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## THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

**Literature and National Policy.**

**VOL. III.—APRIL, 1863.—No. IV.**

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## THE WONDERS OF WORDS.

Every nation has its legend of a 'golden age'—when all was young and fresh and fair—'*comme les couleurs primitives de la nature*'—even before the existence of this gaunt shadow of Sorrow—*the shadow of ourselves*—that ever stalks in company with us;—an epoch of Saturnian rule, when gods held sweet converse with men, and man primeval bounded with all the elasticity of god-given juvenility:

('Ah! remember,  
This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago.')

And even now, in spite of our atheism and our apathism, amid all the overwhelming world-influences of this great 'living Present'—the ghost of the dead Past will come rushing back upon us with its solemn voices and its infinite wailings of pity: but soft and faint it comes; for the wild jarrings of the Now almost prevent us from hearing its still, small voices. It

'Is but a *dim-remembered* story  
Of the old time entombed.'

Besides, what is History but the story of the bygone? The elegy, too, comes to us as the last lamenting, sadly solemn swan-song of that glorious golden time. And, indeed, are not all poesies but various notes of that mighty diapason of Thought and Feeling, that has, through the ages, been singing itself in jubilee and wail?

So it is in the individual—(for is not the individual ever the rudimental, formula-like expression of that awful problem which nations and humanity itself are slowly and painfully working out?): in the 'moonlight of memory' these sorrowful mementos revisit every one of us; and

—'But I am not *now*  
That which I *have been*—

and *vanitas vanitatum!* are not only the satisfied croakings of *blasé* Childe Harolds, but our universal experience; while from childhood's gushing glee even unto manhood's sad satiety, we feel that all are nought but the phantasmagoria

'of a creature  
*Moving about in worlds not realized.*'

Listen now to a snatch of melody:

'The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose,  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, wherever I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth!'

So saith the mild Braminical Wordsworth. Now it will be remembered that Wordsworth, in that glorious ode whence we extract the above, develops the Platonic idea (shall we call Platonic that which has been entertained by the wise and the *feeling* of all times?) of a shadowy recollection of past and eternal existence in the profundities of the Divine Heart. 'It sounds forth here a mournful remembrance of a faded world of gods and heroes—as the echoing plaint for the loss of man's original, celestial state, and paradisiacal innocence.' And then we have those transcendent lines that come to us like aromatic breezes blowing from the Spice Islands:

'Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

But,

'descending  
From these imaginative heights that yield  
Far-stretching views into eternity,'—

what have the golden age and Platonic *dicta* to do with our word-ramble? A good deal. For we will endeavor to show that words, being the very sign-manual of man's convictions, contain the elements of what may throw light on both. To essay this:

Why is it that we generally speak of death as a 'return,' or a 'return home'? And how is it that this

same idea has so remarkably interwoven itself with the very warp and woof of our language and poetry?—so that in our fervency, we can sing:

'Jerusalem, my glorious *home*,' etc.

Does not the very idea (not to mention the composition of the word) of a 'return' involve a previously having been in the place? And we can scarcely call that 'home' where we have never been before. So, that 'old Hebrew book' sublimely tells us that 'the spirit of the man *returneth* to God who gave it.'

Is it possible that these can be obscure intimations of that bygone time when WE were rocked in the bosom of the Divine consciousness? Perhaps.... And now if the reader will pardon a piece of moralizing, we would say that these expressions teach us in the most emphatic way that—'*This is not our rest*.' So that when we have dived into every mine of knowledge and drunk from every fountain of pleasure; when, with Dante, we arrive at the painful conclusion that

'Tutto l'oro, ch'è sotto la luna,  
E che già fu, di queste anime stanche  
Non potrebbe farne posar una,'

(since, indeed, the Finite can never gain entire satisfaction in itself)—we may not despair, but still the heart-throbbings, knowing that He who has—for a season—enveloped us in the mantle of this sleep-rounded life, and thrown around himself the drapery of the universe—spangling it with stars—will again take us back to his fatherly bosom.

Somewhat analogous to these, and arguing the eternity of our existence, we have such words as 'decease,' which merely imports a *withdrawal*; 'demise,' implying also a *removal*. By the way, it is rather curious to observe the notions in the mind of mankind that have given rise to the words expressing 'death.' Thus we have the Latin word *mors*—allied, perhaps, to the Greek μόρα and μοῖρα,<sup>[1]</sup> from μείρομαι—to *portion out*, to *assign*. Even this, however, there was a repulsion to using; and both the Greeks and Romans were wont to slip clear of the employment of their θάνατος, *mors*, etc., by such circumlocutions as *vitam suam mutare*, *transire e seculo*; κοιμήσατο chalkeon hypnon)—*he slept the brazen sleep* (Homer's Iliad, λ, 241); δέ σκότος οσσ εκάλυψε—*and darkness covered his eyes* (Iliad, Z, 11); or *he completeth the destiny of life*, etc. This reminds us of the French aversion to uttering their *mort*. These expressions, again, are suggestive of our 'fate,' with an application similar to the Latin *fatum*, which, indeed, is none other than 'id quod *fatum est* a deis'—a God's word. So that in this sense we may all be considered 'fatalists,' and all things *fated*. Why not? However, in the following from *Festus*, it is the 'deil' that makes the assertion:

FESTUS. Forced on us.

LUCIFER. *All things are of necessity.*

FESTUS. Then best.  
But the good are never fatalists. The bad  
Alone act by necessity, they say.

LUCIFER. It matters not what men assume to be;  
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.'

In which we may agree that his majesty was not so very far wrong.

Moreover, 'Why *should* we mourn departed friends?'—since we know that they are but lying in the μοιμητήριον (cemetery)—the *sleeping place*; or, as the vivid old Hebrew faith would have it, *the house of the living* (Bethaim). Is not this testimony for the soul's immortality worth as much as all the rhapsody written thereon, from Plato to Addison?

Some words are the very essence of poetry; redolent with all beauteous phantasies; odoriferous as flowers in spring, or discoursing an awful organ-melody, like to the re-bellowing of the hoarse-sounding sea. For instance, those two noble old Saxon words 'main' and 'deep,' that we apply to the ocean—what a music is there about them! The 'main' is the *maegen*—the strength, the *strong one*; the great 'deep' is precisely what the name imports. Our employment of 'deep' reminds of the Latin *altum*, which, properly signifying high or lofty, is, by a familiar species of metonymy, put for its opposite.

By the way, how exceedingly timid are our poets and poetasters generally of the open sea—*la pleine mer*. They linger around the shores thereof, in a vain attempt to sit snugly there *à leur aise*, while they 'call spirits from the vasty deep'—that never did and never would come on such conditions, though they grew hoarse over it. We all remember how Sandy Smith labors with making abortive *grabs* at its *amber tails*, *main*, etc. (rather slippery articles on the whole)—but he is not

'A shepherd in the Hebrid Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main!'

Hail shade of Thomson! But hear how the exile sings it:

'La mer! partout la mer! des flots, des flots encor!  
L'oiseau fatigue en vain son inégal essor.'

Ici les flots, là-bas les ondes.  
Toujours des flots sans fin par des flots repoussés;  
L'œil ne voit que des flots dans l'abime entassés  
Rouler sous les vaques profondes.<sup>[2]</sup>

This we, for our part, would pronounce one of the very best open-sea sketches we have ever met with; and if the reader will take even our unequal rendering, he may think so too.

'The sea! all round, the sea! flood, flood o'er billow surges!  
In vain the bird fatigued its faltering wing here urges.  
Billows beneath, waves, waves around;  
Ever the floods (no end!) by urging floods repulsed;  
The eye sees but the waves, in an abyss engulfed,  
Roll 'neath their lairs profound.'

'Aurora' comes to us as a remnant of that beautiful Grecian mythology that deified and poetized everything; and even to us she is still the 'rosy-fingered daughter of the morn.' The 'Levant,' 'Orient,' and 'Occident' are all of them poetical, for they are all true translations from nature. The 'Levant' is where the sun is *levant*, raising himself up. 'Orient' will be recognized as the same figure from *orior*; while 'occident' is, of course, the opposite in signification, namely, the declining, the 'setting' place.

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'Lethe' is another classic myth. It is ὁ τῆς λήθης ποταμός—the river of forgetfulness, 'the oblivious pool.' Perhaps is it that all of us, as well as the son of Thetis, had a dip therein.

There exists not a more poetic expression than 'Hyperborean,' *i. e.* υπερβόρειος—*beyond Boreas*; or, as a modern poet finely and faithfully expands it:

'Beyond those regions cold  
Where dwells the Spirit of the North-Wind,  
Boreas old.'

Homer never manifested himself to be more of a poet than in the creation of this word. By the way, the Hyperboreans were regarded by the ancients as an extremely happy and pious people.

How few of those who use that very vague, grandiloquent word 'Ambrosial' know that it has reference to the 'ambrosia' (ἀμβροσιος, *immortal*), the food of the gods! It has, however, a secondary signification, namely, that of an unguent, or perfume, hence fragrant; and this is probably the prevailing idea in our 'ambrosial': instance Milton's 'ambrosial flowers.' It was, like the 'nectar' (νέκταρ, an *elixir vitæ*), considered a veritable elixir of immortality, and consequently denied to men.

The Immortals, in their golden halls of 'many-topped Olympus,' seem to have led a merry-enough life of it over their nectar and ambrosia, their laughter and intrigues.

But not half as jolly were they as were Odin and the Iotun—dead drunk in Valhalla over their mead and ale, from

'the ale-cellars of the Iotun,  
Which is called Brimir.'

The daisy (Saxon *Daeges ege*) has often been cited as fragrant with poesy. It is the *Day's Eye*: we remember Chaucer's affectionate lines:

'Of all the floures in the mede  
Than love I most those floures of white and rede,  
Such that men called *daisies* in our toun,  
To them I have so great affection.'

Nor is he alone in his love for the

'*Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flouer.*'

An odoriferous-enough (etymologic) bouquet could we cull from the names of Flora's children. What a beauty is there in the 'primrose,' which is just the *prime*-rose; in the 'Beauty of the Night' and the 'Morning Glory,' except when a pompous scientific terminology, would convert it into a *convolvulus*! So, too, the 'Anemone' (ἀνεμος, the wind-flower), into which it is fabled Venus changed her Adonis. What a story of maiden's love does the 'Sweet William' tell; and how many charming associations cluster around the 'Forget-me-not!' Again, is there not poetry in calling a certain family of minute crustacea, whose two eyes meet and form a single round spot in the centre of the head, 'Cyclops'—(κύκλωψ, circular-eyed)?

And if any one thinketh that there cannot be poetry even in the dry technicalities of science, let him take such an expression as 'coral,' which, in the original Greek, κοράλιον, signifies a *sea damsel*; or the chemical 'cobalt,' 'which,' remarks Webster, 'is said to be the German *Kobold*, a goblin, the demon of the mines; so called by miners, because cobalt was troublesome to miners, and at first its value was not known.' Ah! but these terms were created before *Science*, in its rigidity, had taught us the *truth* in regard to these matters. Yes! and fortunate is it for us that we still have words, and ideas clustering around these words, that have not yet been chilled and exanimated by the frigid touch of an empirical knowledge. For

'Still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.'

And may benign heaven deliver us from those buckram individuals who imagine that Nature is as narrow and rigid as their own contracted selves, and who would seek to array her in their own exquisite bottle-green bifurcations and a *gilet à la mode*! These characters always put us in mind of the statues of Louis XIV, in which he is represented as Jupiter or Hercules, nude, with the exception of the lion's hide thrown round him—and *the long, flowing peruke* of the times! O Jupiter *tonans*! let us have either the lion or the ass—only let it be *veracious*!

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To proceed: 'Auburn' is probably connected with *brennan*, and means *sun-burned*, analogous, indeed, to 'Ethiopian' (Ἰθίοψ), *one whom the sun has looked upon*.

How seldom do we think, in uttering 'adieu,' that we verily say, I commend you à *Dieu*—to God; that the lightly-spoken *good-by* means *God be wi' you*,<sup>[3]</sup> or that the (if possible) still more frequent and *unthinking* 'thank you,' in reality assures the person addressed—*I will think often of you*.

'Eld' is a word that has the poetic aroma about it, and is an example (of which we might adduce additional cases from the domain of 'poetic diction') of a word set aside from a prose use and devoted exclusively to poetry. It is, as we know, Saxon, signifying *old* or *old age*, and was formerly in constant use in this sense; as, for instance, in Chaucer's translation of *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, we find thus:

'At laste no drede ne might overcame tho muses, that thei ne weren fellowes, and foloweden my waie, that is to saie, when I was exiled, thei that weren of my youth whilom welfull and grene, comforten now sorrowfull weirdes of me olde man: for *elde* is comen unwarely upon me, hasted by the harmes that I have, and sorowe hath commaunded his age to be in me.'

So in the *Knights Tale*:

'As sooth in said *elde* hath gret avantage;  
In *elde* is both wisdom and usage:  
Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.'

Oh! what an overflowing fulness of truth and beauty is there wrapped up in the core of these articulations that we so heedlessly utter, would we but make use of the wizard's wand wherewith to evoke them! What an exhaustless wealth does there lie in even the humblest fruitage and flowerage of language, and what a fecundity have even dry 'roots'!

'Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer?' asks our great Thomas; 'no heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for; and needed to shape and coin a word for—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like? For every word we have, there was such a man and poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor, and bold questionable originality. 'Thy very ATTENTION, does it not mean an *attentio*, a STRETCHING-TO?' Fancy that act of the mind which all were conscious of, which none had yet named—when this new 'poet' first felt bound and driven to name it! His questionable originality and new glowing metaphor was found adoptible, intelligible; and remains our name for it to this day.'<sup>[4]</sup>

This seems to be a pet etymology of Carlyle, as he makes Professor Teufelsdröckh give it to us also.

Nor less of a poet was that Grecian man who first named this beauteous world—with its boundless unity in variety—the κόσμος,<sup>[5]</sup> the *order*, the *adornment*. But

'Alas, for the rarity  
Of Christian charity,'

and

'Ah! the inanity  
Of frail humanity,'

that first induced some luckless mortal to give to certain mysterious compounds the appellation of *cosmetics*! But here is an atonement; for even in our unmythical, unbelieving days, the god 'Terminus' is made to stand guard over every railway station! Again, how finely did the Roman call his heroism his 'virtus'—his *virtue*—his *manliness*. With the Italians, however, it became quite a different thing; for his 'virtu' is none other than his love of the fine arts (these being to him the only subject of *manly* occupation), a mere *objet de vertu*; and his *virtuoso* has no more virtuousness or manliness about him than what appertains to being skilled in these same fine arts. With us, our 'virtue' is ... well, as soon as we can find out, we will tell you.

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By the way, in what a *bathos* of mystery are most of our terms expressing the moral relations plunged! Some philosophers have declared that truth lies at the bottom of a well;—the well in which the truth in regard to these matters lies would seem to stretch far enough down—reaching, in fact, almost to the kingdom of the Inane. The beautiful simplicity of Bible truths has often become so perverted—so overloaded by the vain works (and *words*) of man's device—as barely to escape total extinction. Witness 'repentance'; in what a farrago of endless absurdities and palpable contradictions has this word (and, more unfortunately still, the thing itself along with it)

been enveloped! According to the 'divines,' what does it not signify? Its composition, we very well know, gives us *pœnitentia*, from *pœnitere*, to *be sorry*, to *regret*—and such is its true and *only* meaning. 'This design' (that of the analysis of language in its elementary forms), says Wilkins, 'will likewise contribute much to the clearing of some of our modern differences in religion; by unmasking many wild errors, that shelter themselves under the disguise of affected phrases; which being philosophically unfolded, and rendered according to the genuine and natural importance of words, will appear to be inconsistencies and absurdities.' Nor would he have gone very far astray had he put *philosophy* and *politics* under the same category. Strip the gaudy dress and trappings from an expression, and it will have a most marked result. Analysis is a terrible humiliation to your mysticism and your grandiloquence—and an awful bore to those who depend for effect on either. We have something to say hereafter on those astonishingly profound oracles whose only depth is in the terminology they employ. In the mean time, expect not too much of words. Never, in all our philologic researches, must we lose sight of the fact that *words are but the daughters of earth, while things are the sons of heaven*. This expecting too much of words has been the fruitful source of innumerable errors. To resume:

Take a dozen words (to prove our generosity, we will let it be a baker's dozen) illustrative of this same principle of metaphor that governs the mechanism of language, and sheds a glory and a beauty around even our every-day fireside words; so that even those that seem hackneyed, worn out, and apparently tottering with the imbecility of old age—would we but get into the core of them—will shine forth with all the expressive meaning of their spring time—with the blush and bloom of poesy—

'All redolent with youth and flowers,'

and prove their very abusers—poets.

The 'halcyon' days! What a balmy serenity hovers around them—basking in the sunlight of undisturbed tranquillity. This we feel; but how we realize it after reading the little *family secret* that it wraps up! The Ἀλκυών (*halcyon*)—*alcedo hispida*—was the name applied by the Greeks to the *kingfisher* (a name commonly derived from ἄλς, κυλ, i. e., *sea-conceiving*, from the fact of this bird's being said to lay her eggs in rocks near the sea); and the ἄλκκουονίδες ἡμέραι—*halcyon days*—were those fourteen 'during the calm weather about the winter solstice,' during which the bird was said to build her nest and lay her eggs; hence, by an easy transition, perfect quietude in general.

Those who have felt the bitter, biting effect of 'sarcasm,' will hardly be disposed to consider it a metaphor even, should we trace it back to the Greek σαρκάζω—to *tear off the flesh* (σαρξ), *literally*, to 'flay.' 'Satire,' again, has an arbitrary-enough origin; it is *satira*, from *satur*, *mixed*; and the application is as follows: each species of poetry had, among the Romans, its own special kind of versification; thus the hexameter was used in the epic, the iambic in the drama, etc. Ennius, however, the earliest Latin 'satirist,' first disregarded these conventionalities, and introduced a *medley* (*satira*) of all kinds of metres. It afterward, however, lost this idea of a *melange*, and acquired the notion of a poem 'directed against the vices and failings of men with a view to their correction.'

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Perhaps we owe to reviewing the metaphorical applications of such terms as 'caustic,' 'mordant,' 'piquant,' etc., in their *burning*, *biting*, and *pricking* senses.

But 'review,' itself, we are to regard as pure metaphor. Our friend 'Snooks,' at least, found *that* out; for, instead of *re-viewing*—i. e., viewing again and again his book, they pronounced it to be decidedly bad without any examination whatever. A 'critic' we all recognize in his character of *judge* or *umpire*; but is it that he always possesses discrimination—has he always *insight* (for these are the primary ideas attaching themselves to κρίνω, whence κριτικός comes)—does he divide between the merely arbitrary and incidental, and see into the absolute and eternal Art-Soul that vivifies a poem or a picture? If so, then is he a critic indeed.

How perfectly do 'invidiousness' and 'envy'<sup>[6]</sup> express the *looking over against* (*in-video*)—the *askance gaze*—the natural development of that painful mental state which poor humanity is so subject to! So with 'obstinacy' (*ob-sto*), which, by the way, the phrenologists represent, literally enough, by an ass in a position which assuredly Webster had in his mind when he wrote his definition of this word; thus: ... '*in a fixedness in opinion or resolution that cannot be shaken at all, or without great difficulty.*'

Speaking of this reminds us of those very capital 'Illustrations of Phrenology,' by Cruikshank, with which we all are familiar, and where, for example, '*veneration* is exemplified by a stout old gentleman, with an ample paunch, gazing with admiring eyes and uplifted hands on the fat side of an ox fed by Mr. Heavyside, and exhibited at the stall of a butcher. In this way a Jew old-clothes man, holding his hand on his breast with the utmost earnestness, while in the other he offers a coin for a pair of slippers, two pairs of boots, three hats, and a large bundle of clothes, to an old woman, who, evidently astonished all over, exclaims, 'A shilling!' is an illustration of *conscientiousness*. A dialogue of two fishwomen at Billingsgate illustrates *language*, and a riot at Donnybrook Fair explains the phrenological doctrine of *combativeness*.'

But peace to the 'bumps,' and pass we on. Could anything be more completely metaphorical than such expressions as 'egregious' and 'fanatic?' 'Egregious' is chosen, *e-grex*—*out of the flock*, i. e., the best sheep, etc., selected from the rest, and set aside for sacred purposes; hence, *distingué*. This word, though occupying at present comparatively neutral ground, seems fast merging

toward its worst application. Can it be that an 'egregious' *rogue* is an article of so much more frequent occurrence than an 'egregiously' *honest* man, that incongruity seems to subsist between the latter? 'Fanatic,' again, is just the Roman '*fanaticus*,' one addicted to the *fana*,<sup>[7]</sup> the temples in which the 'fanatici' or fanatics were wont to spend an extraordinary portion of their time. But besides this, their religious fervor used to impel them to many extravagances, such as cutting themselves with knives, etc., and hence an 'ultraist' (one who goes *beyond* (ultra) the notions of other people) in any sense. Whereupon it might be remarked that though

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'Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,'

may, in certain applications, be true, it is surely not so in the case of a good many words. Thus this very instance, 'fanatic,' which, among the Romans, implied one who had an *extra share of devotion*, is, among us—the better informed on this head—by a very curious and very unfathomable figure (disfigure?) of speech or logic, applied to one who has a peculiar *penchant* for human liberty!

'In the most high and *palmy* state of Rome,  
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.'

We do not quote this for the sake of the making-the-hair-to-stand-on-end tendencies of the last two lines, but through the voluptuous quiescence of the first,

'In the most high and palmy state of Rome,'

to introduce the beautifully metaphorical expression, 'palmy.' It will, of course, be immediately recognized as being from the 'palm' tree; that is to say, *palm-abounding*. And what visions of orient splendor does it bear with it, wafting on its wings the very aroma of the isles of the blest—*μάκαρων νήσοι*—or

'Where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold!'

It bears us away with it, and we stand on that sun-kissed land

'Whose rivers wander over sands of gold,'

with a houri lurking in every 'bosky bourne,' and the beauteous palm, waving its umbrageous head, at once food, shade, and shelter.

