of bread, and a little salt. Such is the customary usage, and it is said that a bride so provided will never lack either of these three articles of the first necessity. Besides these, still another symbolic precaution is taken: a tiny piece of sugar is added, to sweeten the dolors of marriage.

Twelve young girls crowned with flowers, myself among them, preceded Barbara into the saloon. The eldest of our band had just finished her eighteenth year.

The colonel and the Abbé Vincent awaited us near the entrance of the great hall; we were met by the starost with twelve gentlemen. A broad platter, filled with flowers, was borne behind them: each bouquet was composed of rosemary, myrtle, and lemon and orange blossoms, tied up with knots of white ribbon. We young ladies carried gold and silver pins to fasten them on with.

My mother and the old ladies, who presided over the ceremonies, had instructed us in the proper method of conducting ourselves, and in all the forms necessary to be observed, in order that no one might be wounded or offended. We understood their instructions perfectly, but by the time we had fully entered the saloon, all was forgotten. [275]

We began by putting on our bouquets in the most proper and solemn manner, but were soon seized by an irresistible desire to laugh. We committed a thousand follies and blunders, but were readily pardoned; and I cannot say I was surprised at that, for I had already remarked that no one bears malice toward young girls, especially when they are pretty.

Our gayety soon infected all the rest: married people, the old and young, those who had no possible claim to a bouquet, begged one of us, and we gave them with a good grace. In a few moments the whole pyramid of flowers had disappeared; the gold and silver pins were all disposed of, and we were forced to have recourse to ordinary ones; but as it was we who gave them, they were very well received. In short, every one was enchanted, and the hall bloomed like a garden with the flowers scattered around in every direction.

I suddenly perceived that our little Matthias had retired to a corner of the hall, and was looking very sad: he had received no bouquet. As I approached him, he said to me, in a low and sentimental tone of voice:

'All the young ladies have forgotten me, and I am not surprised: but you, Frances, you, whom I have carried in my arms—you, whom I have loved since your infancy—you should not have forgotten me.... Ah! it makes me very sad, for I foresee that even were you to marry the prince royal, I should not be at your wedding.'

I blushed to my very eyes: our poor Matthias was quite right. I ran as fast as I could to my chamber in search of a bouquet, but unfortunately they were every one gone; my mother had distributed them all among the guests. The gardener lives at a considerable distance from the castle, and I did not know what I should do, as I was most anxious Matthias should have his bouquet, apart from all consideration of his prophecy. Suddenly, an excellent idea occurred to

me; I divided my own bouquet, tied up the half of it with a white ribbon, and fastened it to his buttonhole by a gold pin, keeping a common one for myself. Matthias was charmed with this proceeding, and said to me:

'Frances, you are better than beautiful; you are an angel of goodness. I am sometimes a prophet: may the desires I entertain for you be all fulfilled! I will carefully preserve this bouquet until your marriage.... What will you be, Frances, when I return it to you?'

How strange! Matthias's words occupied my mind during the whole evening. They rang in my ears, and I could not forget them.... But what an idea! Am I a Barbara Radziwill?^[B] Are we still in the times when kings make misalliances?... What folly! I dream, when I should think only of my sister. I will return to the ceremony.

The whole company were assembled in the hall, and kept their eyes fixed upon the door. The two leaves of the folding door were thrown open, and Barbara, supported by two ladies, entered weeping. She trembled as she walked; she seemed almost stifled by her emotion, and could scarcely restrain her sobs. The starost regarded her tenderly, and, approaching her, took her hand to lead her to our parents. They then both knelt to receive the paternal benediction; all present were deeply moved. After having received the blessing, the pair made the circuit of the room, and every one tendered good wishes and congratulations. [276]

Finally they went into the castle chapel, where the Abbé Vincent stood before the altar. The minister Borch, the king's representative, and Kochanowski, son of the castellan, offered their hands to Barbara, while the starost gave his to Miss Malachowska and myself. My parents, the rest of the family, and our guests marched in, two and two. The silence was so profound that the rustling of the silk dresses could be distinctly heard. A great number of wax tapers were burning upon the altar, the steps were covered with a rich carpet, embroidered in gold and silver; two prie-dieus of red velvet, one embroidered with the Krasinski arms, and the other with those of the Swidzinski family, were destined to the use of the bride and groom. All knelt; the ladies to the right and the gentlemen to the left of the altar. I held a golden dish, on which were the two wedding rings. My father and mother stood behind Barbara, and the palatine behind his son.

The Veni Creator was then intoned, after which the Abbé Vincent pronounced a long discourse in Latin, and finally began the marriage ceremony.

Barbara, in spite of her tears and sobs, said quite distinctly: 'I take thee, Michael,' etc. But the starost spoke much louder, and with much more self-possession.

After the rings had been exchanged, the married pair knelt at my parents' feet, and received their blessing.

At a sign from the master of ceremonies, the musicians and Italian singers, brought expressly for the occasion, began to play and sing.

Without, our dragoons fired their muskets and all the cannon. When all was again quiet, and it was possible to hear one's self speak, my father addressed the newly married couple in the following words:

'This union, blessed by Heaven, will serve to the glory of the Eternal, who governs the universe. May your vows, received by God, be the pledge of your happiness! You must watch over it carefully, but the husband's mission is by far the gravest; he becomes the guide and father of his wife. I place full confidence in your virtues and good qualities. As for thee, my child, it is thy duty to be ever grateful toward thy mother for the education she has bestowed upon thee, and the care with which she watched over thy infancy. Remain always virtuous; virtue is a treasure of happiness, the straight path, and a glory surpassing all the goods of the earth. Be ever prudent and discreet in thy words, modest and amiable in thy actions, and never cease to render thanks to God. Love and obey thy husband as thou hast always loved and obeyed thy parents; fly all evil, be steadfast in self-government, and resigned to all the sorrows thou must meet with in this world. Take thy religion for thy constant guide, and may God bless thee, as I do at this solemn moment!'

At these last words, Barbara again began to weep; her voice was so changed that no one could hear what she replied to my father; she fell at our parents' feet.

Then came congratulations from all sides. The Abbé Vincent, after sprinkling all the spectators with holy water, presented the paten to the wife of the king's pantler, Jordan, that she might kiss it. This was a great mistake, an incomprehensible forgetfulness of the rights of precedence: he should have offered it first to the Castellane Kochanowska, mother of the prince royal's representative. My mother, who fortunately perceived the error, repaired it by begging the castellane to take precedence of the Palatiness Granowska in reconducting the starost. Barbara walked between the king's representative and the Palatine Malachowski. In this order we reëntered the great hall, and soon after, dinner was announced.

The table was very large, and in the form of the letter B. The service was magnificent; in the centre stood a sugar pyramid four feet high; a French cook had been at work upon it for two weeks; it represented the temple of Hymen, adorned with allegorical figures, and surmounted by the united arms of Krasinski and Swidzinski, encircled by French inscriptions. There were, besides, quantities of other fancy articles: porcelain figures, gold and silver baskets, etc.; indeed, the table was so crowded that our dwarf Peter might have tried in vain to make his way among [277]

the various dishes and ornaments. I could not count the number of dishes, and the butler, I am sure, might try in vain to tell the number of bottles of wine which were drunk. It may perhaps give some faint idea to say that a whole tun of Hungarian wine was emptied during the repast: it was called 'Miss Barbara's wine.' My father bought it the day of Barbara's birth, that it might be drunk at her marriage, in accordance with the old Polish custom. Each of us has her tun of wine, and our butler tells me that when mine has remained two years longer in the cellar it will be perfect.

The toasts were innumerable; all drank to the newly married pair, to the republic, the king, the Duke of Courland, the prince primate, the clergy, the master and mistress of the house, and the ladies. After each toast, the bottles were broken, the cannon fired, and the trumpets sounded.

At the end of the dessert, a perfect calm succeeded to all this noise: we thought my father was about to give the signal for rising from the table, but we were mistaken. He called the steward, and said a few words to him; the latter left the room, but soon returned, bringing a black morocco case, which I had never seen before. My father opened it, and drew forth a cup enriched with precious stones; it was in the form of a raven; he showed it to all the guests, and said it had descended to him by hereditary succession from the ancient Roman family of the Corvini, and that he had never touched it since his own wedding day. He then took from the butler's hand a large bottle covered with a venerable dust, bespeaking great age. He told us, not without a certain pride, that this wine was a hundred years old; he emptied all the contents into the cup, leaving not a single drop, but as the goblet was not yet full, he poured more of the same wine into it from another bottle, and finally drank it off to the prosperity of the married pair. The toast was enthusiastically received; the music again began to play and the cannon to thunder. The cup went the rounds of the table, and its virtue was such, that a hundred bottles of old wine were emptied before it had made the entire circuit. After this crowning honor, each left the table as best he could.

Night had already set in. The ladies went up into their rooms to change their dress, but the bride and the young ladies attending upon her remained as they were. Toward seven o'clock, when the fumes of the wine were somewhat dissipated, all began to think of dancing, and the king's representative opened the ball with Barbara. At first only Polonaises, minuets, and quadrilles were danced, but as the guests became more excited, they ventured upon Mazurkas and Cracoviennes. Kochanowski dances the Cracovienne to perfection. According to the ancient usage, the leader sings stanzas, which are repeated by the others. He improvised one at the moment he began to dance with Barbara; as nearly as I can remember, it ran as follows:

'Neither king nor palatine to-day would I be,
The fortune of the starost only give to me;
For he has truly merited the fair,
The lovely lady, sweet beyond compare.'

The ball and the toasts, which had been recommenced, as if none had been offered before, were suddenly arrested, and a chair was placed in the middle of the hall. The bride took her seat upon it, the twelve young ladies began to loosen her headdress, singing in lamentable tones:

[278]

'Ah! Barbara, farewell,
We have lost thee!'

My mother took off her garland, and Madame Malachowska placed a laced cap in its stead. I should have laughed heartily at this change, if Barbara had not been all in tears: however, the cap became her wonderfully well, and every one repeated that her husband would love her dearly, very dearly. I am sure I do not doubt it: who could help loving such a good, sweet young creature?

The ceremony of the cap ended, all began again to dance, and through respect for the custom introduced by the new court, the bride danced the drabant with the king's representative, after which the orchestra played a grave Polonaise. The Palatine Swidzinski offered his hand to the bride, and she danced in turn with all the gentlemen present. As the Polonaise is rather a promenade than a dance, it suits all ages; my father made once the tour of the hall with Barbara, and then gave her back to the starost, as was most proper. The Polonaise ended the ball, and my mother sent us all off to sleep.

... I slept well, and indeed I needed rest; but I do not feel very much tired this morning. Heavens! how happy I was yesterday! I danced oftener with the prince's representative than with any one else; he is so agreeable and converses so charmingly! That is not astonishing, for he has been to Paris and Luneville; in fact, it is only a year since he returned. He was then immediately attached to the person of the prince, whom he praises highly. Indeed, if his master be more gallant than he is, he must be something really ideal.

I am very glad that the festival will be continued this evening; but we must begin to dance early, for on Shrove Tuesday we cannot dance after midnight.

I have not yet seen Barbara—I should say her ladyship the starostine, for my parents desire we should so call her. Her absence puts me completely out of my reckoning, but I have fallen heir to her bed and work table. I have finally all the honors due to the eldest. I am no longer Frances, still less Fanny; I am the young starostine.... Indeed, I needed some consolation.

Wednesday, *February 27th.*

To-day is Ash Wednesday, and we must languish a whole year before another carnival comes round.

Our guests already begin to leave us. His majesty's representative departed yesterday, and the married pair will go day after to-morrow. We will accompany them to Sulgostow. The starost can invite no strangers, as all amusements are forbidden during Lent; an exception has been made in favor of Kochanowski, the castellan's son. He earnestly solicited this favor, and the starost could not refuse him, as he was his comrade at college.

I am enchanted with the prospect of the little journey we are to make. I shall see my good sister's palace and domains. I cannot become accustomed to say her ladyship the starostine, when I speak of Barbara, but I know I ought to follow the example of my parents, who call her nothing else.

Barbara has become very grave since her marriage; she wears dresses with long trains; she looks to me several years older in her grand robes, and still seems quite sad, but that is easily understood, as she is about to quit her father's and mother's home; and then, the idea of being entirely alone with a person she scarcely knows must distress her.

She is so timid with the starost that no one would think he was her husband; but he is not in the least timid: he calls her my wife, approaches her often, and talks much more to her than he ever did to our parents.

Saturday, *March 9th.*

We returned yesterday from Sulgostow: I amused myself exceedingly while there, but it is a real sorrow not to be able to bring her ladyship the starostine back with us. How time flies! A week has already elapsed since she left the castle! [279]

Last Friday, when all our guests had departed, Barbara rose early, and went to the parish church at Lissow; she made an offering of a golden heart to the chapel which contains the image of her patron saint, and then bade the good priest adieu. When she returned to the castle, she took leave of all the courtiers and attendants; then went down to the farm, and distributed all the little articles which had belonged to her domestic establishment as a young lady. She gave away her cows, geese, and chickens to a poor peasant of Maleszow, who had just been burned out of house and home; she kept only two crested hens and her swans, which she will take with her to Sulgostow. She gave me her birds and flowers.

After this distribution of her little property, she expressed a desire to go once more all over the castle; she visited all the rooms on every story, and remained long in the chapel and in our own apartment. We had scarcely finished our breakfast, when the cracking of whips was heard, and a chamberlain entered to announce that the carriages were ready. The starost went to Barbara and told her it was time to go. Her heart swelled at these words, and tears streamed from her eyes; she threw herself at our parents' feet to thank them for all their kindness, for the care they had bestowed upon her, and the happiness she had enjoyed during eighteen years. She added:

'All I can desire in the future, is to be as happy as I have been until the present day.'

For the first time in my life I saw my father weep. Ah! what tender blessings our poor Barbara received!... All who were present at this scene were deeply moved.

When we reached the drawbridge, the captain of our dragoons opposed our passage, and told the starost he would not suffer him to proceed until he had received some pledge as a promise that he would at some future day bring Barbara back to the castle. The starost gave him a beautiful diamond ring.

During this colloquy I had leisure to examine the starost's equipages. They are truly magnificent: the first one had two seats, was yellow, and lined with red cloth; next came a fine landau, then a barouche, and several britschkas. The horses belonged to the finest breeds. To the yellow carriage, intended for the married pair, were harnessed six noble animals, white and gray. The various members of the suite followed in the other vehicles, and we (young ladies) brought up the rear.

Her ladyship the starostine wept aloud, and we heard her sobs distinctly; they almost broke my heart.

The courtiers, chamberlains, and even the peasants, accompanied us quite a considerable distance. Barbara threw them all the money she had about her, and the starost displayed an unheard-of generosity; he gave to every one, beginning with the steward and ending with the lowest servant in the castle.

Wherever we stopped to rest our horses, or to pass the night, we found the attendance admirable. The starost gave his orders, and the tables were covered as if by magic. The Jews, who keep most of the inns upon the high road, turned everything out of doors, even their children and goods, to make room for us.

Shortly before arriving at Sulgostow, we met the palatine and the Abbé Vincent, who had preceded us in order to receive the young couple.

The peasants, led by the starost's steward, met us at the frontier of the Sulgostow estate. The eldest member of the peasantry made a speech, at the conclusion of which all cried aloud: 'May the bride and groom live a hundred years!'

[280]

As we entered the palace courtyard, a company of hussars discharged their muskets, and the captain presented arms. The palatine, with his nephew and all his court, received us at the first gate; loud acclamations arose from every quarter.

The starost presented her ladyship the starostine with an enormous bunch of keys, and the following day she assumed the reins of government. She gave her orders and directions in a manner that made it a pleasure to hear her; it is true that she had been instructed from her infancy by our mother in all the details of housekeeping.

Sulgostow is situated differently from our castle of Maleszow; the two mansions possess few points of resemblance. The former is a palace, and the latter a castle.

Sulgostow is gay and splendid; luxury abounds on all sides, and grandeur appears in the least details. The court is numerous, and the table excellent; but that which is of more importance is the eagerness to oblige, and the attention shown by every one toward my sister. I foresee that she will soon forget our castle.

I tasted several excellent new dishes at Sulgostow, and for the first time in my life drank coffee. My parents do not like it; they say it is unwholesome for young persons, especially for young girls, as it heats the blood and makes the skin yellow. But I believe they will one day lay aside this prejudice. It is not long since coffee was first introduced into Poland, and people must become accustomed to it gradually. As for me, I drank plenty of it at Sulgostow; the starost is very fond of this beverage, and obtained from my parents permission for me to drink a small cup every day.

Apropos to coffee, we all laughed heartily one day when some one recalled the verses of the poetess Druzbacka. Speaking of a bride just arrived at her husband's castle, she says: 'She could not find even three little grains of coffee; but he gave her instead a great soup plate, filled with soup made of beer and cheese.'

Certainly, the new starostine has no such complaint to make.

I was very sorry to leave the starost's palace so soon. Mr. Kochanowski, the castellan's son, is very lively, and amused us exceedingly; when we drove out, he always rode on horse back near our carriage door.

Her ladyship, the starostine, sobbed bitterly when we parted from her. I too felt very sad, and feel still more so now that we have returned to Maleszow; I fear this melancholy will not soon pass away.

Tuesday, *March 12th*.

I foresaw that my sister would take all my gayety away with her. The castle seems deserted, and all pleasure has vanished with our dear Barbara.... My parents are also very sad: Barbara, being the eldest, was much more with them than we were, and rendered them a thousand services. I try to fill her place, but I am very awkward in lighting my father's pipe, and in choosing the silks for my mother's embroidery. With time and the help of God I hope to become more skilful, but I can never equal Barbara (I *must* call her so for this once). I have plenty of good will, but notwithstanding that, forget many things, while my sister never forgot anything: the whole court speak of her in the most affectionate and exalted terms.

My parents sent a chamberlain to Sulgostow to-day, to inquire for her ladyship the starostine. All the chamberlains covet the honor of bearing the message. Michael Chronowski, who leaves to-morrow for Opole, really regrets his ancient condition.

The castle becomes daily more melancholy; the castellan's son has gone, and, during the last three days, the only visitors we have had were some travelling friars and a gentleman of our neighborhood, who brought his young wife to introduce to our parents. This gentleman formerly belonged to our court, and he seemed to me very well bred.

[281]

'My heart,' said he to his wife (who had not spoken two words), 'if I am a good husband and father, you must thank, first the starost, and then the steward; the former never spared his reprimands, nor the latter his leathern strap.'

I was charmed with this *naïveté*; and my father made him some very handsome presents.

Such have been our sole visitors, and everything is sad and dull, as it always is after so much joy and merriment. However, I should not omit one occurrence which made me laugh like a crazy girl. After the wedding, my mother distributed Barbara's wardrobe among the young ladies of the suite and the waiting women: during our absence, each one made a dress, a spencer, or a mantle for herself out of her share of the spoils, and on Sunday all presented themselves tricked out in their new clothes. Whichever way we turned our eyes, we saw the fragments of Barbara's wardrobe. Our little Matthias was the first to observe it: he pretended to sigh, and when asked what troubled him, replied:

'My heart aches when I behold this pillage of all that pertained to the late Miss Barbara.'

Every one began to laugh, but Theckla and I louder than the others, and indeed so loudly, that my

father reproved us by repeating the old proverb: 'At table as at church.' Our little Matthias is so droll! How could any one help laughing?

Wednesday, *March 13th.*

An event took place yesterday which should certainly find a place in my journal. When, according to our custom, I went down to our parents' apartments with madame and my sisters, I found Kochanowski, son of the castellan, talking with my father in one of the window recesses; their conversation was so animated that they did not perceive our entrance. I could not hear what they said, but the last words uttered by my father caught my ear: 'Sir, you shall soon have my decisive answer.'

He then said something in a low tone to my mother, who sent for the steward, and gave a whispered order; soon after, dinner was announced. Mr. Kochanowski was seated opposite to me; I could not help remarking the especial care he had bestowed upon his toilet. He wore an embroidered velvet coat, a white satin waistcoat, a frilled shirt, and lace sleeves; his hair was frizzed, curled, and pomatumed: in short, everything indicated some peculiar motive for attention to his dress. His manners harmonized with his appearance: he spoke much, seemed excited, was continually mingling French words in his discourse, and was twice as witty as usual: all this became him well, and diverted me exceedingly.

Dinner was unusually long, and we were obliged to wait some time for the roast meat. I had abundance of leisure to observe that the castellan's son, although he talked and smiled unceasingly, was by no means at his ease; he became pale and red by turns. The doors were finally opened, and the servants entered with the dishes. Kochanowski grew pale as a sheet; not knowing to what to attribute his emotion, I looked round me on all sides, and my eyes fell at length upon the dishes which had just been brought in. I saw a goose dressed with a certain black sauce (*juszniak*), which among us signifies a refusal.

I did not dare to raise my eyes, a thousand fancies floated through my brain; I remembered the Cracoviennes, the Mazurkas, the minuets, in which Kochanowski had displayed so much grace; then his graceful appearance on horseback, the French with which he so plentifully sprinkled his conversation, and his never-failing compliments.... A feeling of melancholy seized upon my heart, I lost courage, and could not touch a single dish. My parents were as much affected as myself; if the gray end had not helped to finish out the dinner, it would have been sent away untouched. [282]

It seemed to me that we were ages at table; I was impatient to know the end. My father finally gave the signal, and we rose, but while we were each saying the after-dinner grace, Mr. Kochanowski slipped out at a small side door, and did not again make his appearance.

When the courtiers and chamberlains had retired, my parents desired me to leave my work and come to them: my father said:

'Frances, Mr. Kochanowski, son of the Castellan of Radom, has asked your hand of me. I am aware that his family is ancient and illustrious. I know that he has a fine fortune, by no means disproportioned to your own, but this alliance does not exactly please us. In the first place, Mr. Kochanowski is too young; his only distinction is derived from the title held by his late father; he has received no honors at court, or rather the favor shown him has conferred no very illustrious rank upon him: finally, I think he has made rather too abrupt a declaration, and he exacts an immediate and decisive reply. We have given him our answer, and it is in accordance with his own mode of proceeding. We are sure, Fanny, that you will approve of what we have done.'

He then desired me to recommence my work, thus giving me no time to say either yes or no.

I doubtless share the opinion of my parents; but as I have promised to be entirely frank in my journal, frank without any reserve, I must confess that neither Kochanowski's age nor the manner in which he made his offer, appear to me sufficient objections. The true motive of the refusal he has received is that he has no title, and, as our little Matthias says, a vice-castellan is not much: a castellan would indeed be something worth considering. God reads to the bottom of my soul, and I am sure I have no desire to marry; I am so well satisfied, so entirely happy in my father's house. I was melancholy during several days after I returned from Sulgostow, but I have now completely recovered my ancient gayety.

My position is very different from what it formerly was, and I am treated with more respect; when there are no strangers at table, I am served the fourth.

I will accompany my parents wherever they go. I should be sorry to abandon such dear and sweet prerogatives. Besides, marriage is not so fine a thing as many deem it; a woman's career is then ended; once married, all is fixed and decided for life; no more changes, no more doubts, no more hopes of something still better. One knows what one must be, one knows what one will be until the hour of one's death, and for my part, I like to indulge in the freest range of fancy.

A whole oxhide would not be large enough to contain all the dreams that float through my brain. When I am seated at my work, my mind is more active than my fingers: it is so delightful to dream, to revel in a future of one's own creation, bright as an excitable imagination can make it.... My mother says to me often, but I fear in vain: 'A well born and properly educated young lady should never think of her future husband;' but, in truth, it is not of a husband that I think; it is of a thousand things, of memories, of hopes, and of descriptions, adventures, etc., which I meet with in my reading, and which I involuntarily apply to myself. If my fate were to be like that of

Mademoiselle Scudery's, or Madame Lafayette's, or Madame de Beaumont's heroines! I can picture all the situations so vividly that I really believe all these adventures will happen to me. I must confess that Barbara's marriage has much more inclined me to revery. She blamed such wanderings of the fancy, and always hindered my reading romances; but to make up for lost time, madame makes me read a great deal, and the more I read, the more does my imagination lose itself in vague dreams.

[283]

Barbara possessed an entirely different character; she has assured me that she never thought of her future life, or of the husband she was to have; and if this latter idea ever crossed her mind, it was only when she said her prayers. I must here say that, according to our mother's desire, after we have reached our sixteenth year, we always add these words to our prayers: 'My God, give me wisdom, good health, the love of my neighbor, and a good husband.' This was the only moment during the day that Barbara's thoughts ever rested upon her future lord: 'And it should be so,' she used to say; 'since one day he must replace our father and mother, and we must love and obey him until our death.' Beyond this she felt no anxiety as to what he would be or when he would come.

Notwithstanding her indifference, she has succeeded perfectly; her husband is one of the most upright and excellent of men; she writes to us that after she has somewhat overcome her grief at the separation from her family, there can be no happier woman in the world than she is. One may plainly see that she loves the starost more and more every day, and that she is entirely satisfied with her lot. But I ... who can tell what may be in store for me?... Indeed, my parents have done well to refuse Mr. Kochanowski; I pity him, however, for the humiliation which he has received; but if I am to believe the prophecy of our little Matthias, he will soon be consoled.

Sunday, *March 17th.*

Yesterday, just as we were sitting down to supper, we had a visit from my aunt, the Princess Palatiness of Lublin, and her husband, the palatine. It was a delightful surprise: not having been able to come to my sister's marriage, occupied as they were by their duty toward the prince royal, who was preparing to depart for his duchy of Courland, they came to atone for their omission, and felicitate my parents on their daughter's marriage. The arrival of these illustrious guests has restored life to the castle; my father cannot restrain his joy or do enough to show honor to the princess, whom he loves and respects from the depths of his heart.

Five years have elapsed since the prince and princess were last at Maleszow; I was then a child, and they find me now a young lady; their compliments are endless. They praise my beauty, my figure, etc., until I am overwhelmed with confusion; such praises are very agreeable, but then one should hear them accidentally; when they are thrown in one's face they lose their value, they annoy and embarrass one; I am consequently better pleased to remember them to-day than I was to hear them yesterday. The prince palatine said very seriously, that if I were to show myself at the court of Warsaw, the young starostine Wessel, Madame Potocka, and the princess Sapieha (the three chief court beauties) would be eclipsed. My aunt, the princess, remarked that I still needed more gravity in my demeanor, and more dignity in my carriage.

Never in my life had I heard such flattering speeches, and indeed I had no idea that I could make any pretension to so much beauty. I saw that my father's heart was swelling with pride; but my mother, fearing lest so much flattery should render me vain, sent for me this morning, and told me all this was nothing but a mode of speech common to courts, and that I must not regard it as anything more important.

I do not know, but it seems to me they have some designs upon me. Oh! how I would like to know them! I did not close my eyes during the whole night.... The prince and princess related such curious and interesting things!

[284]

My mother desired me to retire as usual at ten o'clock, but the prince palatine begged it as a favor that I might be permitted to remain until quite late with the company.

It appears that the rejoicings upon the occasion of the prince royal's investiture were truly magnificent; no one can remember to have ever witnessed so brilliant and gay a carnival. All the colleges represented tragedies and comedies, and everywhere allusions were made to the prince royal, who seems to be adored.

On the Monday preceding Ash Wednesday (Barbara's wedding day) the collegians, under the care of the Jesuit fathers, represented the tragedy of 'Antigone,' in which the celebrated warrior, Demetrius, defends his father against his enemies, and restores his estates to him. At the end of the piece the following lines were recited, and received with the greatest applause:

'Not only 'mid the Greeks were faithful sons;
Demetrius in our own times finds his peers.
In thee, O Charles the Great, may we behold
Sublime example and heroic deeds.
For thou against injustice hast thy sire
Defended; thy dear sire, whose virtues rare
Efface the memories left by antique Greece.
Be thou the father of thy country! Reign!
Reign over us! Thy people all wilt love thee
With the love of a Demetrius.'

One may see from this that the prince royal has devoted partisans; an interior conviction assures me that he will one day be king of Poland. I was deeply interested in the praise which the prince palatine bestowed upon him: if I am not mistaken, the hero of my dreams will one day be a great man; but I may be deceived in my previsions, or they may be rendered vain by the power of intrigue.

I judge of the generality by the diversity of opinion existing within our own little circle. The views of the princess palatine differ from those of her husband. She desires to see neither the prince royal nor Poniatowski king of the republic, but carries her wishes still elsewhere.... To whose prayers will God listen?

FOOTNOTE:

- [B] A beautiful Polish lady, who was secretly married to the Prince Sigismund Augustus, afterward King of Poland. When he ascended the throne, at his father's death, he acknowledged his marriage, and Barbara reigned as queen until the year 1561, when she died, to the great sorrow of her husband and her people, to whom she had proved herself a real mother.—*Translator's note.*

THE ISLE OF SPRINGS.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE AND APPROACH.

On the 22d of November, 1855, a small company of us—three gentlemen and two ladies—left New York harbor in the schooner Louisa Dyer, of 150 tons burden, bound to the island of Jamaica. By nightfall we had lost sight of the last faint trace of New Jersey soil. New Jersey is sometimes jocularly said to be out of the Union; but on that day the two of us who were leaving our native land for the first time, entertained no doubt of its solidarity with that country of which it afforded us the last glimpse. By morning we found our small and incommensurable vessel fairly on her way through the stormy November Atlantic, toiling painfully over the broad convexity of the planet, like a plodding insect, toward the regions of the sun. After a voyage of fifteen days, wrestling with all manner of baffling winds, and with storms attended, I suppose, with some danger, though, from a happy incapacity of apprehending peril at sea till it is over, I suffered no disquiet from them, we came in sight of the two inlets which form the Turk's Island passage. A winter voyage, however unpleasant, has this advantage, that then only can you be sure of meeting with such a succession of storms as shall leave settled in the memory the sullen sublimity of that 'changing, restless mound' of disturbed ocean in which is embodied the mass of its gloomy might. [285]

Very pleasant was it to us, nevertheless, when the softening airs and the steady set of the breeze showed us that we had come into the latitude of the trade winds. The inky blackness of the sea had gradually turned into translucent and then into transparent azure, which looked as if it could be quarried out into blocks of pure blue crystal. The flying fish, glancing in quick, short flights above the sunny waters, now gave the charm of happy, graceful life to our weary voyage out of the tempestuous north. And when at last we saw land, although it appeared only in the shape of the two small islands mentioned above, which seem to be little more than coral reefs covered with a scanty carpet of yellowish grass, yet the few distant cocoanut trees upon them threw even over their barrenness that tropical charm which to those who first feel it seems rather to belong to another planet than to this dull one upon which we were born.

Passing through the narrow channel between the two islands which formed thus the portal of our entrance into the Caribbean, we found ourselves fairly afloat upon the waters of that brilliant sea, which the Spaniards, three centuries and a half before, had traversed with greater astonishment, but not with more delight. Everything now conspired to raise our spirits. The soft air, reminding us by contrast of the winter we had left behind, the deep blue sky, answered by waves of an intenser blue below, whose gentle ripples, unlike the stormy Atlantic surges which we had escaped, only came up to bear us kindly on, and the knowledge that we were but two days' sail from the fair island to which some were returning, and which two of us were about to make our home for an indefinite future, all made us now a very different set from the dull, anxious, seasick group that the Atlantic had lately been boxing about at his pleasure.

Before making Jamaica, however, we came in sight of the negro empire of Hayti, and ran along for a day under its northern coast.

We saw swelling hills, covered on their tops with woods, and sloping down to the shore, but were too far distant to distinguish very plainly any sign of human habitation. By nightfall we had sunk the land, but were astonished in the morning to see looming through the air, at an immense distance, a mountain, which in height seemed more like one of the Andes than any summit that Hayti could afford. Its actual height, I presume, may not have been less than 8,000 feet, but in my memory it shows like Chimborazo.

It was now Saturday, the 8th of December. We held our way westward across the hundred miles

of sea that separate Hayti from Jamaica. All eyes were now turned to discover the first glimpse of our expected island home. At last, about the middle of the afternoon, we remarked on the western horizon the distant blot of indigo that showed us where it lay. Another twenty-four hours would pass before we should land, but that distant patch of mountain blue seemed to have brought us to land already. Heavy rain clouds coming up, hid it from us again, but gave ample compensation in the sunset that followed, one of the two grand sunsets of my life. The other was in Andover, Mass., which, is justly celebrated for the beauty of its sunsets. There the banks of white cloud, lying along the west, glowed with an inner radiance, that led the eye and the mind back into the very depths of heaven. Here, on the other hand, an unimaginable wealth of color was poured out on the very face of the sky. The whole western heaven, to the zenith, was one mingled melting mass of gorgeous dyes, rendered the more magnificent by the heavy lead-colored rain clouds which occupied all the rest of the sky.

[286]

The inward, spiritual magnificence of that northern sunset, and the unreserved splendor of this southern one, were in correspondence with the different tone which runs throughout nature in each of the two regions.

After sunset hues and rain cloud had both given way to the brilliant night sky of that latitude, we seated ourselves, seven in number, captain and mate included, on the extensive quarter deck of not less than seven feet from cabin house to stern bulwarks, for a final game of 'Twenty Questions;' when our hitherto so amiable friend, the Caribbean, suddenly flung a spiteful wave right over the quarter upon us, and put a very unexpected extinguisher on our pastime. The ladies, who were reclining on the deck, came in for the chief share of the compliment, and were in some danger of an indiscriminate swash down the cabin gangway; but the mate gallantly picked up one, and her husband the other, and saved them from all mischief but the drenching. This sudden interruption of amicable relations with the powers of the wave was followed up by a night of unmerciful rocking, to which, as we had now come under the lee of the land, was added a sweltering heat. I can stand as much heat as any man, but for once I found the cabin too much of a blackhole even for me, and after tossing most of the night in alternate correspondence and contradiction to the pitching of the vessel, I got up and went on deck, to see if a nap were any more feasible there. I found most of our company already recumbent in this starry bedchamber. After awhile admiring the unaccustomed brilliancy of the old familiar constellations of our northern sky, augmented by the effulgent host which our approach to the equator had brought into view, among all which Venus shone like a young moon, I fell asleep also, and we slumbered in concert, until awakened by the streaks of dawn. Soon the sun rose with a serene magnificence, well according with the day of holy rest and cheerful expectation which lay before us. The white haze upon the sky rolled away from the blue, and gathered itself into fleecy masses, which stood like pillars around the seaward horizon, brightening with a cheerful tempered light, until, as the sun grew higher, they dissolved away. Meanwhile, on the landward side of our vessel—which had rounded Morant Point in the night, and was now gliding smoothly on—lay in near view the mountains of Jamaica. Coming from the southeast quarter of the island, we were passing under them where they are highest. They rose, seemingly almost from the water's edge, to the height of seven and eight thousand feet, their towering masses broken into gigantic wrinkles and corrugations, whose fantastic unevenness was subdued into harmony by the softening veil of yellowish green darkening above, which clothed them to their tops. Between their base and the sea actually lies one of the most richly cultivated districts of the island, the Plain Garden River district. But we were too far out to distinguish much of it; and what little we did see is in my memory absorbed in the image of the verdant giants which rose behind.

In the forenoon our pilot came on board, a comfortable, self-possessed black man, who toward sunset brought us off the Palisades. This is the name of the narrow spit of land which forms the outer wall of the magnificent harbor of Kingston. Upon it is situated the naval station of Port Royal, the principal rendezvous of the British fleet in the West Indies. Here is that exquisitely comfortable naval hospital, with its long ranges of green jalousies, excluding the blazing light and admitting the sea breeze, in which the officers and crew of our ship *Susquehanna* were cared for with such generous hospitality a few years ago, when attacked by yellow fever. The heartburnings of the present may be somewhat lessened by reflecting on some of these mutual offices of kindness in the past.

[287]

Around the naval station clusters a poor village of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, the miserable remnant of the once splendid city of Port Royal, whose sudden fate I shall relate hereafter.

We rounded the point of the Palisades—which is marked by some unfortunate cocoanut trees, which, having vainly struggled with the sea breeze to maintain the elegant stateliness of their race, have long since given up the contest, and resigned themselves to being stunted and broken into the appearance of magnified splint brooms planted upside down—and found ourselves at last in our desired haven, Kingston harbor. It is a broad and sheltered basin, fully entitled, I understand, to the standard encomium of a harbor of the first rank, namely, that it will float the united navies of the world. Due provision has been made by three strong forts near the entrance that the navies aforesaid shall not enter until the time of such auspicious union. An intelligent correspondent of the *Herald* states his opinion that no ship and no number of ships could force an entrance under the converging fire of the forts, which bears upon the channel at a point where the least divergence would land a ship upon a dangerous shoal.

Kingston is on the inside of the harbor, six miles across from Port Royal. The city itself lies low, but as we approached it, just as the sun had set, the mountains which rise behind it, a few miles distant, to the height of three and five thousand feet, appeared to close around it in a sublime

amphitheatre of massive verdure. High up on the side of the mountains we distinguished a white speck, which we were told was the military cantonment of Newcastle, situated 4,400 feet above the sea, chosen for the English soldiers on account of its salubrity. Formerly the annual mortality among European soldiers in the island was 130 in 1,000, but since the Government has been careful to quarter them as much as possible in these elevated sites, it has diminished to 34 in 1,000.

At last our vessel came to anchor at the wharf. We took a kind leave of the pleasant-tempered captain and crew, who had been shut up with us in the little craft during our seventeen days' tossing, and gave a farewell of especial warmth to the fatherly mate, whose rough exterior covered the warm heart of a seaman and the delicate feelings of a native gentleman.

When we landed, the short tropical twilight was fast fading into night, but light enough remained to show us into what a new world we had come. The gloomy, prisonlike warehouses, the long rows of verandas before the dwellings, the dusky throngs in the streets, the unintelligible *patois* that came to our ears on every side, occasional glimpses of strange vegetation, and, above all, the overpowering heat in December, all gave us to feel that we were at last in that tropical world, every aspect of which is so unlike our northern life.

After a hospitable reception from Mr. Whitehorne, the principal of the Nuco Institute, I went up to the rooms of the American Mission, and, ensconcing myself behind the mosquito curtains, proceeded to make critical observations upon the buzzings outside, to satisfy myself whether an insular range fed up these tormentors to the formidable vigor of their continental brethren. Concluding from their timid pipings that they were by no means an enemy so much to be dreaded—a conclusion which subsequent experience happily confirmed—I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

KINGSTON.

Having satisfied myself, by a sound night's rest, that the laws of my physical constitution had undergone no essential revolution by a change to the torrid zone, I began in the morning to look curiously around to note what the differences might be in the outer world. The quaint old lodging house itself first drew my attention, with its thick walls and heavy brick arches on the ground floor, built to guard against earthquakes, of which few years pass without several shocks, though none especially memorable have taken place since the dreadful one of 1692. Cracks in the walls here and there, however, show that it is not useless to make provision against them. [288]

While I was seated at a most comfortable breakfast of bread and butter and the excellent fish which abound in Kingston harbor, flanked by huge oranges of enticing sweetness, a shrivelled old negro woman, who was on her knees giving the uncarpeted floor its morning application of wax, and rubbing it into a polish with a cocoanut shell, suddenly rose to her feet and kissed her hand to me with a grace worthy of a duchess. Somewhat startled at this unexpected salutation from the fairer, or the softer sex—I am in some doubt as to the proper adjective in this case—I gazed rather blankly at her without replying; but she dropped on her knees again and went on with her work, satisfied doubtless that she at least knew the proprieties. It is this submissive respectfulness of the blacks that makes it pleasant living among them, notwithstanding all their faults and vices. At home we are no better than our neighbors, but here, if we only have a white complexion, we belong to the undisputed aristocracy, and carry our credentials in our faces. It is that which has bewitched so many Northern people living at the South with slavery. But what is wanted is not a community of slaves, but only a community of blacks.

After fortifying myself against the sweltering heat of the December morning by copious draughts from the unglazed earthen coolers, which look so refreshing in this climate that you often see their coarse red pottery on handsomely laid tables, looking quite as well entitled to a place as anything else, I sallied out to see what daylight would show in the chief city of Jamaica, a city of nearly 30,000 people. I must say that for appearance' sake the best thing for Kingston would be to have perpetual moonlight. Under the flood of silver light which the full moon here pours down, even its forlorn shabbiness is softened into something of romantic indistinctness. But daylight is dreadfully disenchanting. The rows of tumble-down houses, the sandy, unpaved streets—through which you flounder as in the deserts of Sahara, unless you choose to try sidewalks that have as many ups and downs as a range of mountains, each man building to the height that pleases himself—the large parade, without armament or shade, a dreary common of sand, the crowds of noisy, slouching, dirty negroes, the burnt districts, filled with the rubbish of houses and with unwholesome vegetation growing up, do not combine to form a very engaging whole. One would think it impossible to exaggerate such a picture of comfortless neglect. Yet bad as it is in itself, Mr. Sewell has mercilessly exaggerated it. One would think from his description that there was not a decent house in the place, and that he had never seen the rows of excellent dwellings on North street and East street. Then he speaks of the inhabitants as being, 'taken *en masse*, steeped to the eyelids in immorality.'

Now, if he meant that the great numerical majority of the inhabitants bear this character, he spoke truly, inasmuch as the great numerical majority of the inhabitants are negroes, among the most depraved in the island. Kingston is like the slough of Despond, a place whither all the scum and filth of the negro population in the east end of the island do continually run, and make it a very sink of wickedness. But are the white families and the large number of thoroughly [289]

respectable colored families to be confounded with this mass of negro depravity, because they are fewer in number? It is true they are fewer in number, but they are so thoroughly distinct in standing and character that Mr. Sewell is justly chargeable with cruel recklessness in confounding them together as he does. It may concern the world little to distinguish among the people of Kingston, but it does very vitally concern the morality of authorship, that a traveller should not, by a careless and sweeping sentence, leave a cruel sting in the minds of hundreds of refined and virtuous women.

But I cannot vindicate Kingston society against the charge of surpassing dulness. In an insular colony, under the enervating influence of a tropical climate, the pulse of intellectual life beats very faintly, at its strongest. Still, if whatever of education and refinement there is in Kingston would cordially combine it might make a pleasant society. But it is divided into little cliques, each mortally afraid of the rest, and producing, in their division, a paradise of tediousness.

Kingston, however, resembles New York in one important particular—it is one of the worst-governed cities in Christendom. The Jews and the mulattoes divide municipal honors between them, and rival, not unworthily on a small scale, the united talents of Mozart and Tammany for misgovernment and jobbery.

The stores of Kingston are well supplied with excellent English goods at reasonable prices, and are served by numbers of fresh and fine-looking British clerks. But of these much the greater number, I fear, fall under the temptations of the prevailing immorality, and habits of drinking, not to be indulged with impunity in such a climate, hurry multitudes of them to speedy graves. What little sobriety and desire of improvement exists among the young men is chiefly confined, I am told, to the browns.

With the decline of exportations, the once flourishing trade of Kingston has, of course, decreased. But it marks the eagerness of some to turn everything to the discredit of emancipation, that this decline is commonly attributed entirely to that event, no notice being taken of the fact that Kingston was once the entrepot of a flourishing trade between Europe and the Spanish Main, which, having, in 1816, shipped to the amount of 199,894 tons, and having risen in 1828 to 254,290 tons, had in 1830, four years before the abolition of slavery, sunk to 130,747 tons. The growing use of steam, making direct shipment to Europe more convenient than transshipment, and changes in commercial relations, may account for this falling off; but dates show that emancipation has nothing to do with it. Of course the main cause of decline in the trade of the city has been the decline in the prosperity of the island, but such a change in the channels of trade as is indicated above was an independent cause.

The statistics of illegitimacy, of infant mortality, of ignorance and irreligion, and of destitution in Kingston, are shocking. Churches are numerous, and congregations flourishing, but the vast mass of the negroes are scarcely affected by them. This is very different from the state of things in the country, and nothing could be more preposterous than to judge of the rural population by Kingston. The Kingstonians themselves are laughably ignorant of the country parts. One of them assured a clergyman of my acquaintance, with all the gravity imaginable, that the country negroes lived principally upon fruits! No doubt he has had the chance of telling some American touching at the port the same story, who has been able to attest it at home on the authority of a 'Jamaica gentleman of great intelligence.' The Kingston people may be intelligent, but a good many of them know little more about the interior of their own island than they do about the interior of Africa. [290]

But ignorant and depraved as the negroes of Kingston are, besides being three times as numerous as the trade of the place requires, I do not see that they particularly deserve the reproach of laziness. Mr. Sewell remarks that he was puzzled to know how they had incurred it when he saw them crowding around him, all wild for a job. The negro women certainly, who coal the vessels, appear anything but indolent as they go to and fro erect under their heavy burdens: if the men let them do more than their share of the heavy work, it is precisely as in Germany,^[C] and for just the same reason, namely, that the common people of neither country are sufficiently civilized to treat women as much more than a superior sort of beasts of burden. That even the Kingston populace have felt the quickening benefit of freedom, is shown by a little fact related by a shipmaster who has traded to the port for many years. He says that now he can always get his ship loaded and unloaded in quicker time than he could then.

As to security of life and property, there are few cities where both are safer than in Kingston. I have gone long distances though its unlighted streets late at night, with as little sense of danger as in a New England country road. There is a good police of black men, whose appearance is quite picturesque in their suits of spotless white, and a force of black soldiers quartered in barracks in the heart of the town, besides a part of a white regiment a few miles distant. The conduct of the black troops, however, at an extensive fire some two years ago, which destroyed a large district in the business part of the town, was an illustration of what seems a curious peculiarity of the African character, namely, that while docile and amenable to discipline in the highest degree in common, the negroes are apt in critical moments to break out into uncontrollable license. On this occasion, the black men, soldiers and all, instead of assisting to put out the fire, broke into the liquor shops, and having maddened themselves by drinking, fell to indiscriminate plundering. If it had not been for the women, who, to their great credit, rendered energetic assistance in working the engines, the city might have been consumed.

The most curious feature in the life of a city where there are many blacks is the incessant chatter

in the streets. Chaffering, quarrelling, joking, there seems to be no end to their volubility. In the country it is the same, and you will sometimes hear two shrews scolding each other from a couple of hilltops a quarter of a mile apart, with an energy and unctiousness only equalled by an angry Irishwoman. Men and women fortunately quarrel so much that they fight very little. Notwithstanding the heroic deeds of valor performed by black soldiers, I incline to think that they are, what some one describes the Arabs as being, cowardly, or at least timid, as individuals, and brave only through discipline and number.

I know of no reminiscences connected with Kingston of any essential note, unless it be a horrible incident mentioned by Bryan Edwards, the distinguished historian of the West Indies, as witnessed by himself in 1760. This was the execution of two black men, native Africans, convicted of the murder of their master. They were exposed in the parade, in the centre of the town, in an iron frame, and starved to death! Free access was allowed to the crowds who wished to talk with them, and with whom they kept up conversation, apparently supremely indifferent to their fate. Mr. Edwards himself, after they had been exposed some days, addressed them some questions, but could not understand their reply. At something he said, however, they both burst into a hearty laugh. On the morning of the ninth day one silently expired, and the other soon followed. Punishments so barbarous strike us with horror, but they are no gratuitous addition to slavery—they are one of its necessary features. A relation founded purely on force can be maintained only by terror. And where the proportion of whites is very small, as in most of the West Indies, they must compensate by the atrocity of their inflictions for the weakness of their numbers. On the 20th of April, 1856, there fell a rain of uncommon violence in the parish of St. Andrew, in which I was then residing. For six hours it seemed as if Niagara were rushing down upon our heads. The river Wagwater, which is commonly about knee deep, ran the next morning thirty feet high. The effect of this terrible visitation of nature was heightened by the disclosure through it of one of the monuments of ancient cruelty. At Halfway Tree, a few miles from Kingston, the seat of justice for the parish of St. Andrew, and the place of sepulture for many of the old aristocracy of the prouder days of the island, the rain washed up an iron cage, just of size to contain a human form, and so arranged with bars and spikes as to make it certain that the wretched victim could only stand in one long agony of torture. Along with it were found the bones of a woman, who had to appearance perished in this hideous apparatus. This dreadful revelation of the past struck horror throughout the island. The cage, with its sad contents, is still preserved in the collection of the Society of Arts. [291]

The remarkable religious movement of 1861, which produced fruits so excellent in some parts of the island, in Kingston appears to have degenerated wholly into froth and noise. But there are some agencies of spiritual and temporal good working among the lower classes with happy effect. If they do not operate appreciably in changing the general character of the feculent mass, at least they rescue from it many who in the great day of account will call their authors blessed. I may mention particularly the charitable institutions of the excellent rector, Rev. Duncan Campbell, the reformatory for girls under the special patronage of the Rev. Mr. Watson, United Presbyterian, the vigorous efforts of Rev. William Gardner and his people, and many others less familiar to me, but doubtless not less worthy of mention. But Kingston offers such attractions to the very worst of the negro population, which, at the highest, has so much of barbarism and ignorance, that it will long continue a most forbidding and certainly a very unfair specimen of an emancipated race.

But, forlorn as Kingston is in itself, it is magnificently situated. Before it stretches for six miles in breadth the noble harbor, the sight of whose brilliant blue waters, sparkling in the sun, imparts a delicious refreshment as the eye catches a glimpse of them at the end of the long sandy streets. Inward stretches, sloping gently up to the mountains, the beautiful plain of Liguanea, about eight miles in breadth, scattered over with fine villas, and here and there a sugar estate. I remember with delight a view I once enjoyed just after sunset from St. Michael's church tower, toward the eastern end of the city. From that height the numerous trees planted in the yards, and which are not conspicuous from the streets, appeared in full view, and every mean and repulsive feature being hidden, the city seemed embowered in a paradise of verdure. On the right spread out the pleasant plain of Liguanea, bounded by the massive corrugations of the dark green mountains, while on the left the lines of cocoanut trees skirted the tranquil waters of the harbor, over which the evening star was shining. I wished that those foreigners who touch at Kingston, and, disgusted with its wretched squalor, go away and give an evil report of the goodly island, could be permitted to see the city from no other point than St. Michael's church tower. [292]

FOOTNOTE:

[C] See J. Ross Browne's sparkling papers in *Harper's Magazine*.

THE GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY L. D. PSYCHOWSKA.

The grave is deep and still,

And fearful is its night;
It hides, with darkened veil,
The *Unknown* from our sight.

No song of nightingale
Within its depths is heard;
And only is its moss
By friendship's roses stirred.

In vain their aching hands
Forsaken brides may wring;
No answer from the grave
The cries of orphans bring:

Yet is it *there* alone
The longed-for rest is found;
Alone through these dark gates
May pass the *homeward* bound.

The silent heart beneath,
That pain and sorrow bore,
Hath only found true peace
There, where it beats no more.

[293]

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER V.—ORDER, SYMMETRY, AND PROPORTION.

No numbers can be conceived of but as a collection of unities; in adding unity, many, to itself, we only form a unity of a higher rank: it is in taking unities successively from these numbers that we return to the first unity. Thus variety or plurality, which at first seemed destructive of unity, actually rests upon it, admitting it as an elementary constituent of its very being. The *collective* idea of the world, *infinite variety*, *collection of individualities*, could not exist in us without the idea of *unity*; and closely associated with the conception of unity, is the idea of Absolute Order.

Whatever may be the disturbances which we witness either in physical or moral nature, we always believe that Order will succeed the momentary interruption of law. Even when we see earth a prey to the most dreadful catastrophes, we always regard such a state of things as a *passing* crisis, destined to return to the law of order. Surrounded as it is from the cradle to the grave by an infinite variety of phenomena, the human mind for their investigation devotes itself to the search of a small number of laws, which will link them all, persuaded there is no phenomenon or being so rebellious to a correct classification, that its proper place or role cannot be assigned it in the great system of Eternal Order. Even the savage believes in the periodic return, in the constant and regular recurrence of natural phenomena: such convictions must be based upon an instinctive belief in an Absolute and Universal Order.

If we turn our gaze upon the Author of all things at the time of the creation, we will perceive that He must have conceived the grand plan of the universe as a single or united thought; that He has distributed being to all that is in different degrees; that He has subjected them all to the immutable laws of His wisdom; and that the laws under which they are ranged to receive the Divine action are, in fact, the necessary conditions of their existence. The more distant the link in the chain of being is from God, the more are the laws multiplied, divided, ramified, so as to weave in their vast net that infinite variety which extends to the utmost limits of creation; but as we approach Him in thought, these innumerable laws form themselves into groups, these groups are again resolved into more general laws, until at last we arrive at *one* which embraces all the others, to which they are all attached as to a common centre, and from which they obtain force and direction.

Order is then the entire range of laws which presided at the creation, and which, linking variety to unity, change to immutability, cause the circulation of movement, of life, through all the pores of being. Thus nature and humanity are endowed with an expansive force almost without limits, and Absolute Order is developing in accordance with regular progression, in the bosom of which all partial imperfections vanish, and death itself becomes but a momentary phase of transformation, a mystic laboratory from which Life flows in a thousand new forms.

The True, the Beautiful, the Good, are only different faces of that Universal Order which is their common life. Everything in creation is gifted with its own degree of life, and yet depends upon that Universal Life; is in some way attached to it, presenting a diminished image of the Universal Order.

[294]

Malebranche asks: 'Why do men love beauty? because it is a visible representation of Order.' Order is at the same time an object of science, of art, and of popular faith. It is intuitively recognized, and although the people may not be able to syllable its abstract formula, yet as soon as they perceive the sensible sign of it, harmony, they at once pronounce beautiful the object

which embodies it. In a last analysis it might be asserted that the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, considered with regard to their realization in this world, are but the representation of the pure Idea of Absolute Order. It must preside over the creation of every great work of art, whether measuring the columns and spanning the arches of architecture; modeling the forms of Apollos; picturing the graces of virgins and cherubs; charging the air with the electric and sublime grandeur of symphonies and requiems; or creating Juliets, Imogens, Ophelias, and Desdemonas. Absolute Order may be considered as the manifestation of the Divine wisdom—it must be typified and symbolized in art.

Need we apologize for presenting to the reader, in consequence of its relation with the subject under consideration, the following beautiful extract from the pages of Holy Writ?

'For in Wisdom is the spirit of understanding; holy, one, manifold, subtle, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that which is good, quick, which nothing hindereth, beneficent.

'Gentle, kind, steadfast, assured, secure, having all power, overseeing all things and containing all Spirits, intelligible, pure, subtle:

'For Wisdom is more active than all active things, and reacheth everywhere by reason of her *purity*.

'For she is the breath of the power of God, a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty, therefore no defiled thing cometh into her.

'For she is the brightness of the Eternal Light, the unspotted mirror of God's majesty.

'And being but *One*, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

'For God loveth none but him who dwelleth with Wisdom.

'For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars; being compared with the light, she is found before it.

'For after this cometh the night,—but no evil can overcome Wisdom.'

Again:

'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning.

'I was set up from Eternity, and of old before the earth was made.

'The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of the waters as yet sprung out:

'The mountains with their huge bulk had not yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth:

'He had not yet made the earth, nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world.

'When He prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths:

'When He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters:

'When He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits: when he weighed the foundations of the earth.

'I was with Him forming all things: and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times;

'Playing in the world: *and my delights were to be with the children of men.*'—PROVERBS.

As Order has been considered the symbol of Divine Wisdom, Symmetry has been regarded as the type of Divine Justice. In all beautiful things there is found the opposition of one part to another, while a reciprocal balance must be obtained or suggested. In animals the balance is generally between opposite sides; in the vegetable world it is less distinct, as in the boughs on the opposite sides of trees; it often amounts only to a certain tendency toward a balance, as in the opposite sides of valleys and the alternate windings of streams. In things in which perfect symmetry is, from their nature, impossible or improper, a balance must be in some measure expressed before they can be contemplated with pleasure. *Absolute equality* is not required, still less *absolute similarity*.

[295]

Symmetry must not be confounded with Proportion. Symmetry is the opposition of *equal* quantities; proportion is the due connection of *unequal* quantities with each other. A tree, in sending out equal boughs on opposite sides, is symmetrical; in sending out smaller boughs toward the top, proportional. In the human face its balance of opposite sides is *symmetry*; its division upward, *proportion*.

Symmetry is necessary to the *dignity* of every form. Orderly balance and arrangement are highly essential to the more perfect operation of the earnest and solemn qualities of the beautiful, being heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin. Minds which have been subjected to high moral influence generally delight in symmetry: witness the harmonious lines of Milton, and the works of the great religious painters. Where there is no symmetry, the effects of violence and passion are increased. Many works derive power from the want of it, but lose in proportion in the divine quality of beauty.

Want of moderation, extravagance, bombastic straining for effect, are destructive of beauty, whether in color, form, motion, language, or thought;—in color, they would be called glaring; in form, inelegant; in motion, ungraceful; in language, coarse; in thought, undisciplined; in all, unchastened: these qualities are always painful, because the signs of disobedient and irregular operation. In color, for example, it is not red, but rose color, which is the most beautiful; neither is it the brightest green, but such gray green as we see in the distant sky, in the clefts of the glacier, in the chrysochase and sea foam; not but that the expression of feeling should be deep and full, but that to arrive at that *passion of the soul* excited by the beautiful, there should be a solemn moderation in such fulness, a reference to the high harmonies by which humanity is governed, and an obedience to which is its glory. The following short quotations serve to illustrate this point:

'And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek; it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.'

'I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might have drowned
The wrath of heaven, and quenched the mighty ruin.'

Common writers are apt to forget that exaggerated expressions chill our sympathies; that passion becomes ignoble when entertained for ignoble objects; that when violent and unnatural, it is destructive of dignity. In the exaggeration of its outward signs, Passion is not exalted, but its reality is evaporized.

'The fire which mounts the liquor till it runs o'er,
In *seeming* to augment it, *wastes* it.'

The use and value of passion is not as a subject of contemplation in itself, but as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the heart, or displays its might and ribbed majesty, as the stability of mountains is best seen with the restless mist quivering about them, and the changeful clouds floating above them.

We have thus naturally arrived at the fact that Truth, another of the Divine Attributes, must make part of all art that would interest humanity; that the soul rejects violence, or the falsehood of exaggerated description.

'Sanctify your soul like a temple,' says Madame De Staël, 'and the angel of noble thoughts will not disdain to occupy it.' If the rays of 'Wisdom' were reflected through the rainbow of artistic beauty by the devout artist, he would again be, as of old, the Prophet; and the arts would find, in typification of the Divine Attributes, ceaseless variety, marvellous unity. Then might he stand before his Maker as the anointed high priest of nature, winning entrance into her mysteries and holy symbols, using his glorious gifts to lead his brethren back to God; and the artistic human word might become, in its appropriate sphere, the humble and devout interpreter of the Word Eternal!

[296]

REMEMBRANCE.

Last night, emerging from the glaring gaslight into the starlight beautiful and dim, there came, borne to me by the night wind, a gay young voice, blithely carolling the sweet strains of a well-remembered song, familiar to me long years ago in another and distant clime. It was a simple ballad, one heard most frequently in my youth, old when I was young; it was like a voice from the dead—a thought from the shrouded past appealing to my soul. There was something so solemn and strange, so mystically spiritual in the fact that a stranger in a strange land should possess the power to conjure up for me a world of saddest memories, that I half fancied at first (pardon an old man's dreaming) that one who had lived long ago, and died before her prime, seeing now as those see where the mists of pride and passion are dispelled forever by the light of unshadowed truth, conscious now of the deep and lasting wrong she had done herself and me, that *she it was who was now singing to me through the lips of the lad*, striving to cheer the loneliness she had caused, and comfort my desolate heart by telling me she was near me; and, obedient to the impulse given me by the wild fancy, I raised my tremulous voice, broken long ago, and quavered an accompaniment, and I and the unknown singer sang the last remaining stanza

together.

I can never hear that song without tears. I never hear it, even though its half-forgotten strains, dreamily warbled, are oddly mingled with a widely different tune, in a bootless effort at remembrance; but my youth, with its golden promise, which maturer manhood but meagrely fulfilled, turns with the shadowed years veiling its brightness, and looks sorrowfully upon my old age in its solitude and desolation; but my life, with its wasted energies and flagging purpose, rises up before me, darkly and reproachfully reminding me of what I might have done, have been! O Heaven! what bitter years of suffering and crushing disappointment, years on which the tracks of time have left their blight and mildew, have passed since first I listened to the bird-like warbling of its simple strains. Then was the blissful May-time of my existence, when I was governed by youth's generous impulses, led captive by its sweet delusions, when I fondly dreamed that my life was destined to become a victory and a triumph, not the failure it has proved to be! I heard it first when the love that has lived unchanged through the mournful wastes of nearly half a century, was in the gray dawn of its immortal being. *She* sang it to me *then*, sweet Jennie Grey, whom I wooed, but never won. Memory, faithful treasurer, points back with mystic finger, and looking through the long vista of intervening years, standing now almost where time shall merge into eternity, that vision illuminating like a star the surrounding gloom, I can see the very night—I can see *now* as clearly as *then*—the round full moon lighting the dark waters with a long line of silvery brightness, crowning the tiny ripples with light as they broke upon the shore, and flooding the well-remembered room with its mellow radiance—see her, in her fresh young beauty, seated at the old instrument, the moonlight falling on her bright hair; the sweet eyes averted from my too admiring gaze, veiled beneath the drooping lashes, cast down with a coy pretence of studying the half-forgotten tune. [297]

I can see myself, handsome, ardent YOUNG (so widely different NOW, I can speak of my former self without vanity), seated near, with all the love that filled my soul for her looking from my eyes.

The bright remembrance of this is shining 'through the mists of years,' glowing and life-like as life's joyous spring time. I can see it all now, clearly, as if it were but yesterday. Oh, radiant picture of youth and beauty! Oh, life! life! If it be a truth, and I believe it to be such, that in all the vast and mighty universe there is but one nature perfectly and completely assimilated unto our own; one heart in which every pulse of feeling throbbing within our being, shall find a quick responsive echo; a second self, the same in thought, emotion, character, or with such slight shades of difference as shall make the blending more harmonious; one, and only one, to whom God has indissolubly joined us by the omnipotent law of a pure, immutable attraction—if this be an essential fact, then, as I sat drinking in the harmony of the song that night, this sublime truth in all its purity was revealed to me; and with the revelation came a purifying and exalting power, purifying my love from passion and every base and earthly alloy. For me, for a brief instant, the veil had parted that divides the earthly from the spiritual, and I had caught a dim, shadowy glimpse of how it would be with us, my idol and myself, in the great and mystic future that lay stretching far away before us; and through all my enraptured soul, filling it with sweetest melody, a voice was murmuring: 'She is thine, through all the countless years of thy immortality, lift up thine eyes and look upon thine own.' Then, with a deep reverence I had never felt for her before, with all my pure and passionate love, I raised the small hand, on which the moonlight fell white and cold, murmuring the while in solemn triumph: 'What God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' I had received the soul's highest and clearest intuition as a direct revelation from the Divine, and I relied upon it as such implicitly, undoubtingly. Oh, with what earnest faith, for a brief and fleeting season, I believed that the seal of the Omnipotent had been set upon our union, earthly as well as spiritual, and that no power on earth or in hell could prevail against its consummation! How I revelled in this sweet belief; how this blest and silent consciousness wrapped my soul in light, and hovered ever around me like a wordless blessing! This faith was the inspiration of my toil, the prompter to good deeds, the angel messenger which enabled me to overcome the evil of my wayward nature.