The palm being to the Oriental of such passing price, we can easily imagine how he would so enhance its value as to make it the type of everything that is prosperous and glorious and 'palmy,' the *beau-ideal* of everything that is flourishing. Hear what Sir Walter Raleigh says on this subject: 'Nothing better proveth the excellency of this soil than the abundant growing of the *palm trees* without labor of man. *This tree alone giveth unto man whatsoever his life beggeth at nature's hand.*'

'Paradise,' too, is oriental in all its associations. It is *παράδεισος*,<sup>[8]</sup> that is, a *park* or *pleasure ground*, in which sense it is constantly employed by Xenophon, as every weary youth who has *parasanged* it with him knows. By the LXX it was used in a metaphorical sense for the garden of Eden:

'The glories we have known,  
And that imperial palace whence we came;'

but a still loftier meaning did it acquire when the Christ employed it as descriptive of the splendors of the 'better land'—of the glories and beauties of the land Beulah.

But, look out, fellow strollers, for we are off in a tangent!

What a curiously humble origin has 'literature,' contrasted with the magnitude of its present import. It is just 'litteral'—*letters* in their most primitive sense; and *γραμματα* is nought other. Nor can even all the pomposity of the 'belles-lettres' carry us any farther than the very fine 'letters' or *litteral*; while even Solomon So-so may take courage when he reflects (provided Solomon be ever guilty of reflecting) that the 'literati' have 'literally' nothing more profound about them than the knowledge of their 'letters.' The Latins were prolific in words of this kind; thus they had the *litteratus* and the *literator*—making some such discrimination between them as we do between 'philosopher' and 'philosophe.'

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'Unlettered,' to be sure, is one who is unacquainted even with his 'letters;' but what is 'erudite?' It is merely E, *out of*, a RUDIS, *rude, chaotic, ignorant* state of things; and thus in itself asserts nothing very tremendous, and makes no very prodigious pretensions. Surely these words had their origin at an epoch when 'letters' stood higher in the scale of estimation than they do now; when he who knew them possessed a spell that rendered him a potent character among the 'unlettered.'

A 'spell' did we say? Perhaps that is not altogether fanciful; for 'spell' itself in the Saxon primarily imports a *word*; and we know that the runes or Runic letters were long employed in this way. For instance, Mr. Turner thus informs us ('History of the Anglo-Saxons,' vol. i, p. 169): 'It was the invariable policy of the Roman ecclesiastics to discourage the use of the Runic characters,

because they were of pagan origin, and had been much connected with idolatrous superstitions.' And if any one be incredulous, let him read this from Sir Thomas Brown: 'Some have delivered the polity of spirits, that they stand in awe of charms, *spells*, and conjurations; *letters*, characters, notes, and dashes.' And have not the A and Ω something mystic and cabalistic about them even to us?

While on this, let us note that 'spell' gives us the beautiful and cheering expression 'gospel,' which is precisely *God's-spell*—the 'evangile,' the good God's-news!

To resume:

'Graphical' (γράφω) is just what is well delineated—*literally*, 'well written,' or, as our common expression corroboratively has it, *like a book*!

'Style' and 'stiletto' would, from their significations, appear to be radically very different words; and yet they are something more akin than even cousins-german. 'Style' is known to be from the στύλος, or *stylus*, which the Greeks and Romans employed in writing on their waxen tablets; and, as they were both sharp and strong, they became in the hands of scholars quite formidable instruments when used against their schoolmasters. Afterward they came to be employed in all the bloody relations and uses to which a 'bare bodkin' can be put, and hence our acceptance of 'stiletto.' Cæsar himself, it is supposed, got his 'quietus' by means of a 'stylus;' nor is he the first or last character whose 'style' has been his (*literary*, if not *literal*) damnation.

'Volume,' too, how perfectly metaphorical is it in its present reception! It is originally just a *volumen*, that is, a 'roll' of parchment, papyrus, or whatever else the 'book' (i. e., the *bark*—the 'liber') might be composed of. Nor can we regard as aught other such terms as 'leaf' or 'folio,' which is also 'leaf.' 'Stave,' too, is suggestive of the *staff* on which the runes were wont to be cut. Indeed, old almanacs are sometimes to be met with consisting of these long sticks or 'staves,' on which the days and months are represented by the Runic letters.

'Charm,' 'enchant,' and 'incantation' all owe their origin to the time when spells were in vogue. 'Charm' is just *carmen*, from the fact that 'a kind of Runic rhyme' was employed in *diablerie* of this sort; so 'enchant' and 'incantation' are but a *singing to*—a true 'siren's song;' while 'fascination' took its rise when the mystic terrors of the *evil eye* threw its withering blight over many a heart.

We are all familiar with the old fable of *The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse*. We will vouch that the following read us as luminous a comment thereon as may be desired: 'Polite,' 'urbane,' 'civil,' 'rustic,' 'villain,' 'savage,' 'pagan,' 'heathen.' Let us seek the moral:

'Polite,' 'urbane,' and 'civil' we of course recognize as being respectively from πόλις, *urbs*, and *civis*, each denoting the city or town—*la grande ville*. 'Polite' is *city-like*; while 'urbanity' and 'civility' carry nothing deeper with them than the graces and the attentions that belong to the punctilious town. 'Rustic' we note as implying nothing more uncultivated than a 'peasant,' which is just *pays-an*, or, as we also say, a 'countryman.' 'Savage,' too, or, as we ought to write it, *salvage*,<sup>[9]</sup> is nothing more grim or terrible than one who dwells *in sylvis*, in the woods—a meaning we can appreciate from our still comparatively pure application of the adjective *sylvan*. A 'backwoodsman' is therefore the very best original type of a *savage*! 'Savage' seems to be hesitating between its civil and its ethical applications; 'villain,' 'pagan,' and 'heathen,' however, have become quite absorbed in their moral sense—and this by a contortion that would seem strange enough were we not constantly accustomed to such transgressions. For we need not to be informed that 'villain' primarily and properly implies simply one who inhabits a *ville* or *village*. In Chaucer, for example, we see it without at least any moral signification attached thereto:

'But firste I praie you of your curtesie  
That ye ne arette it not my *vilanie*.'

*Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

So a 'pagan,' or *paganus*, is but a dweller in a *pagus*, or village; precisely equivalent to the Greek κωμητης, with no other idea whatever attached thereto; while 'heathen' imported those who lived on the *heaths* or in the country, consequently far away from *civilization* or *town-like-ness*.

From all of which expressions we may learn the mere conventionality and the utter arbitrariness of even our most important ethical terms. How prodigiously *cheap* is the application of any such epithets, considering the terrible abuse they have undergone! And how poor is that philosophy that can concentrate 'politeness' and 'civility' in the frippery and heartlessness of mere external city-forms; and convert the man who dwells in the woods or in the village into a *savage* or a *villain*! How fearful a lack do these numerous words and their so prolific analogues manifest of acknowledgment of that glorious principle which Burns has with fire-words given utterance to—and to which, would we preserve the dignity of manhood, we must hold on—

'A man's a man for a' that!'

Ah! it is veritably enough to make us atrabiliar! Here we see words in their weaknesses and their meannesses, as elsewhere in their glory and beauty. And not so much *their* meanness and weakness, as that of those who have distorted these innocent servants of truth to become tools of falsehood and the abject instruments of the extinction of all honesty and nobleness.

The word 'health' wraps up in it—for, indeed, it is hardly metaphorical—a whole world of thought and suggestion. It is that which *healeth* or maketh one to be *whole*, or, as the Scotch say, *hale*;



which *whole* or *hale* (for they are one word) may imply entireness or unity; that is to say, perfect 'health' is that state of the system in which there is no disorganization—no division of interest—but when it is recognized as a perfect *one* or whole; or, in other words, not recognized at all. And this meaning is confirmed by our analogue *sanity*, which, from *sanus*, and allied to *σάος*, has underneath it a similar basis.

Every student of Carlyle will remember the very telling use to which he puts the idea contained in this word—speaking of the manifold relations of physical, psychal, and social health. Reference is made to his employment of it in the 'Characteristics'—itself one of the most authentic and veracious pieces of philosophy that it has been our lot to meet with for a long time; yet wherein he proves the impossibility of any, and the uselessness of all philosophies. Listen while he discourses thereon: 'So long as the several elements of life, all fitly adjusted, can pour forth their movement like harmonious tuned strings, it is melody and unison: life, from its mysterious fountains, flows out as in celestial music and diapason—which, also, like that other music of the spheres, even because it is perennial and complete, without interruption and without imperfection, might be fabled to escape the ear. Thus, too, in some languages, is the state of health well denoted by a term expressing unity; when we feel ourselves as we wish to be, we say that we are *whole*.'

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But our psychal and social wholeness or health, as well as our physical, is yet, it would appear, in the future, in the good time *coming*—

'When man to man  
Shall brothers be and a' that!'

Even that, however, is encouraging—that it is *in prospectu*. For we know that *right before us* lies this great promised land—this *Future*, teeming with all the donations of infinite time, and bursting with blessings. And for us, too, there are in waiting *μακάρων νήσοι*, or Islands of the Blest, where all heroic doers and all heroic sufferers shall enjoy rest forever!

In conclusion, take the benediction of serene old Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, in his preface to 'Don Quixote' (could we possibly have a better?): 'And so God give you *health*, not forgetting me. Farewell!'

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## THE CHECK.

"Chcés li tajnou véc aneb pravdu vyzvéděti, blazen, dité, opily člověk o tom umeji povedeti."

"Wouldst thou know a truth or mystery,  
A drunkard, fool, or child may tell it thee."  
*Bohemian Proverb.*

And now I'll wrap my blanket o'er me,  
And on the tavern floor I'll lie;  
A double spirit-flask before me,  
And watch the pipe clouds melting die.

They melt and die—but ever darken,  
As night comes on and hides the day;  
Till all is black;—then, brothers, hearken!  
And if ye can, write down my lay!

In yon black loaf my knife is gleaming,  
Like one long sail above the boat;—  
—As once at Pesth I saw it beaming,  
Half through a curst Croatian throat.

Now faster, faster whirls the ceiling,  
And wilder, wilder turns my brain;  
And still I'll drink—till, past all feeling,  
The soul leaps forth to light again.

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Whence come these white girls wreathing round me?  
Baruska!—long I thought thee dead!  
Kacenska!—when these arms last bound thee,  
Thou laidst by Rajhrad cold as lead!

Now faster, faster whirls the ceiling,  
And wilder, wilder turns my brain;  
And from afar a star comes stealing,  
Straight at me o'er the death-black plain.

Alas!—I sink—my spirits miss me,  
I swim, I shoot from sky to shore!

Klarà! thou golden sister—kiss me!  
I rise—I'm safe—I'm strong once more.

And faster, faster whirls the ceiling,  
And wilder, wilder turns my brain;  
The star!—it strikes my soul, revealing  
All life and light to me again.

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Against the waves fresh waves are dashing,  
Above the breeze fresh breezes blow;  
Through seas of light new light is flashing,  
And with them all I float and flow.

But round me rings of fire are gleaming:  
Pale rings of fire—wild eyes of death!  
Why haunt me thus awake or dreaming?  
Methought I left ye with my breath.

Aye glare and stare with life increasing,  
And leech-like eyebrows arching in;  
Be, if ye must, my fate unceasing,  
But never hope a fear to win.

He who knows all may haunt the haunting,  
He who fears nought hath conquered fate;  
Who bears in silence quells the daunting,  
And sees his spoiler desolate.

Oh wondrous eyes of star-like lustre,  
How ye have changed to guardian love!  
Alas!—where stars in myriads cluster  
Ye vanish in the heaven above.

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I hear two bells so softly singing:  
How sweet their silver voices roll!  
The one on yonder hill is ringing,  
The other peals within my soul.

I hear two maidens gently talking,  
Bohemian maidens fair to see;  
The one on yonder hill is walking,  
The other maiden—where is she?

Where is she?—when the moonlight glistens  
O'er silent lake or murm'ring stream,  
I hear her call my soul which listens:  
'Oh! wake no more—come, love, and dream!'

She came to earth-earth's loveliest creature;  
She died—and then was born once more;  
Changed was her race, and changed each feature,  
But oh! I loved her as before.

We live—but still, when night has bound us  
In golden dreams too sweet to last,  
A wondrous light-blue world around us,  
She comes, the loved one of the Past.

I know not which I love the dearest,  
For both my loves are still the same;  
The living to my heart is nearest,  
The dead love feeds the living flame.

And when the moon, its rose-wine quaffing  
Which flows across the Eastern deep,  
Awakes us, Klarà chides me laughing,  
And says, 'We love too well in sleep!'

And though no more a Vojvod's daughter,  
As when she lived on Earth before,  
The love is still the same which sought her,  
And she is true—what would you more?

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Bright moonbeams on the sea are playing,  
And starlight shines o'er vale and hill;  
I should be gone—yet still delaying,  
By thy loved side I linger still!

My gold is gone—my hopes have perished,  
And nought remains save love for thee!  
E'en that must fade, though once so cherished:  
Farewell!—and think no more of me!

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'Though gold be gone and hope departed,  
And nought remain save love for me,  
Thou ne'er shalt leave me broken-hearted,  
For I will share my life with thee!

'Thou deem'st me but a wanton maiden,  
The plaything of thy idle hours;  
But laughing streams with gold are laden,  
And sweets are hidden 'neath the flowers.

'E'en outcasts may have heart and feeling,  
E'en such as I be fond and true;  
And love, like light, in dungeons stealing,  
Though bars be there, will still burst through.'

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## PICTURES FROM THE NORTH.

It is worth while to live in the city, that we may learn to love the country; and it is not bad for many, that artificial life binds them with bonds of silk or lace or rags or cobwebs, since, when they are rent away, the Real gleams out in a beauty and with a zest which had not been save for contrast.

Contrast is the salt of the beautiful. I wonder that the ancients, who came so near it in so many ways, never made a goddess of Contrast. They had something like it in ever-varying Future—something like it in double-faced Janus, who was their real 'Angel of the Odd.' Perhaps it is my ignorance which is at fault—if so, I pray you correct me. The subtle Neo-Platonists *must* have apotheosized such a savor to all æsthetic bliss. Mostly do I feel its charm when there come before me pictures true to life of far lands and lives, of valley and river, sea and shore. Then I forget the narrow office and the shop-lined street, the rattling cars and hurried hotel-lodgment, and think what it would be if nature, in all her freshness and never-ending contrasts, could be my ever-present.

I thought this yesterday, in glancing over an old manuscript in my drawer, containing translations, by some hand to me unknown, of sketches of Sweden by the fairy-story teller Hans Christian Andersen. Reader, will they strike you as pleasantly as they did me? I know not. Let us glance them over. They have at least the full flavor of the North, of the healthy land of frost and pines, of fragrant birch and of sweeter meadow-grass, and simpler, holier flowers than the rich South ever showed, even in her simplest moods.

The first of these sketches sweeps us at once far away over the Northland:

### 'WE JOURNEY.

'It is spring, fragrant spring, the birds are singing. You do not understand their song? Then hear it in free translation:

"Seat thyself upon my back!" said the stork, the holy bird of our green island. 'I will carry thee over the waves of the Sound. Sweden also has its fresh, fragrant beechwoods, green meadows, and fields of waving corn; in Schoonen, under the blooming apple trees behind the peasant's house, thou wilt imagine thyself still in Denmark!'

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"Fly with me," said the swallow. 'I fly over Hal-land's mountain ridges, where the beeches cease. I soar farther toward the north than the stork. I will show you where the arable land retires before rocky valleys. You shall see friendly towns, old churches, solitary court yards, within which it is cosy and pleasant to dwell, where the family stands in circle around the table with the smoking platters, and asks a blessing through the mouth of the youngest child, and morning and evening sings a holy song. I have heard it, I have seen it, when I was yet small, from my nest under the roof.'

"Come! come!" cried the unsteady seagull, impatiently waiting, and ever flying round in a circle. 'Follow me into the Scheeren, where thousands of rocky islands,

covered with pines and firs, lie along the coasts like flower beds; where the fisherman draws full nets!

"Let yourself down between our outspread wings!" sing the wild swans. "We will bear you to the great seas, to the ever-roaring, arrow-quick mountain streams, where the oak does not thrive and the birches are stunted; let yourself down between our outspread wings,—we soar high over Sulitelma, the eye of the island, as the mountain is called; we fly from the spring-green valley, over the snow waves, up to the summit of the mountain, whence you may catch a glimpse of the North Sea, beyond Norway. We fly toward Jamtland, with its high blue mountains, where the waterfalls roar, where the signal fires flame up as signs from coast to coast that they are waiting for the ferry boat—up to the deep, cold, hurrying floods, which do not see the sun set in midsummer, where twilight is dawn!"

'So sing the birds! Shall we hearken to their song—follow them, at least a short way? We do not seat ourselves upon the wings of the swan, nor upon the back of the stork; we stride forward with steam and horses, sometimes upon our own feet, and glance, at the same time, now and then, from the actual, over the hedge into the kingdom of fancy, that is always our near neighborland, and pluck flowers or leaves, which shall be placed together in the memorandum book—they bud indeed on the flight of the journey. We fly, and we sing: Sweden, thou glorious land! Sweden, whither holy gods came in remote antiquity from the mountains of Asia; thou land that art yet illumined by their glitter! It streams out of the flowers, with the name of Linnæus; it beams before thy knightly people from the banner of Charles the Twelfth, it sounds out of the memorial stone erected upon the field at Lutzen. Sweden! thou land of deep feeling, of inward songs, home of the clear streams, where wild swans sing in the northern light's glimmer! thou land, upon whose deep, still seas the fairies of the North build their colonnades and lead their struggling spirit-hosts over the ice mirror. Glorious Sweden, with the perfume-breathing Linea, with Jenny's soulful songs! To thee will we fly with the stork and the swallow, with the unsteady seagull and the wild swan. Thy birchwood throws out its perfume so refreshing and animating, under its hanging, earnest boughs—on its white trunk shall the harp hang. Let the summer wind of the North glide murmuring over its strings.'

There is true fatherland's love there. I doubt if there was ever yet *real* patriotism in a hot climate—the North is the only home of unselfish and great union. Italy owes it to the cool breezes of her Apennines that she cherishes unity; had it not been for her northern mountains in a southern clime, she would have long ago forgotten to think of *one* country. But while the Alps are her backbone, she will always be at least a vertebrate among nations, and one of the higher order. Without the Alps she would soon be eaten up by the cancer of states' rights. It is the North, too, which will supply the great uniting power of America, and keep alive a love for the great national name.

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Very different is the rest—and yet it has too the domestic home-tone of the North. In Sweden, in Germany, in America, in England, the family tie is somewhat other than in the East or in any warm country. With us, old age is not so ever-neglected and little honored as in softer climes. Thank the fireside for that. The hearth, and the stove, and the long, cold months which keep the grandsire and granddame in the easy chair by the warm corner, make a home centre, where the children linger as long as they may for stories, and where love lingers, kept alive by many a cheerful, not to be easily told tie. And it lives—this love—lives in the heart of the man after he has gone forth to business or to battle: he will not tell you of it, but he remembers grandmother and grandfather, as he saw them a boy—the centre of the group, which will never form again save in heaven.

Let us turn to

### **'THE GRANDMOTHER.**

'Grandmother is very old, has many wrinkles, and perfectly white hair; but her eyes gleam like two stars, yes, much more beautiful; they are so mild, it does one good to look into them! And then she knows how to relate the most beautiful stories. And she has a dress embroidered with great, great flowers; it is such a heavy silk stuff that it rattles. Grandmother knows a great deal, because she has lived much longer than father and mother; that is certain! Grandmother has a hymn book with strong silver clasps, and she reads very often in the book. In the midst of it lies a rose, pressed and dry; it is not so beautiful as the rose which stands in the glass, but yet she smiles upon it in the most friendly way; indeed, it brings the tears to her eyes! Why does grandmother look so at the faded flower in the old book? Do you know? Every time that grandmother's tears fall upon the flower, the colors become fresh again, the rose swells up and fills the whole room with its fragrance, the walls disappear, as if they were only mist, and round about her is the green, glorious wood, where the sun beams through the leaves of the trees; and grandmother is young again; a charming maiden, with full red cheeks, beautiful and innocent—no rose is fresher; but the eyes, the mild, blessing eyes, still belong to grandmother. At her side sits a young man, large and powerful: he

reaches her the rose, and she smiles—grandmother does not smile so now! oh yes, look now!—But he has vanished: many thoughts, many forms sweep past—the beautiful young man is gone, the rose lies in the hymn book, and grandmother sits there again as an old woman, and looks upon the faded rose which lies in the book.

'Now grandmother is dead. She sat in the armchair and related a long, beautiful story; she said, 'Now the story is finished, and I am tired;' and she leaned her head back, in order to sleep a little. We could hear her breathing—she slept; but it became stiller and stiller, her face was full of happiness and peace, it was as if a sunbeam illumined her features; she smiled again, and then the people said, 'She is dead.' She was placed in a black box; there she lay covered with white linen; she was very beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed, but every wrinkle had vanished; she lay there with a smile about her mouth; her hair was silver white, venerable, but it did not frighten one to look upon the corpse, for it was indeed the dear, kind-hearted grandmother. The hymn book was placed under her head—this she had herself desired; the rose lay in the old book; and then they buried grandmother.

Upon the grave, close by the church wall, a rose tree was planted; it was full of roses, and the nightingale flew singing over the flowers and the grave. Within the church, there resounded from the organ the most beautiful hymns, which were in the old book under the head of the dead one. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead was not there; each child could go there quietly by night and pluck a rose from the peaceful courtyard wall. The dead know more than all of us living ones; they are better than we. The earth is heaped up over the coffin, even within the coffin there is earth; the leaves of the hymn book are dust, and the rose, with all its memories. But above bloom fresh roses; above, the nightingale sings, and the organ tones forth; above, the memory of the old grandmother lives, with her mild, ever young eyes. Eyes can never die. Ours will one day see the grandmother again, young and blooming as when she for the first time kissed the fresh red rose, which is now dust in the grave.'