How the sweet thought of it grew and grew until it pervaded my entire being, making my whole life harmonious and beautiful as the song she sang to me—a sublime and glorious dream! I did not check this pure and fervid flow of happiness with doubts and fears. I did not rouse myself to inquire whether this great truth concerning us might not, owing to some peculiarity of my organization, be clearly and perfectly revealed to *me*, and *me alone*; so that the truth being but dimly and vaguely foreshadowed to her mind, the effect could not be as permanent and living as in mine. I did not ruffle my soul's serenity with dark forebodings and bootless queries. [298]

Such revelations are certainly, in consequence of their greater spirituality, more frequently made to women than to men, and I rested upon this, not thinking the reverse might be the case in the present instance; and through the long days of that golden summer I dreamed on and on. The powerful attraction, whose nature was so plainly revealed to me that night, and faintly shadowed forth to her, now drew us together more and more, and for a time our companionship was almost constant. We read, we walked, we talked together; we wandered through summer groves in the twilight, or, seated on the mossy root of some old tree, watched the light dying in the west, and the stars come out one by one; or viewed the sun slowly and majestically disappearing beneath the horizon, gorgeous with clouds of purple and of gold; or marked the varied changes of the sky on the calm expanse of summer water, stretching far away before us. And when the light had disappeared, leaving but a dull leaden surface, we closed our eyes and listened to the wild, mysterious murmur of the waters as they touched the sounding shore. Oh, brief and fleeting

dream of earthly joy! Oh, light, warmth, and sunshine! Happiness too spiritual; companionship too blest for earth! Mortal type of the immortal bliss that awaits me, which is drawing nearer to me day by day! I never shall believe that she did not love me *then*, unconsciously as it must have been, for it was not in a nature like hers to prove recreant to a holy impulse. Yes, I know she then loved me! It was this belief alone which upheld me in the chill night darkness that fell upon my soul after shutting out the warmth and light. I'm sure she loved me *then*. I could note the silent working of the *great law* that was unconsciously impressing her slowly, drawing her nearer to me day by day; mark the electric thrill which made the slender fingers tremulous when my hand lay near her own, an expressive and eloquent gesture, as if, all unconsciously, her hand was stretching forth in the sweet endeavor to clasp mine. The averted eyes, the beautiful color that flushed her cheeks, and, best and dearest sight of all, the perplexed, mystified, dimly conscious expression in the far-off distant gaze, as if the soul was vainly struggling to grasp and clearly comprehend a great truth but vaguely felt. I could see all this as I sat by her side, permitting the love I had not words to speak to betray me in every look, tone, and gesture. But even while I watched her thus, serenely awaiting the time when a full consciousness should pervade her spirit as it was pervading mine—now when the sun of my happiness was slowly approaching its zenith, there appeared above the horizon the little cloud doomed to overspread and darken the calm heaven of my joy. We were no longer entirely alone: a third person was added to the sweet enchanted number that first walked the groves of Eden, and the complete spirituality of our communion was gone! Other eyes gazed on what we gazed; other eyes looked into the blue depths of hers, and sought with mine their smiling approval, and the brightest charm of our intercourse had departed forever. The last time in which it still remained unbroken—the last sweet time that I could call her wholly mine, was on a placid autumn evening. We had strolled farther than usual, tempted by the tranquil beauty around us, and during that walk I had been strangely, wonderfully happy. Many times, as we walked silently side by side, a strong, an almost irresistible impulse seemed to force me to utter those three passionate words that have caused a flutter in the heart-beat of so many thousands since the world began; and as many times the reverence I felt for her, and the diffidence arising from it, held me back, and the words remained unspoken. Yet this contest of feeling had led me to venture more upon outward expression: I had held her hand in mine, and twice or thrice had pressed it mutely and reverently to my lips; and she, seeing nothing of the ardor of a lover in this (the very excess of my emotion had made me outwardly calm), had allowed me to retain it, bestowed upon me her sunniest smile, calling me the while friend and brother. It was not the terms my heart most earnestly longed for; but I looked forward with a lover's eye, and was content. And thus we wandered slowly back again—back to meet one who possessed the power to change the aspect of both our lives; the power to darken mine on earth—and who was he? A mere boy—a lover of Jennie's, who impatiently awaited our return that very night. They had been playmates in childhood, but had not met since then.

[299]

Had I been less certain that her love would be mine in the future, I should have trembled when I looked upon this man; for he possessed those gifts in their richness and fulness that most easily win a woman's love. Then, too, he was her mother's guest—with Jennie, morning, noon, and night—invariably our companion in our frequent walks—always by her side, and with a mingling of tenderness and reverence proffering that devoted and delicate homage which most readily finds its way to the affections of an artless maiden.

I was too unused to the world *then* to know it; but have deeply realized since how irresistibly she must have charmed one so accustomed to the heartless coquetry of fashionable flirts, by the timid, wondering, child-like simplicity with which she received all this homage.

I should have known how this would end; but my faith had made me blind. Indeed, I was even then conscious how infinitely he was my superior in all that pertained to outward things: he was rich, I poor; he possessed the varied information of the travelled man, the ease and grace of one familiar with the world, and I had all the awkwardness and abstracted reserve of an absorbed student. I was deeply, painfully conscious of this. Yet, while I felt she did not return his ardent, ever-increasing love, perhaps did not even comprehend it; while the spirituality of our communion still in some degree remained unbroken, I was content.

I could calmly watch his ever-varying moods from gay to grave, from grave to sad, striving by each in turn with finished art to touch the heart he felt he had not won—smiling securely, I would sometimes murmur in my happiness the while: 'Passion born of earth, not the true love that discerneth its own, impels thee. Thy soul's betrothed is perchance of another country; turn to seek thy own; Jennie is *mine*, not *thine*!' No need to tell how, at first all unconsciously to herself, he gained the priceless treasure of her love. No need to tell how he won her heart from mine. The memory of all this is very painful even now—enough, that after long and skilful trial he succeeded. The arrow at last struck its mark, and my boding heart then whispered how this would end. I saw the pitying tenderness of her artless nature, shining in her soft and dreamy eye, suffusing every speaking feature, making the sweet face still more lovely, until presently compassion grew into something yet more tender. Then her eyes would brighten at his coming, a deep crimson color her cheeks, a sweet and timid consciousness betray itself in every look and movement; and then, oh, anguish of spirit! *I felt her soul gradually withdrawing itself from mine*, and my heart torn from the loving one on which it rested. Then followed days and nights of extreme mental anguish, a time of suffering that I cannot dwell upon even now without a shudder, when I lost faith in God and man, and cursed the day when I beheld the light; when amid blackness, darkness, and tempest, my storm-tossed soul cried in vain for light, vainly seeking for peace amid its wrecks and desolations. A fiery furnace, through which I passed that I

[300]

might come out purified.

They were to be married very soon. She told me this as we sat together one evening in the brief wintry twilight. The first wild transports of a newly found bliss had subsided into a calmer feeling of happiness in her heart, as with me had passed the first 'bitter bitterness' of a life-long grief, and I was enabled to receive her confidence with a show of brotherly regard.

Christmas was the time set for the ceremony, and the first fall of snow was even now lying on the ground.

She did not impart this information with the coy and hesitating timidity usual to her; but thoughtfully, as she sat gazing out on the dull leaden sky, watching the snowflakes falling through the dreary air. There followed then a long, long pause, in which I had time to recover from the effect her words had produced, and to frame and stammer forth such congratulations as seemed required by the occasion. These she did not answer, or even seem to comprehend, but roused from her reverie by the sound of my voice, she crossed the room and seated herself beside me, and took my hand within her own.

'Brother,' she murmured, in a dreamy, half-abstracted manner, 'there has been something solemn and strange in our intercourse, a mysterious something, which my mind has vainly striven to grasp and comprehend. I had thought the secret rested with you, and *through you* would be revealed to *me*; but the time for such revelation is passed; God has willed it otherwise. Brother,' her voice sank to a solemn cadence; I hear the low tones *now*, as I heard them *then*: 'I am the better and purer for your affection; you have led me, by what process I know not, from the sensuous and the earthly, to the spiritual and the holy, and there is no epithet applied to mortals, reverently endearing enough to be coupled with your name. I would that my words were as eloquent as my feelings, that you might know what immeasurable gratitude I vainly strive to compress in the brief words: I thank you.'

She wept, and I laid my hand on the bowed head in mute and speechless blessing.

'O Father!' I cried, in my voiceless anguish, 'Omnipotent and good! is there nothing that can open her eyes even now, and give me the being thine own holy laws have made my own?' No! no! The wild hope that prompted the useless prayer died within my heart as I breathed it. Jealous of the brief interest that could draw his betrothed's attention from himself but for a moment, *he*, the boy lover, now entered, and there were no longer gentle looks nor solemn words. He loved her best in her moods of artless gayety, and she hurriedly brushed her tears away, and hastened to be merry. Brief as had been the glimpse she had given me of her inner nature, the knowledge proved my comforter in this my time of trial, and I thanked God for it humbly and gratefully.

I then had really led her from the earthly to the spiritual and holy. Her heart had unawares entertained an angel visitant; mine had unconsciously performed an angel's ministry; I, next to God and his messengers, had power to satisfy the deepest wants of her nature. Oh, solitary drop of consolation! The love cherished by her, and her heart's mistaken choice, was only of this *earth*; there was no element of spirituality to render it *immortal*. It was doomed to die with the passion that gave it birth, and from the grave there should be no resurrection.

Blessed be God forever!... Lo! The rustic church is trimmed with evergreen, and lighted for the marriage service. Curious lookers on are there; and with that perverse desire to test the might of their endurance, common with those who suffer, I too, am there, though I know that her image, as she stands at the altar, where I shall see her for the last time, through the days and nights of anguish sure to follow *this*, will be ever present with me! Yet, with my face half hidden by the evergreens, I stand and wait her coming. They enter, bride and bridegroom; she leaning trustfully upon his arm. O Jennie! *my* Jennie; thou who shouldst have been my bride! Great waves of tearless anguish rolled over my soul at the sight! Jennie, the priest who ministers at the altar before which thou standest, is idly repeating words whose holy meaning he does not comprehend: is *separating*, not *uniting* those whom God has joined together. O Jennie! companion of my spirit! is there no far-off, distant echo awakened in thy soul by the bitter waves of anguish surging over mine? Not now, in this thine hour of earthly love and triumph; not now. Even in spirit, 'lover and friend,' hast thou been put far from me. The low, measured tones of the minister fall on my ear; and I count the brief moments that give her to the keeping of another for all her *mortal* life, as the watcher counts the last moments of the dying and the loved. They kneel in prayer before the mockery of those last words is spoken, and I kneel too, crying to the Almighty: 'Wrest even now my treasure from him, or still the anguished throbbings of my heart forever! Let me die!' O Thou tempted in all points even as we, yet without sin, it was meet in this my hour of extremest suffering, that Thou shouldst send the promised comforter, not to bestow the earthly good I prayed for, but to raise me above earth and all of earthly good. Opening my inner vision to behold, far as the eye of the finite may behold, what is comprehended in the omniscient glance of the Infinite—removing the clouds brooding so darkly over my spirit, and filling it with holy joy, by imparting radiant glimpses of the soul's calmer and higher life in the land beyond—'the life that rights the wrongs, and reveals the mysteries of this,'—the words that were once my hope and the inspiration of my toil, came now, when that hope was dead, to soothe and comfort me—the spirit of prophecy, that cheered my spirit with the hopeful promise of good in the time to come, and stirring my soul to its depths, sounding through it like a song of solemn triumph.

What though thou beholdest her the bride of another, her own heart blinded so that she cannot see aright! She is *thine* through all the countless years of thy immortality! His but for a brief and

fleeting season! He holds his treasure in a trembling, uncertain grasp. Change may separate her heart from his; death may wrest it from him; the grave cover her form forever from his sight; but neither Time, nor Change, nor Death—nothing in the present world, or in that which is to come, shall be able to separate *thee* from the soul *that was formed for thine*! She is his by man's frail and perishing enactments; thine by the great law of attraction, by the immutable decrees of God. Seeing now, with the eye of the spirit, the frail uncertain nature of the happiness which he fondly dreamed was founded on a rock, sorrow and envy left me, and I could pity him as one deluded; and with a strange triumphant feeling, I pressed forward and imprinted the first kiss on the pure brow of my heart's chosen as the bride of another. Was she dimly, vaguely conscious for a moment of the nature of the attraction that bound our souls together, as she clung tearfully to *me* for an instant, murmuring a loving farewell? It has given me comfort through all the long years that have passed since then, to think so. She leaned from the carriage, her sweet eyes meeting mine in a sad adieu. I looked my last then on the face of the *mortal* Jennie. But in a land of perpetual summer, lighted by the smile of God, robed in garments of everlasting light, faithful and true, there awaits me *Jennie the immortal*! She knows it all now. Those bright seraphic eyes lighted with heaven-born love, have turned from celestial light to mark my gloomy wanderings. When she died, there was added to the band of ministering spirits the one whose silent influence was most powerful for good, most potent to aid me in overcoming evil. I have been better and purer since then. She possesses some mystic power to make me *feel* her presence, and to draw me toward her.

[302]

Slowly, very slowly, the feeling of solitude and isolation departed from me, and I am not lonely now; bright unseen visitants soothe my solitude; their noiseless steps break not its solemn stillness; soft hands clasp mine; where'er I move, the spirit of loving companionship is with me. Ah! to the eyes and ears of the aged, whose material perceptions are closing forever on the sights and sounds of earth, there come, borne across the dark-waved river on whose brink they stand, sounds from the other side; and ever and anon the mist that broods there lifts and parts itself, revealing radiant but imperfect glimpses of the promised land beyond.

Ere long the shadow will pass from these dimmed eyes forever, and I shall look on what she looks in heaven.

I have lived the allotted time of man's probation. The days of the years of my pilgrimage are drawing to a close. It cannot be *long now*! A few months, it may be years, of patient endurance—

And then—Then!

THE GREAT RIOT.

On Monday, the 13th day of July, 1863, the national conscription was proceeding in two districts of New York city. By Monday night the buildings and the blocks in which the provost marshals had their respective offices had been burned to the ground by a furious rabble, whose onset the police had in vain attempted to stay, and the great metropolis of North America was at the mercy of a raging mob, which roamed through the streets, robbing, beating, burning, murdering where they would.

By Tuesday the police had thoroughly organized, and the trial of strength between mob-law and authority began. Night closed over a still unconquered, defiant, law-contemning insurrection.

On Wednesday the public conveyances of the city were stopped, the places of business mostly closed, while the rioters alternated between hanging negroes, burning their houses, and plundering generally, on the one hand, and fighting the military on the other. Thursday the final struggle ensued, and when Friday dawned, though not until then, was the city fairly delivered from the hands of the insurgents, and restored to its wonted order. Now all is tranquil, and save the occasional ruins, the groans of the wounded in the hospitals, the agony of those who have lost friends or homes in the struggle, and the diminished number of the blacks, little remains to attest the scenes of terror through which New York has passed.

Whence came this riot? From what causes did it spring? Was it, indeed, a part of the great Southern rebellion, instigated by the emissaries of Jefferson Davis? Was it instigated by the Catholic Church as a part of their scheme for the reconstruction of the Church in America, and for obtaining the overthrow of republican institutions as a preliminary means to this end? Was it the work of unprincipled politicians, who wish to put a stop to the war, in order to carry out their ambitious plans by the aid of their Southern allies, and who thought that by stopping the draft they could stop the war? Was it the work of plunderers and thieves who inflamed the passions of the people, and incited them to deeds of violence, that they might rob in security? Did it spring from the honest indignation of the poorer classes, who deemed they were wronged by the \$300 exemption clause? Or, finally, was it a reaction against supposed injustice on the part of men who believed that the forcing of individuals to fight against their will was contrary to the very genius of our institutions and our government, which recognizes the right of each person, according to his understanding, to the pursuit of happiness absolutely in his own way? Each one of these has been loudly urged as the undoubted cause of the difficulty. Let us probe the matter with care, and ascertain the source of the disturbance.

[303]

It is one of the vices of our political system, not yet remedied, that it holds out great inducements to unscrupulous and ambitious men to deceive the ignorant and credulous masses, in order to obtain their good will and their votes. This deception has necessarily to be practised, moreover, concerning the individuals and the things in regard to which the highest interests of the people demand they should not be deceived. For the wicked and designing politician knows that good men, who really have the interest of the people at heart, will not elect him to office. On the contrary, they will expose his true character and unmask his deception to the poor dupes whom he is cajoling and deluding. Hence the necessity, on the part of such men, of putting a complete barrier between the really good portion of the community and the ignorant and weak, who most need their assistance. The politician of this stamp resorts, therefore, to every means in his power to destroy the confidence of the lower classes in the higher. He succeeds in convincing the thoughtless portion of the masses that the respectable and comfortable citizen is his enemy and cares not for his condition, while he himself is the poor man's friend, watchful over his interests, and carefully guarding him from the designs of his foe. Thus the isolation of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, from the benevolent, the sympathetic, and the wise is completed, and the wily politician has his victim and voter secure within his grasp.

In no way is the coöperation of the simple-minded and ignorant man more easily secured and his faith more firmly riveted than, by flattering his vanity and treating him as the peer of others infinitely his superiors. The fundamental principle of our political fabric, the *political* equality of all men, has afforded ample opportunity for designing persons to mislead the uninformed among the mass, and to make them believe that *political* equality means social, intellectual, and moral equality, that all are in fact equal in all respects in society, and that their rights are infringed by their exclusion from such recognition.

But while plying the people with the most levelling dogmas of equality, it is the equality of the white race only that has been affirmed by the crafty demagogue. The efforts for the enfranchisement of the negro have been eagerly seized upon to widen still further the breach between the intelligent and the ignorant. The thoughtless among the masses have been persistently taught that the emancipation of the negro would result in his coming North, that this would bring him in as a competitor in the struggle for life, already so arduous and harassing, and that, consequently, the emancipation of the black was a direct blow at the interests of the poor white laboring man. When the present national conflict began, and the politicians of the cunning, unscrupulous school thought they saw it to be their interest to gain favor with the South, they opposed the war, and sought to league the populace on their side by raising the cry that the contest was for emancipation, not for saving the Union. And now, when all other efforts to end the struggle in favor of the South are unavailing, they have fastened on the prevention of the draft as the 'last ditch' in which to make a final stand and risk a last battle.

[304]

They have summoned all their forces to the field in this contest. They urge the poor man to resist the conscription, because it infringes the equality of the citizen and makes an invidious distinction between the rich and the poor. They teach him that he is being forced from fireside and friends, while others no better than himself are left at home; that his family are left destitute by his absence, while others remain to protect and support their dependants; that he is forced to do this in a war which has for its principal object the liberation of a people whom he believes he has every cause to hate, and who will become, on their liberation, his rivals in the race where suffering and perhaps starvation await the loser. Is it any wonder that they broke the wheel, scattered the names, and burnt the enrolling offices—that they plundered and murdered the negroes?

The New York riot had its active origin, nucleus, and strength in a feeling of bitter injustice, entertained by ignorant, simple-minded, crude men, the lowest class of our population, who had been deliberately deceived in relation to facts, by unscrupulous politicians, for ambitious purposes. They had been inflamed with wrath by supposed wrong; their worst passions were aroused, they had lost their self-control, and became reckless. It matters little whether the actual hostilities began by a spontaneous outburst of anger, when the passions had simmered a long time; or whether the emissaries of the politicians actually incited to the specific act at a preconcerted period. The responsibility of the latter is noways diminished if no such intervention occurred; the essential nature of the outbreak is the same if it did. Had there not been this deep-seated feeling of wrong on the part of a portion of the people, the instigations of the emissaries would have met no response. The sinew of the insurrection was this honest resentment of fancied injury.

Everything goes to prove that, in the outset, so far as the *original active rioters* were concerned, the draft was the immediate cause of the disturbance. They first burnt one provost marshal's office, and then proceeded a mile or more to burn another. Then they burnt the colored asylum. This was the first day's work mainly. There is no adequate explanation of the hatred exhibited to the negro throughout this riot, other than the supposition that the mob, or rather that portion of it who were abusing the blacks, believed that they were being forced from their homes in the service of a war, the object and purpose of which was the liberation of the negroes, and that, therefore, in a certain sense, the colored people were the cause of their being drafted. The peculiar feature of this mob, as contrasted with ordinary ones, was this bitterness against the negro.

On the succeeding days, however, the elements of the mob changed. The same nucleus remained, but other constituents were added to it. Thieves and plunderers joined it, for the sole purpose doubtless of robbing in safety; probably the first peacebreakers themselves, not ordinarily

pilferers, carried off the articles of value, which were scattered among the ruins their rage had created. Scheming politicians fanned the flame which their teachings had already lit; the journals which are almost undisguisedly in favor of a dishonorable peace, and of a return of the Southern States with slavery untouched, skilfully incited, while seeming to discourage, the now rum-maddened and blood-drunken fiends; the idle, the vicious, the curious joined the throng, and the motives of the mob became as varied and diverse as its elements. Some hoped to stop the draft and remain unmolested at home. Others hoped to stop the draft, in order to stop the war, and enable them to say to the South, We have prevented your subjugation: give us our political reward. Some hoped to overthrow all law and order, that they might revel in the wealth they could then sequester. The great mass probably neither knew nor cared to what end they tended—their worst passions were aroused and controlled them; they luxuriated in violence and bloodshed, and their brutal instincts were satisfied.

[305]

That the riot had any significant religious characteristics is not probable. Catholics were in it and of it, and so were Protestants. The mob was composed principally of those who scout all pretence of religion of any kind, and who are as little influenced by the priest as the negligent Protestant is by the preacher. Had it been otherwise, the priest who endeavored to get the body of Colonel O'Brien would have easily prevailed; for no church-going Catholics would refuse, in their wildest frenzy, the request of a priest for the possession of a dying man. That there are honest bigots in the Catholic Church who believe that within her pale only is safety for the human race, who believe, furthermore, that republican institutions are incompatible with her full supremacy, and rejoice, therefore, with holy zeal, at anything which seems to indicate their instability, is doubtless true. Some such individuals may have been among the rioters, urging them on in their frenzied work. But the manly, sincere, and indignant castigation given by the Catholic priesthood to the wretched miscreants on the Sunday following the disturbances, precludes any possibility of suspicion that the Church was either aware of the intended uprising, or that it approved the purposes or actions of the mob.

In deciding, then, as to the real character and purpose of the rioters, two distinct classes of persons must be taken into account: those actively engaged in insurgent proceedings, and those who, not appearing on the scene of action, incited and sustained the former in their demonstrations.

That the motives and purposes of the one class were different from those of the other, has been already indicated. The main object of the parties in the background, who had constantly been fomenting discord, was undoubtedly to aid the cause of the Southern rebellion, with whom they sympathize, not perhaps because they care for the South, but because they think their own interests demand its coöperation. The chief design of the first peacebreakers was to stop the draft, that they might not be forced away from home to fight, against their wishes. That they knew the real designs of their instigators, or that they had any prompters to the specific acts which inaugurated the riot, is not probable; that, after the commencement of the sedition, they were joined by such, and urged to further violence, cannot be doubted.

The insurrection had not, therefore, in its largest proportions, one single distinctive purpose, and was not the work of one set of men. It was a rising against the draft, but not wholly so. It was a blow in aid of the South, though not this only. It was a thieves' tumult, but that was not all. It was all of these, with some other ingredients, previously mentioned, the whole clustering and crystallizing around a nucleus of crude, ignorant, hard-working, passionate, rough, turbulent men, deceived by the adroit misrepresentations of interested persons, until, driven to madness by a sense of supposed injustice, they believed themselves justified in securing redress by the only means they knew.

[306]

Shall we stop here in our analysis of the nature and constituents of the New York mob? Have we yet discovered the fundamental causes which produced the riot, so that we shall be able to prevent such recurrences in the future? Or have we in reality only penetrated the crust of the question, and ascertained the immediate and superficial causes, not the radical and basic ones? The latter is the case. We have thus far seen the apparent and proximate causes merely—which brought to the surface, at the present time, a riotous disposition, always existent in the community, a volcano slumbering and smouldering, ever ready to burst forth and deluge society with its withering and destroying lava, whenever the flame is fitly fanned. Until we know the source of this riotous tendency in a portion of our population, the deeper cause of this recent outbreak, as of all our outbreaks, we are yet ignorant of the true sources of the frightful disturbance which our social order has sustained, in any such sense as makes a knowledge of causes practically available for remedy and cure.

Whether the preceding analysis of the mob be a true one or not, therefore; whether it were a part of the great Southern rebellion, brought about by rebel agents from abroad or living in our midst; or an outbreak of indignation against a law supposed to be unjust; or a riot of thieves, whose main purpose was plunder; or a politicians' bubble merely;—whether it were any or all of these, or something different from these or more than these; in any of these cases, we are yet at the threshold of our inquiry concerning it. We must go back over some ground which we have cursorily traversed, and look closer at the elements of society, to find a fitting solution to the spirit and conduct of the mob. Men are not given to acts of atrocious brutality, to frightful rage, or to wanton rapine, without the existence of some cause for their proceedings. However depraved a few individuals may be, the love of doing outrageous things for the mere sake of doing them is not natural to the human race. If there had not existed some deep feeling of supposed injustice on the part of the masses engaged in the sedition, coupled with the habitual

misery of their lives, the wild frenzy of July would have been impossible. If the multitude had been rightly informed and judiciously cared for, neither the politicians nor the rebel emissaries could have stirred them to insurrection, nor thieves have gained their assistance and support.

The cause of the turbulent spirit exhibited in a large class of our population is, principally, the sense of pecuniary insecurity in which they live; the fear lest by an overabundance in the supply of labor, or by the disability of the laborer, they should be unable to get the means of living for themselves and their families. The writer of this article was impelled, by the duties of his profession, to spend his entire time, save the hours of sleep, during the days of the riot and the two weeks subsequent, among the active insurgents, in the neighborhood of the conflicts, and in other situations, which gave him peculiar advantages for knowing the nature of the mob and the causes of its actions. The prevailing complaint among the first active insurgents, and their sympathizers among the poor, was that they were about to be forced away from home to fight for the freedom of the blacks, who when free would become their competitors for the little they now earn. In listening to the knots gathered at the corners, to the conversation among the inhabitants of the most violently riotous districts, the words which fell oftenest upon the ear were those of bitter, burning, blasting denunciation against the apathy of the rich, who, while enjoying the comforts of a competency, are forgetful of the continuous, persistent, hopeless, never-to-be-relieved, and crushing poverty of the poor, with its inevitable accompaniments. The writer does not hesitate to affirm, that but for this sense of the insecurity of their means of living, and the mistaken notions which had been instilled into them in regard to the negroes and the object of this war, as increasing still further this insecurity—a deception to which their ignorance, the necessary result of their present pecuniary conditions, even were there no other causes for it, renders them at all times liable—they could not have been incited to the recent sedition. [307]

It is not easy for men who do not feel the daily and hourly pressure of poverty, to comprehend the constant solicitude which weighs upon the indigent. It is still less easy for them to understand the intensely practical point of view from which the poor must regard every question submitted to them, and the equally practical and speedy solution which they must find to problems of social interest presented for their consideration. The citizen who is comfortably situated in relation to money matters, can afford to look at the result which any social, economical, or mechanical change will introduce in his affairs with reference to a period of time more or less extended into the future. The man who has no capital, who literally earns his *daily* bread, and whose ability to gain a livelihood for himself and his family depends upon his constant, unintermitted labor, is in no condition to look at any aspect of any question but in the one, vital, all-important view of his personal necessities. Anything which stops his work, for a week even, is destructive to him, no matter how beneficial its after results may promise to be. The binding force of dire necessity coerces him into this position; and even were he intelligent enough to see that all progress, no matter how destructive to particular departments of industry at first, eventually benefits *all* classes and *all* individuals, he cannot afford to consider the question from this stand-point, if it affects his immediate occupation. The benefits of progress must be of secondary importance to an individual, when the present issue which the case presents to him is starvation or work. If the proposed improvement is liable to throw him out of employment for even a brief period, he must look upon it as a hostile invader and resist its introduction. It is this insecurity of social condition, therefore, which has always arrayed a portion of the masses against the introduction of new inventions, improvements in machinery, and labor-saving appliances of all descriptions, and which has caused the riots and violent demonstrations which, at times, have accompanied the first use of new mechanical contrivances. One of the *first* results of the introduction of labor-saving machinery is to throw a large number of people temporarily out of employment. This is forcibly felt by the ignorant masses. They are not educated enough to see that this first result is more than counterbalanced by subsequent benefits;—indeed, it is still a debated question with many people of ordinary intelligence whether, on account of the large number of people primarily deprived of occupation, labor-saving machinery be a benefit to society;—and if they were so educated, their immediate necessities cannot be satisfied with this solution. The same is true in regard to the abolition of slavery. One of the first fruits of this measure will be, as they believe, to cause a large number of negroes to emigrate North. This is the practical point of the question which the poor and ignorant see. The results of this immigration have been magnified to them; a statement of the counteracting tendencies has been withheld by those interested in fomenting discord, or if not withheld, they do not see these as operating immediately on their condition, and hence regard them as practically not existing. [308]

It is, therefore, the wretched material condition of the poorer masses and the ignorance, stupidity, brutality, and degradation accompanying these, together with the apathy of the rich and intelligent classes to their situation, which are the latent causes of our social broils, the recent riot included. In speaking of the pecuniary conditions and the sufferings of the lowest masses, let it be understood that no reference is intended to the present economical relations of labor and price, as compared with those of other times. I refer to the *status* of the poorest classes in society; to the miserable method of their lives, always wretched, ever burdensome, with but one source of temporary relief within their means, the grogshop, which deepens their misery; to their hopeless degradation and perpetual ignorance, under present social arrangements, whether labor be a little higher for a time or not. On the other hand, in referring to the apathy of the rich and intelligent classes, I do not charge them with a want of large benevolence on the ordinary charitable plane, but to something far different, as will appear in the sequel.

It is time, then, that the intelligent and opulent classes began to reflect upon the nature of the community in which they live, and upon the conditions of their neighbors; not, as heretofore, in a

casual way, and without any intention of thoroughly considering the question, or doing anything to remedy radically the defects which they may discover, but in the spirit of desire and determination to relieve the masses permanently of burdens which press heavily upon them, to rescue them from the persistent deception of the intriguing demagogues whose snares are winding closer and closer around them, and to unite in bonds of respect and mutual assistance the physical substratum of society with the moral, intellectual, and substantial. The scenes of the New York riot are a solemn warning that the time has come when society must begin in earnest the work of lifting the masses out of their degradation, their squalor, their ignorance, and their poverty, or the lowest classes, driven to desperation, will make the attempt, at least, to drag society down to their level. The doctrine of equality has been pushed to its utmost in the hands of political cajolers, until the practical logic of the crude multitude, spurred to its intellectual conclusions by physical necessity, asks, What sort of equality is that which keeps the largest portion of the people in want, while the smaller rolls in plenty? So long as the estrangement of the lower classes from their natural directors and advisers continues, so long will these dangerous distortions of truth be powerful weapons in the hands of unfeeling men, whose interests and purposes are subserved by deception. And this estrangement will never cease until the intelligence and wealth of the community withdraw the allegiance of the masses from tricksters and schemers, and transfer it to themselves by the inauguration of such methods of social amelioration as shall convince the multitude of the falsity of the demagogue's teaching, and satisfy them of the fact that the higher classes have really their welfare at heart, and are anxious for their comfort and happiness. When this is done, the ignorant population will no longer be leagued on the side of falsehood, no longer stand the steady opponents of that progress which is so beneficial to themselves. The argument of practical help will have convinced them who their true friends are, and neither the rebel emissary, the dishonest politician, nor the thief will be able to stir them to insurrection, nor control them to the opposition of salutary and judicious laws.

The kind of relationship which must exist between the rich and benevolent classes and the ignorant poor, must be a closer one in the future than has ever been in the past, and of a different character. In earlier times the isolation and separation which are common between the various orders of society in America, were unknown. There are many countries in which the powerful and opulent feel an obligation resting upon them to be the guardians and social providence of the weak and the humble. Hence the two classes are united to each other by ties of respect and order on the part of the indigent, and of care and protection on the part of the wealthy. The sense of pecuniary insecurity is there little felt, and the ignorant poor are not left to the machinations of any trickster whose interest it may be to deceive them. It is for this reason that even in societies where the oppression of the poor and weak is, in other ways, infinitely greater than in this country, riots and seditions are difficult to create. It is because of the social providence which, theoretically, and, in an appreciable degree, practically, the Southern master extends over his slaves, that it is so difficult to arouse them to insurrection. True, in the case of the slave and the landed peasant, the security from physical want is purchased by the sacrifice of other and higher advantages, but to a large proportion of the ignorant and the weak the means of life are more important than any other blessings.

[309]

In accordance with the spirit of our institutions, we enter as equals into the competitive struggle of life, where all cannot be gainers, and where it is inevitable that the strong and the intelligent should succeed, while the feeble and the ignorant must fail. But as both classes have been admitted freely into the race, there is no feeling on the part of the winners of duty or obligation toward the losers. If one chooses to be charitable, he may; if not, society has no claim upon him, no right to *expect* that he will make the care of others a part of his duty or his business. Thus the community is arrayed in two great classes: the intelligent, the strong in mind, and those of larger capacities, who, as a class, are rich, on the one side; and the ignorant, the weak-minded, the crude, who, as a body, are poor, on the other. A great gulf separates these two classes, who have nothing in common, and society rests on a social basis composed of forlorn, dissatisfied, ignorant people, developing day by day still more the accompaniments of ignorance and poverty—brutality, viciousness, drunkenness, and ferocity. This separation has too long continued, has too long left the country a prey to political demagogues, who have plunged it into repeated turmoils, and finally into civil war, by being able to operate upon the fears and feelings of the ignorant, deprived of all natural and proper guidance. It is a question, not only of duty, but of safety, for the rich and intelligent, whether they will suffer the lower orders to remain in their wretchedness and sullen dissatisfaction, sinking daily into still deeper degradation, and engendering still more bitter hatred; or whether they will accept their proper position as the organized guides and permanent social providence of the weak, and faithfully perform its functions.

In pressing upon the higher classes the obligation which they owe to the lower orders of society, and in urging them to assume the guardianship of the latter, the writer is not referring to vague and diffuse measures of ordinary philanthropy, but to definite and practical ones, of vast importance to the welfare of the wealthiest as well as to that of the poorest member of society. The individuals who have been most actively engaged in the stirring scenes of commercial life, are little aware, for the most part, of the rapid advances made in social science during the last twenty years, and especially within the last ten of these. Extensive as the new principles evolved in the department of mechanical discovery, during this period, have been, those in that of commercial and social activity have fully equalled them. The true method of organizing the workshop, the farm, and the manufactory, the right adjustment of capital and labor so as to secure larger advantages than heretofore to both capitalist and laborer, the just adaptation of supply and demand in community, the mutually beneficial coöperation of employer and employé,

[310]

these and other questions of deep significance to the whole community have reached a theoretical, and, to a limited extent, a practical solution, which the students of social science patiently wait to communicate to the active workers in commercial or industrial affairs. For the want of this knowledge, now ready at their call, the capitalists and the employers are suffering, no less than the laborers and the employed. There is not a single department of human labor in which principles are not now known to the industrial scientist, which would enhance many fold the value of the means employed in such business, to the equal advantage of the owner of the capital and his assistants. The merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers, and the master mechanics are making a wasteful and inferior use of their material, while at the same time they are inadvertently keeping the lower classes in poverty by the want of a knowledge of these modern discoveries. It is from this lack of information only that the poor of New York, who to-day are steeped in their filth, their squalor, and their penury, are not each and all of them enjoying the comforts of a moderate competence and a decent home, the securing of which for them would have, at the same time, enhanced the wealth of the employers. The way to gain the allegiance, devotion, and fidelity of the poorer orders, is easy and simple. The problem of the harmonization of the interests of classes in community with mutual benefit to all, is scientifically solved. It only remains for the intelligent and benevolent to give due attention to the teachings of science in order to secure the most beneficial results.

Already these modern industrial principles are being adopted in some considerable degree into active practice by eminent citizens. In New York city the methods of recent discoveries are being introduced into large manufactories with the most satisfactory and beneficial results to all concerned. But these attempts, as yet, have been undertaken without any thorough examination of the whole scope of principles relating to the operations in hand, and hence without the largest achievable results. These will come when the intelligent and moneyed classes awake to the importance of the subject; to the understanding that the knowledge of methods for securing immense social improvements is in existence; and to a determination to possess that knowledge and to apply it to its legitimate ends—the organization of a social providence for the ignorant and weak, and the binding of all classes of society into relations of mutual sympathy and assistance.

All this, however, looks to a period of time, more or less, though it is to be hoped not far, distant. In the meantime, while society remains with its present constitution, riots are liable, and a practical question still remains, of the method which should be pursued in dealing with them. There is a time for all things, said a man of reputed wisdom. And the time for considering the sufferings of a people or for being in anywise tender hearted, is not when a madman or a cohort of madmen are howling about your houses or your city, with knives and torches, blood in their eyes, fiery rum in their veins, demoniac rage in their hearts, and the instincts of hell in their natures. A mob has no mind, only passions. It were as idle to attempt to make it listen to reason, as to argue with a lunatic in the height of his frenzy. A mob is not only a creature of passions, but of the worst passions. Every man has in him more or less of the demoniac element, which, commonly, he is constrained by the requirements of the society in which he lives to keep within decent limits. A mob can never have an existence until the parties which compose its nucleus, at least, have toppled from their customary self-control, and passion has assumed the guidance. Then the devil, long restrained and compressed, takes a holiday. As a high-mettled steed, after being kept a long time within the narrow limits of his stable, and being obliged to conduct himself in a staid manner, on being released, runs, whisks his tail, kicks up his heels, lays back his ears, opens his mouth, and rushes with mock vicious-looking eyes at whomsoever he meets, and all this from mere wantonness, to enjoy his freedom; so the devil in the man, not perchance the theological one, but still the devil no less actually, as seen every day in the activity of the baser passions, on being released, by the abdication of reason and the substitution of feeling, begins to exercise his ingenuity in the play of his faculties, compensating himself for his long confinement. From hour to hour, and from day to day, this devil gets fuller possession of the individual, who becomes more and more an unreasoning creature, until a blind, furious, brutal, bloodthirsty demon is all that remains of what might have once been merely a not well balanced human being.

[311]

It is notorious that a mob will commit atrocities which a single individual could scarcely be tempted to perpetrate. The reason is partially evident from the statement just made. A more philosophical explanation may be given. It is a law of social intercourse that there is always among companies of individuals a more or less effective contagion of whatever sentiment is most powerful among them. Still further, this contagion or magnetic battery of sympathy, while pervading the whole assembly, likewise increases the individual potency of the sentiment in the mind of each person. It is for this reason, that an orator thrills more deeply each hearer in a vast sympathetic assembly, than he would the same individual in a less crowded company; that music is more inspiring in a great crowd of people than elsewhere, etc. In an assemblage where the finer sentiments are predominant, this contagion is of the finer sort, and serves to elevate the whole company: in a gathering where the lower passions preponderate, the contagion is of the debasing kind, and serves to excite still further the worst elements of brutality, and to sink the individuals which compose the company still lower in the scale of humanity. To the educators of the young and to the governors of the people, this law is of immense importance.

A mob is, therefore, not only under the influence of its worst passions, but every hour of its existence these are growing more potent, in the mob as an entity, and in the persons which compose it. The only true mercy which can be shown to such an assembly, aside from any question of the safety of community, is to suppress it; to suppress it at once; and to use every means necessary to that end. Relentless rigor is the only measure adequate to the occasion. It is

the weakness of civilization that it hesitates to be cruelly kind. The mistake of the military authorities in regard to the New York riot, was lenity. The prompt and vigorous bombardment, in the beginning of the rising, of a block of the houses in which the rioters were safely ensconced, while covertly firing on the soldiers and policemen, would have done more to quell the mob than all subsequent proceedings, and would have saved life in the end. It would have forced the inhabitants of these houses who, as things were conducted, could safely give all possible aid to the insurgents, to compel these to lay down their arms, in order to insure the safety of the sympathizers. Had the first, and the second, and the third house from which the assassins were permitted to fire been battered to the ground with cannon shot, the last two days of fighting would have been unnecessary. The police cowed the mob wherever they met them, because they showed no quarter. They hit hard and they hit often. They felt that the way to knock the riot in the head, was to knock the rioters in the head. And they did it, as Inspector Carpenter says, 'beautifully.' New York feels as proud of these Metropolitan policemen as he does; and that is saying a great deal.

[312]

We discover, then, by this brief analysis of the great riot, that social outbreaks of this kind have their *immediate* and *tangible* causes, which are superficial in their character, and vary with the occasion; that these causes depend for their disturbing power upon others which are more *fundamental*, and which inhere in the nature of our present social relations; that so long as the wealthy and intelligent classes shall decline the permanent guardianship and organized care of the poor and ignorant masses, the liability to such recurrences will remain; that when they break forth, the safety of community and mercy to the rioters alike demand that the mob be scattered on the instant by an iron and relentless hand; and, finally, that the only method by which society will be permanently and effectually freed from a liability to the terrors of mob-rule, is the reorganization of its economical arrangements in such a manner that the miseries of poverty and ignorance shall be forever removed from the community, and a social providence be firmly established which shall secure physical comfort and kindly sympathy to all classes of citizens.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE PICTURE FROM NATURE.

It was left long ago,
And the rank weeds grow
Where the lily once bent her head;
Thick and tall they grow,
And some lying low,
Beaten down by a human tread.

And the laughing sun,
When the day's nearly done,
Looks in on the cheerless floor;
And falleth the rain
Through the broken pane—
Shrill whistles the wind at the door.

And the thistles stand
At the gate where no hand
Ever lifts the latch, now nailed fast:
One gate low doth lie
Which the passer by
Treads o'er as he hurries past.

On the fence close by
Where the sunbeams lie
Doth the kingly Nightshade blow;
But the Asters tall
That grew by the wall
Have vanished long ago.

Not now, as of old,
Blooms the gay Marigold,
Looking in at the kitchen door;
And the Cypress red
Is long since dead,
And the Monkhood blossoms no more.

But the Hopvine still
By the window sill
Is as full as in days of yore;
And the Currants grow
As thickly now

[313]

And as ripe as e'er before.

But the hearth is bare—
Not a log blazes there
To light up the empty room:
Not a soft shadow falls
On the whitewashed walls:
All is silent—all wrapt in gloom!

Not a chair on the floor,
Not a rug at the door,
Where the cat once lay in the sun;
And no grandame sits
At the door and knits,
Telling tales of days bygone!

All is silent now,
And the long weeds bow
Their heads in the wind and rain;—
But the dwellers of yore
Will ne'er enter the door
Of that dreary old House again!

E. W. C.

[314]

SPRING MOUNTAIN.

'Race Miller, indeed! why don't you say Jim Burt at once? I think I'd better go live in Rocky Hollow, and weave baskets for a living; hadn't I?'

'Well, Dimpey, the race is not *always* to the swift, you know; so you'd better look out in time;' and Polly Jane took up her pan of peas, and went laughing into the kitchen. I suppose she thought she had said something smart, as our name is *Swift*; and perhaps she had; but it made me as mad as hops, I won't deny it, though I *am* a minister's niece! So I pulled my sunbonnet over my face, and went to weeding the flowerbeds, to get cool. It was going on to noon, and the sun was baking hot, but I didn't mind that; I could *not* shell peas in the same pan with Polly Jane while I felt so provoked.

I *do* think that Race Miller is one of the homeliest young men I ever set my eyes on: if I say so *now*, you may be sure it's true. His skin is almost as dark as an Indian's, and his hair curls up as tight as wool—you couldn't straighten it if you brushed his head off. Then his eyes are blue and twinkly, and he has a short nose, and a great, broad mouth, that, whenever he laughs, opens wide enough to swallow you; to be sure, it is filled with nice, white teeth, and has a good-natured expression; but his teeth are so strong they look as if they could bite through a tenpenny nail; and when he answers out in Bible class, and comes to the long words, such as 'righteousness' and 'Jerusalem,' it really seems as if they were something good to eat, he crunches them so with those great teeth of his!

You'll wonder how he came to have such a ridiculous name as *Race*. His mother named him Horace, after somebody in a book, but as none of her connection owned the name, nor anybody else in this part of the country, it didn't come natural to call him by it, so they shortened it down to Race, to make it handy. I suppose I oughtn't to say much about names, however, for *Dimpey* don't amount to much; but that isn't *my* fault; I was christened with a right pretty name—Phebe Ann! but Cousin Phebe lived with us when I was little, and it made a sort o' confusion to have two of us, and my cheeks were so full of dimples that Calanthy—she's the oldest of us children, and has kept house ever since mother died—well, she called me Dimpey, and the rest took it up, and so I suppose I shall be Dimpey Swift to the end of the chapter—that is, not Dimpey *Swift* exactly; but I forgot, I was telling about Race Miller.

I was so vexed with Polly Jane for even hinting that he was a match for *me*, that I jerked out the weeds with all my might, and I do believe our Persian pink border never was so clean before or since; when I came in, there wasn't a weed left in it, big or little!

Now the fact was, I couldn't help knowing I was *tolerable* good-looking by the way the boys man[oe]juvred 'round to walk home from singing school with me, and by their staring at me in meeting when they ought to have been looking at the minister. I used to try and keep my eyes fast on my hymn book, but it seemed as if I could see right through the lids; and I knew well enough that when Ned Hassel bent down his head and pretended to be picking out his notes in 'Sacred Psalmody,' he was peeping at *me* all the time. I suppose I was a little spoiled by having so many beaux, for Calanthy was a regular old maid: you mustn't ever mention it, but she'd been disappointed once, and wouldn't keep company with anyone after that; and Polly Jane had only one sweetheart, and I didn't think much of him, though he *was* the schoolmaster, and knew more than all of us put together. He was kind-a slow in his speech, and a good deal bald; his hair never came in right well after he had the typhus fever; but John Morgan was a real good fellow for all

[315]

that, and I was a little fool not to know it.

Well, I stooped over the flower beds till I was tired and 'most melted, and I was just thinking of giving up, when Calanthy called to me from the kitchen door, 'Don't stay out in the sun any longer, Dimpey; you'll have time to cool before dinner, for father hasn't come in yet.' Calanthy always petted me considerable, for I was only a year old when mother was taken away, and Calanthy had to bring me up, and teach me everything about the house.

So I went through the garden out into the orchard, and sat down under the big Baldwin apple tree, to rest; it was a nice, shady spot, and there came up a breeze off the river t'other side the meadow, where father and the boys were mowing. The air smelt as sweet as could be of the new hay, and I took off my bonnet and sat down on the grass, and leaned my head against the tree; the bees were humming in the clover, and the sound made me sleepy, and I believe I must have dozed while I was sitting there. I don't know how it was, but all at once I saw a picture in my mind: I couldn't get rid of it, try my best. It happened long ago, when I was a little bit of a thing, but it all came back to me under that apple tree. It was when our old mare Peggy took fright at a tin peddler's wagon just as she was crossing the bridge at the foot of Smith's hill; what ailed the creature I can't tell, for she's as steady as clockwork generally. Dear me! I've ridden her ever since I was *so* high! But perhaps it was the sun shining on one of the tins hanging outside the wagon, that reflected into her eyes and scared her out of her wits; at any rate, she gave a sudden spring, and pitched father right over her head; then she ran home as fast as she could go, and jumped over the fence into the dooryard. Calanthy wasn't well, and when she saw old Peggy come tearing along the road without father, she fainted away, and Polly Jane caught her as she was falling, and helped her on the bed in the spare room. I was sitting on a little chair in the hall, stringing beads; I thought Calanthy was dead, and commenced screaming like a catbird; and poor Polly Jane was almost distracted, and didn't know which way to turn. Race Miller was a boy about fourteen at that time, and as strong as a lion; he happened to be driving down the hill just as the accident happened, and he and the peddler lifted father into his wagon, and Race brought him home and then drove off for the doctor as quick as he could; he had two miles to go, but he did it in no time, and had the doctor there just as Calanthy fairly came to and was able to walk about.

Well, father wasn't hurt as bad as we thought—only stunned by the fall; he had a bad bruise on his cheek, though, and Dr. Basset said he must keep still on the bed all day, and have his face bathed with laudanum and vinegar. They were all so busy that no one thought about *me*, till Race came out of father's room and found me sitting on the low chair, rocking my doll in my arms, and crying as if my heart would break; I had felt so lonesome and miserable that I was holding the doll for company; and when Race saw me he said, 'Why, what's the matter with little Dimpey?' 'Is father dead?' said I; 'can't I go and see him?' Then Race told me father was better, and that I must not cry, and this made me cry more; so he took me up in his arms, doll and all—I will remember how strong his arms felt—and sat down in the big rocking chair in the parlor; and when the house was quiet, and Calanthy came to look for me, there she found us, I with my arms round Race's neck, and the dolly hugged up tight, and all three of us fast asleep!

[316]

But this was long ago, and I was a woman now, and a good deal sought after, as I said before, and some of my beaux were well off and good looking; and, if the truth must be spoken, Race had not paid me much attention lately, and did not seem to think as much of me as Ned Hassel did, and the other young men of our place. To be sure he worked very hard, for his father was sick a good while and died in debt, and their farm was mortgaged to 'Squire Stevens; and as Race was the only child, everything came upon *him*, and he was in the field early and late, trying to pay off the mortgage, and keep the old homestead for his mother. He *was* a good son—that everybody said; but he didn't visit 'round as much as some.

I sat so long under the apple tree thinking of all this, that I got quite cool and comfortable, and when Polly Jane called me in to dinner I felt good-natured again.

While we were eating dinner, brother Joe said, 'Dimpey, as soon as we get through haying the boys are going to have a drive to Spring Mountain, and take the girls up, for a picnic. Ned Hassel started it; I guess he wants to show off his sorrel horses; but that near horse of his is as skittish a creetur as ever I see—I wouldn't ride after it, if I was you.' 'No, no,' said father; 'Dimpey isn't going to have her neck broken by *them* beasts; Ned always drives 2.40, as he calls it, and he'll be sure to race with the other teams if they give him a chance.'

Now, if there is anything I *do* like, it is riding behind fast horses! Father and Joe drive so slow I'd almost as soon walk, but whenever Biel and I went off by ourselves we made the dust fly a little; it didn't hurt our horses a bit, for they were in good pasture all summer, and got as fat as pigs. I thought in a minute how much I'd like to go with Ned; but I knew Polly Jane was watching me, go I said, sort o' careless like, 'I guess Ned could keep his horses from running if he wanted to; but he hasn't asked me to ride yet; it will be time enough to say no when he does.' Biel looked up and gave me a wink, and Calanthy said, 'You must let me know a day or two before you are ready, Joe, so that I can get some nice things made for you; our biscuits weren't quite light last picnic, and I felt really ashamed of 'em.'

Calanthy is so *thoughtful*—I wish I was more like her.

After dinner was cleared away, I concluded I'd walk down to Preston—we live about a mile out of the village—and get a new ribbon for my round hat. I'm so glad the old pokey bonnets are gone but o' fashion—the round ones are much more becoming to young people. I thought perhaps I

would meet some of the girls at the store, and hear more about the picnic—and my hat was getting shabby for want of new strings, whether or no. Just by the hay scales I met Jim Burt, the lame basketmaker, shuffling along as usual with his baskets slung on his back. Poor Jim was real simple, and couldn't do anything but weave baskets; he and his mother lived alone in Rocky Hollow, away t'other side of Preston; they were as poor as poverty, but Mrs. Burt managed to scramble along somehow, and keep a home for herself and Jim; he hadn't wit enough to take care of himself, but was very fond of his mother, and would do as she told him.

I said good day to Jim, and was passing on, for I felt in a hurry to get to the store, when he called after me, 'I say, Miss Dimpey! don't your folks want any baskets? Mother's deown sick, and can't drink milk, and I want to get her some tea, and I hain't got a cent o' money; she paid eout the last for sugar about a week ago.' Poor Jim always speaks as if his nose had been pinched together when he was a baby, and had never come apart since; but when I turned around he looked so sorrowful, my heart ached for him. [317]

'What ails your mother, Jim?' said I.

'She's got some kind o' fever, and her head aches awful; she wants to drink all the time, but she won't eat nothin'. I fried a slice of pork real good for her, but she didn't eat a mite!'

'Well, Jim,' said I, 'go up to our house, and tell Miss Calanthy about your mother, and I guess she'll buy a basket; we want a new clothes-basket, come to think.'

I walked on, but somehow I did not feel so much like buying ribbons as before I met Jim. I couldn't help thinking of poor Mrs. Burt, without any comforts for sickness, and no one to take care of her but this half-witted son; however, I comforted myself by supposing the neighbors would not let her suffer, and that Calanthy would likely give Jim something good to take to her.

When I got to the store, who should be there but Abby Matilda Stevens and Rhody Mills! Abby is generally thought *a beauty*, because she has great black eyes that are always so bright and shiny I wonder the hens don't try and peck at them; then she is tall and slim waisted, and her hair is as black as a coal, and longer than common; but I never liked such dreadful *sparkly* eyes, do you? I think the kind that have a sort o' hazy look come into them—like the pond when a little summer cloud passes over the sun—are a great deal handsomer. However, I never dared to say so, for fear people might think I was jealous of Abby Matilda.

Rhody Mills is a very good-natured girl, and always ready for a frolic, and the moment she saw me she said, 'Here comes Dimpey Swift now;'—they had been talking about me, I guess;—'oh, Dimpey, are you going to the picnic on Spring Mountain?'

'Our boys were talking about it at noon,' said I; 'I suppose some of us will go—Polly Jane or I; I don't much think Calanthy will.'

'I wish we could go on horseback,' said Rhody; 'that would be real fun; but our Will says we must have a wagon to carry the baskets, so we had better all drive.'

'Who are you going with, Dimpey?' said Abby Matilda.

I knew well enough *who* would be likely to ask me, but as I had no invitation yet, I answered, 'Oh, Joe or Biel, I suppose; father won't trust me with anyone else!'

'Well, thank goodness, *I* can ride with whoever I please,' said Abby; 'I should think you were old enough to take care of yourself, Dimpey, if you're *ever* going to be;' and Abby Matilda tossed her head, and rolled up her shiny eyes in that hateful way she has.

'*I* wouldn't ride with some of the boys if they were to ask me, said Rhody; 'Will is a real good hand with horses, and he says that the tricks some people play with their animals are enough to ruin the finest horse ever was raised.'

'Who do you mean by *some* people?' said Abby, and she looked right scornful.

Rhody laughed: 'I didn't mention any names,' said she; 'but I know good driving from harum-scarum, wherever I see it.'

'*I'm* not afraid to ride behind any horses in *this* part of the country,' said Abby; 'and I think all cowards had better keep off Spring Mountain!'

I felt my face turn red; but I wouldn't please the spiteful thing by saying a word; so I bought my ribbon and started for home. I had to pass Mrs. Miller's farm on my way, and as I came along by the stone fence, I heard a great gee-hawing; they had just finished loading up the hay cart, I suppose, for Hiram—the hired man—turned the oxen toward the barn as I came up, and Race stood leaning his arms on the fence, and looking up the road; it's likely he was tired and hot, for he seemed to me uncommonly homely, and I was such a goose then, I thought *looks* was everything. He seemed to be thinking mighty hard of something, for he didn't see me till I got close to him, and then he gave *such* a start, and his face grew redder than ever! [318]

'Good day, Dimpey!' said he; 'how are all your folks?'

'Very well, thank you, Race.'

'Ain't you going to stop and see mother a minute?'

'I can't, to-day; I've got some sewing to do before dark.'

This was nothing but an excuse—I'll own it now; for I knew I could easily trim my hat next day; but I was so afraid that Race might ask me to go to the picnic with him, I felt in a hurry to get away; so I said good-by pretty quick and went on before Race had time to say anything more.

When I got home, the first thing I saw was a new clothes-basket standing on the ironing table; and Calanthy called to me from the hall, 'Run up stairs and take a rest, Dimpey, for I want you to go to the Hollow after tea, and see Widow Burt. I guess she's very sick, from what Jim says; and Polly Jane and you had better go and find out what help she needs.'

Now I had been thinking all the way from Preston, that Ned Hassel would certainly call in the evening, to ask me to the picnic, before the other boys got a chance. So I expect I answered a little cross, 'Dear me! Calanthy! 'way down there to-night; won't to-morrow be time enough?'

'Why, yes, dear,' said Calanthy, 'if you are too tired; but I was afraid the poor soul might be suffering, for Jim's nobody in sickness, you know; and I don't like to have Polly Jane go alone. Besides, there's such a big ironing to do to-morrow, I can't well spare you in the morning.'

Calanthy spoke so kind, I felt ashamed of my bad temper; so I answered, 'Very well, Calanthy, I'll go to-night; I'm not much tired.'

After tea Polly Jane and I set out; we had a little basket with camphor and mustard, and other useful things Calanthy had put up for Mrs. Burt: it is a beautiful walk through the Hollow, and I should have liked it very much if my head had not been so full of the picnic that I couldn't think of anything else. We didn't go through the village, but turned off the main road into a lane that cut off a part of the distance. I was a little ahead of Polly Jane, for she *would* carry the basket, and we had just got into the lane when she said to me, 'Look back, Dimpey; here comes one of your beaux!' I turned around, and saw Ned Hassel on one of his fast horses. He pulled up at the corner and called out—his voice was a little too *loud* and confident like, I must confess—'Good evening, Polly Jane; good evening, Dimpey; are you going to take a walk in the woods, so near sundown?'

It provoked Polly, I suppose, to hear him speak so bold, for she answered, very short, 'No, we're going on an errand.'

He didn't seem to notice, but looked at me, and said, 'I was just on my way to your house, Dimpey, to ask your company to the picnic next week; I suppose Joe told you about it? We're going to set out early, and have a real good time; I mean to take my fast team and the light wagon, and we can get up the mountain before the others have fairly started.'

Polly Jane spoke up again—she never could bear the Hassels, and always said they were the greatest braggarts in our county: 'That would be great fun, for you and Dimpey to get ahead of all the company! I thought picnickers always kept together.'

Ned colored up and looked angry, but he only said, 'Will you engage to ride with me, Dimpey?'

If Polly Jane had not been there, I should have told Ned to ask father if I might go; but I couldn't bear to have her think I wanted Ned for a beau; so I answered, 'I don't know yet whether I can go or not; I'll see what our folks say.'

[319]

'Well, Dimpey, I'll come over to your house to-morrow night; I guess you'll go; good evening,' and away he galloped.

'*Guess* you'll go, indeed!' said Polly Jane, as soon as he was out of hearing. 'I guess she won't go with *you*, Mr. Impudence! You're not going to make a fool of our Dimpey, and break her neck besides, not if her father knows it, *I* can tell you.'

It isn't often that Polly Jane speaks out so spunky, but I expect she was vexed because he didn't answer her; as for me, I could have cried to think that things happened so, and I felt almost angry with poor Widow Burt for being sick, and taking me away from home that evening. It was awful wicked, but I was well punished for it afterward.

'It's *too* bad in you to talk so, Polly,' said I, 'as if I was a child six years old! I wonder *why* it's impudent in Ned to ask me to ride with him; you wouldn't say so if it was any one else; but you hate poor Ned—you know you do,' and here I broke down and really cried; but they were spiteful tears, after all.

'There, now, Dimpey,' said Polly Jane—she was over *her* pet in a minute—'don't feel bad; I didn't mean to be cross to Ned; but he has such a bold way of talking, as if he thought nobody could refuse *him*, that he always makes me angry, and I can't help it. But you *shall* go to the picnic, dear, whether he takes you or not; there will be plenty glad to ask you; so kiss me, Dimpey, and I won't tease you again.'

I let her kiss me, and then walked on sullen enough till we came to Mrs. Burt's. The house was a forlorn old place, with only one room and a bedroom, and a garret next the roof, where Jim slept. The door of the living room opened out into a shed, where Mrs. Burt did her work in summer time. The trees grew close up to the shed, and the well was under it; and as we came up, who should I see but Race Miller, drawing a bucket of water to fill the teakettle, while Jim kindled a fire in the stove. There *did* seem to be no end of vexations that day, and I wished myself a hundred miles off.

'Why, Polly Jane! is that you? I didn't think of seeing you down here to-night—and Dimpey, too! We heard that Mrs. Burt was very sick, and mother had tea early, and we came over to see how the poor soul was.'

'Is your mother in the bedroom?' said Polly.

'Yes; we've fixed Mrs. Burt up in the rocking chair, and mother is making her bed. I want to get a cup of tea made for her as quick as I can, for she has a good deal of fever, and is thirsty all the time. Come, Jim! set on the kettle, and we'll have it boiling in no time.' And Race stooped down and blew the fire with his mouth till it blazed up nicely.

'I'll go help your mother, Race,' said Polly Jane. 'You sit down, and rest, Dimpey; you've had walking enough to-day;' and she went into the bedroom, and left me alone with Race. Jim didn't count for anybody.

Race stepped in the room, and brought out a chair; he put it just outside the shed door, and said:

'Sit down there, Dimpey, that's a nice cool place.' I sat down, and he took a seat in the doorway, close by me. 'Dimpey!' said he, 'if mother hadn't wanted me, I meant to go up to your house to ask you if you'd give me your company to the picnic on Spring Mountain. You know we talk of having one next Wednesday, don't you?'

'*There!*' thought I; 'what am I to do now? I daren't say I'm engaged, for fear father won't let me go with Ned Hassel; and besides, I didn't promise Ned; so it would be telling a lie.' Then I thought how pleasant it would be to ride with the fast horses, and—I may as well own it—to pass Abby Matilda on the road, and let her see I could do as I pleased, and that I wasn't a coward, I didn't speak for a minute, and then I said:

[320]

'I believe I'm engaged already!'