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#### **'THE CELL PRISON.**

'By separation from other men, by loneliness, in continual silence shall the criminal be punished and benefited; on this account cell prisons are built. In Sweden there are many such, and new ones are building. I visited for the first time one in Marienstadt. The building lies in a beautiful landscape, close by the town, on a small stream of water, like a great villa, white and smiling, with window upon window. But one soon discovers that the stillness of the grave rests over the place; it seems as if no one dwelt here, or as if it were a dwelling forsaken during the plague. The gates of these walls are locked; but one opened and the jailor received us, with his bundle of keys in his hand. The court is empty and clean; even the grass between the paving stones is weeded out. We entered the 'reception room,' to which the prisoner is first taken; then the bath room, whither he is carried next. We ascend a flight of stairs, and find ourselves in a large hall, built the whole length and height of the building. Several galleries, one over another in the different stories, extend round the whole hall, and in the midst of the hall is the chancel, from which, on Sundays, the preacher delivers his sermon before an invisible audience. All the doors of the cells, which lead upon the galleries, are half opened, the prisoners hear the preacher, but they cannot see him, nor he them. The whole is a well-built machine for a pressure of the spirit. In the door of each cell there is a glass of the size of an eye; a valve covers it on the outside, and through this may the warden, unnoticed by the prisoners, observe all which is going on within; but he must move with soft step, noiselessly, for the hearing of the prisoner is wonderfully sharpened by solitude. I removed the valve from the glass very softly, and looked into the closed room—for a moment the glance of the prisoner met my eye. It is airy, pure, and clean within, but the window is so high that it is impossible to look out. The whole furniture consists of a high bench, made fast to a kind of table, a berth, which can be fastened with hooks to the ceiling, and around which there is a curtain. Several cells were opened to us. In one there was a young, very pretty maiden; she had lain down in her berth, but sprang out when the door was opened, and her first movement disturbed the berth, which it unclasped and rolled together. Upon the little table stood the water cask, and near it lay the remains of hard black bread, farther off the Bible, and a few spiritual songs. In another cell sat an infanticide; I saw her only through the small glass of the door, she had heard our steps, and our talking, but she sat still, cowered together in the corner by the door, as if she wished to conceal herself as much as she could; her back was bent, her head sunk almost into her lap, and over it her hands were folded. The unhappy one is very young, said they. In two different cells sat two brothers; they were paying the penalty of horse-stealing; one was yet a boy. In one cell sat a poor servant girl; they said she had no relations, and was poor, and they placed her here. I thought that I had misunderstood, repeated my question, Why is the maiden here? and received the same answer. Yet still I prefer to believe that I have misunderstood the remark. Without, in the clear, free sunlight, is the busy rush of day; here within the

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stillness of midnight always reigns. The spider, which spins along the wall, the swallow, which rarely flies near the vaulted window there above, even the tread of the stranger in the gallery, close by the door, is an occurrence in this mute, solitary life, where the mind of the prisoner revolves ever upon himself. One should read of the martyr cells of the holy inquisition, of the unfortunates of the Bagnio chained to each other, of the hot leaden chambers, and the dark wet abyss of the pit of Venice, and shudder over those pictures, in order to wander through the galleries of the cell prison with a calmer heart; here is light, here is air, here it is more human. Here, where the sunbeam throws in upon the prisoner its mild light, here will an illuminating beam from God Himself sink into the heart.'

Last we have

### 'SALA.

'Sweden's great king, Germany's deliverer, Gustavus Adolphus, caused Sala to be built. The small enclosed wood in the vicinity of the little town relates to us yet traditions of the youthful love of the hero king, of his rendezvous with Ebba Brahe. The silver shafts at Sala are the largest, the deepest and oldest in Sweden; they reach down a hundred and seventy fathoms, almost as deep as the Baltic. This is sufficient to awaken an interest in the little town; how does it look now? 'Sala,' says the guide book, 'lies in a valley, in a flat, and not very agreeable region.' And so it is truly; in that direction was nothing beautiful, and the highway led directly into the town, which has no character. It consists of a single long street with a knot and a pair of ends: the knot is the market; at the ends are two lanes which are attached to it. The long street—it may be called long in such a short town—was entirely empty. No one came out of the doors, no one looked out of the windows. It was with no small joy that I saw a man, at last, in a shop, in whose window hung a paper of pins, a red handkerchief, and two tea cans, a solitary, sedate apprentice, who leaned over the counter and looked out through the open house door. He certainly wrote that evening in his journal, if he kept one; 'To-day a traveller went through the town; the dear God may know him, I do not!' The apprentice's face appeared to me to say all that, and he had an honest face.

'In the tavern in which I entered, the same deathlike stillness reigned as upon the street. The door was indeed closed, but in the interior of the house all the doors stood wide open; the house cock stood in the midst of the sitting room, and crowed in order to give information that there was some one in the house. As to the rest, the house was entirely picturesque; it had an open balcony looking out upon the court—upon the street would have been too lively. The old sign hung over the door and creaked in the wind; it sounded as if it were alive. I saw it from my window; I saw also how the grass had overgrown the pavement of the street. The sun shone clear, but as it shines in the sitting room of the solitary old bachelor and upon the balsam in the pot of the old maid, it was still as on a Scottish Sunday, and it was Tuesday! I felt myself drawn to study Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

'I looked down from the balcony into the neighbor's court; no living being was to be seen, but children had played there; they had built a little garden out of perfectly dry twigs; these had been stuck into the soft earth and watered; the potsherd, which served as watering pot, lay there still; the twigs represented roses and geranium. It had been a splendid garden—ah yes! We great, grown-up men play just so, build us a garden with love's roses and friendship's geranium, we water it with our tears and our heart's blood—and yet they are and remain dry twigs without roots. That was a gloomy thought—I felt it, and in order to transform the dry twigs into a blossoming Aaron's-staff, I went out. I went out into the ends and into the long thread, that is to say, into the little lanes and into the great street, and here was more life, as I might have expected; a herd of cows met me, who were coming home, or going away, I know not—they had no leader. The apprentice was still standing behind the counter; he bowed over it and greeted; the stranger took off his hat in return; these were the events of this day in Sala. Pardon me, thou still town, which Gustavus Adolphus built, where his young heart glowed in its first love, and where the silver rests in the deep shafts without the town, in a flat and not very pleasant country. I knew no one in this town, no one conducted me about, and so I went with the cows, and reached the graveyard; the cows went on, I climbed over the fence, and found myself between the graves, where the green grass grew, and nearly all the tombstones lay with inscriptions blotted out; only here and there, 'Anno' was still legible—what further? And who rests here? Everything on the stone was effaced, as the earth life of the one who was now earth within the earth. What drama have ye dead ones played here in the still Sala? The setting sun threw its beams over the graves, no leaf stirred on the tree; all was still, deathly still, in the town of the silver mines, which for the remembrance of the traveller is only a frame about the apprentice, who bowed greeting over the counter.'

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Silence, stillness, quiet, solitude, loneliness, far-away-ness; hushed, calm, remote, out of the world, un-newspapered, operaless, un-gossipped—was there ever a sketch which carried one so

far from the world as this of 'Sala'? That *one* shopboy—those going or coming cows—the tombs, with wornout dates, every point of time vanishing—a living grave!

Contrast again, dear reader. Verily she is a goddess—and I adore her. Lo! she brings me back again in Sala to the busy streets of this city, and the office, and the 'exchanges,' and the rustling, bustling world, and the hotel dinner—to be in time for which I am even now writing against time—and I am thankful for it all. Sala has cured me. That picture drives away longings. Verily, he who lives in America, and in its great roaring current of events, needs but a glance at Sala to feel that *here* he is on a darting stream ever hurrying more gloriously into the world and away from the dull inanity—which the merest sibilant of aggravation will change to insanity.

Reader, our Andersen is an artist—as most children know. But I am glad that he seldom gives us anything which is so *very* much of a monochrome as Sala.

I wonder if Sala was the native and surnaming town of that *other* Sala whose initials are G. A. S., and whose nature is 'ditto'? Did its dulness drive him to liveliness, even as an 'orthodox' training is said to drive youth to dissipation? It may be so. The one hath a deep mine of silver—the other contains inexhaustible mines of brass—and the name of the one as of the other, when read in Hebrew-wise gives us 'alas!'

But I am wandering from the Northern pictures and fresh nature, and must close.

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## THE NEW RASSELAS.

... And Joseph, opening the drawing room, told me the postchaise was ready. My mother and my sister threw themselves into my arms.

'It is still time,' said they, 'to abandon this scheme. Stay with us.'

'Mother, I am of noble birth, I am now twenty, I must have a name, I must be talked about in the country, I must be getting a position in the army or at court.'

'Oh! but, Bernard, when you have gone, what will become of me?'

'You will be happy and proud when you hear of your son's success.'

'But if you are killed in some battle?'

'What of that! What's life? Who thinks about being killed? When one is twenty, and of noble lineage, he thinks of nothing but glory. And, mother, in a few years you shall see me return to your side a colonel, or a general, or with some rich office at Versailles.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Why, then I shall be respected and considered about here.'

'And then?'

'Why, everybody will take off their hat to me.'

'And then?'

'I'll marry Cousin Henrietta, and I'll marry off my young sisters, and we'll all live together with you, tranquil and happy, on my estate in Brittany.'

'Now, why can't you commence this tranquil and happy life to-day? Has not your father left us the largest fortune of all the province? Is there anywhere near us a richer estate or a finer chateau than that of La Roche Bernard? Are you not considered by all your vassals? Doesn't everybody take off their hat when they meet you? No, don't quit us, my dear child; remain with your friends, with your sisters, with your old mother, whom, at your return, perhaps you may not find alive; do not expend in vain glory, nor abridge by cares and annoyances of every kind, days which at the best pass away too rapidly: life is a pleasant thing, my son, and Brittany's sun is genial!'

As she said this, she showed me from the drawing-room windows the beautiful avenues of my park, the old horse-chestnuts in bloom, the lilacs, the honeysuckles, whose fragrance filled the air, and whose verdure glistened in the sun. In the antechamber was the gardener and all his family, who, sad and silent, seemed also to say to me, 'Don't go, young master, don't go.' Hortense, my eldest sister, pressed me in her arms, and Amélie, my little sister, who was in a corner of the drawing room looking at the pictures in a volume of La Fontaine, came up to me, holding out the book:

'Read, read, brother,' said she, weeping....

She pointed to the fable of the Two Pigeons!... I suddenly got up, and repelled them all. 'I am now twenty, I am of noble blood, I want glory and honor.... Let me go.' And I ran toward the courtyard. I was about getting into the postchaise, when a woman appeared on the staircase. It was Henrietta! She did not weep ... she did not say a word ... but, pale and trembling, it was with the utmost difficulty that she kept from falling. She waved the white handkerchief she held in her hand, as a last good-by, and she fell senseless on the floor. I ran and took her up, I pressed her in

my arms, I pledged my love to her for life; and as she recovered consciousness, leaving her in the hands of my mother and sister, I ran to my postchaise without stopping, and without turning my head.

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If I had looked at Henrietta, I should not have gone.

In a few moments afterward the postchaise was rattling along the highway. For a long time my mind was completely absorbed by thoughts of my sisters, of Henrietta, of my mother, and of all the happiness I left behind me; but these ideas gradually quitted me as I lost sight of the turrets of La Roche Bernard, and dreams of ambition and of glory took the entire possession of my mind. What schemes! What castles in the air! What noble actions I performed in my postchaise!! I denied myself nothing: wealth, honors, dignities, success of every kind, I merited and I awarded myself all; at the last, raising myself from grade to grade as I advanced on my journey, by the time I reached my inn at night, I was duke and peer, governor of a province, and marshal of France. The voice of my servant, who called me modestly Monsieur le Chevalier, alone forced me to remember who I was, and to abdicate all my dignities. The next day, and the following days, I indulged in the same dreams, and enjoyed the same intoxication, for my journey was long. I was going to a chateau near Sedan the chateau of the Duke de C—, an old friend of my father, and protector of my family. It was understood that he was to carry me to Paris with him, where he was expected about the end of the month; he promised to present me at Versailles, and to give me a company of dragoons through the credit of his sister, the Marchioness de F—, a charming young lady, designated by public opinion as Madame de Pompadour's successor, whose title she claimed with the greater justice as she had long filled its honorable functions. I reached Sedan at night, and at too late an hour to go to the chateau of my protector. I therefore postponed my visit until the next day, and lay at the 'France's Arms,' the best hotel of the town, and the ordinary rendezvous of all the officers; for Sedan is a garrison town, and is well fortified; the streets have a warlike air, and even the shopkeepers have a martial look, which seems to say to strangers, 'We are fellow countrymen of the great Turenne!' I supped at the general table, and I asked what road I should take in the morning to go to the chateau of the Duke de C—, which is situated some three leagues out of the town. 'Anybody will show you,' I was told, 'for it is well known hereabouts: Marshal Fabert, a great warrior and a celebrated man, died there.' Thereupon the conversation turned about Marshal Fabert. Between young soldiers, this was very natural; his battles, his exploits, his modesty, which made him refuse the letters patent of nobility and the collar of his orders offered him by Louis XIV, were all talked about; they dwelt especially on the inconceivable fortune which had raised him from the rank of a simple soldier to the rank of a marshal of France—him, who was nothing at all, the son of a mere printer: it was the only example of such a piece of fortune which could then be instanced, and which, even during Fabert's life, had appeared so extraordinary, the vulgar never feared to ascribe his elevation to supernatural causes. It was said that from his youth he had busied himself with magic and sorcery, and that he had made a league with the devil. Mine host, who, to the stupidity inherent in all the natives of the province of Champagne, added the credulity of our Brittany peasants, assured us with a great deal of sangfroid, that when Fabert died in the chateau of the Duke de C—, a black man, whom nobody knew, was seen to enter into the dead man's room, and disappear, taking with him the marshal's soul, which he had bought, and which belonged to him; and that even now, every May, about the period of the death of Fabert, the people of the chateau saw the black man about the house, bearing a small light. This story made our dessert merry, and we drank a bottle of champagne to the demon of Fabert, craving it to be good enough to take us also under its protection, and enable us to win some battles like those of Collioure and La Marfee.

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I rose early the next morning, and went to the chateau of the Duke de C—, an immense gothic manor-house, which perhaps at any other moment I would not have noticed, but which I regarded, I acknowledge, with curiosity mixed with emotion, as I recollected the story told us on the preceding evening by the host of the 'France's Arms.' The servant to whom I spoke, told me he did not know whether his master could receive company, and whether he could receive me. I gave him my name, and he went out, leaving me alone in a sort of armory, decorated with the attributes of the chase and family portraits.

I waited some time, and no one came. 'The career of glory and of honor I have dreamed commences by the antechamber,' said I to myself, and impatience soon possessed the discontented solicitor. I had counted over the family portraits and all the rafters of the ceiling some two or three times, when I heard a slight noise in the wooden wainscoting. It was caused by an ill-closed door the wind had forced open. I looked in, and I perceived a very handsome boudoir, lighted by two large windows and a glazed door opening on a magnificent park. I walked into this room, and after I had gone a short distance, I was stopped by a scene which I had not at first perceived. A man was lying on a sofa, with his back turned to the door by which I came in. He got up, and without perceiving me, ran abruptly to the window. Tears streamed down his cheeks, and a profound despair was marked on his every feature. He remained motionless for some time, keeping his face buried in his hands; then he began striding rapidly about the room. I was then near him; he perceived me, and trembled; I, too, was annoyed and confounded at my indiscretion; I sought to retire, muttering some words of excuse.

'Who are you? What do you want?' he said to me in a loud voice, taking hold of me by my arms.

'I am the Chevalier Bernard de la Roche Bernard, and I come from Brittany.'...

'I know, I know,' said he; and he threw himself into my arms, made me take a seat by his side,



spoke to me warmly about my father and all my family, whom he knew so well that I was persuaded I was talking with the master of the chateau.

'You are Monsieur de C——?' I asked him.

He got up, looked at me wildly, and replied, 'I was he, I am he no longer, I am nothing;' and seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Not a word more, young man, don't question me!'

'I must, Monsieur; I have been the involuntary witness of your chagrin and your grief, and if my attachment and my friendship may to some degree alleviate'——

'You are right, you are right,' said he; 'you cannot change my fate, but at the least you may receive my last wishes and my last injunctions ... it is the only favor I ask of you.'

He shut the door, and again took his seat by my side; I was touched, and tremblingly expected what he was going to say: he spoke with a grave and solemn manner. His physiognomy had an expression I had never seen before on any face. His forehead, which I attentively examined, seemed marked by fatality; his face was pale; his black eyes sparkled, and occasionally his features, although changed by pain, would contract in an ironical and infernal smile. 'What I am going to tell you,' said he, 'will surprise you.' You will doubt me ... you will not believe me ... even. I doubt it sometimes ... at the least, I would like to doubt it; but I have got the proofs of it; and there is in everything around us, in our very organization, a great many other mysteries which we are obliged to undergo, without being able to understand.' He remained silent for a moment, as if to collect his ideas, brushed his forehead with his hand, and then proceeded:

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'I was born in this chateau. I had two elder brothers, to whom the honors and the estates of our house were to descend. I could hope nothing above the cassock of an abbé, and yet dreams of ambition and of glory fermented in my head, and quickened the beatings of my heart. Discontented with my obscurity, eager for fame, I thought of nothing but the means of acquiring it, and this idea made me insensible to all the pleasures and all the joys of life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future; and that future lay before me robed in the most sombre colors. I was nearly thirty years old, and had done nothing. Then literary reputations arose from every side in Paris, and their brilliancy was reflected even to our distant province. 'Ah!' I often said to myself, 'if I could at the least command a name in the world of letters! that at least would be fame, and fame is happiness.' The confidant of my sorrow was an old servant, an aged negro, who had lived in the chateau for years before I was born; he was the oldest person about the house, for no one remembered when he came to live there; and some of the country people said that he knew the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death'——

My host saw me express the greatest surprise; he interrupted his narrative to ask me what was the matter.

'Nothing,' said I; but I could not help thinking of the black man the innkeeper had mentioned the evening before.

Monsieur de C—— went on with his story: 'One day, before Juba (such was the negro's name), I loudly expressed my despair at my obscurity and the uselessness of my life, and I exclaimed: '*I would give ten years of my life* to be placed in the first rank of our authors.' 'Ten years,' he coldly replied to me, 'are a great deal; it's paying dearly for a trifle; but that's nothing, I accept your ten years. I take them now; remember your promises: I shall keep mine!' I cannot depict to you my surprise at hearing him speak in this way. I thought years had weakened his reason; I smiled, and he shrugged his shoulders, and in a few days afterward I quitted the chateau to pay a visit to Paris. There I was thrown a great deal in literary society. Their example encouraged me, and I published several works, whose success I shall not weary you by describing. All Paris applauded me; the newspapers proclaimed my praises; the new name I had assumed became celebrated, and no later than yesterday, you, yourself, my young friend, admired me.'

A new gesture of surprise again interrupted his narrative: 'What! you are not the Duke de C——?' I exclaimed.

'No,' said he very coldly.

'And,' I said to myself, 'a celebrated literary man! Is it Marmontel? or D'Alembert? or Voltaire?'

He sighed; a smile of regret and of contempt flitted over his lips, and he resumed his story: 'This literary reputation I had desired soon became insufficient for a soul as ardent as my own. I longed for nobler success, and I said to Juba, who had followed me to Paris, and who now remained with me: 'There is no real glory, no true fame, but that acquired in the profession of arms. What is a literary man? A poet? Nothing. But a great captain, a leader of an army! Ah! that's the destiny I desire; and for a great military reputation, I would give another ten years of my life.' 'I accept them,' Juba replied; 'I take them now; don't forget it.'

At this part of his story he stopped again, and, observing the trouble and hesitation visible in my every feature, he said:

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'I warned you beforehand, young man, that you could not believe me; this seems a dream, a chimera to you!... and to me, too!... and yet the grades and the honors I obtained were no illusions; those soldiers I led to the cannon's mouth, those redoubts stormed, those flags won, those victories with which all France has rung ... all that was my work ... all that glory was mine.'...

While he strode up and down the room, and spoke with this warmth and enthusiasm, surprise chilled my blood, and I said to myself, 'Who can this gentleman be?... Is he Coligny?... Richelieu?... the Marshal Saxe?'

From this state of excitement he had fallen into great depression, and coming close to me, he said to me, with a sombre air:

'Juba spoke truly; and after a short time had passed away, disgusted with this vain bubble of military glory, I longed for the only thing real and satisfactory and permanent in this world; and when, at the cost of five or six years of life, I desired gold and wealth, Juba gave them too.... Yes, my young friend, yes, I have seen fortune surpass all my desires; I became the lord of estates, of forests, of chateaux. Up to this morning they were all mine; if you don't believe me, if you don't believe Juba ... wait ... wait ... he is coming ... and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what confounds your reason and mine, is unhappily but too real.'

He then walked toward the mantelpiece, looked at the clock, exhibited great alarm, and said to me in a whisper:

'This morning at daybreak I felt so depressed and weak I could scarcely get up. I rang for my servant. Juba came. 'What is the matter with me this morning?' I asked him. 'Master, nothing more than natural. The hour approaches, the moment draws near!' 'What hour? What moment?' 'Don't you remember? Heaven allotted sixty years as the term of your existence. You were thirty when I began to obey you!' 'Juba,' said I, seriously alarmed, 'are you in earnest?' 'Yes, master; in five years you have dissipated in glory twenty-five years of life. You gave them to me, they belong to me; and those years you bartered away shall now be added to the days I have to live.' 'What, was that the price of your services?' 'Others have paid more dearly for them. You have heard of Fabert: I protected him.' 'Silence! silence!' I said to him; 'you lie! you lie!' 'As you please; but get ready, you have only half an hour to live.' 'You are mocking me; you deceive me.' 'Not at all; make the calculation yourself. You have really lived thirty-five years; you have lost twenty-five years: total, sixty years.' He started to go out.... I felt my strength diminishing; I felt my life waning away. 'Juba! Juba!' said I, 'give me a few hours, only a few hours,' I screamed; 'oh! give me a few hours longer!' 'No, no,' said he, 'that would be to diminish my own life, and I know better than you the value of life. There is no treasure in this world worth two hours' existence!' I could scarcely speak; my eyes became obscured by a thick veil, the icy hand of death began to freeze my veins. 'Oh!' said I, making an effort to speak, 'take back those estates for which I have sacrificed everything. Give me four hours longer, and I make you master of all my gold, of all my wealth, of all that opulence of fortune I have so earnestly desired.' 'Agreed: you have been a good master, and I am willing to do something for you; I consent to your prayer.' I felt my strength return; and I exclaimed: 'Four hours are so little ... oh! Juba! ... Juba ... oh! Juba! give me yet four hours, and I renounce all my literary glory, all my works, everything that has placed me so high in the opinion of the world.' 'Four hours of life for that!' exclaimed the negro with contempt.... 'That's a great deal; but never mind; you shan't say I refused your last dying request.' 'Oh! no! no! Juba, don't say my last dying request.... Juba! Juba! I beg of you, give me until this evening, give me twelve hours, the whole day, and may my exploits, my victories, my military fame, my whole career be forever effaced from the memory of men!... may nothing whatever remain of them!... if you will give me this day, only to-day, Juba; and I shall be too well satisfied.' 'You abuse my generosity,' said he, 'and I am making a fool's bargain. But never mind, I give you until sundown. After that, ask me for nothing more. Don't forget, after sundown I shall come for you!'