The words seemed to come out before I knew it. Race didn't speak, and I felt so guilty I never raised my eyes, but made believe I was sorting some wild flowers I'd picked in the Hollow. Jim came out just then with the teapot in his hand, and drawled out:

'That pesky kettle deont bile yet. 'Pears to me it's tarnal long about it; it ollers acts contrairy when mother's in a hurry for her tea!'

I couldn't help laughing, and as I raised my head, I caught Race looking at me as if he'd look me through and through. His eyes seemed twice as big as common! He got up, however, without saying anything, and went to making the tea, and at that minute Polly Jane came out of the bedroom, and told us Mrs. Miller thought that Widow Burt ought to be watched, and said she would stay all night if Polly would stay too. 'So,' said Polly, 'if Race will take you home, Dimpey, I'll watch with Mrs. Miller. Race spoke up quick, and said, 'Certainly; he'd see me home,' and it was growing so late I couldn't say anything against it. As soon as he found he could do no more to help them—(he *is* one of the handiest men about the house I ever saw, I must say *that*)—Polly said we'd better go, for Calanthy might feel uneasy. Before we started, she drew me to one side, and whispered:

'Dimpey! I wish you'd tell John Morgan how sorry I am to break my promise to walk with him to-night; but Mrs. Burt is very sick, and Mrs. Miller couldn't get along without me.'

I thought to myself—'What a wicked little thing I am ever to get angry with Polly Jane, when she isn't a bit selfish, and always ready to do good. It's real hard to give up her walk, for John teaches three evenings in the week, and can't always get a chance to go with her!' So I spoke as pleasant as I could, and kissed her for good night, and then set out to walk home with Race Miller.

I have been through Rocky Hollow a great many times, but I shall never forget that walk! The evening was clear and bright, but it was pretty dark in among the willows. Race put out his hand once or twice to help me over a big stone or log, and said:

'Take care, Dimpey! don't go so fast, or you'll hurt your little feet against the stones.'

My feet are not so very little, but I expect he thought so because his own are so big. I suppose it was foolish, but he seemed such a stout, strong fellow, I felt as if he wanted to take me up, and carry me like a baby; but may be he never thought of such a thing.

When we got out in the road it looked quite light; there was a glow on the sky where the sun had gone down, and one bright star had come out just over Spring Mountain, and seemed as if it was keeping watch over the spring—I mean the spring on the top of the mountain that gives it its name. Everything was still, except the crickets that kept up a great singing among the trees. I always liked to be out in the starlight, and should have felt happy then, only things had gone crooked with me all day, and nothing seemed to please me. Uncle Ezra—he's our minister, and one of the best men that ever lived—he says it's always so when we haven't done right ourselves—and I really believe it is—for I remember how discontented I felt that night.

Presently Race spoke:

'See that star over the mountain, Dimpey! don't it look handsome up there all alone? By the by, who is going to wait on you to the picnic—you didn't say, did you?'

[321]

I was so vexed at the question, I'd a great mind to answer, 'It's none of *your* business, Race Miller, who I go with,' but just then, I can't tell why, the thoughts I'd had in the morning out in the

orchard all came back to me, and I remembered how Race had given up coming to ask me because his mother wanted him; and then I thought how good he was to his mother, and waited on her as if she was a pretty young girl. And what would *my* mother say, if she was living, to hear me speak so. Father always said *she* never gave any one a cross word in her life! I looked up at the star, and it appeared to me that mother might be up there watching me, and knowing all my thoughts; and instead of answering Race, I put down my head and burst out crying. I'd wanted to have a good hard cry all day, and now I would have given the world to stop, and I couldn't.

'Why, Dimpey!' said Race, 'what *is* the matter?'

I couldn't speak; we were passing a big maple tree, and I stopped and hid my face against it, so that Race couldn't see it. He let me cry a few minutes, and then took hold of my hand as gentle as a little child, and whispered, 'Don't cry, Dimpey! I can't bear it. I'm afraid I shall do something rash, if you don't stop soon!'

I didn't know what he meant by 'something *rash*,' but his voice sounded so earnest, it frightened me. I took my hand out of his, and wiped my eyes; and then I said, 'It's very shallow to cry when one's head aches; but I couldn't help it.'

'Does your head ache, Dimpey?' said Race; 'oh, how sorry I am I haven't my wagon here. I'm afraid you can't walk home.'

Now, my head *did* ache; but it was because I had been crying; but you see, if one leaves the truth ever so little, how deceitful one has to be to keep it up. I felt real *mean* when Race showed so much concern about me, and told him I could walk very well.

'Won't you take my arm?' said he; 'that will help you.'

I couldn't refuse, though I was dreadfully afraid we might meet somebody. We walked on in silence for a while, and I could feel Race's heart beat against my hand that lay on his arm, for he held me close to his side, as if I was in danger of falling. Presently he said:

'I only asked who you were going with, Dimpey, because I wanted you to have a good time; if I can't have *your* company, I don't care to go; but I hoped you would enjoy yourself.'

Race spoke so honest it made me feel ashamed of my ugly spirit, and I answered:

'Edward Hassel asked me to go with *him*; but father's got a notion he drives too fast, and perhaps he won't let me ride with him.'

I felt Race give a kind of shiver; and when he spoke again, his voice trembled like everything.

'Dimpey!' said he, 'you musn't think I'm jealous of Ned; I want to see you happy, but I *am* sorry he asked you first, for it's a dangerous road up the mountain, and Ned *does* drive too reckless, that's a fact; I hope he don't mean to take them young sorrels of his?'

Now, I know I ought to have told Race the whole truth; but I was so afraid he might say something to father; I only answered:

'Oh, I guess Ned will be careful enough; he goes up to High Farm very often, and his horses are used to the road.'

'Yes,' said Race; 'but the worst part is past High Farm; however, perhaps he'll be careful; so don't say that I interfered, Dimpey; for I don't want any words with Ned.'

He didn't say anything after that until we got to our gate, and then he spoke out so sudden, he made me start.

'Dimpey, if you knew—'

I don't know what he meant to say, for father was sitting on the doorstep, and called out:

'Is that *you*, Polly?'

'It's Dimpey, father,' said I. 'Widow Burt is very sick, and needs watchers; and Mrs. Miller and Polly Jane are going to sit up with her to-night.'

So we came in; and after talking a few minutes with father, Race went home.

I was up bright and early next morning, and worked as smart as I could to get things out of the way before Polly Jane came; for I knew she'd be tired, and she always would take hold till the work was done, no matter *how* tired she was. While I was ironing, Calanthy went in the milkroom to work over the butter, so I had the kitchen to myself; and having no one to talk to me, I kept thinking of all that happened the night before. I had my own share of curiosity, and I couldn't help wondering what Race Miller had been going to say when father interrupted him: 'If I only knew'—what? Was it something about Ned, or himself? I turned it over in my mind twenty times, like a sheet of paper; but the same side always came up, and there was nothing on it.

It was ten o'clock before Polly Jane got home, and I was right glad I'd worked so hard, for she looked worn out—and no wonder! Calanthy had some nice hot coffee and cream cakes ready for her; but she was so sleepy she could hardly eat anything. She said that Mrs. Burt had passed a miserable night, and toward morning had got out of her head, and was so wild and restless they could scarcely keep her in the bed. As soon as it was light they sent Jim for Dr. Basset, and he

gave her a strong dose of morphine. Mrs. Miller had to go home, and when Mrs. Burt fell asleep, Polly left Jim to watch her—he was as faithful as a dog, poor fellow!—and went in to Preston to try and get somebody to stay with her through the day. Polly Jane went first to 'Squire Stevens's, thinking that Abby Matilda had less housework to do than most of the girls; her mother kept a hired woman, and perhaps she'd be willing to go for *one* day; but Abby was afraid of catching the fever, and said 'they'd better have Widow Burt taken to the poorhouse at once, for *nobody* would like to stay in that damp Hollow and take care of her, poking their eyes out in the dismal old house!'

'I was so provoked with the unfeelin' thing,' said Polly Jane, that I told her 'I didn't know as the damp would hurt her *bright* eyes any more than my *dull* ones; and if the house was dismal, so much the more it needed some one to brighten it up.' I didn't waste many words on her, however, but went on to Mr. Mill's as fast as I could; but for a wonder, Rhody wasn't home; her cousin Hepsy came up from Four Corners the day before, and carried her off to see their aunt Colborn, and she wouldn't be home until Saturday. I don't know what's to be done, Calanthy, unless you can think of some one we can hire for a nurse; the doctor says Mrs. Burt's going to have a hard fit o' sickness, and needs good care every minute.'

Calanthy sat down on the settee; she isn't very strong, as I told you, and has to rest considerable; but she's such a good manager, she gets through more work than many a rugged one; and when she's puzzled she always drops down on that old settee a minute or two, and she's sure to think the matter out directly. Presently she said:

'Why wouldn't Betsy Mix do? She makes store shirts now, you know, and she could bring her sewing with her. I dare say she'd like a change of work, she *sits* so much.'

'Yes!' said Polly Jane; 'but who's to go after her? the boys are too busy haying, and want the horses besides; oh, come to think, I guess we can manage it. I'll run 'round to the schoolhouse and tell John, and he can dismiss a little earlier at noon, and get Mrs. Miller to lend him her wagon and old Bob. I saw Bob in the pasture as I came along; and if Betsy will come, John can drive her right down to the Hollow, and she and Jim can get along to-night, at any rate.'

[323]

'I'll go and tell John,' said I; 'you're too tired, Polly.'

But Polly Jane insisted upon seeing John herself; and when I thought of his disappointment the night before, I didn't wonder, so I said no more. Calanthy filled a basket with things to make Betsy Mix comfortable, and John went after her and took her down to Widow Burt's; when he came back, he said he left Mrs. Burt more quiet, and poor Jim quite happy helping Betsy get dinner ready for herself and him. Calanthy had put a dried apple pie in the basket; and when Jim saw *that*, he sniggered in his simple way, and called out:

'Golly! Miss Mix! a piece o' that air pie will taste good, *weont* it, now?'

We all laughed hard at Jim's speech; and then John went away, and Polly Jane consented to lie down and rest.

After dinner was cleared away, I set to work to trim my hat. I'd found a real pretty ribbon at the store—brown, with bright blue stripes. Perhaps I gave a *little* too much for it; but it was a great deal handsomer than the others they had, and then it was a better quality; and a good ribbon *wears* twice as long as a poor one, so it comes to about the same thing in the end. As soon as I had fastened the rosettes at the ears, I tried it on to see how it looked. It was so becoming, that I thought to myself, 'When I get on my blue muslin, and a white ruffled mantilla, and *this hat*, I shall look as well as any one at the picnic!' I suppose you think I was a *vain* little thing, and so I was, but I hope I've got over it now.

Polly Jane had a good long sleep, and woke up as bright as a button. And, when John Morgan came over after tea, they started for a walk, as happy as could be. I stood in the door, as they went out the gate, and I thought, 'John *is* a good young man, that's certain, but I *do* wish he was rather better looking. I don't see how Polly can fancy him for a steady beau.' Just at that minute up galloped Ned Hassel on the gray sorrel. He saw me at the door, I know, though I ran into the parlor, and took up my stocking, and began to knit it as fast as I could. He made his horse dance and caper before he got off. More fool he! for father sat on the porch, and was looking at him all the time! When he came in, he had a beautiful color in his cheeks, and his eyes were as bright as diamonds; and, as he pushed the hair off his forehead, and said 'Good evening,' he looked as handsome as a picture, and I thought I was *almost* in love with him. Much I knew about love, *then*. But we've all got to learn.

After talking to father and the boys about the harvest, and the election, and such things, he turned to me and said:

'Will you ride with me to the picnic, next week, Dimpey?'

I looked at father, and he answered:

'I think you've chosen a dangerous place for your picnic, Ned! When young people get in a frolic, I'd rather it wouldn't be on Spring Mountain.'

'Oh! there's no danger,' said Ned, 'I go up to High Farm two or three times a week, and I never had any accident.'

'Yes,' said brother Joe, 'but we're not going to have the picnic at High Farm. The road does well enough till you get past there; and *I* think we'd better walk the rest of the way.'

'How would we get the provisions up, I wonder?' said Ned. 'It would break our backs to lug the baskets to the top of the mountain. I, for one, wouldn't undertake it at *any* price!'

Father looked vexed, and said, 'Young men's backs must be weak now-a-days. I think it's a risky thing to drive up to the Spring, and I'd rather Dimpey wouldn't go *this* time.'

I felt the tears come in my eyes, and I couldn't speak. Ned turned very red, and said nothing for a minute or two; then he spoke quite mild and pleasant:

[324]

'Can't you persuade your father to let you go with me, Dimpey? I promise to take the *best* of care of you!'

I suppose father noticed that I felt bad, for he said, 'Do you want to go very much, Dimpey?'

I stammered out, 'Yes, sir, I'd like to go with the rest, if you was willing.'

'Well then, Ned,' said father, 'Dimpey may go, on one condition, that you drive your brown mare, and not either of them young horses.'

'The brown mare!' said Ned. 'Why, she's the slowest old poke in the county. It would take her till sundown to get there, and there wouldn't be much fun in that!'

'Very well,' said father, quite determined like, 'I shan't risk my Dimpey's neck on top of Spring Mountain after anything faster. So you can do as you please.'

Ned started up, and went right out the front door without saying a word! I couldn't believe my senses, that he was going off in that way—so disrespectful to father! I heard him speaking to his horse; and Bill remarked, 'Well, I've seen *manners* before, but this beats all!' Father didn't open his lips; and, in a few minutes, Ned came back, and stood in the doorway.

'I thought that Lightning had got unhitched,' said he, 'but he's only a little uneasy. Good night, Mr. Swift, I'll be up here with the brown mare bright and early next Wednesday. The boys agreed to meet at the hay scales, at ten o'clock, and start from there, but the mare's so slow, I'll have to be in time. Could you get ready by half past nine, Dimpey?'

I said I could, and felt very happy that Ned had come back. So he said good night to me and the boys, and went off. When he was gone, Joe spoke out:

'I wonder if one of the Hassels ever told the truth; if he did, I guess it was by accident. Ned knew well enough that nothing ailed his horse, but he was so mad, he had to go out doors, for fear he'd boil over. If I was you, Dimpey, I wouldn't encourage him to come here much; for he's as deceitful as a cat-a-mountain!'

'Yes,' said father, 'I am afraid he's a chip of the old block; but I've passed my word you shall go with him, Dimpey, and I won't take it back, though I'd rather see you keep company with any other young man in Preston; that's a fact! I promised your Uncle Ezra I'd never have any more angry words with old Hassel, and I don't mean to. But I don't care to have any further dealings with the family than I can help. They're a slippery set. Reach me the Bible, Dimpey! and I'll get ready for bed.'

So father read the psalm, 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers.' I think he picked it out on purpose; and then he prayed that we might all lead better lives, and live in Christian fellowship with each other.

Now the truth was, he and Mr. Hassel had quarrelled long ago, about some land that Mr. Hassel had sold him. The title wasn't good, and father always thought Mr. Hassel knew it when he sold the land. They had a great many words about it, and put it into law; and father went to a good deal of expense and trouble. He and Mr. Hassel didn't speak for some time. But Uncle Ezra talked to him, and got him to be reconciled to his enemy. It all happened when I was a child, and I never just knew the rights of it. But I know that father was very glad when Mr. Hassel sold his farm joining ours, and bought another at the foot of Spring Mountain, where he has lived ever since. It troubled me very much that our folks felt so set against the family; for Ned was the best-looking young man in our place, and had such a dashing sort of a way with him, that he took my fancy considerable, and I must confess I was rather blind to his faults. I went to sleep that night with my head full of the picnic, and dreamed that I rode up the mountain on Ned's Lightning, and just as I got to the steepest part, the horse gave a jump, and tumbled me over its head right down the side of the mountain; and as I felt myself rolling down, down, down, I screamed so that I woke myself up, and Calanthy too, who ran in from her room to shake me. I often scream out in that way, if I have a bad dream. But I didn't tell the girls what I was dreaming about.

[325]

The next morning, as soon as the work was done, Polly Jane said she would go down to Rocky Hollow, and see how Widow Burt was getting on, and if Betsy Mix could do for her. She didn't get back to dinner, and Calanthy began to feel so uneasy, she said she would go herself and see what was the matter. I begged her to send *me* instead, for I knew she couldn't bear such a long walk in the middle of the day. Father and the boys had both our steady horses in the hay field, and I couldn't drive the colt, so there was no way to ride. So at last she consented I should go, but told me to take her big parasol, and get back as soon as I could. When I got near the Hollow, I met Dr. Basset. He stopped his horse and said:

'Mrs. Burt is very sick, Dimpey; and I'm going after a woman to help Betsy Mix take care of her. She can't get along without help. Polly Jane will stay till sundown, but *you* can't do any good. So, you'd better get in, and ride back with me; I'm going past your house.'

I was glad of a chance to ride home, so I got in the wagon, and asked Dr. Basset if he thought Widow Burt wouldn't live?

'I can't say for *that*,' said he; 'but she's a mighty sick woman *now*. She was out of her mind all last night, and I don't know what Betsy would have done if Race Miller hadn't come in. He saw how Mrs. Burt was, and stayed through the night, and he's so strong he could hold her when Betsy couldn't manage. Once she jumped out of bed, and wanted to go sit in the Hollow, and poor Jim would have let her climb a tree if she had a mind to. But Race lifted her back in the bed, and sang hymns to her till she was quiet. You know what a good voice he has. Betsy says it seemed to act like opium on Mrs. Burt!'

'What would become of Jim if she should die, doctor?' said I.

'The Lord only knows, Dimpey. I'm afraid he'd have to go to the poorhouse. I always hoped he'd be taken *first*; but we don't know what is best, and God does.'

Doctor Basset is a real feeling man. I can't see what Preston would do without him. So he took me home, and, after tea, Biel harnessed the colt, and went after Polly Jane. She said that Doctor Basset had been over to Pine Hill, and brought Mrs. Jessop back with him. She's a strong, hearty woman, and has had experience in fevers, and knows just what to do. The doctor told Jim he must mind what she said, if he wanted his mother to get well; and she had set him to work directly, as it was better to keep him busy.

'But,' said Polly Jane, 'I never saw such a fellow in time of trouble as Race Miller. He had been busy by daylight clearing up around the house, and making things look comfortable. You'd hardly know the old place if you could see it now. He came in again this afternoon, and I told him I didn't know how he could spare so much time from his own work; but he said:

'Why, you know, Polly, I've let out a part of our farm on shares this year, so I haven't as much hay to get in as usual, and I finished haying yesterday. Besides, Hiram is a right smart fellow, and won't neglect anything if I *am* away.'

He wouldn't take any credit for what he'd done, but I thought to myself, 'I should think that any man who wasn't a real *shirk*, would be ashamed not to be smart if *you* was looking at him!'

[326]

This was Wednesday. Mrs. Burt's fever never broke till next Monday, which was the ninth day, and then she was so weak they hardly dared speak in her room, and the doctor said her life depended on good nursing. Betsy Mix gave out, and went home; but Mrs. Jessop stayed. She could get along if any of the neighbors would come in for a few hours every day, and let her go to sleep. So, Mrs. Miller and Polly Jane helped her; and when Rhody Mills got back she went right out to the Hollow, and insisted on watching one night. The neighbors all sent things to keep the pot boiling, and I don't believe poor Jim ever lived so well or saw as much company in his life before. 'Squire Stevens's folks didn't help any, except one day Mrs. Stevens sent a loaf of bread that was so heavy Mrs. Jessop gave it to the pig. But then some people never have their bread *light*, you know; and perhaps she sent the best she had.

Well, Wednesday was the day for the picnic! John Morgan wanted to hire a wagon, and take Polly Jane; but she was tired going backward and forward to Rocky Hollow, and didn't care to go. Joe and Biel drove our steady horses, and Cousin Nancy and Rhody Mills went with *them*. I couldn't find out if Race Miller was going or not; but I didn't hear of his inviting anybody else. Calanthy roasted a nice pair of chickens for us, and her biscuits were as light as a feather *this* time, and I made some *real nice* cake, and Calanthy iced it for me; it looked beautiful! Polly Jane came home from the Hollow Tuesday afternoon, and said that Widow Burt had her senses, and was lying still and comfortable. She appeared to know all that had been done for her, and was very thankful; but Dr. Basset had forbidden her to speak much. He let her take hold of Jim's hand and tell him she felt better, and the poor fellow went out in the shed, and cried like a baby. Race Miller stepped in just then. He always seemed to happen along at the right minute, and he set Jim to work cleaning some fish he'd caught. The thought of a good dinner soon made Jim laugh again; but that's the way with simpletons, you know.

I do believe there never *was* a lovelier morning than that Wednesday. It was as clear as a bell, but not nearly as hot as the week before. If the day had been made on purpose for a picnic, it couldn't have been a better one. I felt so glad Widow Burt was like to get well, and that father had consented to let me ride with Ned Hassel, and that my cake was so handsome, and everything else so good, I didn't know how to be happy enough! I went singing about the house till it was time to dress myself, and when I got on my blue muslin and my clean white mantilla, and had smoothed my hair till it shone like satin under the new rosettes in my round hat, I *did* think I looked pretty nice. I couldn't help it; and when Ned drove up a little after nine o'clock, I felt as if all was going right at last. The girls kissed me good-by, and when father helped me in the wagon, I saw the tears standing in his eyes. He always said I favored mother very much, and I suppose he was thinking of *her*. He only said:

'Take good care of Dimpey, Ned!'

'Yes, sir,' said Ned, 'I will.'

And as I took my seat at his side, he whispered:

'If there's a prettier girl at this picnic than Dimpey Swift, I'd like to see her. You look like an angel, Dimpey! but I hope you haven't any *wings*, for we couldn't spare you just now!'

I was delighted at this nonsense; but I was young and foolish, and didn't sense what a goose Ned was with all his fine compliments.

The brown mare went along so fast, I thought we would not be much behind the rest of the company after all; and when we got to the hay scales, there was no one there! Ned stopped a minute, and then he said: [327]

'Dimpey, I've got some currant wine in my basket; but I forgot the wine glasses. I think we'd better drive on to our house and get them, and we can wait there till the others come up.'

'But,' said I, 'you appointed to meet *here*. Won't they wait for you?'

'That's true. Just hold the lines, and I'll run in to Mr. Smith's, and ask him to tell them we've gone on, and will meet them at the foot of the mountain.'

So Ned ran in to Mr. Smith's, and out again in two seconds, and when he took the lines, he started off at such a rate, I wondered what possessed him, as we had plenty of time. However, I like to ride fast, as I said before; and to tell the truth, Ned was talking to me all the way about 'my beautiful eyes, and how proud he should feel if he had a wife with *my* complexion;' and he asked me, 'if I didn't think we'd make a handsome *team* if we were in one harness,' and all *such* speeches, so that I got quite bewildered-like, and might have been riding behind a humpbacked camel without knowing it!

When we got to Mr. Hassel's, the old man was sitting on the steps reading the newspaper. He came to the gate to speak to us, and Ned said:

'You had better go in, and wait, Dimpey; the boys will not be here yet a while, and I want to fix my wagon more comfortable before we start to go up to the mountain.'

So Mr. Hassel helped me out, and asked me into the house. I should have liked to stay on the steps, where I could see the picnickers as they came along; but he went into the living room, which was at the back of the house, and I followed him. I sat down, and he began to talk of all sorts of things. I answered as well as I could, and pretty soon I heard some one shout at the front gate:

'Hallo, Ned! here we are! Where's your team?'

I heard Ned answer: 'Hallo!' and then run around the house. I couldn't hear what more he said; and then there was a great laughing, and a scraping of wheels, as if they were all driving past. I sat still, wondering why Ned didn't come for me. My face was so red when I went in the house, that I hardly dared to look at Mr. Hassel; but now I looked up suddenly, and he sat looking at me with such a strange sort of smile, I didn't know what to make of it. It's likely he knew well enough—but never mind that *now*.

Presently there was a great cracking of a whip and a whoaing in the door yard. I heard wheels moving fast, and Ned looked in the room, and said:

'Come, Dimpey! let's be off; the boys have gone on ahead, but we'll soon catch them up.'

I followed him out to the gate; the wagon was there, and I was astonished to see a *pair* of horses harnessed to it, and a man standing at their heads; but before I had time to think, Ned had lifted me in, jumped into his seat, and taken up the lines. We were off like a shot, and I was actually riding behind the fast sorrels!

'Oh, Ned!' said I, 'what *does* this mean? Didn't you promise father you wouldn't drive these horses?'

'No,' said he, 'I didn't make any promise. I only said I'd be at your house with the brown mare, and so I was; but I never said I'd drive her up the mountain. The sorrels will go nicely, and the boys won't say anything to your father, if you're not afraid.'

'But what would father say if he knew it; and Calanthy, too! Let me get down, Ned. I can't ride with you.'

But the more I begged, the louder Ned laughed and urged his horses. The ground seemed to fly from under the wagon, and in few minutes we caught up to the company. Now I know I ought to have told brother Joe I was riding against my will, and that I should have jumped out the moment I got a chance, but I could not bear to let the girls know how Ned had acted. So I sat still while he drove past them all; and I was even wicked enough to feel a little proud as we passed Abby Matilda and her beau! Ned kept making love to me all the way up to the farm. It sounded well enough *then*, but it makes me sick to think of it now. The horses went along like kittens, and he seemed to have complete management of them, and when he came to steep places, he drove so carefully that I could not feel as if there was any danger. It was very cool and pleasant among the trees, and everything smelled so fresh and sweet, it was delightful riding, and I tried not to think about father. Most of the company left their wagons at High Farm, and walked the rest of the way; but John Mills and Abby Matilda drove up to the top of the mountain, and so did a few others. We got safely to the spring, and when Ned helped me out of the wagon, he said: [328]

'There now, Dimpey! don't the sorrels go beautiful? Your hair is just as sleek as when we started, and your cheeks are only a little redder, but that don't hurt 'em any.'

As he lifted me down, his face touched mine for a minute. I don't know that he did it on purpose, but I shouldn't wonder! I was glad to stoop down to the spring, and wet my cheeks, for they felt hot enough by this time. However they had time to get cool while Ned was unharnessing his horses, and presently Abby Matilda and her beau came along.

'Dear me, Dimpey,' said she, 'have you really got here without breaking your bones, and with Mr. Hassel's wonderful team, too?'

I was so provoked at the mean thing—I know she was jealous because Ned didn't ask *her*—that I never said a word; but Ned answered:

'My horses are not in the habit of breaking anybody's bones, Miss Abby, and if they were, they wouldn't pick out the belle of Preston to practise on—not while I'm master.'

Abby colored up, and flirted her head, as she always does when she's angry; but the rest of the company began to come up, and nothing more was said.

I'm not going to tell you much about the picnic, though it was a real nice one, and in such a beautiful place. Every one says there's one of the handsomest views in the world from Spring Mountain; you can see five villages, and the river winds so pretty among the hills; then you can count a great many church steeples, and there are such noble trees up there, and nice, shady places, and rocks to sit on, that it's the very spot for a picnic. We played plays, and told stories, and sang considerable; our Biel is a funny little fellow, and can imitate almost any animal: he kept us all laughing, till even Abby Matilda forgot her airs, and was quite pleasant. Then we had a right good dinner—cold chicken, and ham, and tongue, and lots of nice pies and cakes, and plenty of currant wine and milk punch, and the clear, good water from the spring. Calanthy's biscuits were so good everybody wanted them, and my Washington cake was praised to the skies, and I was as happy as I could be.

In the midst of the dinner our Joe spoke out—Joe *is* good, but he don't always know when to speak.

'Where is Race Miller, boys? I thought he was coming with us? He didn't say nothing to the contrary, the other day.'

Ned Hassel was sitting next to me on the grass; he gave me a nudge, and answered, 'I shouldn't wonder if Race has got the mitten from one of the girls; I met him early this morning, and he looked as black as thunder.'

'Well,' said Abby Matilda—she *must* have her say—'if I was a man, and anyone gave me the mitten, I'd have too much spirit to show it by keeping away from a picnic!'

[329]

'Pooh!' said Rhody Mills, 'what nonsense! like enough Race is hard at work for his mother or somebody else. He's always ready to help anyone that asks him.'

Well, the afternoon passed away, and when the sun began to get low, the boys said it was time to be going home. While Ned was harnessing his horses, something got tangled in the harness, and it took him a little while to fix it, so that the others that were riding started first. I saw Joe look back to see if we were coming, and that made me think of father again; I had never deceived him in my life, and I couldn't bear to think of it then; I wondered how Ned would manage, and whether our boys would tell father about the horses, and I was glad we were behind the rest, so that Ned would have to drive slowly, for the road was not wide enough for teams to pass each other. Now the picnic was over I felt very uncomfortable, and blamed myself more and more. However, we started directly, and soon overtook the rest. As we drew up behind the wagon that Abby Matilda was in, Ned said, 'What makes you so still, Dimpey; haven't we had a real good time?'

'Yes,' said I; 'but I was thinking what father will say when he hears you took the fast horses, after all!'

'What will he say? why, nothing, when he sees you safe and sound; besides, what's the use of telling him anything about it; he won't ask any questions when I take you home with the brown mare, and I'm sure Joe and Biel won't be mean enough to speak of the sorrels.'

I tried to feel satisfied, though I knew it was wrong; but I thought to myself, 'There's no help for it *now*.'

So we jogged along slowly till we came to a place where a thick clump of elders divides the road into two paths; it is just at the steepest part of the mountain, and the path on the left is very narrow, and right on the edge of the precipice. At that minute Abby Matilda looked around, and called out, in her spiteful way, 'It must be dreadful hard for Thunder and Lightning to keep in the rear; what a pity we can't let you pass us, *Mr. Hassel!*'

I suppose she vexed Ned, for he answered, 'Perhaps we *can* do it if we try, *Miss Stevens,*' and before I could speak he turned his horses into the narrow part of the road! I looked down the side of the mountain, and it made me feel so sick and giddy that I put out my hands and caught the lines; this gave them a sudden jerk, the near horse started, and began to back—Abby screamed, and that frightened him more—I felt the wheel going over the edge—the bushes were close on

the other side of the wagon—there was no place to jump—Ned dropped the lines and sprang out at the back—I remember seeing something break through the bushes at the horses' heads, and that is the last I recollect, for I fainted away and fell in the bottom of the wagon.

When I came to my senses I felt so strange and confused I did not know where I was; my head had a dull pain in it, and when I touched it, I found it was bandaged up, and my forehead felt sore and bruised. Some one took hold of my hand, and I heard a sobbing; I opened my eyes, and made out that I was on my own bed at home. Calanthy was standing by me, and Polly Jane sat by the foot of the bed crying as if her heart would break. I tried to think, but I couldn't get things right; and the picnic seemed like something that had happened a great while ago.

'What is the matter, Polly?' said I; 'is anyone hurt? Tell father I didn't mean to be deceitful; I'll go tell him myself.' I tried to sit up, but I fell back on the pillow. Calanthy stooped down and kissed me, and I heard her say, 'Lie still, my pet lamb. Father isn't angry with you; he's stepped out a minute, but he'll be back soon; drink this, and you'll soon be better.' She held a cup to my lips; I drank something, and then fell asleep directly. [330]

I wasn't able to sit up for several days, and they kept me very still, and wouldn't let me ask questions; only Calanthy told me that Dr. Basset said I'd had a great shock, and it would take me some time to get over it. I had a cut on my forehead, too, but it healed up pretty soon. It seemed as if Calanthy and Polly Jane couldn't do enough for me, and whenever father came in the room he was as good to me as ever, and I could see that he could hardly keep from crying when I spoke to him. When I got well enough to sit in a rocking chair, and have my knitting work, father came in one morning, and brought Uncle Ezra with him. I was very glad to see uncle, though I was ashamed to have him know how vain and wicked I'd been; but I'd thought a good deal while I was sick, and I made up my mind to do right, whatever came of it. So I told him how wrong I had acted, and how sorry I felt for it, and then I asked him to tell me *how* my life had been saved, and if any one was killed, and all about the accident. I had my memory by that time, and recollected all I have been telling.

Uncle Ezra took hold of my hand while I was speaking, and then he said, 'We have great reason to be thankful, my child, that we have you with us yet; you've had a narrow escape; but I'm sure it will be such a lesson to you that you'll never disobey your father again. You are young, Dimpey, and may have many years to live; but I hope you'll always be our own dear honest child, and make as good a woman as your mother was.'

Then Uncle Ezra told me that when Ned Hassel jumped out of his wagon, leaving me in it—the coward!—Race Miller pushed his way through the elder bushes, and caught the horses by their heads. They struggled, and threw him down; but the off horse fell with him, and partly on him. This jerked the wagon against the bushes, and the wheel, which was slipping over the edge of the road, caught against a big stone, which held it a minute. John Mills had jumped to the ground at that minute. He pitched the seat out of Ned's wagon, and he and Biel dragged me out of the back in less time than it takes to tell it. Then the traces all gave way, the horse that had fallen struggled to his feet, the wagon went over, and clattered down the side of the mountain, and the horses started to run, but were stopped by some of the boys who were walking. I had struck my head as I fell, and lay senseless, but our boys carried me down to High Farm, and got a large wagon and a bed to put me on. They *do* say Joe pushed Ned Hassel out of the way, and dared him to touch me. In the mean time, John Mills and the others helped up Race Miller; but one of his arms was broken, and he was so faint he could not stand.

When Uncle Ezra told me this, I burst out crying, and felt as if I should die with sorrow; but father comforted me, and said Race was doing well, and was as cheerful as ever, and had asked them not to tell he was hurt, for fear it might worry me. Now wasn't he a noble fellow; and what did it matter if he *was* homely? I felt some curiosity to know what had become of Ned Hassel, for no one had mentioned him while I was sick, but I didn't like to ask; however, I think father must have known my thoughts, for just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, and said:

'If you'd like to know anything about your 2.40 beau, Dimpey, he came up here the day after the picnic to ask about you; but I told him your mother's daughter didn't keep company with liars; and he'd better not show his face inside my dooryard, unless he wanted the boys to put him out. He blustered a little, but I guess he didn't think best to make much noise in *this* neighborhood; so he took himself off, and that's the last of him.' [331]

'Yes,' thought I, *I* never want to see him again, I'm sure!

The first time I went to meeting was on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and if ever any one felt really thankful, I think *I* did. Uncle Ezra preached a beautiful sermon, and every word of it seemed as if it was meant on purpose for *me*. I hardly dared raise my eyes, but I saw that Mrs. Miller was in her seat as usual, and I heard Race's voice among the singers. When we came out, Mrs. Miller walked right up to me, and kissed me before everybody. I had felt as though she must almost hate me; but she looked so pleasant, it brought the tears into my eyes.

'Do you feel quite strong again, Dimpey?' said she; 'I've heard from you every day; but I haven't been up to see you, because I thought you had plenty of company, and I had my big boy to take care of.'

'Is Race's arm 'most well?' said I.

'Here he is,' said Mrs. Miller; 'ask him yourself.'

I turned around, and there stood Race. His arm was in a sling, and he was paler than usual; but he smiled, and his eyes twinkled more than ever; and, would you believe it, he actually looked handsome! I tried to speak, and thank him for all he had done; but I choked, so I could hardly say a word. He walked along by my side till we came to our gate—it isn't far from the meeting house—then he said:

'Dimpey, will you do me a kindness?'

'Yes, Race,' I answered; 'I'd do you a hundred, if I knew how.'

'Well, then, just come over to our house, and take tea with mother; she's been waiting on me so long, I want to do something to please her, and I know you'll brighten her up nicely; *I'm* such a dull fellow for company, you know.'

I didn't *know* any such thing; but I ran and asked Calanthy if I'd better go, and she said 'Certainly.'

So I went home with Mrs. Miller and Race, and we had the snuggest little tea that ever was. Mrs. Miller makes the best muffins I ever tasted, and she had some ready mixed, and nothing to do but put them on the griddle. After we had done tea, she told Race to sit down in her big chair by the window, and not to stir out of it till she gave him leave. Then she gave me an apron, and said I might help her wash up the tea things, if I liked; of course, I was delighted to do it; and Race sat still, and looked at us.

'What are you smiling at, Race?' said his mother—they always joked together considerable.

'I was thinking,' said he, 'how funny it seems to sit here and be waited on; take care I don't grow lazy, mother!'

Mrs. Miller laughed, and said: 'Well, I *am* a little uneasy about that—' and just then Hiram came in from milking, and she went into the milkroom to strain the milk.

I was folding up my apron, and I thought I mightn't have another chance to speak, so I said:

'I haven't thanked you yet, Race, for saving my life; but you believe I *am* thankful, don't you?'

'Come here, Dimpey,' said he.

I walked toward him, for I felt as if he had a right to ask me; he got up from the big chair, and put me gently in it, and then took a little bench and sat down close to my feet.

'Are you glad to live, Dimpey?' said he.

I looked at him in astonishment at such a strange question; but I saw his eyes were full, and his lips trembling.

He said it again, 'Are you glad your life was spared, Dimpey?'

'Yes, to be sure,' said I; 'it would have been dreadful to die so suddenly; and oh, think how our folks would have felt, if I had been killed! And you too, Race! what could your mother do without *you*? I am so sorry you were hurt saving *me*, and so thankful it was no worse,' and here my eyes ran over, and I stopped. [332]

'Dimpey,' said Race, and his voice shook as it did that night in the Hollow, '*I* ought to be very thankful for my mother's sake, that God has spared my life, and I hope I am *now*; but when I sat in the elder bushes on Spring Mountain, and saw you sitting by the side of Ned Hassel, and looking so sweet and innocent, I thought that the day you married him would finish all *my* happiness on earth, and I should have nothing to live for but to take care of my good mother. You will tell me the truth now, Dimpey, I'm sure—will that day *ever* come?'

'*Never*, Race!' said I; 'the lying coward! has he *dared* to say so?'

I started up from the chair; and, I don't know how it was, I fell into Race's arms, and he sat down in the chair, and drew me on his knee as he did when I was a little child; and looking down on his broken arm, it seemed to me like my own old dolly, and I put my hands carefully around it, as I did around my doll in my childish trouble.

It is two years now, since Race and I were married; and I believe no one ever had a better husband! We live on the old homestead—it is one of the pleasantest places in Preston—the mortgage is all paid off, and we are as comfortable as any family need be. Mrs. Miller is as fond of me as if I was her own born daughter, and everybody thinks our little Phebe is almost too sweet to live—she is the picture of Race; but I think her curly hair and saucy blue eyes make her the handsomest baby I ever saw.

Widow Burt and Jim have come away from the Hollow; last year Race put up a new barn, and moved the old one down to the end of the lane—our boys helped him fix it up for a house, and Mrs. Burt and Jim live in it. They make baskets yet, and we find them very useful when we want extra help. Mrs. Burt is stronger than before she was sick; and poor Jim almost worships Race, and would run errands all day, if we asked him to—he thinks there is nothing like our baby on the

face of the earth; and simple as he looks, she is always ready to go to him.

Race wouldn't tell me till after we were married, how he came to be hiding in the bushes on the day of the picnic; he always said I must *guess*—so you may guess too!

After all, I have reason to bless the day I went up Spring Mountain!

ENDURANCE.

At first did I almost despair,
And thought I *never* it could bear—
And yet I have it borne till now:
But only never ask me *how!*

—HEINE.

[333]

JAPANESE FOREIGN RELATIONS.

[The article we are now about to offer our readers is from the pen of the well-known and highly-esteemed Dr. MACGOWAN, Honorary Member of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Corresponding Member of the Société Impériale Zoologique d'Acclimation, Asiatic Society of Bengal, of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, Ethnological Society of London, American Oriental Society, &c., &c., who was for more than twenty years a resident of the far East, of China and Japan. He has lectured on China and Japan before the most erudite audiences, and has never failed to give entire satisfaction. His lectures were delivered in New York under the auspices of the Geographical and Statistical Society, in compliance with an invitation drawn up by Chancellor Ferris, and signed by President King of Columbia College, Hon. Townsend Harris, late U. S. Minister to Japan, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Luther Bradish, Hon. Judge Clerke, Hon. George Opdyke, and other prominent citizens.

At the conclusion of the course, the following resolution, presented by the Rev. Dr. Prime, was passed unanimously:

'*Resolved*, That this audience has listened with great satisfaction, instruction, and delight, to the valuable and highly entertaining lectures of Dr. MACGOWAN on Japan, and that our thanks are eminently due to him for imparting to us in so attractive a form the results of his extensive travel, illustrated with curious and elegant works of nature and art from that remarkable empire.'

'On commencing his course of lectures in the Cooper Institute, Dr. MACGOWAN was introduced by the Hon. Judge Daly, who appeared as the representative of the Geographical and Statistical Society. Judge Daly said that 'the lecturer came before his countrymen with a well-earned European reputation, that his investigations had attracted much attention abroad, and in the matter of physical geography his researches were referred to in Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and his discovery and description of the egre or bore of the Tsien-tang River in China, occupies a large space in Maury's '*Physical Geography of the Sea.*' Besides giving the Society's cordial commendation of Dr. MACGOWAN'S Lectures, the Judge expressed on the part of the Society, a deep sense of the importance in a national point of view of the lecturer's projected exploration in the far East.'-*Abridged Report.*

We could fill pages with such testimonials. We extract the following from notices of Dr. MACGOWAN'S lectures in Europe:

'A large number of Members of Parliament, A. H. Layard, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir M. Peto, T. B. Horsfall, Lord Alfred Churchill, and others joined in commending the lectures to Chambers of Commerce, Colleges, Literary and Mechanics' Institutions; and they were commended also to Young Men's Christian Associations by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

'They were delivered in various parts of the United Kingdom under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Most Noble the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Right Hon. the Earl of Cavan, the Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton, the Right Hon. Earl Strangford, Lord Henry Cholmondeley, the Hon. A. Kinnaid, M. P., Sir J. F. Davis, Bart., Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., Sir J. Coleridge, Bart., Sir Roderick I.

Murchison, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Victoria, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, the Rev. Canon McNeille, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, General Alexander, General Lawrence, Hon. Capt. Maude, R. N., and other public men.

'In Scotland, the Right Hon. the Earl of Kintore, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, Professor Sampson, Dr. Bell, and the Provosts of the principal towns.

'In Ireland, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Gough, Lord Roden, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Right Hon. Judge Crampton, Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal, and the Right Hon. J. Whiteside, M. P. Under the auspices of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl of Carlisle.'

In China, while occupied as Medical Missionary and United States Consul, he published a newspaper in the Chinese language; in London, also, he rendered valuable service in vindicating our Government from the attacks of Lord Brougham and Sir John Bowring.

In all his various efforts, Dr. MACGOWAN received the highest commendation from the press, as well as from his learned audiences. We therefore call the attention of our readers to the present essay, on the important subject of 'Japanese Foreign Relations,' as from the pen of one familiar with the history and bearing of the questions of which he treats.—ED. CONTINENTAL

Strolling recently from Nagasaki toward the volcanic mountain Simabara, the writer was compelled to retrace his steps by the yaconins, or guards of the prince of Fizen, and thus he failed to accomplish the object he had in view—that of searching for the monument erected, it is said, to commemorate the expulsion of foreigners from Japan, and the suppression of Christianity, bearing an impious inscription, forbidding Christians and the God of the Christians from ever appearing in that 'Eden Minor.' Whether the monument still exists or not, it is certain that the spirit of the edict of Gongen Sama, which expelled Europeans forever from the country, and enjoined natives to slay foreigners, still actuates the ruling classes in the insular empire of the Pacific. Hence the exclamation of the daring and potent prince of Kago, who, in 1853, when the American treaty was before the Daimios, in council, placing his hand upon the hilts of his swords, said: 'Rather than admit foreigners into the country, let us die fighting.' He was overruled—a decade has elapsed, and his forebodings of evil have been realized. One of the results of the concession to Americans has been a despatch from Earl Russell to the British minister at Yedo, which says: 'It would be better that the Tycoon's palace should be destroyed than that our rightful position by treaty should be weakened or impaired.' When a British minister threatens to burn a palace, Eastern Asiatics know full well that the torch will be preceded by a bombardment and followed by *looting*, which in Anglo-Indian parlance means plundering. Thirteen ships of war, two of them French, are at Yokahama, within a few hours' sail of the palace which adorns Yedo, the proud metropolis of the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' awaiting an answer to a British ultimatum.

[334]

As the Japanese are neighbors of our countrymen whose homes are on our Pacific coast, we should not be so absorbed in the struggle to maintain our nationality as to be unmindful of the perils by which they are surrounded. While the subjugation of Mexico, by one of the Allied Powers, which aims at a general protectorate of the East, causes us anxiety, the prospective invasion of Japan by the other power cannot but be regarded by us with solicitude, for in its results it promises to open another 'neutral' port to facilitate the operations of other *Nashvilles* and *Alabamas* against our commerce. Assuming that we shall speedily avert the impending danger of foreign domination involved in the present contest, the various questions affecting American interests in Eastern Asia become fitting subjects for discussion, and at this moment the foreign relations of Japan particularly demand consideration.

At one period of their history, the foreign relations of the Japanese were of the most amicable character. In their treatment of the Europeans who first visited them, they were courteous and liberal. For a period of ninety years the Portuguese carried on a highly lucrative commerce, by which they built up the port of Macao, which has been styled the brightest jewel in the Lusitanian crown. To Xavier and his co-religionists they extended a cordial welcome. Bringing, as did the missionaries, a similar but more imposing ritual, with dogmas in many points analogous, but accompanied with the sublime teachings of the gospel, the propagation of the new faith was so facile, that a single generation might have witnessed the nominal christianization of the entire empire, had not fatal dissensions arisen among the different orders of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian missionaries. In consequence of these dissensions the country was closed to foreign commerce and religion for more than two centuries. A like cause led to the closing of China to Christian nations.

The edicts of Gongen Sama (founder of the reigning Tycoon family) not only prohibited the visit of any foreigner under penalty of death, but condemned to death any native who might return to Japan after going abroad, or being driven to another land by a storm. The vindictive code was no *brutum fulmen*, for not long after their exclusion, the Macao Portuguese despatched an embassy, nearly all the members of which, including attendants and ships' crews, were massacred. Of the sixty, only the menials, thirteen in number, were suffered to return.

[335]

A long period of exemption from foreign intrusion followed. With the present century commenced

a series of private and semi-official visits from various nations. During their seclusion they ceased not to feel an interest in Western affairs, but, aided by the Dutch, they studied physical sciences and contemporaneous history. Thus they heard of the gradual approach of the irrepressible foreigner, the opening of China through the Opium War, the acquisition of Hong Kong by the English, the frequent appearance of American whalers off their coast, the rise of California, and the introduction of steam on the Pacific. These things must have suggested to thoughtful observers the necessity of modifying some day the institutions of Gongen Sama; indeed, the Dutch state that they counselled against resisting the demands likely to be made by mercantile powers for a relaxation of their prohibitive policy. Therefore it was that the not unreasonable requirements of Commodore Perry were complied with, which guaranteed succor and good treatment of distressed sailors, and the admission of a consul. This last concession was obtained with much difficulty, for they regarded it as an abandonment of their policy of isolation, and such it proved.

Our minister, Mr. Townsend Harris (then consul general), succeeded, after much resistance from the Japanese, in getting access to Yedo from his consulate at Simoda in 1857, his object being to negotiate a commercial treaty, which in the following year he accomplished. Many English writers endeavor to rob Mr. Harris of the honor which he gained in thus opening an empire to the commerce of the world. The Tycoon acquiesced, say they, while the echoes of the allied guns in north China were booming in his ears. Our minister is represented as holding the British and French fleets *in terrorem* over the nervous Japanese, and obtaining, without the cost and odium of an expedition, the same advantages as if an American expedition had been despatched, and had been successful. The truth however is, the American treaty was negotiated, drawn, and ready for signature before he or they heard of the attack on the forts at Taku; and only signed at the appointed time, after learning that news. Now, however, finding themselves in a quandary, we see their highest authorities on this question pleading in extenuation the circumstance that they were 'driven by the Americans into making a Japanese treaty'!

The concession made by the Japanese, in the first place—of kind treatment of shipwrecked voyagers, and of facilities for the refitting of disabled vessels—was no more than we had a right to exact; perhaps, also, we may be justified in having urged them to admit a resident official agent to protect those interests. But if a nation deems it politic to isolate itself from all others, has any state the right to compel that nation to abandon its exclusivism, and to receive offensive strangers as residents? No publicist will answer this in the affirmative, nor do statesmen advocate such a claim; yet practically Christian nations have uniformly acted on the assumption that they might rightfully force themselves upon an unwilling people. It is however from the corollary involved in this assumption that weak peoples are made to suffer. It would avail the aggressive power little if its subjects were required to comply with all the laws of the country into which they had thrust themselves, for in that case the laws could be made to operate so as to thwart them in every important undertaking. Hence to the right of residing in a country contrary to the will of its government is joined the correlative, that of compelling the feeble state to abdicate its sovereignty to the extent of exempting the intrusive foreigner from local jurisdiction—of according the advantage of extra-territoriality. The pliant Chinese readily yielded to this new order of things on discovering that foreign nations possessed the will and the power to enforce it; but the intractable Japanese must have their spirit cowed by violence ere they can become resigned to the national degradation. It was soon discovered that the measure was highly unpopular: the functionaries who acceded to the demands of the hated foreigner forfeited their lives or their posts. Nobles who were intensely hostile to the regime, succeeded to the administration; and on them devolved the task of inaugurating a new era, of accommodating the institutions of their country to what they could not but regard as the first stage of a revolution.

[336]

The delicate undertaking, of reconciling the antagonistic principles of an encroaching commerce and of a feudal despotism, was committed to two diplomatists eminently fitted for its proper performance. Mr. Townsend Harris, who by long and patient study had conciliated the people and won the confidence of the Government, as United States consul general at Simoda, was appointed as American minister to Yedo; and Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose experience as a British consular officer in China dated from the period of the treaty of Nanking in 1842, was delegated as his country's ambassador to that metropolis, the capital of the Tycoon. Several difficulties were to be encountered at the threshold. First came a question of currency. Commodore Perry's treaty allowed foreign coins to be taken at only a third of their value, and under the new treaties our merchants found that by the rate of exchange the price of native products had been raised fifty to seventy per cent.; on the other hand, they were able to purchase gold with silver, weight for weight. The correspondence on this subject, written and verbal, plainly disclosed that the free extension of trade was not contemplated by those islanders. Next we find the Japanese gaining a diplomatic victory in the location of the foreign factories, having managed to have them placed at Yokuhama, instead of Kanagawa, the site stipulated for in the treaties, an arrangement which serves to isolate and almost imprison the foreign settlement; but as Yokuhama was the choice also of the mercantile community, the ambassadors could not well press their point—it went by default. It is the misfortune of Orientals generally, that in all their controversies with the English, the latter have been the historiographers, and therefore, in almost every step of their aggressive career, appear as disinterested champions of justice, seeking the improvement of semi-civilized peoples, by inflicting upon them wholesome and merited chastisement. Let it be conceded that the charges against the Japanese which we find in the Blue Book and in Sir Rutherford Alcock's 'Capital of the Tycoon,' are all well founded, and the resort to strong measures on the part of the British will be admitted to be justifiable.

These authorities narrate a series of murderous assaults, made upon Russian, French, Dutch, American, and British subjects in quick succession, indicative, we are assured, of a fixed determination of a powerful party to restore the regime of Gongen Sama. A party of Russian officers were insulted in the streets of Yedo, for which, in compliance with the demands of Count Mouravieff, a responsible official was degraded. To avenge this disgrace of a Japanese officer, some of his friends set upon a Russian officer and his servant, hacking them to pieces in one of the public streets. The next victim was a servant of the French consul, who was hewn down and cut to pieces in the street. This was soon followed by the murder of the linguist of the British embassy, a Chinaman; the sword which was thrust through his body was left in that position by the assassin. The same night there was an attempt to fire the residence of the French consul general. Two Dutch captains were next barbarously slaughtered in the streets of Yokuhama; one of the unhappy men was over sixty years of age. The French legation again suffered in the person of an Italian servant, who was cut down while quietly standing at his master's gate. Mr. Heuskin, secretary of the United States legation, was the first assailed of the diplomatic body. He was a valuable public servant, highly esteemed by natives and foreigners. A native of Holland, he was linguist as well as secretary, the Dutch language being the medium of communication. Despite various warnings against exposing himself by night, he, on returning home at a late hour from the Prussian embassy, was waylaid and hewn down, dying speedily of his wounds. Hitherto the English, personally, had escaped severe assaults; but, a few months after the assassination of the secretary, a midnight attack was made on the British legation, which, from its formidable character, showed that it contemplated the massacre of the entire body. The assassins met with a spirited resistance from the English and their Japanese guard. In that desperate encounter, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, secretary of legation, was wounded severely, Mr. Morrison (consul, a son of the celebrated missionary) and two servants slightly. Of the Tycoon's guard two were killed and fourteen wounded. On the part of the assailants three were killed on the spot, two, who were captured, committed suicide by ripping themselves up, and several of those who escaped were wounded.

[337]

A subsequent attack on the British legation resulted in the death of two English sentries, one receiving nine and the other sixteen sword wounds. The last of these murderous assaults was made on three English gentlemen and a lady, who were riding on the Tokaido, where they were met by the cortege of Shimadzoo Sabara, prince of Satzuma. Being ordered to return, they complied, but no sooner had they turned their backs than they were set upon by the retainers of the prince, numbering between five and six hundred. The lady miraculously escaped, two of the gentlemen were wounded, and the third, Mr. Richardson, being nearly cut to pieces, fell from his horse, and when lying in a dying state, one of the high officials of the cortege commanded a follower to cut the throat of the unfortunate gentleman, an order that was quickly obeyed.

These sanguinary deeds were diversified by various attempts at arson—the latest, with aid of gunpowder, being successful. On the first of last February, the British minister's residence at Yedo was burned to the ground by armed incendiaries, who made their work more sure by laying trains of gunpowder, which caused a tremendous explosion; but as it was, the members of the legation were all at Yokuhama, and there was no loss of life except among the natives who tried to extinguish the fire—they were shot down by the incendiaries.

The inquiry naturally occurs, Are there no extenuating circumstances to be adduced on the part of the Japanese? Were there no acts of provocation on the part of foreigners? If we rely merely on the testimony of the complainants, the reply would be an unqualified negative. An impartial witness, however, finds no difficulty in presenting apologies, which have some claims to be considered as a justification of their conduct. The Japanese affirm that nearly every case of assault was designed to avenge personal insult. The linguist and the sentries of the British legation had perpetrated wrongs upon those by whom they subsequently fell. When the attack was made upon the sentries, it was by a solitary avenger, who stealthily crawled on his hands and knees until he reached and slew the offender; and he killed the other because this last attempted to prevent his escape. In like manner, the servants of the French official had committed outrages upon these vindictive people, from whose resentment they suffered.

[338]

It should be remembered that if these men, instead of revenging themselves, had sought legal redress, it could have been obtained, if at all, only at the hands of the masters of the aggressors, who would have been tried and punished, if convicted, according to the foreigners' code. The Chinese sometimes resort to our tribunals, but oftener submit to wrong; the nobler Japanese have a sense of honor which will not easily brook such an invasion of their rights.

With regard to the case which the English make the immediate *casus belli*—the murder of Richardson—there are contradictory statements; it is denied by the Japanese that he and his party turned back to make way for the prince of Satzuma's cortege; they say, on the contrary, that he was killed only after obstinate persistence in dashing through the cavalcade. Moreover, patriotism undoubtedly prompted many of the deeds of violence detailed in the foregoing record. Take for example the reason assigned by one of the assassins who was slain in one of the attacks on the British legation, as declared in a paper found on his body.

'I, though I am a person of low standing, have no patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by the foreigner. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigner to retire, and partly tranquillize the manes of departed mikados and tycoons, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out.'

There were appended to the paper, from which the above extract is taken, the names of fourteen *Lonins*, or bravos. These impulsive patriots did not restrict their assaults to the aggressive foreigner, but assailed also the nobles who acceded to the foreigners' demands. Several times ministers of state were attacked in the streets, while surrounded by their retainers, and on each occasion many lives were lost in the fight which ensued. Indeed, continuing to follow English official authority, it would appear that the American treaties cost the lives of two tycoons, one regent, and several ministers and nobles, for the most part by self-*evisceration*. The assassination of the Gotairo, or regent, is fresh in the minds of the public. It took place at noon, while he was in the midst of his guard, on his way to the palace. His head, we are informed, was exposed at the execution ground at Miako, there being placed over it the inscription: 'THIS IS THE HEAD OF A TRAITOR WHO HAS VIOLATED THE MOST SACRED LAWS OF JAPAN—THOSE WHICH FORBID THE ADMISSION OF FOREIGNERS INTO THE COUNTRY,'—but which the Japanese affirm was never written. The sentence, however, seems to express the motives of the murderers. It is the aristocracy of the empire that is fiercely arrayed against an abandonment of the policy of isolation: that the populace is not particularly hostile, is evinced by the comparative immunity of foreigners from violence at the ports of Hakodadi and Nagasaki.

Why should the ruling classes seek to abrogate the treaties and defy foreign powers? The Daimios are not ignorant of the prowess and resources of the country against which they particularly array themselves: they are a well-informed and astute class, and cannot fall to see that feudalism and commerce are antagonistic—that free intercourse with foreigners is incompatible with the existence of the present form of government: and therefore many of them would fain revert to the conservative policy of isolation. More than four years ago, the writer of this article, then in Japan, although his opportunities of observation were limited, published the opinion that a revolution would be the inevitable result of the concessions that had been extorted from the tycoon; that civil war could hardly fail to take place, by which the government would be brought under the sway of one ruler, tycoon, mikado, or some powerful daimio, which would lead to the destruction of the feudal system, and to the introduction of Christian civilization, a consummation which we in the interest of the Japanese may devoutly wish, but which the daimios, having full knowledge of the same, must in self-defence resist to the last. Hence the English base their charge that the attacks on foreigners were instigated by the nobles, and perpetrated by their retainers, which remains to be proved.

[339]

Apart from the prospective evils consequent on an abandonment of the restrictive policy under which the empire has long prospered, there were immediate consequences which to a high-minded people must be galling and degrading beyond endurance. The treaties have robbed them of their independence: compelling them to abdicate sovereignty to the extent of absolving resident foreigners from Japanese jurisdiction. In various publications in the East and in Europe the writer has attempted to show how disastrous extra-territoriality has been to China; on the present occasion it will suffice to name this violation of a nation's rights as justifying resistance to the last on the part of patriots in Japan.

While for good political reasons some daimios have endeavored to render the treaties inoperative, and to frighten foreigners out of the land, there has been springing up among the people a strong antipathy toward them, for which they have themselves alone to blame. Who that read the glowing accounts of the reception at first accorded to our people, did not admire the suavity and hospitality of the Japanese? This friendly intercourse lasted only until the parties came to understand each other. Now, we are told that when a western man passes through the streets he is hooted at as 'Tojin baka,' a foreign fool, a gentler way of putting it than in China—where it is 'Fanqui'—foreign devil. The practical joking in which many foreigners are apt to indulge is often carried too far, and being accompanied by an arrogant demeanor of superiority, proves highly offensive. Again, we find the *Tojin baka* often fail to discriminate between different classes of females. Discovering that the Japanese were lewd beyond all other people, with institutions fostering vice, without even the flimsy pretext of hygienic considerations, they take liberties which rouse the vindictive rage of husbands.

Palliation may be found for the alleged arson mentioned in the catalogue of complaints that have excited British indignation. In the question of a site for the residence of the ambassadors, the irrepressible foreigner demanded a celebrated temple, and its magnificent grounds, the Hyde Park of Yedo—a favorite place of resort of the citizens on holiday merrymaking. Recent accounts represent this cession of a popular place of recreation as having cost the tycoon much of his popularity, and as involving him in a controversy with the spiritual emperor, who, as Pontifex maximus, has exclusive authority over religious edifices. Yielding to pressure from above and below, the tycoon begged the ambassadors to consent to the removal of the buildings to some other site in the metropolis less obnoxious to the mikado and to the populace, all the expense of which the Japanese Government offered to pay. Only one of the buildings had been completed, that for the British legation. Colonel Neal, H. B. M. *chargé d'affaires*, was solicited to give his consent, which he refused. Time was precious. The mikado's envoy was about to return with a final answer; it was necessary that something should be done to save the tycoon from the consequences of his disobedience. The knot was cut, as we have seen, by the torch and by gunpowder.

[340]

In the use of firearms the prejudices of the natives have been needlessly offended. Shooting game is not generally allowed to the people, yet foreigners here often been reckless in the pursuit of sport, regardless where they sought it, and terrifying the people. Again, riding on horseback is allowed only to the nobles, and it is a source of provocation to all classes to witness the

equestrian performances of foreigners of every station in life, whose amusement at times consists in making pedestrians scatter as they gallop through crowded streets. Moreover, the Chinese servants in the employ of foreigners habitually insult and oppress the natives, presuming on immunity as retainers of the privileged stranger. As the Japanese hold the Celestials in supreme contempt, and as that feeling is fully reciprocated, collisions are the consequence, and it is pretty certain that the 'servants' of the legation who were murdered were offending Chinamen.

Guizot remarks, in his 'History of Civilization,' 'of all systems of government, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the most difficult to establish and render effectual, is the federative system—which eminently requires the greatest maturity of reason, of morality, and of civilization, in which it is applied. The very nature itself of feudalism is opposed to order and legality.' It was with the executive of a feudal federative system that European and American governments negotiated these treaties, a duplicate sovereign over six hundred and twenty feudal barons, commanding above two hundred thousand armed retainers, governing a people wanting in reason and morality. The existence of the theocratic element served further to complicate the machinery of government at Yedo. It may be questioned whether the ministers of the tycoon were ever heartily in favor of an abandonment of the policy of exclusivism. It is probable that they yielded to the demands made upon them, as the least of two evils, a refusal promising to involve them in wars, which might eventually lead to their subjugation to one of the least scrupulous of the aggressive powers. In the inauguration of the system, Japanese statesmanship was exposed to a severe ordeal. On one hand was the task of pacifying the native opponents of the fundamental change in polity, and on the other, the duty of evading, as far as possible, the concessions that had been wrung from them by the foreigner. Something answering to demagoguism is found in the Ultra Orient: there was not only the honest opposition of the patriot, but the factious hostility of the office seeker, against whom the ministry were called to contend. As a consequence, those who were responsible for the innovation soon lost their lives or their posts. Their successors found themselves, as is often the case in political changes, obliged, when in power, to carry out the general policy which, when in opposition, they decried. Instead of abrogating the treaties, they aimed, by evasions and restrictions, to render nugatory many of their stipulations. The *Japanese Herald*, an English mercantile newspaper, published in Yokuhama, gives the following list of concessions made to the Japanese Government:

'The right to trade in gold was given up; the right to exchange money, weight for weight, was given up; enforcing recovery of debts clause was given up; Ne-egata was given up; Yedo followed; non-circulation of dollars in the country unopposed; Kanagawa as a residence given up; land leases at the usual rate of the country given up; restrictions on employment of servants allowed without remonstrance; immunity from local jurisdiction endangered; and, lastly, Osaka given up on our own minister's representation.'