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'He went away,' added my companion, with a tone of despair I can never forget, 'and this is the last day of my life.' He then walked to the glazed door looking out on the park (it was open), and he exclaimed:

'Oh God! I shall see no more this beautiful sky, these green lawns, these sparkling waters; I shall never again breathe the balmy air of the spring! Madman that I was! I might have enjoyed for twenty-five years to come these blessings God has showered on all, blessings whose worth I knew not, and of which I am beginning to know the value. I have worn out my days, I have sacrificed my life for a vain chimera, for a sterile glory, which has not made me happy, and which died before me.... See! see there!' said he, pointing to some peasants plodding their weary way homeward; 'what would I not give to share their labors and their poverty!... But I have nothing to give, nothing to hope here below ... nothing ... not even misfortune!... At this moment a sunbeam, a May sunbeam, lighted up his pale, haggard features; he took me by the arm with a sort of delirium, and said to me:

'See! oh see! how splendid is the sun!... Oh! and I must leave all this!... Oh! at the least let me enjoy it now.... Let me taste to the full this pure and beautiful day ... whose morrow I shall never see!'

He leaped into the park, and, before I could well comprehend what he was doing, he had disappeared down an alley. But, to speak truly, I could not have restrained him, even if I would.... I had not now the strength; I fell back on the sofa, confounded, stunned, bewildered by all I had seen and heard. At length I arose and walked about the room to convince myself that I was awake, that I was not dreaming, that....

At this moment the door of the boudoir opened, and a servant announced:

'My master, Monsieur le Duc de C——.'

A gentleman some sixty years old and of a very aristocratic appearance came forward, and,

taking me by the hand, begged my pardon for having kept me so long waiting.

'I was not at the chateau,' said he. 'I have just come from the town, where I have been to consult with the physicians about the health of the Count de C—, my younger brother.'

'Is he dangerously ill?'

'No, monsieur, thank Heaven, he is not; but in his youth visions of glory and of ambition had excited his imagination, and a grave fever, from which he has just recovered, and which came near proving fatal, has left his head in a state of delirium and insanity, which persuades him that he has only one day longer to live. That's his madness.'

Everything was explained to me now!

'Come, my young friend, now let us talk over your business; tell me what I can do for your advancement. We will go together to Versailles about the end of this month. I will present you at court.'

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'I know how kind you are to me, duke, and I have come here to thank you for it.'

'What! have you renounced going to court, and to the advantages you may reckon on having there?'

'Yes.'

'But recollect, that aided by me, you will make a rapid progress, and that with a little assiduity and patience ... say in ten years.'

'They would be ten years lost!'

'What!' exclaimed the duke with astonishment, 'is that purchasing too dearly glory, fortune, and fame?... Silence, my young friend, we will go together to Versailles.'

'No, duke, I return to Brittany, and I beg you to accept my thanks and those of my family for your kindness.'

'You are mad!' said the duke.

But thinking over what I had heard and seen, I said to myself: 'You are the same!'

The next morning I turned my face homeward. With what pleasure I saw again my fine chateau de la Roche Bernard, the old trees of my park, and the beautiful sun of Brittany! I found again my vassals, my sisters, my mother, and happiness, which has never quitted me since, for eight days afterward I married Henrietta.

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## THE CHAINED RIVER.

Home I love, I now must leave thee! Home I love, I now must go  
Far away, although it grieve me, through the valley, through the snow.

By the night and through the valley, though the hail against us flies,  
Till we reach the frozen river—on its bank the foeman lies.

Frozen river, mighty river!—wilt thou e'er again be free  
From the fountain through the mountain, from the mountain to the sea.

Yes; though Freedom's glorious river for a time be frozen fast,  
Still it cannot hold forever—Winter's reign will soon be past.

Still it runs, although 'tis frozen—on beneath the icy plain,  
From the mountain to the ocean—free as thought, though held in chain.

From the mountain to the ocean, from the ocean to the sky,  
Then in rainy drops returning—lo the ice-chains burst and fly!

And the ice makes great the river. Breast the spring-flood if you dare!  
Rivers run though ice be o'er them—God and Freedom everywhere!

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## HOW THE WAR AFFECTS AMERICANS.

At the outbreak of the present terrible civil war, the condition of the American people was apparently enviable beyond that of any other nation. We say apparently, because the seeds of the rebellion had long been germinating; and, to a philosophic eye, the great change destined to follow the rebellion was inevitable, though it was then impossible for human foresight to predict

the steps by which that change would come. Unconscious of impending calamity, we were proud of our position and character as American citizens. We were free from oppressive taxation, and enjoyed unbounded liberty of speech and action. Revelling in the fertility of a virgin continent, unexampled in modern times for the facilities of cultivation and the richness of its return to human labor, it was a national characteristic to felicitate ourselves upon the general prosperity, and boastfully to compare our growing resources and our unlimited and almost spontaneous abundance, with the hard-earned and dearly purchased productions of other and more exhausted countries. Our population, swollen by streams of immigration from the crowded continents of the old world, has spread over the boundless plains of this, with amazing rapidity; and the physical improvements which have followed our wonderful expansion have been truly magical in their results, as shown by the decennial exhibits of the census, or presented in still more palpable form to the eye of the thoughtful and observant traveller. Since the fall of the Roman empire, no single government has possessed so magnificent a domain in the temperate regions of the globe; and certainly, no other people so numerous, intelligent, and powerful, has ever in any age of the world enjoyed the same unrestricted freedom in the pursuit of happiness: accordingly, none has ever exhibited the same extraordinary activity in enterprise, or equal success in the creation and accumulation of wealth. It was unfortunately true that our mighty energies were mostly employed in the production of physical results; and although our youthful, vigorous, and unrestricted efforts made these results truly marvellous, yet the moral and intellectual basis on which we built was not sufficiently broad and stable to sustain the vast superstructure of our prosperity. The foundations having been seriously disturbed, it becomes indispensable to look to their permanent security, whatever may be the temporary inconvenience arising from the necessary destruction of portions of the old fabric.

When the war began, the South was supplying the world with cotton—a staple which in modern times has become intimately connected with the physical well-being of the whole civilized world. At the same time, the Northwest was furnishing to all nations immense quantities of grain and animal food, her teeming fields presenting a sure resource against the uncertainty of seasons in those regions of the earth in which capital must supply the fertility which is still inexhaustible here. While such were the occupations of the South and the West, the North and East were advancing in the path of mechanical and commercial improvement, with a rapidity beyond all former example. Agricultural and manufacturing inventions were springing up, full grown, out of the teeming brain of the Yankees, and were fast altering the face of the world. New combinations of natural forces were appearing as the agents of the human will, and were multiplying the physical capacity of man in a ratio that seemed to know no bounds. Commercial enterprise kept pace with these magnificent creations, and never failed, with liberal and enlightened spirit, to avail itself of all the resources which industry produced or genius invented. Our tonnage surpassed that of the greatest nations; the skill of our shipbuilders was unsurpassed; and the courage, industry, and perseverance of our seamen were renowned all over the world. On every ocean and in every important harbor of the earth were daily visible the emblems of our national power and the evidences of our individual prosperity. But in one fatal moment, from a cause which was inherent in our moral and political condition, all this prodigious activity of thought and work was brought to a complete stand. Such a shock was never before experienced, because such a social and material momentum had never before been acquired by any nation, and then been arrested by so gigantic a calamity. It was as if the earth had been suddenly stopped on its axis, and all things on its surface had felt the destructive impulse of the centrifugal force.

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War itself is, unhappily, no uncommon condition of mankind. Wars on a gigantic scale have often heretofore raged among the great nations, or even between sundered parts of the same people. It is not the magnitude of the present contest which constitutes its greatest peculiarity. It is rather the magnitude and importance of the interests it involves and the relations it sunders, which give it the tremendous significance it bears in the eyes of the world. Never has any war found the contending parties engaged in works of such world-wide and absorbing interest, as those which occupied both sections of our people at the commencement of this rebellion. No two people, connected by so many ties, enjoying such unlimited freedom of intercourse, so mutually dependent each upon the other, and occupying a country so utterly incapable of natural divisions, have ever been known to struggle with each other in so sanguinary a conflict. All the circumstances of the case have been unexampled in history. Accordingly the influence of the contest upon affairs on this continent, and indeed upon human affairs generally, has been great and disastrous in proportion to the magnitude of the peaceful works which have been suspended by it, and to the closeness of those brotherly relations which have heretofore existed between the contending parties, now violently broken, and perhaps forever destroyed.

Almost the entire industry and commerce of the United States have been diverted into new and unaccustomed channels. The most active and enterprising people in the world, in the midst of their varied occupations, suddenly find all the accustomed channels of business blocked up and the stream of their productions flowing back upon them in a disastrous flood, and stagnating in their workshops and storehouses. They are compelled to find new issues for their enterprise and to make a complete change in their habits and works. It is not merely in the cessation of all intercourse between the two vast sections, North and South, that this mighty transformation has taken place; but an equal alteration has been suddenly effected in the character of the business and the nature of the occupations which the people have heretofore pursued in the loyal States of the Union. Great branches of business, employing millions of capital, have been utterly annihilated or indefinitely suspended. Vast amounts of capital have been sunk and utterly lost in the deep gulf of separation which temporarily divides the States; or if they are ever to be recovered, it will be only after the storm shall have completely subsided, when some portions of

the wrecks, which have been scattered in the fearful commotion, may be thrown safely on to the shores of reunion. It was anticipated, especially by the rebels themselves, that these incalculable losses, these tremendous shocks and sudden changes, would utterly overwhelm the North with ruin and tear her to pieces with faction and disorder. But this anticipation of accumulated disasters, in which the wish was father to the thought, has not been realized to any appreciable extent. The pecuniary losses have been in a great measure compensated by the immense demands of the war; and when faction has attempted to raise its head, it has been compelled to retire before the patriotic rebuke of the people. And although the vast expenditures of the war give present relief; by drawing largely on the resources of the future, yet the strength we acquire is none the less real or less effectual in overthrowing the rebellion.

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But this sudden and grand emergency, with all its appalling concomitants of lives sacrificed, property destroyed, commercial disaster, and social derangement, has given a rare opportunity for the testing of our national character, and of our ability to meet and overcome the most tremendous difficulties and dangers. Perhaps the versatility of American genius and its ready adaptation to the new circumstances, are even more wonderful than any other exhibition made by our people in this great national crisis. There has never been any good reason to doubt the capacity of any portion of American citizens for warlike occupations, nor their possession of the moral qualities necessary to make them good soldiers. The long period of peace which has blessed our country, with the industrial, educational, and moral improvement produced by it, has rendered war justly distasteful to the Free States of the Union. They were slow to recognize the necessity for it; and nothing but the most solemn convictions of duty would have aroused them to the stern and unanimous determination with which they have entered on the present struggle. Swift would have been our degeneration, if the spirit of our fathers had already died out among us. But our history of less than a century since the Revolutionary war has fully maintained the self-reliant character of Americans and demonstrated their military abilities; and if the commercial and manufacturing populations of particular sections were supposed to have become somewhat enervated by long exemption from the labors and perils of war, it was certain that our large agricultural regions and especially our frontier settlements were peopled with men inured to toil and familiar with danger, constituting the best material for armies to be found in any country. Nor was it in fact true that any considerable portion of our people, even those drawn from the stores and workshops of the cities, had become so far deteriorated in vigor of body, or demoralized in spirit, as to be unfit for military service. The Southern leaders looked with scorn upon our volunteer army only until they encountered it in battle. They were then compelled to alter their preconceived opinions of the Yankee character, and to change their contempt, real or pretended, into respect, if not admiration. Even when superior numbers or better strategy enabled them to beat us, they have seldom failed to bear honorable testimony to the unflinching courage and endurance of our troops. Nor do we need the admissions of the enemy to establish this character for us; our own triumphs, on many glorious fields, are the best evidences of our ability in war, and of themselves sufficiently attest the valor and energy of our noble volunteers. In this aspect of the matter, we must not forget the peculiar character and constitution of our vast army. It is indeed worthy to be called the wonder of the world. It is virtually a voluntary association of the people for the purpose of putting down a gigantic rebellion and saving their own government from destruction. This is a social phenomenon never before known in history on a scale approaching the magnitude of our combinations—a phenomenon which could only take place in a popular government, where the unrestricted freedom of individual action promotes the virtues of personal independence, self-respect, and manly courage. Even the Southern people, fighting on their own soil, in a war which, though actually commenced by them, they now affect to consider wholly defensive—even they, with all their boasted unanimity, and with the fierce passions engendered by slavery, have been compelled to maintain their armies by a conscription of the most unexampled severity; while the loyal States, fighting solely for union and nationality—interests of the most general nature, and offering little of mere personal inducement—have so far escaped that necessity, and are now just preparing to resort to it. After all, it must be acknowledged by every just and generous mind, whether that of friend or foe, that there is a substratum of noble sentiment and manly impulses at the foundation of the Yankee character. The vast movements of the Northern people plainly show it. Their contributions for the support of soldiers' families and for the relief of the wounded and disabled, are upon a gigantic scale. They raise immense sums for the payment of bounties to volunteers, and thus, in every way, the burdens of the war are voluntarily assumed by the people, and to some extent distributed among them, so that every one may participate in the patriotic work. Nor is this large-hearted liberality confined solely to our own country. The sufferers in other lands, who have felt the disastrous effects of our great civil war, have not been forgotten. In the midst of a life-and-death struggle among ourselves, we have found time and means to assist in relieving their wants—an exhibition of liberality peculiar, and truly American in character.

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Nor are these the only interesting features in the bearing of the American people at the present crisis. Perhaps a still more remarkable one is the entire devotion of the national energies—of intellect not less than of heart, of skill, not less than of capital—to the great purposes of the war. This was the necessary result of our free institutions; of our untrammelled pursuits; the mobility of our means and agencies of production; and the plastic character of all our creations. The amount of thought expended on this subject has been prodigious and incalculable. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to enumerate the ten thousand inventions and devices of all kinds which have been presented for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of weapons and of all the appliances of war, as well as for adding to the comfort and securing the health of the soldier. Every imaginable instrument of usefulness in any of the operations of the camp, or the march, or

the field of battle, has been the subject of tentative ingenuity, such as none but Yankees could display. The musket, the carbine, the pistol, have been constructed upon numberless plans, apparently with every possible modification. The cartridge has been covered with copper, impervious to water, instead of paper, and has its own fulminate attached in various modes. Cannon shot and shells have been made in many new forms; and cannons themselves have been increased in calibre to an extraordinary size with proportionate efficiency, and have been constructed in various modes and forms never before conceived. The tent, the cot, the chest, the chair, the knife and fork, the stove and bakeoven, each and every one of them, have been touched by the transforming hand of homely genius, and have assumed a thousand unimaginable forms of usefulness and convenience. India rubber and every other available material have been made to perform new and appropriate parts in the general work. The result of all this unexampled activity and ingenuity has not yet been fully eliminated. It would require years of experience in war in order to bring American genius, as at present developed, to bear with all its extraordinary force on the mechanical details of the military art. Beyond doubt, numberless devices, among those presented, will prove to be utterly worthless; but many of them will certainly stand the test of experience, will be ultimately approved and adopted, and will remain as monuments of the enterprise and ingenuity aroused by the necessities of the country in this hour of its sad calamity.

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It would be a curious and interesting employment to estimate the number and character of these inventions, due wholly to the existing civil strife. Only then should we be able to form some adequate conception of the immense stimulus which has been applied to the national intellect, and which has caused it to embrace within the boundless range of its investigations, the highest moral and political problems, alike with the minutest questions of mechanical and economical convenience. But we should be greatly disappointed in not finding this phenomenon even partially comprehended by the powers that be. It is truly a melancholy thing to meet in the highest quarters so little sympathy with the noblest efforts of the popular mind, and to witness the cold neglect and even disdainful suspicion with which the most useful and valuable devices are often received, or rather, we should say, haughtily disregarded and rejected. Seldom or never do we find these inventions appreciated according to their merits. The Government is proverbially slow to adopt improvements of any kind; and the army and navy, like all similar professional bodies, are averse to every important change, and wedded to the instruments and processes in the use of which they have been educated and trained. This peculiar indisposition to progressive movements, in all the established institutions and organizations of society, has frequently been the subject of remark and of regret. It is, however, only an exaggeration of the conservative principle, which, when confined within proper limits, is wise and beneficial. Indeed, the actual progress of society in any period, is neither more nor less than the result of the conflict between the opposite tendencies, of retrogradation and advancement—a disposition to adhere to the old, which has been tried and approved, and a tendency toward the new, which, however promising and alluring, may yet disappoint and mislead. In the long run, however, the latter prevails, and the progressive movement, more or less rapid, goes on continually. Improvements gradually force themselves upon the attention of the most prejudiced minds, and eventually conquer opposition in spite of professional immobility and aversion to change. Observation has shown that the most important steps of progress usually originate outside of the professions, and are only adopted when they can no longer be resisted with safety to the conservative body. To the volunteer officer and soldier, or to those educated soldiers who have long been in civil life, will probably be due the greater part of that accessibility to new ideas which will result in important advances in the art of war. This assertion may seem to be paradoxical; but all experience proves that ignorance of old processes is most favorable to the introduction of new ones. And though in a thousand instances such ignorance may be disastrous, occasionally it finds the unprejudiced intellect illuminated by flashes of original genius, and open to the entrance of valuable ideas which would have been utterly excluded by all the old and established rules.

But the actual work of the unexampled mental activity of the present day, will not be fully known and estimated until after the close of the war. Until then there will be neither time nor opportunity to weigh and test the creations of the national ingenuity. In the midst of campaigns and battles, with the absorbing interest of the great struggle, the instruments of warfare cannot be easily changed, however important may be the improvement presented. The emergency which arouses genius and brings forth valuable inventions, is by no means favorable to their adoption and general use. On the contrary, by a sort of fatality which seems to be a law of their existence, they are doomed to struggle with adversity and fierce opposition, and they are left by the occasion which gave them birth as its repudiated offspring—a legacy to the future emergency which will cherish and perfect them, make them available, and enjoy the full benefit to be derived from them.

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The navy has always justly been the pride of our country; and it was to be expected that it would first feel the impulse of inventive genius. Confident in our strength and resources, we had long remained comparatively sluggish, and regardless of those interesting experiments which other great maritime powers had been carefully making with a view to render ships invulnerable. We looked on quietly, observed the results, and waited for the occasion when we should be required to put forth our strength in this direction. When the war commenced, we had not a single iron-clad vessel of any description. It became necessary that the immense Southern coast of our country should be subjected to the strictest blockade. This was a work of vast magnitude, and a very large and sudden increase of the navy was demanded by the extraordinary emergency. Cities were to be taken, and strong fortresses to be attacked. The rebels had managed to save some of the vessels intended to be destroyed at Norfolk, and had converted the Merrimack into a formidable monster, which in due time displayed her destructive powers upon our unfortunate

fleet in Hampton Roads, in that ever-memorable contest in which the Monitor first made her timely appearance. The chief result of the vast effort demanded by the perilous situation of our country, was the class of vessels of which the partially successful but ill-fated Monitor was the type. These structures are certainly very far from being perfect as ships of war; nevertheless, they constitute an interesting and valuable experiment, and mark an advance in naval warfare of the very first importance. They establish the form in which defensive armor may perhaps be most effectively disposed for the protection of men on board ships; but at the same time, it must be conceded that they utterly fail in all the other requisites for men-of-war and sea-going vessels. They are deficient in buoyancy and speed. In truth they are nothing more than floating batteries, useful in the defence of harbors or the attack of forts. The melancholy end of the Monitor shows too plainly that vessels of her character cannot be safely trusted to the fury of the open sea. They may do well in favorable weather, or may escape on a single expedition; but a repetition of long voyages will be almost certain to result in their loss.

We want lighter and swifter vessels to be equally formidable in ordnance, and alike invulnerable to the attacks of any adversary. To combine all these requisites is not beyond the ingenuity of American constructors. Most assuredly such vessels will soon make their appearance on the ocean. Some new arrangement of the propelling apparatus, and lighter and more powerful machinery, will accomplish this important end. And then, too, with greatly increased speed, and with a construction suitable to the new function, the principle of the ram will be perfected; so that the projectile thrown by the most powerful ordnance now existing or even conceived will be insignificant compared with the momentum of a large steamer, going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and herself becoming the direct instrument of destruction to her adversary. Ordnance may possibly be devised which will throw shot or shell weighing each a thousand pounds; but by the new principle, which is evidently growing in practicability and favor, the weight of thousands of tons will be precipitated against vessels of war, and naval combats will become a conflict of gigantic forces, in comparison with which the discharge of guns and the momentum of cannon balls will be little more than the bursting of bubbles.

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The exploits of the rebel steamer Alabama, so destructive to our commerce and so humiliating to our pride as a great naval power, sufficiently attest the vital importance of the element of speed in ships of war. Her capacity under steam is beyond that of our best vessels, and she therefore becomes, at her pleasure, utterly inaccessible to anything we may send to pursue her. We have built our steamers strong and heavy; but proportionately slow and clumsy. The Alabama could not safely encounter any one of them entitled to the name of a regular cruiser; but she does not intend to risk such a contest, and, most unfortunately for us, she cannot be compelled to meet it. Of what real use are all the costly structures of our navy with the tremendous ordnance which they carry, if this comparatively insignificant craft can go and come when and where she will, and sail through and around our fleets without the possibility of being interrupted? They are perfectly well suited to remain stationary and aid us in blockading the Southern ports; but the frequent escape of fast steamers running the blockade, serves still further to demonstrate the great and palpable deficiency in the speed of our ships of war. We may start a hundred of our best steamers on the track of the Alabama, and, without an accident, they can never overtake her. The only alternative is to accept the lesson which her example teaches, and to surpass her in those qualities which constitute her efficiency and make her formidable as a foe. This we must do, or we must quietly surrender our commerce to her infamous depredations, and acknowledge ourselves beaten on the seas by the rebel confederacy without an open port, and without anything worthy to be called a navy. The ability of our naval heroes, and their skill and valor, so nobly illustrated on several occasions during the present war, will be utterly unavailing against superior celerity of motion. Their just pride must be humbled, and their patriotic hearts must chafe with vexation, so long as the terrible rebel rover continues to command the seas, as she will not fail to do so long as we are unable to cope with her in activity and speed. Nor is it certain we have yet known the worst. Ominous appearances abroad, and thick-coming rumors brought by every arrival, indicate the construction in England of numerous other ships like the Alabama, destined to run the blockade and afterward to join that renowned cruiser in her work of destruction. Stores of cotton held in Southern ports offer a temptation to the cupidity of foreign adventurers which will command capital to any amount, and the best skill of English engineers and builders will be enlisted to make the enterprise successful—a skill not embarrassed by bureaucratic inertia and stolidity.