Still, the *gioro*, or council of state, failed to appease the factious opposition, and are charged by Sir Rutherford with not being really desirous of securing foreigners from injurious treatment even from the hands of their own officials. A candid observer, on reviewing all the circumstances of the case, will absolve the Government of the tycoon from the charge of complicity in the injurious treatment from which foreigners have suffered. It must be admitted that the Government were, as they protested, helpless in the matter. In almost every instance they failed to discover and punish the murderous assailants, who were screened by disaffected powerful daimios. They encountered obstacles, the same in character, but far greater in degree, in repressing the hostility toward foreigners which our authorities had in restraining aggression against natives; and further, it ought not to be forgotten that they acceded promptly to all the demands made upon them for pecuniary compensation as an atonement for lives taken and for wounds inflicted. Ten thousand dollars was sent through Mr. Harris to Philadelphia, for the widowed mother of the murdered Heuskin, and such was their regret for the occurrence that the Government would have paid manifold more, if our minister had seen fit to exact as much. English sufferers, or their relations, also received liberal compensation. [341]

Menaced by the feudal aristocracy, and by the theocratic element of the Government, the tycoon's ministers could not but look forward to the period when, by treaty stipulations, the concessions which had been so fatal to their predecessors, and against which they had themselves inveighed, were to be extended to new ports. If the admission of foreigners into or near the metropolis or seat of the temporal authority had proved disastrous, what evils might not be expected when, by admitting them to Hiogo, or Osaka, they would be brought so near to the capital or seat of the spiritual power!

To avert, or rather to postpone this impending evil, an embassy was despatched to European countries with which treaties had been made, soliciting an extension of time (five years) for the opening of new ports. Mr. Harris easily obtained the assent of our Government to the reasonable request. Earl Russell acceded also, but required as an equivalent the strict execution of all the other points of the treaty; viz., the abolition of all restrictions, whether as regards quantity or price, on the sale by Japanese to foreigners of all kinds of merchandise; all restrictions on labor, and more particularly on the hire of carpenters, boatmen, boats and coolies, teachers, and servants, of whatever denomination; all restrictions whereby daimios are prevented from sending their produce to market, and from selling the same directly to their own agents; all restrictions resulting from attempts on the part of the customhouse authorities and other officials to obtain fees; all restrictions limiting the classes of persons who shall be allowed to trade with foreigners; and all restrictions imposed on free intercourse of a social kind between foreigners and the

people of Japan. These all seem reasonable, and are only what the Japanese Government was already bound by treaty to fulfil; but as our Federal Government has found itself embarrassed by South Carolina's treatment of colored British subjects, so the tycoon's ministers find some of the feudal daimios nullifying or disregarding the treaty obligations of the general government.

If, however, a more conciliatory policy on the part of British residents had been pursued toward the Japanese people, if greater allowance had been made by English officials for the peculiar difficulties surrounding the Government to which they were accredited, and if more confidence had been placed in the good faith of the tycoon's ministers, it is certain that all opposition would have been gradually overcome. At one time a majority of the daimios had become reconciled to foreign intercourse; but the anti-foreign party has been increased and incensed by recent events; and there is danger that a compliance with the new demands of the foreigner will involve the country in civil war.

[342]

The treatment which the luckless envoys experienced on their return from Europe after a successful mission, shows how imperfectly the demands of the British minister will be complied with: we find official accounts from the Swiss embassy published in the *Dagblad* of the Hague, that they were degraded from rank and dismissed from office; the secretary and linguist having been a pupil and friend of the writer, he perused their political obituary with much regret. However, office holding in the far East is not only an equivocal honor, but a precarious means of subsistence, which, as the aspirants fully understand, one can somewhat economize his commiseration. Why, they are used to it in that strange country. The last mail brings intelligence of the degradation of one hundred and ten office holders of all grades, from the proud minister of state down to the humble clerk. In this list of casualties, too, a friend and pupil turns up. Dr. Itowo Gambono was a fussy fellow, something of a politician and courtier, and never mindful of professional etiquette when it stood in the way of his advancement. His Imperial Majesty the Tycoon, a dissolute youth of nineteen, with three wives, is subject, of course, to various maladies. The court physician administered a prescription so nauseous that the royal patient kicked against the whole materia medica; and great was the consternation of the court, when Dr. Itowo Gambono, who had been engineering for the office of surgeon royal, allayed apprehension by making known his qualifications, and the palatable character of his prescriptions. He was installed in office; but trusting exclusively to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and having been discovered in administering nothing but sweetened water, he suffered in the general proscription. A medical jury might render the verdict: Served him right for intriguing against his *confrere*.

The curious reader will be gratified with learning what some of the Japanese themselves have to say on the question of the relations betwixt the foreigner and their own Government, and it is not likely that the subjoined translation of a document, purporting to be a protest addressed to the tycoon's ministers, but intended as a complaint against them to the mikado or spiritual emperor, will be found too long for perusal:

'When you consulted us about the new relations into which we were to enter with foreigners, you told us, upon the authority of a certain Harisoo (Mr. Harris) the American, that the treaty would give us plenty and abundance. Both you and Harisoo said that cotton would be sold for a mere nothing, and that silk and manufactured goods would not cost us anything. The daily necessities of life would be brought to our country from all quarters of the globe, and our farmers would not be required to sow and reap. We anxiously expect these miracles, and at present we enjoy advantages which you never mentioned, namely, that those articles which you and Harisoo promised to give us at very low prices are now three times as expensive as they formerly were. You told us that our treasuries would be always open to receive the enormous riches which our intercourse with foreigners would always give us. It is an undeniable fact that our treasuries have been always open, but, instead of receiving money, we have been called upon to sacrifice the little we possess. You monopolize the import and export duties completely, and we had a right to suppose that those duties which, according to your statement and those of your financier Harisoo, would enrich the Japanese nation, ought to cover expenses such as building fortifications and buying men-of-war, which you say must inspire the barbarians with the respect due to our country. But what have you done for the last three years? What has been the tenor of all your despatches? Japan must be fortified, fortifications must be built, the artillery and navy increased. Money is required. If we could only see those fortifications, those men-of-war, we would complain less about expenses; but everything is proposed and nothing executed. You think that drawings and plans will scare foreigners, and cause them to flee from our country; but we doubt it, for they really equal us in this art. You sometimes talk to us about political economy; we candidly own you give us excellent advice; unfortunately we have numerous proofs that you do not follow the precepts that you give us. Why was such an incredible sum of money spent for all the vain and useless pomp which accompanied the sister of the mikado on her journey to Yedo, preparatory to her marriage with the tycoon? Why was so much money wasted in rebuilding the palace of the tycoon? We shall not mention the various ways in which the public money is wasted, as this would cause the nation to blush, and the mikado to mourn. As you always remind us of the great principles of political economy when you demand pecuniary supplies, pardon us for making the following remarks.

[343]

Owing to the troubled state of the country, the presence of the daimios at Yedo was formerly very necessary. Now, this is not the case at present, and still our lords are always travelling to and from the capital. The personal fatigue, the vexation, the expense of the immense retinue which always accompanies them, can no longer be supported.

'The time has come that these ruinous journeys should cease, and the lords of Japan declare themselves unable to defray the expense which you impose upon them. As foreign trade has nearly ruined us, and as fortifications and numerous other unforeseen expenses are deemed necessary in all the parts which have been opened to barbarians, we not only demand that the new ports Osaka, Neëgata, and Yedo shall not be opened, but that Kanagawa be closed. You always assert that we are opposed to friendly intercourse with foreign nations, but this is utterly false; we willingly consent to open the whole of Japan, if this step does not occasion expenses which are beyond our means. We have not murdered our servants who were favorably inclined toward the opening of Japan to foreigners. We never spread insulting libels against foreigners amongst our people. *We* never called Harisoo a fool, Aroako (Sir R. Alcock) a —, and Borrookoroo (M. de Bellecourt, French consul general) a —. *We* never called the consuls drunkards and foreign merchants thieves. *You* teach the young to despise and insult foreigners, and although you always tell us that the foreign nations are powerful and greatly to be feared, a high functionary lately said, 'With the exception of one of the nations, all the foreigners could be insulted with impunity.'

Although this document, evidently a clumsy forgery, bears traces of having been composed apparently by a native penny-a-liner for the foreign newspaper, yet it apparently expresses the opinion of a large class of rulers and people, and serves to exhibit some of the features of the varied opposition which the tycoon has to encounter.

The perils which menace the tycoon, or rather the council of state, are multiform. In the Prince of Mito, they have an aspirant to the tycoonship, by whose machinations it is believed foreigners have suffered, merely that the Government might be embarrassed. Rulers like the Prince of Kago, preferring death to compliance with the foreigners' demands; recent events admonishing the council and ministers that this penalty is likely to attend their yielding; at the same time importunity is used at the court of Miako—the spiritual emperor—to curtail or abolish the authority at Yedo; while the barbarian stands, torch in hand, ready not only to fire another palace, but with formidable fleets prepared to bombard cities!

One of the most resolute and powerful of the daimios who hold that it were better to die fighting rather than yield the points in dispute, is Shimadzu Sabara, Prince of Satzuma. It was his retainers who killed Richardson, and he will not suffer them to be delivered up for punishment, from the conviction doubtless that they committed the deed while resisting the advance of an arrogant foreigner. He seems to have the ability and the will to resist any attempt on the part of the general government to coerce him, hence the embarrassment which is occasioned by the British demand for the punishment of the assassins. He has particularly allied himself to the spiritual emperor, in whose capital he is popular; we read of him a short time since making a donation to the poor of Miako of ten thousand piculs of rice. Strictly speaking, Shimadzu Sabara is regent of Satzuma, the prince, who is his nephew, being only six years of age. Satzuma, the principality, is on the southerly extremity of the most southerly island of the Archipelago Kiusiu. Its capital, Kagosima, is a rich port, having 500,000 inhabitants; the Loo Choo Islands acknowledge the Prince of Satzuma as suzerain. Much of the prosperity of that part of Japan is due to the sagacity and enterprise of the late prince. He applied himself to the study of natural science, particularly the practical part, and established manufactories on a large scale, introducing all foreign arts that could be acquired. His glass manufactures have attained to a good degree of perfection, and the foundery for smelting and forging iron ore is on an extensive scale, employing about two thousand men. Some bronze guns made there were of a caliber for balls of 150 pounds weight. He constructed also several spacious docks. This prince paid the writer of this article the compliment of republishing his 'Treatise on the Law of Storms,' published several years ago in the Chinese language. He died in 1859, much lamented by his subjects.

[344]

Not less enterprising is the Prince of Fizen, in whose principality the well-known port of Nagasaki is situated. The foundery, with its steam hammer and other appliances, for his navy, consisting of several steamers purchased from foreigners, is a striking object in that beautiful harbor. He is in favor of intercourse with foreigners; we read of his assembling his vassals like a baron of olden time, and taking their opinions, and that of his officers, on the question of admitting foreigners, and informing his suzerain of their acquiescence. Stimulated by the example of these two princes, other nobles are desirous of acquiring power by adopting improvements from abroad. It has been stated that applications have been made for sixty steamers. A Dutch mercantile paper lately published a list of twenty steamers in course of construction for the Japanese. As American steamers have been found best adapted for the Chinese waters, we ought to construct more for our Japanese neighbors than we have yet done.

The British Government demands an indemnity for the families of the slain—£5,000 for each sentry, and £10,000 for Mr. Richardson, and the punishment of the murderers. As the validity of the treaties has been questioned, Japanese having recently in several instances taken the position that the tycoon had no authority to make them, it has been proposed that Miako should be visited

and the mikado compelled to ratify it; and as the Prince of Satzuma is responsible for the latest murder, it has been proposed that Kagosima should be bombarded, and that his fief, the Loo Choo Islands, should be held as a material guarantee for the fulfilment of his (the tycoon's) and the mikados' obligations. Some British journalists have maintained that as the expense of a war, from the courage of the people and the appliances of the rulers, would be great, as the trade is of small value, and as the Japanese have right on their side in resisting the encroachments of foreigners, it is advisable, after obtaining due reparation, to withdraw from the country altogether:—a proposition little in accordance with Britain's antecedents; such a relinquishment of purpose would occasion a loss of prestige which would jeopardize her sway from Hong Kong to Bombay. The response made to the proposition to retire from the country is that it would not only be ignominious, but perilous to their interests in the far East, which are now in jeopardy from the 'encroachments of Russia, the diplomacy, not always honest and aboveboard, of America, and the ambitious policy of France.'

[345]

An ulterior object with that power is to obtain a foothold in the North Pacific, which shall connect Hong Kong with British Columbia, and events will be shaped as far as possible to secure that end. With France strongly fortified at Annam, and Russian power growing on the Amoor, the English are apprehensive that in a war with either of those countries their cargoes of silk, tea, and opium would be somewhat insecure. While England has the merit of extending free trade to her new acquisitions, she makes them, even in peace, a means of annoyance to American commerce; consequently, we cannot regard with indifference her territorial expansion in the North Pacific. When we come to devote the attention to our interests in that part of the world which they merit, our friends on the Pacific coast will discover that European Governments are in possession of all the commanding points, if, indeed, they do not find China and Japan under an Anglo-French protectorate—an end for which many are devoting their energies. In view of the fact that it is through our agency that this country has been opened, and thus exposed to its present dangers, and considering that the Japanese Government is nearly, if not wholly, blameless, as regards its foreign relations, Americans cannot but hope that in the approaching conflict, Japan will suffer neither loss of territory, power, or character.

An article, in the American treaty says:

'The President of the United States, at the request of the Japanese Government, will act as a friendly mediator in such matters of difference as arise between the Government of Japan and the European powers.'

Accordingly, application has been made to Mr. Pruyn, soliciting through him an extension of time in replying to Colonel Neal's ultimatum, which has been accorded, but as a sharp correspondence is said to have arisen between the English and American ambassadors in relation to the sale of arms by our merchants to the Japanese, Mr. Pruyn's mediation is not likely to avail much in the approaching strife. As Japan is a friendly power, to which we are allied by treaty, we feel curious to hear what arguments have been adduced by the English to show that we ought not to deal in material of war with that country.

The position of Americans in Japan, as regards diplomacy, commerce, and Christian missions, with other matters of general interest, omitted for want of space, will form subjects of another article in the series which is proposed for publication in THE CONTINENTAL on Eastern Asiatic questions.

[346]

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER VII.

What should she say to her?

She had decided in the brief period of reflection before entering the room.

Amputation, sudden and quick—then treatment, as a surgeon would express it.

'Emma, it is all over with us. Mr. Meeker has been here and has broken off his engagement with you. The reason is, because your father has lost his property. I shall never regret our misfortunes, since it has saved you from becoming the wife of a selfish, heartless wretch.'

Emma did not faint, or scream, or burst into tears; but she turned very pale indeed, and sat without speaking, as if expecting her mother to say something more.

Mrs. Tenant looked at her anxiously. She would have much preferred a demonstration of some sort to silence—silence and pallor. She continued:

'Emma, you are our only child, our all. We think of your happiness more than of anything else in

this world. Your mother is with you now; she will help you and sustain you until you have recovered, as you soon will, from the effect of this sudden shock.'

'And he said it was because papa had failed?' inquired Emma, without appearing to notice what her mother was saying.

'Exactly.'

'Then it was because he thought I was rich that he wanted to marry me?'

'For nothing else in the world,' replied Mrs. Tenant, impatiently.

Emma was again silent, but she was no longer pale; on the contrary, the color was fast filling her cheeks, and she blushed as she said, in a low tone, 'I shall feel so mortified to go into church.'

Mrs. Tenant was delighted. A great point was gained. Emma was already brought back to ordinary considerations; her pride would rally now.

'Never mind, my darling, never mind; for once it may be a little awkward, but, after all, what do we care?'

Very commonplace, to be sure, but it was all she could say.

'Everybody knows that the wedding day was fixed. Then, you know, I had to explain why it was put off to Ellen Stanley and Julia Petit, for they were to be my bridesmaids. This morning I met Ellen, and she asked me when it was to be, and I told her Hi—Mr. Meeker had not yet returned. She declared she saw him on the corner of Bond street and Broadway day before yesterday morning. She said she could not be mistaken. I told her she *was* mistaken. Now I dare say she *did* see him. What *shall* I do? Everybody will have the story, and how they will laugh at me!'

'We will see about that, we will see,' said Mrs. Tenant.

The fact is, she did not know exactly what to reply.

'I shall be ashamed to show myself in the street.'

'Nonsense, my darling.'

Kissing her daughter cheerfully, Mrs. Tenant went down stairs to meet her husband, whom she heard at the door.

The moment her mother left, Emma's heart sank, and she began to cry.

Mrs. Tenant was not long in putting her husband in possession of the situation of things. He was astonished, of course. He asked a great many questions, and at last seemed to comprehend how matters stood. He appeared to be very deeply affected, though he said but little. He did not speak on the subject to Emma, but soon after dinner took his hat and walked out.

[347]

In a short time he was standing on the steps of Dr. Chellis's house, and had rung the bell. He was presently seated in the Doctor's 'study' (he declined to go into the drawing room), waiting for him to come in.

Now it so happened that Dr. Chellis and Mr. Tenant were schoolmates at Exeter Academy, and afterward classmates at Yale. More than this, for two years they roomed together. Young Tenant did not have much taste for study, but his father, a man of competence, desired his son to be 'educated,' even if it should afterward be decided to make a merchant of him. It was perhaps because the young men were so unlike that they took to each other from the first and became intimate. There was something in Tenant's honest, genuine, and amiable nature, which was exceedingly attractive to the hardy, earnest, uncompromising Chellis. Their intimacy was a matter of surprise and marvel to all, yet I think is easily accounted for on the hypothesis just mentioned. That Tenant maintained a respectable standing in his class he owed to Chellis, for it was their habit to go over their lessons together after Chellis had 'dug out' his, and thus fortified, Tenant's recitations were very fair.

The young men never lost sight of each other. With them it continued always to be 'Aleck' and 'Harry.' Whenever the young clergyman came to New York he was received at the house of the young merchant with open arms. After some years, opportunity was presented for 'Harry,' to wit, Mr. Henry Tenant, of the leading house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., to use his influence in his church, where the pulpit had become vacant, to have 'Aleck,' to wit, the Rev. Alexander Chellis, called to fill it. The latter received the invitation with pleasure, for it opened a field to him he longed to enter. There was one drawback. He had not sufficient means to properly furnish a city house, where matters are on a scale so much more expensive than in the country. But he came down to consult his friend. After a full discussion they retired, the clergyman still not persuaded he could accept, and really most unwilling to decline. The next morning the merchant was up very early, and bolting into his friend's room, he woke him from a sound slumber, exclaiming, 'Aleck, I have got to be absent to-day—shall not be in till evening; but I have thought your affair all over, and decided that you must come, and that forthwith. As to the little objection which troubles you, here is what will obviate it; and mind you, Aleck, if you ever allude to this circumstance, either to me or to any living being, I swear, by Jupiter Ammon, your favorite old heathen, that I will never again recognize you as friend.'

Thus delivering himself, he thrust a check for a thousand dollars into the hands of the astonished

clergyman, who lay listening to his harangue, fully convinced his friend was actually out of his wits. The next instant the door was closed; and rubbing his eyes to satisfy himself he was not dreaming, he examined the piece of paper in his hand, and read it forward and backward, upside down, and right side up, until he actually began to comprehend what it meant. More than this, he fully appreciated the act, and accepted it; and further, he never did allude to the circumstance, not even so much as to thank his friend. It is true, when the latter came back that evening and the two shook hands, that Harry felt a peculiar pressure, and observed a peculiar expression in Aleck's eyes, which he fancied for the moment were moist.

So Mr. Chellis was ordained over the church in New York. Years ran away. He became a famous divine, justly celebrated through town and country. We know the position Mr. Tenant enjoyed. The two always maintained their old intimacy. When alone together, it was still 'Aleck' and 'Harry.' College jokes were repeated, college days lived over, and, while together, it would seem that neither was a day the older for the years that had rolled over them. It is not to be wondered at then that on receiving the unlooked-for intelligence of Hiram Meeker's conduct he should desire to consult his old friend and lay the case before him.

[348]

Apologizing for keeping the reader so long on the threshold of Dr. Chellis's study, we will now enter with him, and report the conference.

'Aleck, I am in trouble.' That was the first remark after the greeting.

Never before had Mr. Tenant made such an observation to his friend. The old merchant had borne his failure like a man, accepting it as a part of the 'fortune of war.' He neither whimpered nor made wry faces. So, when Dr. Chellis heard the words, 'Aleck, I am in trouble,' he knew they meant a great deal. He took his seat, not in his accustomed place, but on the sofa close to his friend, and turning on him an anxious, sympathizing look, he said, in a tone gentler than a woman's, 'What is it, Harry?'

'Harry' told him the whole. The burden of all his thoughts was his daughter, and his lip quivered when he spoke of her love for the man who had proved to be so base, and of the effect the disappointment might have on her.

When he had concluded, Dr. Chellis started to his feet and began to pace up and down the room with great energy, exclaiming, 'God be praised! God be praised! God be praised!'

'For what, Aleck, for what?' inquired Mr. Tenant, rising anxiously from his seat and attempting to place himself before his friend, and thus intercept a response; 'do tell me for what?'

This time they met in the middle of the room; the Doctor no longer avoided his companion, but responded, with emphasis, 'For the escape! I tell you, Harry, it should be the happiest day of your life! yes, the happiest day of your life! Do you hear me?'

For Mr. Tenant did not appear to comprehend what the other was saying.

'I tell you,' continued the Doctor, 'Emma's engagement has been a perpetual source of sorrow to me. Yet I had nothing definite to urge against it, nothing, in fact, but what might be called a prejudice, which it would have been unjust to speak of—and—but—the fact is, I knew,' burst forth the now fairly enraged Doctor, interrupting himself and marching off again at double quick, 'I knew the fellow was a scamp, ever since he came whimpering to me about his conviction and God's providence, wonderful conversion, and so on. Conversion! I'll convert him!'

The Doctor's right hand opened and shut as if enclosing in its grasp the collar of Hiram's coat.

Mr. Tenant meantime kept standing in the middle of the room, trying in vain to bring the Doctor again to a halt. Whether he would have succeeded will not be known, for a knock at the door served to effect the purpose, while his sharp, angry 'Come in' so terrified the servant girl that she opened it barely wide enough to enable her to announce, in a faint tone, Mr. Meeker.'

'Ask him into the parlor,' said the Doctor, in his natural voice, 'I will see him presently.'

Then he turned, and in his usual manner bade his friend sit. Both resumed their places on the sofa, and the Doctor proceeded:

'Harry, it is all settled. The whole thing is clear. It comes just in the right time. You know Maria is to sail for Europe next week. You know how fond she is of Emma. It was but yesterday she was saying how pleasant it would be if Emma could go with her. Then she supposed it impossible. Now it is all right. The young people are to be absent six or eight months. This will put Emma quite right. Now, then, we have decided this, you must let me have my session with that knave yonder.'

[349]

'But Aleck! Aleck!' exclaimed Mr. Tenant, making an effort to stop his friend, who was about to leave the room, 'you forget—you forget my altered circumstances. Much as I like the plan, the thing is impossible—really quite impossible.'

The Doctor turned on his companion impatiently.

'That's my affair,' he said. 'Mind that Emma is ready.'

'No, no, Aleck—no, no, that must not be. No, no.'

The Doctor looked as if about to make an assault on his friend, and then raising his finger in a

menacing manner, 'Who was it,' he exclaimed fiercely, 'that with rude force burst into my room one morning, disturbing my slumbers, and committing various acts of violence, while I was in a defenceless state unable to resist—who was it?'

The Doctor's eyes actually glared with such a genuine expression of rage, that Mr. Tenant lost his self-possession, and, as if afraid to admit the charge, answered faintly:

'I don't know.'

'You lie, you dog—you know you do,' said the Doctor, relaxing his angry tone. 'Ah, Harry, I did not think it of you.'

This last remark was uttered in the old familiar, gentle tone, and was accompanied by a look—just such a look as he had given him on the evening of the memorable affair of the thousand-dollar check.

Tears came into Mr. Tenant's eyes.

'Come, come,' said the Doctor, 'don't be foolish; away with you, and let me attend to my business.'

They shook hands silently, and the Doctor, closing the door after his friend, went back to his study, rang the bell, and directed Hiram to be summoned.

Mrs. Tenant received the account which her husband brought her of his visit to Dr. Chellis, and what had been decided on, with the liveliest satisfaction. She went at once to her daughter's apartment (she had thought best to leave her to herself for the evening), and exclaimed:

'Emma, my child, what do you think your papa has done? He has arranged for you to go with the Chaunceys to Europe next week. You know Maria was telling you Monday that if you were not going to be married, she should insist on your accompanying her. Now tell me, Emma, are you not delighted?'

Emma *was* delighted, or rather she was greatly relieved. She had more sensitiveness and more pride than one would suppose, judging from her amiable disposition. Her position had always been so well assured, her society so much sought for, and she so much courted, that never, until this occasion, had she experienced any important trial of her temper or emotions.

To appear in society, the daughter of a bankrupt, jilted, and jilted because she was no longer an heiress, exposed to the various remarks and busy gossip so rife on such occasions, was it not trying? And do you wonder that it was a great relief for her to know she was to be freed from this ordeal; that she was to experience not only a complete change of scene, but the change was to be every way agreeable, and what she would, under ordinary circumstances, have most desired?

To visit Europe! In those days the affair was not one of such common occurrence as at present, and of course the trip was the more valued.

Bravo, Emma! Next Thursday you will be on the ocean, away from every disagreeable association. Much as we shall miss you, we must bid you good-by for the present.

[350]

Emma did not close her eyes in sleep that night, and if her heart beat with excitement at the thought of the sudden change in her destinies, immediate as well as remote, there were moments when its pulses were deadened, and a thick, brooding, unhappy melancholy took possession of it, as she thought of what she had lost. A pang—it was that of *disappointed love*—from time to time made itself felt with keenness, and the morning found her restless and ill at ease. Could it be otherwise?

When Hiram received the summons to attend Dr. Chellis in his study, he was in the midst of a calculation as to the profit and loss of a certain operation, which I do not propose to explain to the reader. He had intended to call on the Doctor immediately on his return from Hampton, but was too much occupied. When, however, he came to a sudden break with Mrs. Tenant (*he* did not intend it should be sudden), he felt the necessity of fortifying himself in the church, for he was well aware of the deservedly high character Mr. Tenant enjoyed in it. He did not know the intimate relations which existed between him and the Doctor.

Although the weather was exceedingly warm, Hiram wore his complete suit of black cloth, and as he came with downcast eyes and mincing steps into the Doctor's room, the latter, who had taken his accustomed seat before his table, looked at him as he would at some strange, extraordinary apparition. He returned Hiram's salutation so gravely that it checked any further advance toward shaking hands. He proceeded, however, to take a seat without waiting to be asked.

'Something wrong,' he said to himself. 'It can't be he has heard of it so soon—only this very afternoon; impossible. Perhaps he is at work on his sermon. I must apologize.'

Thereupon Hiram took courage, and said, in a bland tone:

'I fear I am interrupting you in your valuable labors; shall I not call another time?'

'No; I am quite at liberty;' and the Doctor looked as if he would ask, 'What do you want?'

'You have without doubt heard of my affliction,' groaned Hiram, producing his pocket handkerchief.

'Your mother died lately, I understand.'

Hiram's answer was inaudible; his face was buried in his handkerchief.

The Doctor was becoming impatient.

'What is the object of your visit?' he asked.

The handkerchief was instantly removed from Hiram's face. He cast his eyes reproachfully on the Doctor, and exclaimed, quite in a natural tone:

'Object! are you not my pastor; am I not suffering? Have I not been watching for weeks at my mother's dying bed? And now she has gone, I feel unhappy, very unhappy. I want your advice and sympathy, and spiritual direction.'

The Doctor was staggered—I say staggered, not convinced, not persuaded, not in any sense inclined to change his opinion of the young man before him. But a blow had been well put in, and he felt it.

For Hiram, not imagining the Doctor could have heard of the affair with Miss Tenant, thought his treatment owing to some sort of caprice, and he seized the opportunity to act on the offensive, and dealt so genuine a retort that the former was taken by surprise. For a moment he seemed to be in a reverie.

'You have lost your mother,' he said dreamily, while his large features worked with an involuntary movement, betraying strong inward emotion—'your mother; an irreparable loss. Tell me, Meeker,' he continued, after a pause, while he turned his large, searching gray eyes on the young man, 'tell me, did you really love your mother?'

[351]

It would have been, one would suppose, the easiest thing in the world for the glib-tongued Hiram to reply to such an interrogatory; but there was something awful in that gaze—not severe, nor stern, nor condemnatory, but awful in its earnest, truthful, not to be escaped penetration.

He hesitated, he stammered, he changed color. Still those eyes regarded him—still Hiram continued to hesitate, and stammer, till some sort of response came out, by piecemeal, incoherently.

Meantime the Doctor had recovered from his reverie.

'You have been very unhappy?' he asked, in a dry tone.

'Oh yes, very.'

'What have you to say about your relations with Miss Tenant?'

'He has heard all about it,' thought Hiram, 'and I must do the best I can.' 'Why, sir, in my present afflicted state, how could I form so important a tie as that of matrimony? So it was thought best by Mrs. Tenant that the engagement should be considered at an end, at least for the present. This was her own suggestion, I assure you.'

'Look you, Meeker,' said Dr. Chellis, endeavoring to restrain his anger, 'I have heard the other side of this story, and had you not called on me, I should have sent for you. I cannot permit such a course as you are charged with to go without the action of the church.'

'By what right does the church undertake to supervise my domestic affairs?' retorted Hiram, now fully roused, and at bay.

'The church will always take official notice of misconduct on the part of any of its members.'

'With what am I charged?' demanded Hiram, defiantly.

'With violation of the most sacred of promises, with prevarication, dissimulation, and moral fraud.'

'Since it is determined to prejudge me, I shall ask for a letter of dismissal, and worship elsewhere.'

'I cannot grant you a letter while you are under charges.'

'And do you call it fair to persecute, in this way, at the instigation of a proud aristocrat (he had already learned this slang sophistry), a young man, who is almost a stranger among you?'

'Meeker,' said the Doctor, once more relaxing into a meditative tone, 'Meeker, you have asked for my advice and spiritual direction: Answer me, answer me truly; have you really no idea, at least to some extent, what sort of person you are?'

'Dr. Chellis, I will no longer sit here to be insulted by you, sir. I have borne quite too much already. I will endure it no longer. Good evening, sir.'

Hiram flung himself out of the room. He was not at all angry, though he affected to be. Things were working heavily against him, and he saw no way to retreat except to fly in a passion or appear to do so. Once out of the house, he breathed more freely, and hastening home, he without delay set about the labor of reconstruction. He had uphill work, but difficulties brought out his resources.

His first step was to make a written request for a letter of dismissal, on the ground that he was about to remove to the church of the Rev. Dr.—.