Let the genius of American constructors and engineers be brought to bear on the subject, and the important problem will be solved in sixty days. Indeed, there are plans in existence, at this very hour, by which the desired end could be at once accomplished. But the inertia of official authority, and especially of the bureaus in the Navy Department, is such that any novel idea, however demonstrably good and valuable, is usually doomed to battle for years against opposition of all kinds before it can hope to secure an introduction. In all probability, the war will have been ended before anything of great importance ever can be accomplished through those channels. The adoption of the Monitor principle was not due to the skill and intelligence found in official quarters; it was forced upon the Navy Department from the outside. And like the boa constrictor, after having swallowed its prey, the Department must sluggishly repose until that meal is digested before another can be taken. One idea, of the magnitude of this, is enough for the present crisis. We shall not have another, if the stubborn resistance and fixity of ideas in the bureaus can prevent it. The invulnerability of the Monitors, and the peculiar arrangement by which this important end is obtained, are but one of the items necessary to make up the complete efficiency of war steamers. They are only one half what is required. They accomplish one of the great desiderata in armaments afloat; but they leave another equally important demand utterly

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unsatisfied. There is a counterpart to this achievement—its complement, equally indispensable to the efficiency of the navy, and waiting to be placed by the side of the recent improvement. It must and will be brought forth, whether the naval authorities assist or oppose. American genius, only give it fair play, is equal to all emergencies.

The immense activity of thought and ingenuity elicited by the war, and extending to all the departments of enterprise appropriate to the great crisis, is a phenomenon peculiar to the American people. It could be exhibited nowhere else, to the same extent, among civilized nations, because nowhere else is the same stimulus applied with equal directness to the popular masses. The operation of this peculiar cause is conspicuously plain. The Government of the United States is the people's Government; the war is emphatically the people's war. Every man feels that he has a personal interest in it. He understands, more or less clearly, the whole question involved, and has fixed opinions, and perhaps strong feelings, in regard to it. His friends and neighbors and brothers are in the army, and they have gone thither voluntarily, perhaps impelled by enlightened and conscientious convictions of duty. His sympathies follow them; he ardently prays for their success; and he is stimulated to provide, as well as he can, for their comfort. All other business being greatly interrupted, if not wholly suspended, he thinks continuously of the mighty operations of the war. He dwells on them night and day, and in the laboratory of his active mind, excited by the mighty stimulus of personal and patriotic feeling natural to the occasion, he produces those extraordinary combinations which distinguish the present era.

In addition to these impulses which operate so generally, there is the still more universal and all-pervading love of gain which stimulates his inventive faculties, and causes them to operate in the direction in which his hopes and sympathies are turned. Aroused by motives of all kinds, the whole mind and heart of the country is absorbed in the great contest, and all its energies are applied in every conceivable way to the work of war. The man who carries the gun and uses it on the battle field is not more earnestly engaged in this work than he who racks his brain and sifts his teeming ideas for the purpose of making the instrument more destructive. Even the victims who fall in the deadly strife and give their mangled bodies to their country, are not more truly martyrs to a glorious cause than the inventors who sometimes sacrifice themselves in the course of their perilous experiments, or by the slower process of mental and physical exhaustion during the long years of 'hope deferred,' while vainly seeking to make known the value of their devices. A great power is at work, operating on the character and capacity of each individual, and affecting each according to the infinite diversity which prevails among men. A common enthusiasm, or, at least, a common excitement pervades the whole community to its profoundest depths, and arouses all its energy and all its intellect, whatever that energy and intellect may be capable of doing. It carries multitudes into the army full of patriotic ardor; it inspires others with grand ideas, which they seek to embody in combinations of power, useful and effective in the great work which is the task of the nation, and for the accomplishment of which all noble hearts are laboring earnestly and incessantly.

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But in this tempestuous hour, as in more peaceful times, good and bad ideas, valuable and worthless devices, noble and generous as well as sinister and mercenary purposes are mingled in the vast multitude of projects which are presented for acceptance and adoption. The power of the nation is magnified by the impulse which arouses it; but in its exaltation it still retains its errors and defects. It is the same people, with all their characteristic faults and virtues, stimulated to mighty exertions in a sacred cause, who have been so often engaged in petty partisan contests, swayed by dishonest leaders, and carried astray by the base intrigues of ambition and selfishness. Yet, as the masses, at all times, have had no interest but that of the nation which they chiefly constitute, and have sought nothing but what they at least considered to be the public good, so even now, in these mad and perilous times, the predominating sentiment and purpose of the people, in whatever sphere they move, are, on the whole, good and worthy of approval. Every one must at least pretend to be controlled by honest and patriotic motives; and in such an emergency hypocrisy cannot possibly be universal or even predominant. Although men may seek chiefly their own interest and profit, they must do so through some effort of public usefulness. They must commend themselves, their works, and ideas, as of superior importance to the cause of the country; and in this universal struggle and competition—this mighty effervescence of popular thought and action, it would be strange and unexampled, if some great, new conceptions should not dawn upon us. The very condition, physical, social, and moral, of our twenty millions of people in the loyal States is unlike all that has ever preceded it. Their general intelligence, the result of universal education, makes available their unlimited freedom, and establishes their capacity for great achievements. The present momentous occasion makes an imperative demand upon all their highest faculties, and they cannot fail to respond in a manner which will satisfy every just expectation.

What the Government has undertaken in this crisis is worthy of a great people and springs from the large ideas habitual to Americans. The blockade of the whole Southern coast, with its vast shore line, and its intricate network of inlets, harbors, and rivers; the controlling of the mighty Mississippi from Cairo to the gulf; the campaigns in Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas; and the pending attacks on Charleston and Savannah—these gigantic and tremendous operations have something of that grandeur which is familiar to our thoughts—which, indeed, constitutes the staple of the ordinary American speech, apparently having all the characteristics of exaggerated jesting and idle boast. We frequently hear our enthusiastic countrymen talk of anchoring Great Britain in one of our northern lakes. They speak contemptuously of the petty jurisdictions of European powers contrasted with the magnificent domain of our States, and they sneer at the rivers of the old continent as mere rills by the side of the mighty 'father of waters.' The men



whose very jests are on a scale of such magnitude, do not seem to find the extensive military operations too large for their serious thoughts. No American considers them beyond our power, or for one moment hesitates to admit their ultimate success. No difficulties discourage us, no disasters appal. We move on with indomitable will and determination, looking through all the obstacles to the grand result as already accomplished. Does slavery stand in the way, and cotton seek to usurp the throne of universal empire, dictating terms to twenty millions of freemen, and demanding the acquiescence of the world? The first is annihilated by a word proclaiming universal liberation; the second is blockaded in his ports, surrounded by a wall of fire, suffocated and strangled, and dragged helpless and insensible from his imaginary throne. A proud and desperate aristocracy, rich and powerful, and correspondingly confident, undertake to measure strength with the democratic millions whom they despise. These Northern people, scorned and detested, have ideas—grand and magnificent as well as practical ideas, nurtured by universal education and unlimited freedom of thought and act. The fierce and relentless aristocracy rave in their very madness, and defy the people whom they seek to destroy; but these bear down upon the haughty enemy, slowly and deliberately—awkwardly and blunderingly, it may be, at first, but learning by experience, and moving on, through all vicissitudes, with the certainty and solemnity of destiny to the hour of final and complete success. The confidence in this grand result dominates every other thought. All ideas and all purposes revolve around it as a centre. It is the internal fire which warms the patriotism, strengthens the purpose, stimulates the invention, sustains the courage, and feeds the undying confidence of the nation, in this, the hour of its desperate struggle for existence.

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## PROMOTED!

'You will not bid me stay!' he said,  
'She calls for me—my native land!  
And *stay*? ah, better to be dead!  
A *coward* dare not ask your hand!

'My crimson sash you'll tie for me,  
My belted sword you'll fasten, love!  
I swear to both I'll faithful be,  
To these below! to God above!

'And if, perchance, my sword shall win  
A laurel wreath to crown *your* name,  
He will not count it as my sin,  
That I for *you* have prayed for fame!'

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His name rings thro' his native land,  
His sword has won the hero's prize;  
Why comes he not to ask her hand?  
Dead on the battle field he lies.

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## HENRIETTA AND VULCAN.

Time, O well beloved, floweth by like a river; sweepeth on by turreted castles and dainty boat-houses, great old forests and ruined cities. Tender, cool-eyed lilies fringe its rippling shores, straggling arms of longing seaweeds are unceasingly wooing and losing its flying waves; and on its purple bosom by night, linger merrily hosts of dancing stars. Bright under its limpid waters gleam the towers of many a 'sunken city.' Strong and clear through the night-silence of eager listening, ring the chimes of their far-off bells, the echoes of joyous laughter: and to waiting, yearning ones come, ever and anon, deep glances from gleaming eyes, warm graspings from outstretched hands. And well windeth the river into grim old caves, and even the merriest boat that King Cole ever launched flitteth by the dark doors, intent only on the brilliant *chateaux*, that shimmer above in the gorgeous sunlight of a brave *Espagne*. But laughing imps, with flying feet, venture singly into these realms of the Unknown. Bright streameth the light there from carbuncles and glowing rubies; but of the melodies that there bewilder them, no returning voice ever speaketh, for are they not Eleusinian mysteries? But when thou meetest, O brother, sailing down the stream under gay flags and rounding sails, some Hogarth or some Sterne, who playeth *rouge et noir* with keen old Pharaohs, and battledore with Charlie Buff; who singeth brave *Libiamos*, and despiseth not the Christmas plums of Johnny Horner; who payeth graceful court to the great and learned, and warmeth the pale hearts of the shivering poor with his kind cheer and gentle words; who sitteth with Socrates and Pericles at the feet of an ever-lovely Aspasia, and whispereth *capricios* to Anna Maria at the opera; know then, O beloved, if thou hast ever trodden the mystic halls, that this man is the brother of thy soul! Selah!

But the bravest stream that ever was born on a mountain side has its shoals and quicksands, and

far out in the sounding sea rise slowly coral reefs. Now, if on every green, growing isle newly rising to the sunlight, the glorious jealousy of some Jove should toss a Vulcan, how would our Venuses be suddenly charmed by the beauties of a South Sea Scheme! how would their tiny shallows dot the curling waves, and what new flowers would spring upon the smiling shores to greet their rosy feet!

'And why a Vulcan?' says the elegant Narcissus Hare, with a shiver; 'a great, grim, solemn, limping monster, that Brummel would have spurned in disgust! And he to win our ladies with their delicate loveliness! Faugh, sir! are you a Cyclops yourself?'

Alas! my Tinkler, do you remember that Salmasius began his vituperations of Milton with gratuitous speculations upon his supposed ugliness, and that great was his grief when he was assured that he contended with an ideal of beauty. Have you forgotten that the Antinöus won the distinguished favor of his merry, courteous queen Christina, and that the satirist and man of 'taste' died of obscurity in a year? Beware, my little Narcissus, lest the next autumn flowers bloom above your grave in Greenwood, and your fair Luline be accepting bouquets and *bonbons* from me.

You, Roland, are pale from the very contemplation of such a catastrophe, such an unprecedented *hægira* of dames! It is as if from every gay watering place, some softly tinkling bell should summon the fair mermaids. Beplaided and betrowsered, with their little gypsy hats, would they float out beyond the breakers, waving aside with farewell, airy kisses, the patent life boats and the magical preservers, and pressing on, like Gebers, with their rosy faces and great, hopeful eyes ever laughingly, merrily turned to the golden east—their *Morgen Land*!

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Ah! but—have we no Vulcans among us? 'Fair Bertha, Beatrice, Alys,' come out of the Christmas ecstasies of the dear old year that has just streamed out like a meteor among the stars;—*you* know, fair ones, that the stars are only years, and the planets grave old centuries; lock away the jewels and the lace sets—charming, I know—the glove boxes and the statuettes, the cream-leaved books, and the fragile, graceful *babioles*; pull up the cushions, and group your bright selves around the register—it's very cold to-day, you roses—and let us settle the question—have we a Vulcan among us?

Magnificent essayists, O dearly beloved, have handled 'Our Husbands,' 'Our Wives,' 'Our Sons' and 'Our Daughters' in a masterly style. Very praiseworthy, no doubt, but so unromantic! Why, there's not a green leaf in the whole collection! The style is decidedly Egyptian, solid and expressive, but dreadfully compact. No arabesques, those offshoots of lazy, dreamy hours and pleasantly disconnected thoughts, disgrace the solemnly even tenor of these fathers of 'Ephemeral Literature,' as some 'rude Iconoclast' has irreverently styled the butterfly journeyings of our magazine age. But we, O merry souls and brave, are still young and frivolous: we still look at pictures with as much zest as before our dimly remembered teens; and we belong to that happy branch of the Scribbleri family, that prefer the sympathy of bright eyes and gay laughter, to the approving shake of any D'Orsay's 'ambrosial curls,' or the most unqualified smile from the grimmest old champion who even now votes in his secret heart against the New Tariff, or charges with unparalleled bravery imaginary or windmill giants on the floor of a Platform or of a Legislature.

But this, our paper, purporteth to be, in some wise, a disquisition on Beaux, and, by our faith, we had well-nigh forgotten it. *Retourmons à nos moutons*, as the ancient lawyers used to say (and many a tyro, in the interim, hath said the same) when they grew so entangled in the mazes of Jack Shepherd cases that they lost sight of their original designs. And lest I should grow wearisomely prosaic, and see the yawn behind your white hand, *belle* Beatrice, let me make my disquisition a half story, and point my moral, not as fairies do, with a pinch, but with the shadow of a tale.

And here, *signorina*, though in courage I am a Cæsar, here I shrink. The birdseye view I would take of a few leaves of beau-dom, should be from the standing point of your own unquiet, peering eyes; and if even Cupid is blindfold, how may I, to whom you are all tormentingly delicious enigmas, hope in my own unaided strength to enter the charmed citadel of your experiences? Oh, no! But happy is the man, who, with an inquiring mind, has also a sister! Thrice happy he whose sisters have just now flitted down the staircase, from their own inner sanctuaries, into the little library, bearing with them in noisy triumph the Harry of all Goodfellows, the truant Henrietta Ruyter! Ah! she is the key that will unlock for me those treasures of thought and observation that I will shortly lay before you, O readers!

And now to you, O much-traduced star, that presided at my *début* into this vale of tears, may the most glorious rocket ascend that Jackson ever said or sung, one that shall break out in pæans of brilliant stars!—*for*, when I entered the charmed presence, the very ball that I had been wishing to roll was upon the carpet. But of this I was unconscious as I admired Fanny's new dress, the mysterious earrings of our stately Bertha, and ventured upon a slight compliment to Henrietta, who lounged upon the divan. With admirable dexterity, the young lady caught the *fleurette* upon her crochet needle, reviewed it carelessly, and finally decided to accept it; an event that I had undoubtedly foreseen, for the compliment was a graceful and artistic one. But brothers, as you, Gustav, my boy, have long since discovered, are not events, and I was presently consigned to the 'elephant chair' in the corner, with a portfolio of sketches that Henrietta had brought from over the sea—and the dames continued, in charming obliviousness of my presence.

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'Girls,' said Henrietta, having deposited my compliment snugly in her little workbasket, whence it

may issue to the delectation of some future young lady group, 'how are you going to entertain me? Such a Wandering Jew as I am! A perfect Ahasuerus! *What* a novelty it will be that will interest *me!*' and with a most laughingly wearied air, the pretty eyebrows were raised, and waves of weariness floated over the golden hair in its scarlet net.

Fanny looked concerned. 'We may have a week of opera.'

'I've been—in—Milan,' returned Henrietta, with a well-counterfeited air of the disdain with which Mrs. De Lancy Stevens views all republican institutions since her year in Europe. Bertha laughed.

'You have grown literary, astronomical perhaps, with your star gazing, and Len has become such a Mitchellite of late, that two shelves of his bookcase are filled with works on the heavenly bodies. What a rapture you will be in at the sight!'

'Quite an Aquinas,' said Henrietta, with gravity.

'How so, Harry,' asked Fanny, after a pause, during which she had been deciding that her friend meant—Galileo!

'Oh, he wrote about angels, you know; said these heavenly bodies were made of thick clouds, and some other nonsense, of which I remember nothing.'

I, in my corner, was devoutly thankful that angels now assume more tangible shapes, which chivalric sentiment, finding expression only in my eyes, was recognized but by Henrietta, who rewarded me with a lightning smile.

'Bertha, my queen,' continued she, as that lady's serene countenance beamed upon her in apparently immovable calmness, '*does* anything ever arouse you? Have you forgotten, my impenetrable spirit, the sad days of yore, when we sobbed out grand *arias* to the wretched accompaniment of Professor Tirili, blistered our young fingers on guitar strings, waded unprofitably in oceans of Locke and Bacon, and were oftener at the apex of a triangle than its comfortable base? And you always as calm as though 'sailing over summer seas!' Come—I am absolutely blue;' and the half-fretful belle, who had really exhausted her strength and amiability by a grand pedestrian tour in the Central Park that morning, stretched out demurely her gaiter boots, and drew with an invisible pencil on imaginary paper, the outline of her boldly arched instep.

'If Landon would only come,' sighed Fanny, musingly, counting the beads for the eye of the Polyphemus she was embroidering on a cushion for that gentleman's sofa meditations, 'he would entertain you, as well as the—one—two—three—witches in Macbeth.'

'No doubt of it,' said Henrietta.

'Five blues and two blacks,' said Fanny, not heeding the reply. 'See, girls,' and she held up the glittering orb, 'what a lovely eye!'

The enthusiasm of her audience was delirious but subdued. I caught an occasional '*Such* a love!' 'How sweet—how fierce!'

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'Now,' said Henrietta, decidedly, 'if Medusa had but one eye, and this dear creature two, I should die as miserably as the lady who loved the Apollo Belvidere. I have had *oceans* of knights errant—but *such!* I think of writing a natural history like—Cuvier.'

'Yes,' said Bertha, quietly, 'or Peter Parley.'

'Suppose I read you the advance sheets some morning?'

'Charming,' said Fanny, with a little shrug of approaching delight.

'Mr. Landon Snowe, Miss Fanny,' said a crusty voice, and from under a tower of white turban, Sibyl's face looked out—at the door.

'We will see him here, Sibyl,' said Fanny, brightly; 'and oh, Sibyl, ask Mott to make a macaroon custard for dinner, for Miss Ruyter.'

'Excellent,' said that lady, again with the De Lancy Stevens air, 'I ate—those—in—Paris. They actually flavor them there with *Haut Brion!* and they are delicious!' and Henrietta's lips fairly quivered at the remembrance, that was by no means a recollection of the long-ago enjoyed dainties.

'Such extravagance!' said Fanny, opening her eyes, and arranging sundry little points in her attitude that were intended to be very piercing indeed to the gentleman, whose step was now heard in the hall. 'Such extravagance, Harry! Your father, I suppose. You'll get nothing better than Port here. Good morning, Mr. Snowe.'

'Talking of ports, ladies,' said that gentleman, airily, after he had prostrated himself, figuratively as well as disfiguratively, before Miss Henrietta, bowed over Bertha's hand, and drew his chair to Fanny's sewing stand, for the triple purpose of confusing her zephyrs, flirting at a side table, and ascertaining whether Henrietta had fulfilled the luxuriant promise of her earlier youth. Snowe was, womanly speaking, as you will see, 'a perfect love of a man.' 'Newport, for example, and charming drives? Williamsport and the Susquehanna, Miss Fanny?'

Very statesmanly, O Landon G. Snowe, Esq., both the glance beneath which my poor little sister's

eyes fell, and the allusions twain to the scenes of many a pleasure past. But Fanny, though not mistress of her blushes, can, at least, control her words.

'You are not a very good Œdipus, Mr. Snowe; we were discussing imports.'

'Such as laces and silks?'—

'And punch,' suggested Henrietta.

Mr. Snowe's eyeglass was here freshly adjusted, and his attention bestowed upon the young lady who talked of punch, a thing unheard of in society! The prospect was refreshing. Henrietta was stylish, piquant, and pretty. Fanny was uncertain, indifferent, but, for the moment, divine. He magnanimously sacrificed himself to the impulse of the moment, and the courtesies of hospitality, and walked courageously over to Henrietta, under cover of a huge book.

'They were views from the White Mountains, he believed. Had Miss Ruyter seen them? Allow him;' and he wheeled her sofa nearer the table, and unfurled the book. Henrietta was charmed.

'The Schwartz Mountains? She had not understood. These are glaciers? How they glisten! And these little flowers below are violets? Such pretty, modest, ladylike flowers. Had Mr. Snowe a favorite among flowers?'

Mr. Snowe was prepared. He had answered the question exactly five hundred and ten times. To Cecilia Lanner, who was almost a *religieuse*, and who wore her diamond cross from principle, he was the very poet of a passion flower, such holy mysteries as its opening petals disclosed to him! To Lucy Grey, who wore pensive curls, and had a sweet voice, he presented constantly fragrant little sprays of mignonette, cunning moss baskets with a suspicion of heliotrope peeping out, and crushed myrtle blossoms between the leaves of her most exquisitely bound books. To Katy Lessing, who rowed a small green boat somewhere up the Hudson in the summer, he confided the fact that water lilies were his admiration: he loved the limpid water; its restless waves were like heart throbbings (this nearly overwhelmed poor Katy). All great and noble souls loved the water;—he forgot the sacred fakirs, and the noble lord who preferred Malmsey wine! He had repeatedly assured Regina Ward that the camelia was *his* flower, so proudly beautiful! His soul was 'permeated with loveliness,' and asked no fragrance. Regina is a great white creature, lovely to behold, and, perfectly conscious of her perfection, no more actively charming than the Ino of Foley. He won Milly White's favor by applauding her love for wild flowers, declaring that a field of buttercups reminded him of the 'spangled heavens,' and that on summer days he was constantly envying the cool little Jacks in their green pulpits.

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A pretended Lavater—and there have been such—would have convicted Snowe at once of the most artful penetration, could he have seen the lowering curve of his brows as he watched the nervous fluttering of Henrietta's hands over the pictures, and the decided but softly pleasant rounding of her white chin. But it was the general unconsciously powerful indifference of manner, that advised him to prefer, in reply to her question:

'The snapdragon, yes, beyond the shadow of a doubt. I have an odd fashion (very odd, Gustav!), Miss Ruyter, of associating ladies with flowers, and that gorgeous three-bird snapdragon always looks to me like some brilliant belle, who holds her glittering sceptre and wields it, capriciously perhaps, but always charmingly.'

'A sort of Helen,' observed Henrietta, calmly.

'A witching, arbitrary, lovely Helen,' promptly returned Snowe, who had a vague idea of Greek helmets and golden apples, wooden horses, a great war, and 'all for love.'

Henrietta heard the magnificent vagueness, and became so intently interested in a view, that Snowe came softly over to my window, and looked into the garden. Lilly Brennan coming in just then, the conversation became general, and presently Snowe accompanied her down the street.

'Fanny,' said Henrietta, with an inquisitorial air, after the girls had decided that the slides on the bows of Lilly's dress were too small, and that her 'Bird of Paradise' was lovely enough to fly away with them all, 'Fanny, are you the 'bright, particular star' of that man?'

'I believe so,' said Fanny, with a stare.

'Do you intend to beam on him for any length of time?' persisted Henrietta.

'I haven't decided,' said Fan, honestly. 'I love beauty, and Landon Snowe is magnificent.'

'So is the Venus de Medicis,' said Henrietta, fiercely; 'but look at her spine! What sort of a brain do you think *could* flourish at the top of such a spine? Not that I suppose that man to have the least fragment of one; don't suspect such a thing! Don't you observe his weak, disjointed way of carrying his head, and the Pisan appearance of his sentences? I should dread an earthquake for such a man as Mr. Snowe—you'd have nothing but remnants to remember him by, Fanny.'

'But earthquakes *are* phenomena,' said Fanny, stoutly, 'and I'm not in the least like one. As long as Landon never fails except spiritually, I am contented—and even in that light *I* never knew him to trip,' and the child was as indignant as her indolent nature would permit.

'Trip! of course not,' echoed Henrietta, 'when he's buried like a delicate Sphinx up to his shoulders in the sands of your good opinion, and the mummy cloths of his own conceit; but just remove these, and you'll see a downfall. My dear FRANCESCA, this man is your CECCO, and he'd far

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better retire into a monastery than hope to win you. Why, I'd rather marry you myself, FRANCESCA! Such charms!' and Henrietta, with her own delicate perception and enjoyment of the beautiful, kissed my sister's deprecatingly extended hand, and, as the dinner bell rang, waltzed her out of the room.

'It's perfectly bewildering the interest some people take in music,' she resumed later, building a little tent on the side of her plate with the *débris* of fish. 'There's Bartlett Browning, telling me the other evening a melancholy story of some melodious fishes, off the coast of—*Weiss nicht wo*; oysters, I suppose; conceive of it! the most phlegmatic of creatures. I suppose some poor fisherman heard a merlady singing in her green halls, and fancied it the death song of some of his shells. But that's nothing to some of Bartlett Browning's musical tales. The man's a perfect B flat himself!'

'Well,' said Nelly, Phil's little girl, who had come around to show her new velvet basque, 'but shells *do* sing, for I've often listened to mamma's, and Bessy gives it to me at night to put me to sleep. *You* know, Aunt Bertie, for you once made me learn what it said:

'Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!'

'Fish-land, my beauty,' said Henrietta, playfully; 'let us hear *your* song, fishlet,' and she held a little gleaming shrimp by his tail, and looked expectantly at his silent mouth. And here I remember, with a smile of amusement and some astonishment, that Herman Melville, in nervous fear of ridicule, apologized, most gracefully, of course, for his beauteous Fayaway's primitive mode of carving a fish; but I fancy I hear myself, or you either, sir, begging the community to shut its dear eyes, while Harry's little victim, all unconscious of his fate, disappeared behind the walls, coral and white, of her lips and teeth.

Oh, isn't it perfectly delicious to meet a real, frank, merry, wise sort of a girl, who doesn't wear spectacles or blue stockings, nor disdain the Lancers or a new frock with nineteen flounces? Just fancy it, Gustav, my dear fellow, chatting with the Venus of Milo, in a New York dining room, and she all done up in blue poplin, with cords and tassels and all that, with that lovely hair tumbling about in a scarlet net, and such a splendid enjoyment of her own great grace, and royal claiming of homage! Eating mashed potatoes too, and celery, and roast beef, to keep up that magnificent physique of hers! Oh, it's rare!

But Henrietta couldn't forget Snowe, any more than Snowe could forget himself; so, after she had gazed with delight at the red veins of wine that threaded the jelly-like custard, with its imprisoned macaroons, looking like gold fish asleep in a globe of sun-dyed water, she went on, as if the conversation had not been interrupted:

'Do you know, Fan, that he reminds me constantly of champagne. If there's anything on earth or in a cellar that I do detest, its champagne; such smiling, brilliant-looking impudence, that comes out fizz—bang! and that's the end of it; there's not so much as the quaver of an echo. You drink it, and instead of seeing cool vineyards and purple waters and cataracts of icicles in your glass, you find a pale, gaunt spectre, or a poor, half-drowned Bacchus, staring at you. It's just so with your Landon Snowe. You, and other people, too, have a *habit* of admiring him, a great creature with eyes of milky blue, who goes about disbursing his small coin like some old Aladdin! Why, my dear children, the man, I don't doubt, is this moment congratulating himself, in his solitude at Delmonico's, upon his great penetration. Didn't you see him studying me with a great flourish of deference, and throwing his old, three-birded snapdragons into my White Mountains? If he had been as ugly as a Scarron, now, and had known what he said, I could have loved him for that, for, of all things, I do delight in dragons! Such sieges as I have had at zoological gardens and menageries, from Dan to Beersheba, just to see one; and ugly old lizards have been pointed out to me, and scorpions, and every imaginable object but a dragon. But one day I dug a splendid old manuscript—a perfect fossil—out of some old library in Spezia, and opening it, by the merest chance came upon a most lovely, illuminated, full-grown dragon, the very one, I suppose, that Confucius couldn't find! I gazed in raptures, my dearest; he perfectly sparkled with emeralds; his eyes were the most luminous opals. Dear, happy old Indians, who had their dragons at the four corners of the earth, and could go and look over at the lordly creatures whenever they felt melancholy. And besides, I have a little private system of dragonology of my own, that approaches the equator more nearly. I've always worn opals since that day on every possible occasion; I mean to be married in them.'

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Hurra! *belle Henriette!* thou hast a weakness. At the end of a long aisle, shrouded in sumptuously colored perfumed light, stands an altar, and white surplices gleam through the effulgence.—Thou queen! and that thy crowning!

'Len,' said Fanny the next morning, as I sat, after breakfast, over the paper, 'don't you think Harry is a little, just a little, satirical, and—well—not *perfectly* ladylike and kind, to talk so dreadfully of one's friends?'

'Satirical!? Bless your little, tender heart, not the least mite in the world; she's quite too straightforward for that. Unladylike! Why, my dear Fanny, don't you know 'the wounds of a friend'? Did you never think, little sister, that some girls are sent into the world to perform the office of crumb-scrapers for your serene highnesses, and themselves as well?'

'Like a lady, who gives a dinner party, jumping up and brushing off her own table,' said Fanny with an amused laugh.

'Just so, dear; and as they go wandering about, not a fragment can be omitted. Now, a little dwarf of a thing like you couldn't do that with any grace; but Harry *could*, you know, and make everybody think it was charming. So, if fragments of poor Snowe fall under her unsparing hand, and she brushes them off carelessly, don't let anybody's tears go rolling after, don't let anybody's heart ache, for such a trifle; think of the dessert, Fanny, that is sure to follow.'

'Then you too, Len, you *want* me to give up Landon?'

'Yes, my dear, let Landon—slide.'

Fanny here boxed my ears with emphasis, and retreated, with an expression of great disgust on her pretty face.

'Come back here, my child,' I said, pulling her down on my knee, 'and let me reason with you.'

Such an oracle as I am with the girls! There's nothing like it, Gustav; for every fan or bracelet you give your sisters, you'll be amply rewarded by revelations and love; and it's something to have a dear, white, undulating wreath of a girl in your arms, and rosy lips on yours, even if it is your sister. Bless the sweet creatures!

'What do you want to marry Snowe for?'

'Well, you see, Len, it's so grand to have such a great beauty always at one's hand, and the girls are all dying for him; and, you know, Len, the truth is,' (very low,) 'he loves me, as you see, and—we girls are such silly creatures—and I suppose the compliment pleases me,' and the frank, darling face crimsoned, and tears stood in the blue eyes. I kissed them both, and laid her hands on my shoulders.

'Pet,' I said, earnestly, 'you are worth a gross of Landon Snowes. He loves you, of course—he'd have been an icicle to have failed in so obvious a duty; but it's only a matter of pure admiration, scarcely of any complicated feelings. Besides, dear, these whitewashed, sinewless, variable fellows fade like the winter sun, without any twilight; their features go wandering off in search of becoming expressions, and they would want a wife like a chameleon to satiate their variety-loving natures. No, dear; give Landon to Henrietta, and when Napoleon comes back, I will enter no protest, even Harry will be silent, and'—

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'Oh, Len, what nonsense! couldn't you recommend me to the man in the moon, through a telescope?'

Fanny laughed, and we went again into the library, where Harry, as usual, was tapping her rings with the carved handle of the crotchet needle, that was as ornamental, and about as useful, as Cleopatra's.

'I am going to live in a new country,' said she, gravely, as we entered the room; 'I would go sailing off like a squirrel on a piece of bark. I begin to have intense yearnings after my double. *Where* do you suppose I'm to find him, the gorgeous, tropical anomaly?'

'In Pompeii, or the Cities of the Plain?' I suggested.

'Fanny,' she continued, laughingly, 'is very grave about her vanishing Snowe-flakes; but for poor me, who have been persecuted by the most distressing men, she has no pity. Girls, I promised you an inventory of these treasures.'

'Oh yes,' said Fan, gleefully; 'go out, Len, or you will never be able to endure Harry afterward, for your counterpart will be peeping out, and then woe to your pride!'

'No danger,' said Henrietta, '*that's* perfectly invulnerable. Lenox may remain; it will be a wholesome discipline for him—a warning, you know, my hero; although, girls, Lenox is tolerably faultless,

'Little *he* loves but a Frau or a feast,  
Little he fears but a protest or priest.'

Praed altered. Sit down, disciple, at my feet if you will; I am in the oratorical mood to-day. Hypatia, if you please, *not* Grace the Less.'

There was a pretty picture of the *Immaculée Conception* over the sofa, one of those lithographs that you see in every bookstore, that Bertha fancied because it was 'sweet.' The Virgin, a woman with a child-angel's face, and the mezzo-luna beneath her feet. That artist knew what he was about, sir. I'd give more for a picture with a good, deep idea, boldly launched forth, than for a thousand of your smiling, proper, natural 'studies,' and Bridal Scenes, and Dramatic or Historical Snatches. If artists, now, were all poets and scholars, as they should be, it would be the work and delirious rapture of a life to go through a gallery as large as our Dusseldorf. Men would go there to write novels and histories, and women to learn to be good and beautiful—that is, to learn to think. Oh, what a school for great and small! But when is this new era of the real and the true in art to begin? You boy artists, who are just opening glad eyes to the glorious light, the great world looks to *you* to inaugurate the new, to pour ancient lore and mystic symbols and grand old art into the waiting crucible, and melt the whole, with your burning, creative genius, into forms and conceptions before which, hearts shall be silent in very rapture. But the time is not yet. One here and there cannot change the Iron to a Golden Age, and it is to thoughts rather than their great embodiments that earnest art-worshippers now bow. And yet men fancy they are artists, dream of

a fame glorious as that of Phidias! Why there's young Acajou, who chiselled a very respectable hound out of a stray lump of marble, stealthily, by a candle, or more probably a spirit lamp, in his father's cellar—was discovered and straightway heroized. I don't say the boy hasn't talent, genius if you will; but it isn't the genius that will overflow his soul and etherealize his whole nature. Yet already he 'progresses like a giantess,' has attracted some attention in the Academy, and will directly be sent to Rome. But the idea! I know him too well! The other night I heard him criticizing Michael Angelo! and when I gave him an engraving of that delicious Psyche of Theed's to admire, the creature talked as if she were a manikin or a robed skeleton! Is there nothing due to the idea, Acajou? 'The idea!' dear me, why he didn't exactly know what the *idea* was! So he'll go trolling about the Louvre and the Luxembourg gallery, the Pitti palace and all Rome, and his mind will be as full of elbows and collar bones as the catacombs; he'll talk to you of the Grecian line of beauty and of 'pose,' and sketch you such a glorious arm or ankle that you, fair lady, wouldn't know it from your own! But do you see a single softened line in his own face? Has he ever drunk deep draughts from old fountains of poesy? Has he ever thought of the Vatican library—even though to long is all he may do? Oh no! He says mythology is a wornout dream, and insulting to a Christian age; that it's all well enough to know Jupiter and Bacchus (Silenus too?) and Venus and the head men back there, but this century wants originality, progress! Oh, pshaw!

Oh, but I was saying that Our Lady stood over the half moon, and Henrietta sat below it, with that soft cashmere morning dress, fighting all around her to see which fold should cling most lovingly to her graceful form. It was all a delicious poem to me, and if I were Horace, you would have had a splendid ode. Oh, well!

'Why, what a Joseph he is!' said Henrietta, waking me out of this reverie.

'Oh,' said I, starting, 'how did you know that?'

'Only conjecture, my dear friend; but when we see a man with his eyes fixed in that ghostly way, and his mustaches and all in perfect repose, we reasonably imagine that he's seeing visions; and I suppose you'll come flaming out presently with some dreams that shall have, for remote consequences, a throne in some Eastern paradise, and a princess, perhaps—who knows?'

'Who knows?' echoed I; 'but go on, Hypatia.'

'Oh yes! where shall I begin? Oh! there is Penhurst Lane, girls, you remember?'

'The raven?' said Bertha.

'No,' said Fanny, 'that is Mr. Rawdon. Penhurst Lane is an idealist.'

'A *very* idealist, just so,' returned Harry. 'Well, the way I've been a martyr to that man's caprice is perfectly heart-rending. He came of some gorgeous family in the middle of Pennsylvania, where all the tribes, like leaning towers, incline toward Germany. To be sure, you'd never dream it from his looks, for he is a perfect Mark Antony in that respect. You needn't laugh. Didn't he have *bonnes fortunes* as well as Alcibiades? Not that Penhurst had *bonnes fortunes*, or ever dreamed of such things; but he always had such a proclivity toward any one who would listen to his harangues; and I must say, just *inter nos* (the only bit of Latin I know, Lenox, I got it from the English 'Don Giovanni'), that I have quite a talent for listening well. But I'd as lief encounter a West India hurricane or a simoom. I used to feel him coming an hour beforehand. Then I would read a little in Blair, take a peep at Sir Charles Grandison, swallow half a page of Cowper's 'Task,' and look over the Grecian and Roman heroes; then I was fortified. 'Why didn't I take Shelley?' Oh my! why, he couldn't endure Shelley, said he was a poor, weak creature, *all gone to imagination!* Then I would assume a Sontag and thick boots, if the weather was cold, to appear sensible, you know, and await his coming; that is, if I didn't become exasperated before that stage, and rush in to see Lil Brennan to avoid him. And his opinions, such an unfolding! You never caught him looking with admiration, oh no! I might have laid a wilderness of charms on the floor, at his very feet, and he would have brushed them all away with indifference. His mind revolved around a weightier theme than any 'lady of fashion;' like a newly discovered moon, he flew around the earth, and with miraculous speed. He stopped in China to say 'Confucius;' in India, to say 'Brahma;' in Persia, to say 'Ormuzd;' and so on around. My dear Lenox, if you had asked him whether Ormuzd was at peace with all the world, he would have retired into himself, for he hadn't the faintest idea. As for music, or any fine art, he never approached it but once, when he led me to the piano, begging for some native American melody, and not a German romance. Well, I played him 'God save the Queen,' with extravagant variations, which he took for 'Yankee Doodle.' No matter! I made a mistake when I spoke of his opinions; he hadn't any. He was what some call 'well read,' that is, he had a distant desire to 'improve his mind,' but his magnificent self so filled his little vision, that his great desire was obscured and distorted. Like my beloved Jean Paul, he had once said to himself, *Ich bin ein Ich* (I am a ME), and the noble consciousness overwhelmed him, and excluded all after thoughts on any minor subject. He never heard Grisi, never saw Rachel; they were triflers, 'life was too grave, too short;' but he escorted me occasionally to lectures and orations. I remember two or three of these. A lecture on the 'Fossils of Humanity and Primeval Formations,' which was unintelligible, consequently to him 'sublime;' one on 'the Exalted,' that soared out of sight and beyond the empire of gravity, and one on 'Architecture,' by Dr. Vinton, a splendid production, the fruit and evidence of years of study and rare talent, that sent me home with longings and unaccustomed reverence for the Great in every form, and with grief that my own ignorance rendered it only a half-enjoyed pleasure to me; while Penhurst talked as if it were only the echo of his own thoughts; pretended to say it was very 'sensible!' But you've had enough of Mr. Lane, who was never known to laugh except at his own

wit, who patronized me because I was a 'solid' young lady, and not given to flights. You may readily imagine that our interviews were generally *tête-à-têtes*, for general society was to him a thing 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Of course you know I only endured his visits because among the girls it was considered a compliment to receive them, and they were all dying of envy. Besides and principally, it is neither politic nor pleasant to offend any one, and I could not have denied myself to him, without doing this; so'—

'But, Harry, he is married now.'

'Ah me! yes. He saw me in a cap and bells once with you, Lenox, and not many weeks afterward married a damsel who reveres him as a Solon, this man, who said:

—'The wanderings  
Of this most intricate Universe  
Teach me the nothingness of things.  
Yet could not all creation pierce  
Beyond the bottom of his eye.'

'Are you done, Harry?'

'Yes, Lenox.'

'Then sing us Béranger's *Grace à la fête, je suis roi*.'

She has such a delicious voice.

'And while I am on tiresome people, who think only of themselves, let me recall P. George Rawdon; the Raven, Bertha; I always believed his first name was Pluto, because of the shades around him. They say every one has a text book; his was neither the Bible, the Prayer Book, Thomas à Kempis, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, or 'Queechy,' but Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.' Talk of having a skeleton in the house! the most distressing ones that ever preceded Douglas and Sherwood's were nothing to him! he reminded one constantly of an Egyptian feast. He looked sadly at children, and gave little Henry Parsons, his godchild, a miniature dagger with a jewelled handle, with which the child nearly destroyed his right hand. When poor Mary was married, he walked mournfully up to the altar, and stared during the ceremony unmistakably at an imaginary coffin, hanging, like Mohammed's, midway between the ceiling and the floor. Poor man, it's really curious, but he contrives to be always in mourning, and everybody knows that he goes only to see tragedies, and has the dyspepsia, like Regina and her diamond cross, from principle. He composes epitaphs for all the ladies of his acquaintance, and presents them, like newspaper-carrier addresses, on New Year's days. I have one in my writing desk in a very secret drawer; a *soul-cheering* effusion, but not particularly agreeable to the physical humanity. This I intend to bequeath to the British museum, where it will be in future ages as great a treat to the antiquary as the Elgin marbles. What a doleful subject—pass him by!'

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'Don't forget Leon Channing,' suggested Fanny, who was listening with great interest, and from a natural dread of ghosts and vampires was glad to see that Mr. Rawdon had come to a crisis.

'Dear me, no!' said Henrietta, cheerily, 'it's quite refreshing to come to an individual who creates a smile. I never was born for tears and lamentations, Bertha, any more than a lily was made to be merry; and if it were not for Len Channing, I don't suppose I should ever have been sharpened to such a dangerous degree; it's this constant friction, you know; well, as some darling of a cosmopolite has said, 'We must allow for friction in the most perfect machinery—yes, be glad to find it—for a certain degree of resistance is essential to strength. I like Leon very well. No one is more safe in a parlor engagement, always in the right place at the right tune, never embarrassed, never *de trop*; but then the queer consciousness, when he's giving you a meringué or an ice, that if you were a 'real pretty,' graceful, conversible fawn or dove he would be doing it with the same interest! *Why?* Oh, because he says women belong to a lower order in the animal creation! Yes, veil your face, Mr. Lenox Raleigh, and be mournful that you are a man! 'A lower order of humanity!' Well, of course, I'm always quarrelling with him. To be sure he's a shallow kind of a philosopher, one of your rationalists; thinks Boston is the linchpin of the whole universe; has autograph letters from Emerson and Longfellow, and all that sort of thing. Now, I dare say it's very fine for a Schelling or a Hegel once in a while to beam over the earth, but it always seems inharmonious to me to see little jets of philosophers popping up in your face and then down again, all the time, thinking themselves great things. That's the way with Leon. Let me tell you what happened when I saw him last; and that was in Cologne, more than a year ago. I was sitting in our room with a great folio of Retzsch's engravings before me, and father writing horrible notes in his journal at the table, and wishing the eleven thousand virgins and all Cologne in the bottom of the Rhine, when I looked up, and somehow there was Leon. Of course we were rejoiced to see him, it's always so pleasant to meet friends abroad. After some talk, father went out to take another look at the cathedral, and indulge in speculations and legends, and left Leon and me in the window. It's as queer and horrible an old town, girls, as you ever dreamed of, and, as there was nothing external very fascinating, Leon soon turned his gaze inward, and, after twanging several minor strings, began to harp on his endless 'inferiority of woman.' I plied him, you may know; I gave him Zenobias and Didos and de Staels and de Medicis—in an emergency Pope Joan, and finally the Boston Margaret Fuller. Leon only stroked his beard and smiled.

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'Miss Henrietta,' said he, at last, when I stopped in exultation, 'do you grant the Africans the vigor or variety of intellect of the Europeans?'



"No," said I.

"Yet you concede that there may be instances among them, where education and culture have developed great results."

"Yes," I thought, "there might be."