The request for a letter was refused, and Hiram's course thereon is of a character so important that it deserves to be treated of in a separate chapter.

Meanwhile Emma Tenant is safely across the Atlantic, and, amid new and interesting and romantic scenes, which she is already beginning to enjoy, she tries to forget her heart's first grief.

She will succeed. To aid her, she has her woman's pride against her woman's weakness; a constant succession of fresh and novel incidents, agreeable society, absence from old associations, the natural buoyancy of youth, and a hopeful nature. [352]

Over this host of fortunate circumstances presides that unconquered and always successful leader—TIME.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION.

This article, published in our August issue, has awakened so wide an interest in the community, that the Editor of THE CONTINENTAL deems it expedient to place before its readers the additional matter contained in a *later* edition published in England, where it has circulated by thousands. We regret that this edition did not arrive in time to appear at large in our August number; but as it did not, we herewith offer the additional matter so arranged that our readers will have but little difficulty in fitting it in its appropriate place.

Addition 1st.—August CONTINENTAL, page 219, after line 23 from the top, viz.: 'and the countrywomen of the Mother of the Lord,' read:

Mississippi was the *first* repudiating State; A.G. McNutt, the *first* repudiating Governor; and Jefferson Davis, the *first* repudiating Senator. As another evidence of the incredible extent to which the public sentiment of that day was debased, I quote the following passage from Governor McNutt's message of 1840, proposing to repeal the bank charters, and to *legalize* the *forgery* of their notes—'The issuing of paper money, in contravention of the repealing act, could be effectually checked by the abrogation of all laws making it penal to forge such paper.' (Sen. Jour. p. 53.) Surely, nothing, but the fell spirit of slavery, could have dictated such a sentiment.

Proceed as before.

Page 220 CONTINENTAL, after line 45 from the top, viz.: 'is a constitutional act,' insert:

The supplemental act, we have seen, was not, in the language of the Constitution, a law '*to raise a loan of money on the credit of the State*;' that act had already passed two successive Legislatures, and was unchanged by the supplemental, which merely modified some of the details of the bank charter; such was the fact, and such the decree of the inferior court, such was the unanimous decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the State, to which *the final adjudication* had been assigned, by a mandatory provision of the Constitution.

Surely this decision should have settled the question. But it did not. Jefferson Davis, notwithstanding his professed desire to submit this question to the final decree of the courts of the State, persisted, as we have seen, in 1849, in repudiating these bonds, at a period more than seven years after this decision of 1842, and still persevered, after the second similar adjudication of 1853.

Omitting 'Surely this decision should have settled the question. But it did not,' proceed as before.

Page 23. On last line of the page, 'after this wide domain,' insert:

Who conspired to assassinate the American President on his way to Washington? Who murdered in Baltimore the men of Massachusetts on their way to the defence of the capitol of the Union? Who commenced the conflict by firing upon the starving garrison of Sumter, and striking down the banner of the Union which floated over its walls? Who, immediately thereafter, announced their resolution to capture Washington, seized the national arms, and forts, and dockyards, and vessels, and arsenals, and mints, and treasure, and opened the war upon the Federal Government? [353]

Returning to last line, page 27, proceed as before.

Page 224, fifth line from the bottom find: 'broad basis of the will of the people.'
After which insert:

But, let me resume the debate. When the ministry had closed, the earnest opponents of slavery, and true friends of England and America, discussed the question. Seldom have such great speeches been heard on any occasion, and the impression was most profound.

What is it England is asked to recognize? It is a confederacy, claiming to be a *league of sovereign and independent States*, like the old American Confederacy of 1778, abandoned when we formed a nation in 1787. When England, in 1783, recognized the old Confederacy, the recognition was of *each of the several States by name*, as sovereign and independent. Now, applying those principles on the present occasion, to the several seceded States by name, Is Virginia independent? Why, all her coasts and seaports are held by us, so is Norfolk, her commercial capital, more than half her area and white population, and nearly half her territory has been organized as a new State of the Union, and, by the almost unanimous vote of her people, has abolished slavery. Are North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Texas independent? Why, their whole coast and large portions of the interior are held by our army and navy. Is Tennessee independent? Two thirds of her territory, as well as her political and commercial capitals, Nashville and Memphis, are held by us. The same thing is true, to a great extent, as to Arkansas. As to Mississippi—her whole sea coast, and her whole river coast, for 500 miles, with the exception of a single point, are held by us, and more than half her territory. As to Louisiana, we hold three fourths of her territory, all her sea coast, all her river front on both banks of the Mississippi, except one point, and her great city, New Orleans, the commercial capital of the State and of the South, with four times the population of any other Southern city, and with nearly half the free population of the State. More than three fourths of the population as well as area of Louisiana is held by us, with her political and commercial capital, and yet it is proposed to acknowledge Louisiana as one of these *sovereign and independent States*. How can the so-called Confederacy, claiming to be a league of sovereign and independent States, be recognized as independent, when the States composing that league are not independent? How is Richmond to be reached by an English envoy, or is the blockade to be broken, which is war? How as to slavery! The 331,000 slaves of Louisiana, the three millions of slaves of the seceded States, are emancipated by the proclamation of the President, under the war power uniformly recognized as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. If these are States of our Union, or are retained by us, slavery has ceased, and the *three millions of slaves are free*. But, if you acknowledge the confederate independence, then, these three millions of slaves, so far as England is concerned, are slaves still, and will remain so forever. To refuse recognition, is to admit the freedom of these slaves—to recognize, is to remand them to bondage, so far as England can accomplish that purpose. Nor is this all—it is to spread slavery over an almost boundless territory, claimed by the South. It is impossible then to escape the conclusion, that, in recognizing this confederacy, England ranges herself on the side of slavery, and does all she can to maintain and perpetuate it in America. Nor is this all. She violates a great moral rule, and a well settled principle of international law, to maintain and perpetuate slavery in the South. By the law of nations, the recognition of national independence is the acknowledgment of the fact of independence. But, we have seen, that the States composing this so-called league, are not independent, but are held, to a vast extent, by our army and navy, including two thirds of their area. Never was independence acknowledged under such circumstances, except as an act of war. The acknowledgment then of the confederate independence, in the present posture of affairs, is, in fact, *a declaration of war by England against the United States, without cause or justification*. It would be so universally regarded in the United States, and would instantly *close all dissensions in the North*. If any suppose that England, without any just cause, should thus strike us with the iron-gauntlet hand, and that we will not resist, let the history of the past answer the question. Nor would the union of France, in such an act, change the result, except that nearly all the loss and sacrifice would fall upon England. Including the slaves and free blacks, there is not a single seceded State, in which an overwhelming majority of the people are not for the Union. Now, by the Federal Constitution, slaves are mentioned only three times, and then not as slaves, but as '*persons*,' and the Supreme Court of the United States have expressly decided that slaves, so far as regards the United States, *are persons, and not property*. (Groves vs. Slaughter, 15 Peters, 392.) *All persons*, in every State, owe a paramount allegiance to the United States, the rebel masters, as well as their slaves—the Government has a right to their services to suppress the rebellion; and to acknowledge the independence of the South, is to ignore the existence of the slaves, or to treat them, as the South do, as chattels, and not persons. In acknowledging, then, Southern independence, the independence of the *masters*, England expressly recognizes the doctrine of *property in man*. Such a war, proclaimed by England and France against the United States on such grounds, would be a war of their *Governments*—not of their *peoples*, and could have but one termination. As to our recognition of the independence of Texas, it was long after the decisive battle of San Jacinto,—when the Mexican army was destroyed or captured, together with the President, when he acknowledged their independence, the Mexican Government, by accepting the advantages stipulated by him, in fact, and in law, ratified the recognition. It was after all this, when the contest was over, not a Mexican vessel on the coast of Texas, nor a Mexican soldier upon her soil, that we recognized the independence of Texas. The case, therefore, is widely different from the present. Let it be remembered, that we hold, not only the mouth of the Mississippi, its great city, the whole of the west bank of that imperial river, but all the east bank, except two points, thus dissevering Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the rest of the South. Now the area of these three States is 373,000 square miles, and that of all the

[354]

remaining seceded States, 396,000 square miles. In holding then the west bank of the Mississippi, we have severed the great artery of the South, which is death.

With these additions, easily supplied, our readers have before them the whole of
Governor Walker's letter,—ED. CONTINENTAL.

[355]

EDITOR'S TABLE

READERS: It were much to be wished, for your benefit, that the stalwart form which has so long presided at our Table, should take the accustomed place at our Banquet, again to serve you with the invigorating fare fit for men; the dainties of delicious flavor suited to the taste of the young and lovely; or once more to pour the accustomed draughts of old Falernian, sunned by a warm heart and matured by a vigorous intellect, into the goblets you are now holding for our September festival. For aught we know, he may even now be treading the old fields of former glory in far Kansas—but his voice will soon again greet you from this social spot, and again spread before you the ripe fruits of a manly experience.

Our other Honorable Editor is also afar, striving in other climes to serve our country, yet constantly giving us reason to know, from his frequent and loyal contributions, that he is gathering honey for THE CONTINENTAL, and has not deserted his arduous post in spending and being spent for the land he loves. May our two Honorables soon return to dispense, as they alone can, the hospitalities of our Editor's Table!

But we should not complain, when we can offer you, in this month of hot suns and motionless airs, such invigorating breaths of fresh, salty wind, directly from the bosom of the surging sea, as we are about to do in the following essay from the pen of A. J. S. He is the author of the vigorous sketch of 'The Southern Colonel' given in our July issue. He has now dipped his pen in the tints of the rainbow and the freshness of the salty wave, and given us:

'FROM THE SEA SHORE.'

Where the land enchants, the sea intoxicates—its sparkle, its mobility, its translucence excite the fancy, as wine does the blood—it combines those elements which produce at once awe and ecstasy in the soul—the unknown, the resistless, the beautiful. One may be melancholy by the sea, but never morbid or supine. Between it and the land there are no gradations; you do not come imperceptibly under its influence, as, in ascending a mountain, you come into the cooler atmosphere; as you approach, you are suddenly enveloped and animated by a crystalline, vivifying element: this is the sea air; those saline qualities, so harsh to the taste, prove a delicious stimulant in the lungs. The sea is incommunicable—neither words, or canvas prepare you for it, as they may often for landscapes; like Livingston's untutored savage, you are always startled and overwhelmed at first sight of it; you feel, like him, an impulse to leap into its waves. If you want to surrender yourself wholly to the sea influence—to study it and assimilate your mind to all its phases—you should choose, as was my fortune, a little fishing town, on the shore, with a sheltered bay to the south and west and the ocean eastward. Here you will find life stripped of care and conventionality; idealized, seductive, and illusive, the days swinging from charm to charm, like bubbles in the sunlight. On such a coast, Nature never confuses her effects—no lively verdure or picturesque landscape intrudes upon the majesty of the sea—only damp mosses and stout creepers veil the harsh outlines of the rocks, and, in the distance, masses of pine trees relieve the gray monotony of the shore—for the rest, everything is left to the sun and the sea. There are a dozen beaches, each distinct in its charm. Some firm, smooth, and white, as a marble walk—others mere waves of sand, which the lightest breeze whirls—and, others, where nature seems to have exhausted her wildest caprice, piled with rocks, black, perilous, defiant, overlooking waters whose solitude is never broken by a sail. It is these deep waters which have that green tint so lustrous and subtle, and as unlike the heavy green seen in most sea pictures as it is unlike grass; it is in more sheltered nooks that the sea assumes that sapphire sheen more ineffable than the sky which imparts it. As the color of the sea depends greatly upon the disposition of the surrounding lands and the prevailing condition of the atmosphere, each little inlet has some tint or effect of light peculiar to itself. I have seen coloring as remarkable—I had almost said as unnatural—as that indigo blue which we connect with the Ægean sea. Indeed, one comes to believe anything possible in the way of sea coloring, however brilliant, or however blank, after intimate and close observation of even a small part of the ocean. I have often fancied that these local features may have given rise to the idea of nymphs and mermaids, especially at night, when, in the setting sun, the colors fade in vapory exhalations, and the waters seem haunted by the spirits of their own beauty—pale, tremulous, waiting the vitalizing ray of the morning light. But it is in winter that the effects of the sun on the sea are most marvellous; this arises, in part, from the clearness of the air, and the dazzling setting of snow, which expresses more vividly the glow of the sea; then, too, that part of the water not exposed to the sun has an ashen, gray tint, which intensifies, by contrast, the more gorgeous hues. I remember many who saw Church's 'Icebergs' thought the coloring too brilliant, while, to those familiar with the sea, it seemed entirely natural. Thus, critics will find that it is by the study of nature we are educated up to high art; and artists, that their great danger is not in being more brilliant, but less delicate than nature. It is on the sea shore that we find the purest democracy—any man who is respectable and desirous of enjoying life may fraternize with the whole population. He who lives

[356]

in the struggle to acquire or maintain a position can appreciate this social luxury. The sea exercises a delightful influence over the character—its perils induce self-reliance and fearlessness, which are redeemed from conceit by a child-like simplicity arising naturally from the contemplation of an element menacing, invincible, and symbolical of eternity. Then, too, the legends of the sea invest the mind with a sensitive, poetic passion as delightful as it is unworldly, as reverent as it is credulous. No one would deride these superstitions who has watched, as I have, the various phases of the sea—its motions, its intonations—its mists, its foam, its vapors—its sunlit splendors—its phosphorescent marvels—its moonlit and starlit mysteries; but would feel, with something of the awe of the ancients, that the sea is the place of magic, and that only a film separates between the material and the spirit land.

A. J. S.

READERS: You with ourselves have looked upon a very ugly thing since we last met in the pages of *THE CONTINENTAL*. A Briareus-handed, multiple-formed, Proteus-faced monster, of huge dimensions, wickedly scheming brain, myriad fanged, and every fang imbued with virulent copperhead poison, stormed through our streets in the light of day and in the gloom of night, during many ghastly hours, knowing no law save its own wicked will, while Treason, Cruelty, House-breaking and House-burning, Robbery, Assassination, Torture, Hanging, Murder, stalked on in its wild train of horror. But we know its face now, and it will be our own fault if anything so foul shall e'er be seen again in our midst. We must be on the alert to act when called upon—not to suspect the innocent, but to guard against the guilty.

'Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.'

'There is no fear of God in a riot.' We must confess ourselves to have been strangely startled when we found of what nation the rioters were mainly composed. The race whom we had received with the most generous hospitality, rescuing them from starvation and oppression at home—men whom we were hourly teaching to be freemen; women whom we were patiently and painfully instructing in the domestic arts of civilized life, took up arms against our Government, our laws, and ruthlessly pursued the innocent with fire and sword! The race of the old faith of the true St. Patrick, fresh from the 'Isle of Saints,' from which he had himself exiled all copperheads and venomous reptiles, blessed with good and true Priests of the old Religion, with the sweet face of the Blessed Virgin Mary to smile down upon them in their chapels, teaching them reverence for womanhood, and feeding as they firmly believe upon the glorified Body which is hourly broken to exalt and purify humanity, fell in fierce assault upon us. Men from the land of Burke, Curran, Emmet, Moore, Meagher, rose to pillage, burn, and assassinate! Irishmen, afraid to fight for the country which had adopted them as sons! massacring their benefactors! trailing Old Erin's loyal harp for the *first time* in the dust! bringing shame on the glorious Emerald Isle, and sorrow to the struggling country which had given them a home! Irishmen, taking the laws in their own hands, trampling our Stars beneath their feet—that flag which had first assured them they were men, citizens, with a *right* to home and happiness! What wonder that we fail to recognize the strong, sturdy, brave, heady, helpful, generous, and impulsive children of the 'Gem of the Sea?' And what shall we say of the venerated Archbishop?

[357]

'By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with traitorous, murderous rumors.'

Alas! the worst is not yet told. Irishmen and Irishwomen, with the sad face of the Mother of the Lord for ever teaching them pity from their altars, fell like fiends from hell upon the unfortunate negro, driving him, a child of Christ, from the poor home he had won with so much toil; robbing him of all he possessed; burning his miserable refuge; frightening into madness his patient wife; braining his children; hounding the panic-stricken unfortunate from street to street, and torturing, mutilating, drowning, and assassinating him! For what, in the name of Heaven? Because he breathed the air of his native land, and dared to pray to the God that made him; because he wanted work for his black and brawny arm, to support his cheerful black wife, and his jolly, woolly-headed children!

'Go back; the *virtue of your name*
Is not here passable!' 'A thousand knees
Six thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wouldst.'

It has been said the negro was lazy, and would not work without the lash; that he was incompetent, and could not work; that he was a coward, and would not fight: when it is found that he will work, he is to be deprived of labor; found that he can work, deprived of employment; that he is loyal, and will fight for the country, although she has often been but a stepmother to him; he is driven from his home; his goods plundered and fired; himself mutilated and hung. Alas! alas! 'mine eyes are a fountain of tears for the iniquities of my people!'

'Ireland knows no martyrs,' nobly says the Archbishop. Alas! that she should have martyred the negro upon our own *holy* soil—the soil of his nativity!

God curses no race, for Christ died for *all* who will accept him. Even were this plea of cursing true, it is our simple duty to try to lift the curse. To do unto others as we would be done by, is the sublime but simple law of Christianity.

Readers and fellow citizens, let us resolve that all this must cease; we must be ready to put down rebellion *North* as well as South; to resist all violence and aggression; to support the Government; to fill with enthusiasm the glorious ranks of our brave army, because it is the army of freedom and human progress; we must all aid in carrying our flag without a star undimmed through this fierce crisis, and unfurl it in that fair field of universal liberty and happiness which we must win for the sweet sake of humanity. All hell is armed against us; but God and His angels are on our side! This is the *manifest destiny* of our country, and to this unveiled glory are we marching on. We proudly offer a home and freedom to men of all climes and regions; in which hospitable offer itself we declare that no dictation, no oppression, no cruelty shall legally exist throughout the length and breadth of this our Holy Land. We have aims before us, and we must accomplish them. The Irishman must be civilized, his better feelings must be cultivated; he must be taught to respect law and order; the American copperhead must be robbed of his power to harm; he has shown his deadly venom, and his fangs must be extracted; to do this effectively, the rebellion, already crushed, must be utterly subdued; the negro must be protected, educated, and elevated; slavery in every form must be driven from the earth; the law of love, which is the law of God, must rule; that so our Heaven-Stars may again cluster in ever-growing brilliancy and lustre over a land of equality, progress, law, order, unity, and happiness. Men and brethren, this is our allotted task, and we must all work in our allotted spheres. Men, women, and children, there is enough to do, and that which will task us all to our utmost strength and capacity. We must be brave, strong, helpful, and unselfish; we must shirk no duty on the score of sex or weakness; we must find excuse for no idleness on the ground of incapacity. We are all capable! We must feel and make others feel that there is no true hope for ourselves or them save in the triumph of our sacred cause. Our stars alone form canopy wide enough to shelter the ever-accumulating ranks of humanity. We must, every one of us, learn the lesson of self-abnegation—it is the sublime lesson of the cross, learned by St. Paul, lived by St. John, worshipped by the Magdalene, and incarnated through the Virgin Mary—thus proving it is for all classes, characters, and sexes. He who will not learn it, is neither hero nor Christian, be he general or bishop.

[358]

We shall first (because it is necessary for the progress of the race) conquer our enemies; and then, true to ourselves and our principles, forgive, aid, and love them. Many of them have learned, many more are learning, the misery and shame of slavery. That truth once acknowledged and digested, their hearts will grow glad in the peace of the just, and their desolated land blossom like the rose.

We will all learn to bear with the negro, because he has qualities necessary to fill up the harmony of life. As a general thing, the Irish servants are perhaps more honest, and dull as they seem, have more head; but the negro has more heart. His nature is irrepressible and joyous; he is full of comicality and drollery, of fun, jeers, jokes, yah-yas, and merriment; and this element will be needed in our midst to temper our puritan and national seriousness. He loves music whether sad, burlesque, or gay; is devoted to those who treat him worthily, his affections being easily won; and there is something touching, soothing, and delightful in his inherent respect for gentleman and lady. His aptitude for domestic service; his love for and his power of amusing children and winning their fickle heart, their attachment to him being one of the most delightful traits of Southern life; his impressible, religious and devout nature, mark him as a wonderful element of variety in the domestic texture of our life such as it shall be when he is free, educated in accordance with his nature, and happy. He is not ambitious, he likes to serve those who treat him kindly, and seeks no *social* equality, as do the Irish, whatever position they may hold. I do not deny that this is a good strong trait in a race, but it does not make an *agreeable* servant. Our Biddys and Pollys flaunt and flounce to convince us they are as good as we; the negro acknowledges superior deportment, and is ever submissive and respectful to those who know how to treat him. I think when this 'tyranny is overpast' that it will be hard to induce us to part with the negro. He is embodied humor; fun and naive pathos alternate with the most startling rapidity in his wild but loving soul, in which the feminine element of passion generally predominates over sustained virile strength; he is spontaneity itself—and the reflective Anglo-Saxon race will learn to appreciate such promptings of our basic nature. He is happy in serving, and as a servant, is invaluable.

Stern duties are then before us in this world of the mighty West; let us accept them with a willing heart. Our women can do much, for men are widely severed in opinion; and the social element, woman's true and noble sphere, must be made available to bring about a better feeling. Let her so arrange that we shall see more of each other socially, not in grand *fêtes*, tiresome dinners, idle pomposities, but in simple and hospitable greetings, in frequent, unrestrained, and easy commune. She must learn to take a conversational part in the great questions of the day, soothing asperities, and bringing hearts together as she alone can; for women possess *naturally* the secret of society. Let us not ask in what rank men and women move, but rather what they are, and if noble, let us take them to our hearts. Let us struggle individually to the height of our aspirations, assured that if we so do, this glorious Union is destined to be perpetuated in ever-increasing glory.

AMOR PATRIÆ VINCIT.

Red: White: Blue.
Love: Peace: Heaven.

God of justice, smile upon us!
Justice yet will rule our land;
Equal rights bless native, alien,
High or low, from every strand;
Pledged within our Constitution,
They will bless a woe-worn world:
God, 'tis Justice makes it holy—
Freedom's Charter wide unfurled!

Chorus:

Float, O Flag, reflecting Heaven! where God plants the clustering
stars,
In the blue depths of thy infinite—so vast that nothing jars!

God of mercy, smile upon us!
Mercy yet shall rule our land;
Thought be free, all creeds untrammelled,
Honor follow labor's hand;
All be equal; men be brothers;
They must work who fain would soar,
Work in earnest for the *Human*,—
Pride and scorn be known no more.

Chorus:

Float, O Flag of mystic colors; red with love; star-gemmed thy
Blue;
Peace blends in white thy Rainbow light, and waves her snow-
wings through!

God of love, O smile upon us!
Love shall shine through all our laws;
Love shall link each State in Union;
Love which knows nor rest, nor pause.
Love is central Heart of nations;
Love will draw all wandering stars
To our field of boundless azure,
Held by God from all that mars!

Chorus:

Wildly pours our hearts' blood on thee—crimson current warm
and true,
Each dead hero links us closer—float on Flag, Red, White, and
Blue!

God of Union, smile upon us!
Flag of Union, greet the skies!
On thy stars and *chording* colors
Every hope for mortals lies!
Blasted be the hand would strike thee!
Blighted heart and palsied brain!
Float till earth knows no oppression,
Falsehood, bondage, slavery, pain!

Chorus:

Float, Flag of love; fused States and lives! shine stars on God's
own Blue!
Love's crimson current gird them close! white-winged Peace wind
through!

M. W. C.

THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY.

[*A Prose Ballad, translated from the French.*]

We think the following beautiful Chant, in honor of the good goddess whose favors we are too apt to scorn, and whom we persist in treating with dire ingratitude, cannot fail to prove acceptable to the readers of the Editor's Table.

M. W. C.

I.

Desert paths strewn with golden sands, rich and undulating prairies, ravines loved by the bounding deer and agile chamois, mountains wreathed with clouds or crowned with glittering coronets of stars, wandering and leaping torrents, impenetrable and gloomy forests,—let her pass, let her pass:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

II.

Since the creation of the world, since man was spoken into being, she has travelled over the earth, she has dwelt among men, she sings as she journeys, and works as she sings:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

III.

Men gathered together to curse her. They found her too gay, too active, too strong, and too beautiful. They said: 'Let us tear off her wings, let us load her with chains, let us lay her low with blows, let her suffer, let her die:

The Goddess—the strong Goddess of Poverty!'

IV.

They chained the good Goddess, they bruised and persecuted her, but they could not degrade her, for she sought refuge in the souls of poets, in the souls of peasants, in the souls of women, in the souls of artists, in the souls of saints:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

V.

She has travelled longer than the Wandering Jew; she has journeyed farther than the swallow; she is older than the cathedral of Prague, yet younger than the little egg of the golden-crested wren; she has multiplied more upon the earth than the crimson strawberry in the green woods of Bohemia:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

VI.

She is the mother of many children, and has taught them all the secrets of God; she spoke to the heart of Jesus upon the mount; to the eyes of Queen Libussa when she loved a peasant; to the spirit of John and Jerome on the pyre of Constance; she has more knowledge than all the doctors and all the bishops:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

VII.

She makes all the grand and beautiful things that are to be seen upon the earth; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees; it is she who leads the flocks, breathing songs from her heart; it is she who catches the first crimsoning of the dawn, who receives the first smile of the rising sun:

[360]

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

VIII.

It is she who twines the green branches to make a little cabin for the woodman; who gives the piercing glance of the eagle to the poacher; it is she who brings up the prettiest and strongest little urchins; and who makes the spade and plough light for the hands of the old man, whose silver locks gleam like a halo round the wrinkled brow:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

IX.

It is she who inspires the poet; who makes the flute, guitar, and violin eloquent under the fingers of the wandering and homeless artist: it is she who bears him upon her light wing from the source of the Moldau to that of the Danube; it is she who crowns his dark locks with the glittering dewdrops, who makes the sparkling stars shine so large and clear upon his uncertain path:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

X.

It is she who instructs the ingenious artisan, who teaches him to hew the stone, to chisel the marble, to mould gold, silver, copper, and iron; it is she who, under the fingers of the aged mother and the rose-cheeked daughter, makes the flax fine and elastic as the golden tresses of the maiden:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

XI.

It is she who supports the tottering hut when shaken by the winter storms; it is she who saves the resin of the torch and the oil of the lamp; it is she who kneads the bread of the family, who weaves the winter wool and summer flax; it is she who nourishes and feeds the world: The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

XII.

It is she who builds the mighty castles and the vast cathedrals, who bears the sword and handles the musket; it is she who fights our battles and gains our victories; it is she who buries the dead, who takes care of the wounded, and who conceals the vanquished:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

XIII.

Thou art all patience, all sweetness, all strength, and all pity, O thou good Goddess! It is thou who linkest all thy children in the ties of a holy love, and who givest to them Faith, Hope, and Charity:

O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty!

XIV.

The time is coming when thy children shall no longer be crushed with the weight of the world, when they shall be rewarded for their pain and labor. The time is approaching when there shall be no longer rich and poor, when all men shall together consume the fruits of the earth, and equally enjoy the gifts of God; but thou shalt never be forgotten in their hymns:

O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty!

XV.

They will always remember that thou wert their faithful mother, their robust nurse, and their church militant. They will spread balm upon thy bleeding wounds, they will make the fertile and perfumed at last repose:

O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty!

XVI.

While patiently awaiting the promised day of the Lord, torrents and forests, mountains and valleys, lands teeming with wild flowers and filled with little singing birds, desert paths which have no masters though sanded with gold, let her pass—let her pass:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

Continental Monthly

The readers of the CONTINENTAL are aware of the important position it has assumed, of the influence which it exerts, and of the brilliant array of political and literary talent of the highest order which supports it. No publication of the kind has, in this country, so successfully combined the energy and freedom of the daily newspaper with the higher literary tone of the first-class monthly; and it is very certain that no magazine has given wider range to its contributors, or preserved itself so completely from the narrow influences of party or of faction. In times like the present, such a journal is either a power in the land or it is nothing. That the CONTINENTAL is not the latter is abundantly evidenced *by what it has done*—by the reflection of its counsels in many important public events, and in the character and power of those who are its staunchest supporters.

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THE ORDINARY YIELD

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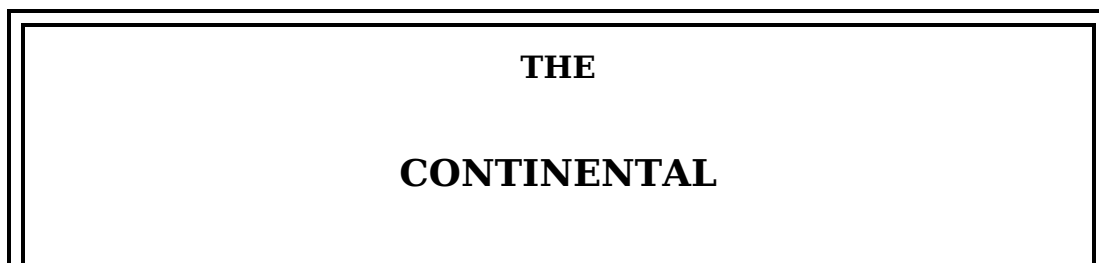
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"	in two years	48.00
"	in three years	48.00
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CONTENTS.—No. XXII

The Freedom of the Press. By Edward B. Freeland,	361
The Brothers. An Allegory,	367
Unuttered. By Kate Putnam,	377
William Lilly, Astrologer. By Henry Willson,	379
Jefferson Davis—Repudiation, Recognition, and Slavery. By Hon. Robert J. Walker,	390
Diary of Frances Krasinska,	394
Maiden's Dreaming. By E. W. C.,	403
Thirty Days with the Seventy-First Regiment,	404
Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm. By Mrs. Martha W. Cook,	412
Currency and the National Finances. By J. Smith Homans,	419
October Afternoon in the Highlands,	433
The Isle of Springs. By Rev. Mr. Starbuck,	433
The Restoration of the Union. By Hon. F.P. Stanton,	444
Was He Successful? By Richard B. Kimball,	452
American Finances and Resources. By Hon. Robt. J. Walker,	463
Voiceless Singers,	473
A Detective's Story,	474
Literary Notices,	478

'EDMUND KIRKE,' author of 'Among the Pines,' &c., and until recently one of the Editors of this Magazine, is prepared to accept a limited number of invitations to Lecture before Literary Associations, during the coming fall and winter, on 'The Southern Whites: Their Social and Political Characteristics.' He can be addressed 'care of Continental Monthly, New York.'

All communications, whether concerning MSS. or on business, should be addressed to

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Transcriber's note

The following changes have been made to the text:

Page 253: "wronged so remorselessly" changed to "wronged so [remorselessly](#)".

Page 270: "After entering, Lake Ponchartrain" changed to "After entering, Lake [Pontchartrain](#)".

Page 276: "has betwoed upon thee" changed to "has [bestowed](#) upon thee".

Page 282: "situations so vividly" changed to "situations so [vividly](#)".

Page 315 "fence into the door-yard" changed to "fence into the [dooryard](#)".

Page 318: "I thought picnicens always" changed to "I thought [picnickers](#) always".

Page 323: "gay sorrel" changed to "[gray](#) sorrel"

Page 329: "I could't bear" changed to "I [couldn't](#) bear".

Page 344: "Kagozima" changed to "[Kagosima](#)".

Page 354: "Govenor Walker's" changed to "[Governor](#) Walker's".

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, VOL. 4, NO 3,
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