"Just as I, bewildered by Miss Henrietta's keen shafts and graceful manœuvres, yield that a woman is, once in a century, gifted with a man's depth of thought and her sex's loveliness." The comparison was odious. What did I do? Oh, I (the swarthy Ethiop) only rose from my faded arm chair, saluted Mr. Channing (the lordly European) as if I were his partner in a quadrille, and brought out my cameos and mosaics to show him. In about half an hour the beauty of his reasoning and comparison reached his brain, but mine was impenetrable to his most honeyed apologies; as I very sweetly assured him, "I couldn't understand, didn't see the drift, couldn't connect the links." Leon says ancient history is a fable, and Herodotus a myth, and all because a *woman* sat upon the tripod at Delphi, and because a *woman* wore the helmet and carried the shield of wisdom.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked Fanny, compassionately, as her small fingers were stretched like infant grid-irons before her eyes, and a silence ensued.

"My new bonnet, Fanny dear, I am wondering what it shall be; we must go down this very morning and decide."

Did you ever think, Narcissus, and you, Gustav, and all of you boys, when you are engaged in your small diplomacies and *coups de main*, and feeling like giants in intellect beside the dear little girls who play polkas for you of evenings and sing sweet ballads, that *pour bien juger les grands, il faut les approcher*? I thought so that morning, as I heard the animated discussion that succeeded Henrietta's monologue; a discussion into which all sorts of delicate conceits of lace and flowers entered largely, and which savored about as much of the preceding elements as last night's Charlotte Russe of this morning's coffee.

Since Henrietta's oration, I am more than ever afraid of a Vulcan. It is very plain that our most fashionably cut suits and most delicately perfumed billets are not all powerful,—that the dear creatures are either waking or we have been asleep. *Reveillons!*

*'Aux armes, citoyens!'*

Now, while I was writing that last word, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up, I saw—Nap. I love Nap. I have a girlish weakness (let some lady arraign me for this hereafter) for him; so I shouted out and grasped his hands.

"How are the boys?"

"Flourishing. Come to stay?"

"Yes, old fellow."

"Stocks up?"

"To the sky."

"The governor?"

"All right."

I haven't any governor. Nap has; and one that saw fit to persecute him from twenty to thirty, because he declined to take 'orders.' *Per Bacco!* Never mind, a fit of paralysis has shaken the opposition out of the old gentleman at last, and Nap is in sunshine in consequence, and rushes around Wall street like a veteran.

But I didn't promise to tell you about Nap, or the girls either; it was only a few rays of light I had to dash over 'our beaux;' so where is your mother, belle Beatrice? I must make my adieux.

What say you, little one? You like Henrietta; you want to see her again? You pull me back with your wee white hands; I will talk to you for an hour longer, if I may hold the little kittens in my own. I may? And kiss each finger afterward? Ah! you dear child! Well, then—

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"Are you going to Van Wyck's to-night, Lenox?" asked Bertha of me, as we rose from dinner, a month afterward.

"Yes, after the opera. And you? I fancy—yes—from your eyes."

Bertha did not answer, and I strolled up stairs into the little back drawing room. From the library above I could hear Fanny's merry voice and the ring of Nap's cheery replies. Such a comfort as it was to me to see those two so fond of each other. You see I am, in a way, Fanny's father, and took no very great credit to myself when she half laid her hand in the extended one of Snowe. How curiously that witch Harry managed the thing, though! Dear little Fan; she stood in more than one twilight by the garden window, and whispered over: '*Addio, FRANCESCA! addio, CECCO!*' and Snowe faded in the returning spring of her heart, and into the blooming vista of their separation, hopefully walked Nap, and was welcomed with many smiles.

This afternoon, I walked over to the garden window, and there was Harry, scrawling an old,

bearded hermit on the glass with her diamond ring. We both looked out—nothing much to see—a New York garden, thirty feet square, with the usual gorgeousness of our winter flowers!

'You are thinking of Shiraz, Harry.'

'Yes,' said she, dreamily, 'I am thinking of Shiraz!'

She didn't say it, but don't you suppose I knew just as well that she was wishing for her Vulcan and a great rose garden? I began to sing the 'Last Man,' but didn't succeed admirably; then I lighted my pipe—Harry didn't mind, you know, indeed she only looked at it wishfully.

'In my rose garden,' said she, with a laugh, 'I shall smoke to kill the rosebugs.'

'Don't wait,' said I, taking down a dainty *écume de mer* (the back drawing room was my peculiar 'study,' and the repository of several gentlemanly 'improprieties'), and I adjusted the amber mouth piece to the cherry stem, 'Don't wait for Persia, make your rose garden here.'

Harry shook her head: 'You know, Len,' she said, 'that my roses would grow like so many witches in a Puritan soil. I always thought that story of the Norwegians' taking rosebuds for bulbs of fire, and being terrified, was a very delicate and poetical satire upon *all* superstition.'

'Are you going to wash away *all* superstition?' I asked hastily.

'No,' said she, with a smile at my fierceness; 'no, I like to see the sun shine on the dew drops that the webs catch and swing between the tops of the grasses.'

I looked at her as she laid her head back against the curtains. My nonchalance was as striking as hers, and—as genuine! We were no children to be awkward in any event. I took her hand; it was a glowing pulse—and mine? She wore one of those curious little cabal rings; there were the Hebrew characters for Faith, traced as with a gold pen dipped in melted pearls on black enamel. My seal was an emerald, Faith also, impaled. I snatched it up and laid it by the ring on her hand. She smiled—such a smile! intensest sympathy, deepest! Could it be? to love the same old symbols, the same weird music? I caught her close, and bent over her lips. The gold hair waved over my shoulder; the great, glittering eyes foamed into mine, then melted and swam into deep, quivering seas of dreams. I whispered, '*Zoe mou!*' Oh, the quick, golden whisper, the flash of genial heartiness, the daring—oh, *how* tender! '*Sas agapo.*' I held her off, radiant, glowing, fragrant, and Bertha's dress rustled up the stairs.

Henrietta stooped to pick up the seal, which had fallen; she balanced it on the tip of her finger—the nervy Titan queen! and drew Bertha down by her side on the sofa. It was growing dark.

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'I must be off, girls, and get your camelias. What will you have, Bertha? a red or a white, you've a moment to decide?'

'Neither, Len; I do not go.'

'Why, Bertha? Oh! I remember, it is your anniversary,' and I kissed her.

'And you, princess!' I turned to Henrietta.

'Only roses, good my liege.'

What was the opera that night? Pshaw! what a rhetorical affectation this question! as if I could ever forget! *Die Zauberflöte*, and it rang pure and clear through my thrilled heart. It followed me around to Van Wyck's, where I found Henrietta and Fanny. A compliment to madame, a German with mademoiselle, and home again. A great light streamed out of the drawing room. I pushed the door open. With a cry of joy, Fan rushed into the arms of the grave, fair man who put Bertha off his knee to welcome her. Nap, who had followed us in, for a moment stood transfixed, and Henrietta, more quiet, stood by their side, saying: 'Here is Harry, Fred, when you choose to see her.' And he did choose, her own brother, whom she had not seen for three years!

'Come in, Nap,' I said. 'Fred Ruyter.'

'Nap and Fanny,' I whispered; Fred smiled invisibly.

And Bertha? Oh, you know, of course, that she's Bertha Ruyter, and that Fred is her husband, just home from six months in Rio, and exactly a year from his wedding night! Oh, Lionardo! what mellow, transparent, flowing shades drowned us all that night!

'Harry,' I said, the next morning, before I went down town, as I lounged over her sofa, 'you have my emerald?'

'Yes!' and her bright face turned up to mine.

'You will keep it, and take me also, dear?'

'*Ma foi! oui,*' was the sweet, smiling reply.

'I'm not quite ugly enough for a Vulcan, I know; but after a while, if you are patient, who knows? What sayest thou, Venus?'

'I will try you, *bon camarade.*'

'Your hand upon it, Harry.'

She gave it; I kissed the gold hair that waved against my lips. Fanny rushed impetuously upon us, with half-opened eyes, and stifled us with caresses.

'Such a proposal,' said she musingly, after she had returned to her wools and beads, '14° above zero!'

'And the Polyphemus, Fanny?'

'Is for Nap,' and Fanny blushed and laughed. She was wondering if that great event, an 'engagement,' always came about in so prosaic a way. But looking at Bertha, I caught the bright, long, gravely humorous gleam from her dark eyes, and walked upon it all the way down to Exchange Place.

Adieu, little Beatrice; my story hath at last an ending. Keep the little hands and little heart warm for somebody brave by and by. Go shining about and dancing, and smiling, Hummingbird; may sweetest flowers always bloom around you; may you dwell in a fragrant rose garden of your own, *mignonne!* Adieu.

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## ETHEL.

### FITZ FASHION'S WIFE.

Take the diamonds from my forehead—their chill weight but frets my brow!  
How they glitter! radiant, faultless—but they give no pleasure now.

Once they might have saved a Poet, o'er whose bed the violet waves:  
Now their lustre chills my spirit, like the light from new-made graves.

Quick! unbind the braided tresses of my coroneted hair!  
Let it fall in single ringlets such as I was wont to wear.

Take that wreath of dewy violets, twine it round their golden flow;  
Let the perfumed purple blossoms fall upon my brow of snow!

Simple flowers, ye gently lead me back into the sunny years,  
Ere I wore proud chains of diamonds, forged of bitter, frozen tears!

Bring the silver mirror to me! I am changed since those bright days,  
When I lived with my sweet mother, and a Poet sang my praise.

My blue eyes are larger, dimmer; thicker lashes veil their light;  
Upon my cheek the crimson rose fast is fading to the white.

I am taller, statelier, slighter, than I was in days of yore:—  
If his eyes in heaven behold me, does he praise me as before?

Proudly swells the silken rustle—all around is wealth and state,—  
Dearer far the early roses twining round the wicker gate,

Where my mother came at evening with the saint-like forehead pale,  
And the Poet sat beside her, conning o'er his rhythm'd tale.

As he read the linked lines over, she would sanction, disapprove:  
Soft and musical the pages, but he never sang of love.

I had lived through sixteen summers, he was only twenty-one,  
And we three still sat together at the hour of setting sun.

Lowly was the forest cottage, but the sweetbrier wreathed it well;  
'Mid its violets and roses, bees and robins loved to dwell.

Wilder forms of larch and hemlock climbed the mountain at its side;  
Fairy-like a rill came leaping where the quivering harebells sighed.

Glittering, bounding, singing, dancing, ferns and mosses loved its track;  
Lower in it dipped the willows, as to kiss the cloudland's rack.

Soon there came a stately lover,—praised my beauty, softly smiled:  
'He would make my mother happy,'—I was but a silly child!

Came a dream of sudden power—fairest visions o'er me glide—  
Wider spheres would open for me;—dazzled, I became a bride:

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Fondly deemed my lonely mother would be freed from sordid care;  
Splendor I might pour around her, every joy with her might share.

Then the Poet, who had never breathed one word of love to me,—  
We might shape his life-course for him, give him culture wide and free.

How I longed to turn the pages, with a husband's hand as guide,  
Of the long-past golden ages, art and science at my side!

To my simple fancy seemed it almost everything he knew—  
Ah! he might have won affection, faithful, fervent, trusting, true!

I was happy, never dreaming wealth congeals the human soul,  
Freezing all its generous impulse—I but saw its wide control.

Years have passed—a larger culture poured strange knowledge through my mind—  
I have learned to read man's nature: better I were ever blind!

How can I take upon me what I look upon with scorn,  
Or learn to brook my own contempt, or trample the forlorn?

I cannot live by rote and rule; I was not born a slave  
To narrow fancies; I must feel, although a husband rave!

I cannot choose my friends because I know them rich, or great;  
My heart elects the noble,—what cares love for wealth or state?

Very lovely are my pictures, saints and angels throng my hall—  
But with shame my cheek is flushing, and my quivering lashes fall:

Can I gaze on pictured actions, daring deeds, and emprise high,  
And not feel my degradation while these fetters round me lie?

Once the Poet came to see me, but it gave me nought but pain;  
I was glad to see the Gifted go, ne'er to return again.

For my husband scorning told me: 'True, his lines were very sweet,  
But his clothes, so worn and seedy—scarce for me acquaintance meet!

Artists, poets, men of genius, truly should be better paid,  
But not holding our position, cannot be our friends,' he said.

'As gentlemen to meet them were a very curious thing;  
They were happier in their garrets—there let them sigh or sing.

There were Travers and De Courcy—could he ask them home to dine,  
At the risk of meeting truly such strange fellows o'er their wine?'

Then he said, 'My cheeks were peachy, lips were coral, curls were gold,  
But he liked them braided crown-like, and with pearls and diamonds rolled.

I was once a little peasant; now I stood a jewelled queen—  
Fitter that a calmer presence in his stately wife were seen!'

Then he gave a gorgeous card-case; set with rubies, Roman gold,  
Handed me a paper with it, strands of pearls around it rolled;

Names of all his wife should visit I would find upon the roll:—  
Found I none I loved within it—not one friend upon the scroll!

And my mother, God forgive me! I was glad to see her go,  
Ere the current of her loving heart had turned like mine to snow.

Must I still seem fair and stately, choking down my bosom's strife,  
Because 'all deep emotions were unseemly in his wife'?

Must I gasp 'neath diamonds' glitter—walk in lustrous silken sheen—  
Leaving those I love in anguish while I play some haughty scene?

I am choking! closer round me crowds convention's stifling vault—  
Every meanness's called a virtue—every virtue deemed a fault!

Every generous thought is scandal; every noble deed is crime;  
Every feeling's wrapped in fiction, and truth only lives in rhyme!

No;—I am not fashion's minion,—I am not convention's slave!  
If 'obedience is for woman,' still she has a soul to save.

Must I share their haughty falsehood, take my part in social guile,  
Cut my dearest friends, and stab them with a false, deceitful smile?

Creeping like a serpent through me, faint, I feel a deadly chill,  
Freezing all the good within me, icy fetters chain my will.

Do I grow like those around me? will I learn to bear my part  
In this glittering world of fashion, taming down a woman's heart?

Must I lower to my husband? is it duty to abate  
All the higher instincts in me, till I grow his fitting mate?

Shall I muse on noble pictures, turn the poet's stirring page,  
And grow base and mean in action, petty with a petty age?

I am heart-sick, weary, weary! tell me not that this life,  
Where all that's truly living must be pruned by fashion's knife!—

I can make my own existence—spurn his gifts, and use my hands,  
Though the senseless world of fashion for the deed my memory brands.

Quick! unbraid the heavy tresses of my coroneted hair—  
Let its gold fall in *free* ringlets such as I was wont to wear.

I am going back to nature. I no more will school my heart  
To stifle its best feelings, play an idle puppet's part.

I will seek my banished mother, nestle closely on her breast;  
Noble, faithful, kind, and loving, there the tortured one may rest.

We will turn the Poets' pages, learn the noblest deeds to act,  
Till the fictions in their beauty shall be lived as simple fact.

I will mould a living statue, make it generous, strong, and high,  
Humble, meek, self-abnegating, formed to meet the Master's eye.

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Oh, the glow of earnest culture! Oh, the joy of sacrifice!  
The delight to help another! o'er all selfish thoughts to rise!

Farewell, cold and haughty splendor—how you chilled me when a bride!  
Hollow all your mental efforts; meanness all your dazzling pride!

Put the diamonds in their caskets! pearls and rubies, place them there!  
I shall never sigh to wear them with the violets in my hair.

Freedom! with no eye upon me freezing all my fiery soul;  
Free to follow nature's dictates; free from all save God's control.

I am going to the cottage, with its windows small and low,  
Where the sweetbrier twines its roses and the Guelder rose its snow.

I will climb the thymy mountains where the pines in sturdy might  
Follow nature's holy bidding, growing ever to the light;

Tracking down the leaping streamlet till the willows on it rise,  
Watch its broad and faithful bosom strive to mirror back the skies.

Through the wicker gate at evening with my mother I will come,  
With a little book, the Poet's, to read low at set of sun.

'Tis a gloomy, broken record of a love poured forth in death,  
Generous, holy, and devoted, sung with panting, dying breath.

By the grassy mound we'll read it where he calmly sleeps in God,—  
My gushing tears may stream above—they cannot pierce the sod!

Hand in hand we'll sit together by the lowly mossy grave—  
Oh, God! I blazed with jewels, but the noble dared not save!

I am going to the cottage, there to sculpture my own soul,  
Till it fill the high ideal of the Poet's glowing roll.

Stay, lovely dream! I waken! hear the clanking of my chain!  
Feel a hopeless vow is on me—I can ne'er be free again!

His wife! I've sworn it truly! I must bear his freezing eye,  
Feel his blighting breath upon me while all nobler instincts die!

Feel the Evil gain upon me as the weary moments glide,  
Till I hiss, a jewelled serpent, fit companion, at his side.

Vain is struggle—vain is writhing—vain are sobs and stifled gasps—  
I must wear my brilliant fetters though my life-blood stain their clasps!

Hark! he calls! tear out the violets! quick! the diamonds in my hair!  
There's a ball to-night at Travers'—'tis his will I should be there.

Splendid victim in his pageant, though my tortured head should ache,  
Yet I must be brilliant, joyous, if my throbbing heart should break!

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I shudder! quick! my dress of rose, my tunic of point lace—  
If fine enough, he will not read the anguish in my face!

I know one place he dare not look—it is so still and deep—  
He dare not lift the winding sheet that veils my last, long sleep!

He dreads the dead! the coffin lid will shield me from his breath—  
His eye no more will torture—Joy! I shall be free in death!

Free to rest beside the Poet. He will shun the lowly grave:  
There my mother soon will join us, and the violets o'er us wave.

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## THE SKEPTICS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

It is remarkable that while, in a republic, which is the mildest form of government, respect for law and order are most highly developed, there is in an aristocracy (which is always the most deeply based form of tyranny) a constant revolt against all law. Puritanism in England, Pietism in Germany, and Huguenotism in France, were all directly and strongly republican and law-abiding in their social relations; while for an example of the contrary we need only glance at our own South. Aristocracy—a regularly ordered system of society into ranks—is the dream of the slaveholder, and experience is showing us how extremely difficult it is to uproot the power of a very few wicked men who have fairly mudsilled the majority; and yet, despite this strength, there was never yet a country claiming to be civilized, in which the wild caprices and armed outrages of the individual were regarded with such toleration.

*Republicanism is Christian.* When will the world see this tremendous truth as it should, and realize that as there is a present and a future, so did the Saviour lay down one law whereby man might progress in this life, and another for the attainment of happiness in the next, and that the two are mutually sustaining? There was no real republicanism before the Gospels, and there has been no real addition to the doctrine since. The instant that religion or any great law of truth falls into the hands of a high caste, and puts on its livery, it becomes—ridiculous. What think you of a shepherd's crook of gold blazing with diamonds?

It is interesting to trace an excellent illustration of the natural affinity between the fondness for feudalism and the love of law-breaking in Sir WALTER SCOTT. Whatever his head and his natural common sense dictated (and as he was a canny Scot and a shrewd observer, they dictated many wise truths), his heart was always with the men of bow and brand; with dashing robbers, moss troopers, duellists, wild-eagle barons, wild-wolf borderers, and the whole farrago of autocratic scoundrelism. With his soul devoted to dreams of feudalism, his fond love of its romance was principally based on the constant infractions of law and order to which a state of society must always be subject in which certain men acquire power out of proportion to their integrity. The result of this always is a lurking sympathy with rascality, a secret relish for bold selfishness, which is in every community the deadliest poison of the rights of the poor, and all the disinherited by fortune.

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It is very remarkable that Walter Scott, a Tory to the soul, should, by his apparently contradictory yet still most consistent love of the *outré*, have had a keen amateur sympathy for outlaws. It is much more remarkable, however, that, still retaining his faith in king and nobles, Church and State, he should have pushed his appreciation of such men to the degree of marvellously comprehending—nay, enjoying—certain types of skepticism which sprang up in fiercest opposition to authority; urged into existence by its abuses, as germs of plants have been thought to be electrified into life by sharp blows. And it is most remarkable of all, that he did this at a time when none among his English readers seem to have had any comprehension whatever of these characters, or to have surmised the fact that to merely understand and depict them, the writer must have ventured into fearful depths of reflection and of study. In treating these

characters, Walter Scott seems to become positively *subjective*—and I will venture to say that it is the only instance of the slightest approach to anything of the kind to be found in all his writings. Unlike Byron, who was painfully conscious, not of the nature of his want in this respect, but of *something* wanting, Scott nowhere else betrays the slightest consciousness of his continual life under limitations, when, *plump!* we find him making a headlong leap right into the very centre of that terrible pool whose waters feed the forbidden-fruit tree of good and of evil.

The characters to which I particularly refer in Sir Walter Scott's novels are those of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, in 'Ivanhoe;' of the gypsy Hayraddin Maugrabin in 'Quentin Durward;' of Dryfesdale, the steward, in 'The Abbot;' and of the 'leech' Henbane Dwining, in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' There are several others which more or less resemble these, as, for instance, Ranald Mac Eagh, the Child of the Mist, in 'Montrose,' and Rashleigh, in 'Rob Roy;' but the latter, considered by themselves, are only partly developed. In fact, if Scott had given to the world only *one* of these outlaws of faith, there would have been but little ground for inferring that his mind had ever taken so daring a range as I venture to claim for him. It is in his constant, wistful return, in one form or the other, to that terrible type of humanity—the man who, as a matter of intensely sincere faith, has freed himself from all adherence to the laws of man or God—that we find the clue to the *real* nature of the author's extraordinary sympathy for the most daring, yet most subtle example of the law-breaker. In comparing these characters carefully, we find that each by contrast appears far more perfect than when separate—as the bone, which, however excellent its state of preservation may be, never seems to the eye of the physiologist so complete as when in its place in the complete skeleton. And through this contrast we learn that Scott, having by sympathy and historical-romantic study, comprehended the lost secret of all *illuminée* mysteries—that of human dependence on nought save the laws of a mysterious and terrible Nature—could not refrain from ever and anon whispering the royal secret, though it were only to the rustling reeds and rushes of fashionable novels. Having learned, though in an illegitimate way, that the friend of PAN, the great king of the golden touch, had ass's ears, he *must* tell it again, though in murmurs and whispers:

'Qui cum ne prodere visum  
Dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,  
Nec posset reticere tamen, secedit, humumque  
Effodit: et domini quales aspexerit aures,  
Vox refert parva; terræque immurmurat haustæ.'<sup>[10]</sup>

It is to be remarked, in studying collectively these outlaws as set forth by Scott, that while the same characteristic lies at the basis of each, there is very great variety in its development, and that the author seems to have striven to present it in as many widely differing phases as he was capable of doing. When we reflect that Scott himself could not be fairly said to be perfectly *at home* in more than half a dozen departments of history, and yet that he has taken pains to set forth as many historical varieties of minds absolutely emancipated from all faith, and finally, when we recall that at the time when he wrote, the great proportion of the characteristics of these *dramatis personæ* were utterly unappreciated, and that by even the learned they were simply reviewed as 'infidels,' we cannot but smile at the care with which (like the sculptor in the old story) he carved his images, and buried them to be dug up at a future day by men who, as he possibly hoped, would appreciate more fully than did his contemporaries his own degree of forbidden knowledge. I certainly do not exaggerate the importance of these characters when speaking in this manner. They could not have been conceived without a very great expenditure of study and of reflection. They are, as I said, subjective, and such portraits of humanity always involve a vastly greater amount of penetrative and long-continued thought, than do the mere historical and social photographs which constitute the bulk of Scott's, as of all novels, and form the favorites of the mass of readers for entertainment.

First among these characters, and most important as indicating direct historical familiarity with the obscure subject of the Oriental heresies of the Middle Ages in Europe, I would place that of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, who is generally regarded by readers as simply 'a horrid creature,' who chased 'that darling Rebecca' out of the window to the verge of the parapet; or at best as a knightly ruffian, who, like most ruffianly sinners, quieted conscience by stifling it with doubt. Very different, however, did the Templar appear to Scott himself, who, notwithstanding the poetic justice meted to the knight, evidently sympathized in secret more warmly with him than with any other character in the gorgeous company of 'Ivanhoe.' Among them all he is the only one who fully and fairly appreciates the intellect of Rebecca, and, seen from the stand-point of rigid historical probability which Scott would not violate, *all allowance being made for what the Templar was*, he appears by far the noblest and most intelligent of all the knightly throng. I say that though a favorite, Scott would not to favor him, violate historical probability. Why should he? It formed no part of his plan to give the public of his day lessons in *illuminée*-ism. Had he done so he would have failed like 'George Sand' in 'Consuelo;' but a very small proportion indeed of whose readers retain a recollection of the doctrines which it is the main object of the book to set forth. I trust there is no slander in the remark, but I *must* believe it to be true until I see that the majority of the readers of that work have also taken to zealously investigating the sources of that most forbidden lore, which has most certainly this peculiarity, that no one can *comprehend* it ever so little without experiencing an insatiable, never-resting desire to exhaust it, like everything which is prohibited. There is no such thing as knowing it a little. As one of its sages said of old, its knowledge rushes forth into infinite lands.

It was, I believe, some time before 'Ivanhoe' appeared, that Baron von Hammer Purgstall had

published his theory that the Knights Templars were, although most unjustly treated, still guilty, in a certain sense, of the extraordinary charges brought against them. It seems at least to be tolerably certain that during their long residence in the East they had acquired the Oriental secrets of initiation into societies which taught the old serpent-lore of *eritis sicut Deus*, and positive knowledge; the ultimate secret, being the absolute nothingness of all faith, creeds, laws, ties, or rules to him who is capable of rising above them and of drawing from Nature by an 'enlightened' study of her laws the principles of action, of harmony with fellow men, and of unlimited earthly enjoyment. Such had been for ages the last lessons of all the 'mysteries' of the East—mysteries which it was the peculiar destiny of the Hebrew race to resist through ages of struggle. It was through the teaching of such mysteries of pantheistic naturalism that, as the unflinching Jewish deists and anthropomorphists believed, man fell, and their belief was set forth in their very first religious tradition—the history of the apple, the serpent, and the Fall. And it is to the very extraordinary nature of the Hebrew race, by which they presented for the first time in history the spectacle of a people resisting nature-worship, that they owe their claim to be a peculiar people.

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The Templars, under the glowing skies of the East, among its thousand temptations, those of superior knowledge not being the least; in an age when the absurdities of the Roman church were, to an enlightened mind, at their absurdest pitch, fell readily into 'illumination.' Whether they literally *worshipped* the Oriental Baphomet, a figure with two heads, male and female, girt with a serpent, typifying the completest abnegation of all moral relations, and the rights of knowledge, no one can say now—it is, however, significant that this symbol, which they undoubtedly used, actually found its way under the freemasons into the Christian churches of the West, as a type of 'prudence' among the representations of Christian virtues. When we remember that the Gnostics taught that *prudence* alone was virtue,<sup>[11]</sup> we have here a coincidence which sufficiently explains the meaning of this emblem of 'the baptism of mind.'

Nothing is more likely than that a portion of the Knights Templars were initiated in the mysteries of such Oriental sects as those of the *House of Wisdom* of Al Hakem, the seventh and last degree of which at first 'inculcated the vanity of all religion, and the indifference of actions which are neither visited with recompense nor chastisement here or hereafter.' At a later age, when the doctrines of this society had permeated all Islam, it seems to have labored very zealously to teach both women and men gratuitously all learning, and give them the freest use of books. At this time it was in the ninth degree that the initiate 'learnt the grand secret of atheism, and a code of morals, which may be summed up in a few words, as believing nothing and daring everything.'<sup>[12]</sup>

Bearing this in mind, Walter Scott may be presumed to have studied with shrewd appreciation the character of the Templars, and to have conjectured with strange wisdom their great ambition, when we find Brian de Bois Guilbert declaring to Rebecca that his Order threatened the thrones of Europe, and hinting at tremendous changes in society—'hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch.' For it was indeed the hope—it *must* have been—for the proud and powerful brotherhood of the Temple to extend their secret doctrines over Europe, regenerate society, and overthrow all existing powers, substituting for them its own crude and impossible socialism, and for Christianity the lore of the serpent. How plainly is this expressed in the speech of Bois Guilbert to Rebecca:

'Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the baton of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of Kings—a hemp-sandall'd monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee.'

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'Sayest thou this to one of my people?' answered Rebecca. 'Bethink thee'—

'Answer me not,' said the Templar, 'by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. Think not we long remain blind to the idiotic folly of our founders, who forswore every delight of life for the pleasures of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries.'

We may well pause for an instant to wonder what would have been the present state of the now civilized world had this order with its Oriental illuminéeism actually succeeded in undermining feudal society and in overthrowing thrones. That it was jointly dreaded by Church and State appears from the excessive, implacable zeal with which it was broken up by Philip the Fair and Pope Clement the Fifth—a zeal quite inexplicable from the motives of avarice usually attributed to them by the modern freemasonic defenders of the Knights of the Temple. I may well say



modern, since in a freemasonic document bearing date 1766, reprinted in a rare work,<sup>[13]</sup> we find the most earnest protest and denial that freemasonry had anything in common with the Templars. But the Order did not die unavenged. It is by no means improbable that the secret heresies which, bearing unmistakable marks of Eastern origin, continually sprang up in Europe, and finally led the way to Huss and the Reformation, were in their origin encouraged by the Templars.

Certain it is that the character of Bois Guilbert as drawn by Scott—his habitual oath 'by earth and sea and sky!' his scorn of 'the dotting scruples which fetter our free-born reason,' and his atheistic faith that to die is to be 'dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed,' are all wonderful indications of insight into a type of mind differing inconceivably from the mere infidel villain of modern novels, and which could never have been attributed to a knight of the superstitious Middle Ages without a strong basis of historical research. Very striking indeed is his fierce love for Rebecca—his intense appreciation of her great courage and firmness, which he at once recognizes as congenial to his own daring, and believes will form for him in her a fit mate. There is a spirit of reality in this which transcends ordinary conceptions of what is called genius. To deem a woman requisite aid in such intellectual labor—for so we may well call the system of the Templars—would at that era have been incomprehensibly absurd to any save the worshippers of the bi-sexed Baphomet and the disciples of the House of Wisdom, with whom the equal culture of the sexes was a leading aim. The extraordinary tact with which Scott has contrived to make Bois Guilbert repulsive to the mass of readers, while at the same time he really—for himself—makes him undergo every sacrifice of which the Templar's nature is *consistently* capable, is perhaps the most elaborately artistic effort in his works. To have made Bois Guilbert sensible to the laws of love and of chivalry, which in his mystical freedom he despised, to rescue her simply from death, which in his view had no terrors beyond short-lived pain, would not have agreed with his character as Scott very truly understood it. Himself a sacrifice to fate, he was willing that she, whom he regarded as a second self, should also perish. This reserving the true comprehension of a certain character to one's self by a writer is not, I believe, an uncommon thing in romance writing. 'Blifil' was the favorite child of his literary parent, and was (it is to be hoped) seen by him from a stand-point undreamed of by nearly all readers.

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Closely allied in the one main point of character to Bois Guilbert, and to a certain degree having his Oriental origin, yet differing in every other detail, we have Hayraddin Maugrabin, the gypsy, in 'Quentin Durward.'

When Walter Scott drew the outlines of this singular subordinate actor in one of the world's greatest mediæval romances, so little was known of the real condition of the 'Rommany,' that the author was supposed to have introduced an exaggerated and most improbable character among historical portraits which were true to life. The more recent researches of George Borrow and others have shown that, judged by the gypsy of the present day, Hayraddin is extremely well drawn in certain particulars, but improbable in other respects. He has, amid all his villainy, a certain firmness or greatness which is peculiar to men who can sustain positions of rank—a marked Oriental 'leadership,' which Scott might be presumed to have guessed at. Yet all of this corresponds closely to the historical account of the first of these wanderers, who in 1427 came to Europe, 'well mounted,' and claiming to be men of the highest rank, and to the condition and character of certain men among them in the Slavonian countries of the present day. If we study carefully all that is accessible both of the present and the past relative to this singular race, we shall find that Scott, partly from knowledge and partly by poetic intuition, has in this gypsy produced one of his most marvellous and deeply interesting studies.

Like Bois Guilbert, Hayraddin is a man without a God, and the peculiarity of his character lies in a constant realization of the fact that he is absolutely *free* from every form or principle of faith, every conventional tie, every duty founded on aught save the most natural instincts. He revels in this freedom; it is to him like magic armor, making him invulnerable to shafts which reach all around him—nay, which render him supremely indifferent to death itself. Whether this extreme of philosophical skepticism and stoicism could be consistently and correctly attributed to a gypsy of the fifteenth century, will be presently considered. Let me first quote those passages in which the character is best set forth. The first is that in which Hayraddin, in reply to the queries of Quentin Durward, asserts that he has no country, is not a Christian, and is altogether lawless:

'You are then,' said the wondering querist, 'destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?'

'I have liberty,' said the Bohemian—'I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one.—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes.'

'But you are subject to instant execution at the pleasure of the Judge?'

'Be it so,' returned the Bohemian; 'I can but die so much the sooner.'

'And to imprisonment also,' said the Scot; 'and where then is your boasted freedom?'

'In my thoughts,' said the Bohemian, 'which no chains can bind; while yours, even

when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are chained. You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom.'

Transcriber's note:

No anchor for this footnote could be found on this page. <sup>[14]</sup>

'Yet the freedom of your thoughts,' said the Scot, 'relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs.'

'For a brief time that may be endured,' answered the vagrant, 'and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all.'

Again, when asked in his last hour what are his hopes for the future, the gypsy, after denying the existence of the soul, declares that his anticipations are:

'To be resolved into the elements. \* \* \* My hope and trust and expectation is, that the mysterious frame of humanity shall melt into the general mass of nature, to be recompounded in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear, and return under different forms,—the watery particles to streams and showers, the earthy parts to enrich their mother earth, the airy portions to wanton in the breeze, and those of fire to supply the blaze of Aldebaran and his brethren. In this faith I have lived, and will die in it. Hence! begone!—disturb me no further! I have spoken the last word that mortal ears shall listen to!'

That such a strain as this would be absurd from 'Mr. Petulengro,' or any other of the race as portrayed by Borrow, is evident enough. Whether it is inappropriate, however, in the mouth of one of the first corners of the people in Europe, of direct Hindustanee blood, is another question. Let us examine it.

In his notes to 'Quentin Durward,' Scott declares his belief that there can be little doubt that the first gypsies consisted originally of Hindus, who left their native land when it was invaded by Timur or Tamerlane, and that their language is a dialect of Hindustanee. That the gypsies were Hindus, and outcast Hindus or Pariahs at that, could be no secret to Scott. That he should have made Hayraddin in his doctrines marvellously true to the very life to certain of this class, indicates a degree either of knowledge or of intuition (it may have been either) which is at least remarkable.

The reader has probably learned to consider the Hindu Pariah as a merely wretched outcast, ignorant, vulgar, and oppressed. Such is not, however, exactly their *status*. Whatever their social rank may be, the Pariahs—the undoubted ancestors of the gypsies—are the authors in India of a great mass of philosophy and literature, embracing nearly all that land has ever produced which is tinctured with independence or wit. In confirmation of which I beg leave to cite the following passages from that extremely entertaining, well-edited, and elegantly published little work, the 'Strange Surprising Adventures of the Venerable Goroo Simple and his Five Disciples':

'The literature of the Hindoos owes but little to the hereditary claimants to the sole possession of divine light and knowledge. On the contrary, with the many things which the Brahmins are forbidden to touch, all science, if left to them alone, would soon stagnate, and clever men, whose genius cannot be held in trammels, therefore soon become outcasts and swell the number of *Pariars* in consequence of their very pursuit of knowledge. \* \* \* To the writings of the *Poorrachchameiyans*, a sect of *Pariars* odious in the eyes of a Brahman, the Tamuls owe the greater part of works on science. \* \* \* To the *Vallooran* sect of *Pariars*, particularly shunned by the Brahmins, Hindoo literature is indebted almost exclusively for the many moral poems and books of aphorisms which are its chief pride.

'This class of literature' (satiric humor and fables) 'emanated chiefly from those despised outcasts, the *Pariars*, the very men who (using keener spectacles than Dr. Robertson, our historian of Ancient India, did, who singularly became the panegyrist of Gentoo subdivisions) saw that to bind human intellect and human energy within the wire fences of Hindoo castes is as impossible as to shut up the winds of heaven in a temple built by man's hand, and boldly thought for themselves.'

Of the literary *Vallooran* Pariah outcasts and scientific *Poorrachchameiyans*, we know from the best authority—Father Beschi—that they form society of six degrees or sects, the fifth of which, when five Fridays occur in a month, celebrate it *avec de grandes abominations*, while the sixth 'admits the real existence of nothing—except, *perhaps*, God.' This last is a mere guess on the part of the good father. It is beyond conjecture that we have here another of those strange Oriental sects, 'atheistic' in its highest school and identical in its nature with that of the House of Wisdom of Cairo, and with the Templars; and if Scott's gypsy Hayraddin Maugrabin is to be supposed one of that type of Hindu outcasts, which were of all others most hateful to the orthodox Moslem invader, we cannot sufficiently admire the appropriateness with which doctrines which were actually held by the most deeply initiated among the Pariahs were put into his mouth. To have made a merely vulgar, nothing-believing, and as little reflecting gypsy, as philosophical as the

wanderer in 'Quentin Durward,' would have been absurd. There is a vigor, an earnestness in his creed, which betrays culture and thought, and which is marvellously appropriate if we regard him as a wandering scion of the outcast Pariah illuminati of India.

Did our author owe this insight to erudition or to poetic intuition? In either case we discover a depth which few would have surmised. It was once said of Scott, that he was a millionaire of genius whose wealth was all in small change—that his scenes and characters were all massed from a vast collection of little details. This would be equivalent to declaring that he was a great novelist without a great idea. Perhaps this is true, but the clairvoyance of genius which *seems* to manifest itself in the two characters which I have already examined, and the cautious manner in which he has treated them, would appear to prove that he possessed a rarer gift than that of 'great ideas'—the power of controlling them. Such ideas may make reformers, critics, politicians, essayists—but they generally ruin a novelist—and Scott knew it.

A third character belonging to the class under consideration, is Henbane Dwining, the 'pottingar,' apothecary or 'leech,' in the novel of 'The Fair Maid of Perth.'

This man is rather developed by his deeds than his words, and these are prompted by two motives, terrible vindictiveness and the pride of superior knowledge. He is vile from the former, and yet almost heroic from the latter, for it is briefly impossible to make any man intensely self-reliant, and base this self-reliance on great learning in men and books, without displaying in him some elements of superiority. He is so radically bad that by contrast one of the greatest villains in Scottish history, Sir John Ramorney, appears rather gray than black; and yet we dislike him less than the knight, possibly because we know that men of the Dwining stamp, when they have had the control of nations, often do good simply from the dictates of superior wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent—which, no Ramorney ever did. The skill with which the crawling, paltry leech controls his fierce lord; the contempt for his power and pride shown in Dwining's adroit sneers, and above all, the ease with which the latter casts into the shade Ramorney's fancied superiority in wickedness, is well set forth—and such a character could only have been conceived by deep study of the motives and agencies which formed it. To do so, Scott had recourse to the same Oriental source—the same fearful school of atheism which in another and higher form gave birth to the Templar and the gypsy. 'I have studied,' says Dwining, 'among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts high his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy's blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though, coward-like, he dare not name it.' His sneers at the existence of a devil, at all 'prejudices,' at religion, above all, at brute strength and every power save that of intellect, are perfectly Oriental—not however of the Oriental Sufi, or of the initiated in the House of Wisdom, whose pantheistic Idealism went hand in hand with a faith in benefiting mankind, and which taught forgiveness, equality, and love, but rather that corrupted Asiatic vanity of wisdom which abounded among the disciples of Aristotle and of Averroes in Spain, and which was entirely material. I err, strictly speaking, therefore, when I speak of this as the *same* Oriental school, though in a certain sense it had a common origin—that of believing in the infinite power of human wisdom. Both are embraced indeed in the beguiling *eritis sicut Deus*, 'ye shall be as God,' uttered by the serpent to Eve.

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Quite subordinate as regards its position among the actors of the novel, yet extremely interesting in a historical point of view, is the character of Jasper Dryfesdale the steward of the Douglas family, in 'The Abbot.' In this man Scott has happily combined the sentiment of absolute feudal devotion to his superiors with a gloomy fatalism learned 'among the fierce sectaries of Lower Germany.' If carefully studied, Dryfesdale will be found to be, on the whole, the most morally instructive character in the entire range of Scott's writings. In the first place, he illustrates the fact, so little noted by the advocates of loyalty, aristocracy, 'devoted retainers,' and 'faithful vassals,' that all such fidelity carried beyond the balance of a harmony of interests, results in an insensibility to moral accountability. Thus in the Southern States, masters often refer with pride to the fact that a certain negro, who will freely pillage in other quarters, will 'never steal at home.' History shows that the man who surrenders himself entirely to the will of another begins at once to cast on his superior all responsibility for his own acts. Such dependence and evasion is of itself far worse than the bold unbelief which is to the last degree self-reliant; which seeks no substitute, dreads no labor, scorns all mastery, and aims at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Such unbelief may possibly end in finding religious truth after its devious errors, but what shall be said of those who would have men sin as *slaves*?

Singularly and appropriately allied to a resignation of moral accountability from feudal attachment, is the contemptible and cowardly doctrine of fatalism, which Dryfesdale also professes. It is not with him the philosophic doctrine of the concurring impulses of circumstance, or of natural laws, but rather the stupidously nonsensical notion of the Arabian *kismet*, that from the beginning of time every event was fore-arranged as in a fairy tale, and that all which *is*, is simply the acting out of a libretto written before the play began—a belief revived in the last century by readers of Leibnitz, who were truer than the great German himself to the consequences of his doctrine, which he simply evaded.<sup>[15]</sup> In coupling this humiliating and superstitious means of evading moral accountability with the same principle as derived from feudal devotion, Scott, consciously or unconsciously, displayed genius, and at the same time indirectly attacked that system of society to which he was specially devoted. So true is it that genius instinctively tends to set forth the *truth*, be the predilections of its possessor what they may. And indeed, as Scott nowhere shows in any way that *he*, for his part, regarded the blind fidelity of the steward as other than admirable, it may be that he was guided rather by instinct than will, in thus pointing out the great evil resulting from a formally aristocratic state of society.

Such as it is, it is well worth studying in these times, when the principles of republicanism and aristocracy are brought face to face at war among us, firstly in the contest between the South and the North, and secondly in the rapidly growing division between the friends of the Union, and the treasonable 'Copperheads,' who consist of men of selfish, aristocratic tendencies, and their natural allies, the refuse of the population.

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It is very unfortunate that the term 'Anabaptists' should have ever been applied to the ferocious fanatics led by John of Leyden, Knipperdolling, and Rothmann, since it has brought discredit on a large sect bearing the same name with which it had in reality even less in common than the historians of the latter imagine. It is not a difficult matter for the mind familiar with the undoubted Oriental origin of the 'heresies' of the middle ages, to trace in the origin at least of the fierce and licentious socialists of Münster the same secret influence which, flowing from Gnostic, Manichæan, or Templar sources, founded the Waldense and Albigenese sects, and was afterward perceptible in a branch of the Hussites. At the time of the Reformation their ancient doctrines had subsided into Biblical fanaticism; but the old leaven of revolt against the church, and against all compulsion—keenly sharpened by their experiences, in the recent Peasant's War—was as hot as ever among them. They had no great or high philosophy, but were in all respects chaotic, contradictory, and stormy. Unable to rise to the cultivated and philanthropic feelings which accompanied the skepticism of their remote founders, they based their denial of moral accountability—as narrow and vulgar minds naturally do—on a predestination, which is as insulting to GOD as to man, since it is consistently comprehensible only by supposing HIM a slave to destiny. Among such vassals to a worse than earthly tyranny, the man who as 'a Scottish servant regarded not his own life or that of any other save his master,' would find doctrines congenial enough to his grovelling nature. So he was willing to believe that 'that which was written of me a million years before I saw the light must be executed by me.' 'I am well taught, and strong in belief,' he says, 'that man does nought for himself; he is but the foam on the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by its own effort, but by the mightier impulse of fate which urges him.' And the combination of his two wretched doctrines is well set forth in the passage wherein he tells his mistress that she had no choice as regarded accepting his criminal services. 'You might not choose, lady,' answered the steward. 'Long ere this castle was builded—ay, long ere the islet which sustains it reared its head above the blue water—I was destined to be your faithful slave, and you to be my ungrateful mistress.'

Freethinkers, infidels, and atheists abound in novels, but it is to the credit of Sir Walter Scott that wherever he has introduced a *sincere* character of this description, he has gone to the very origin for his facts, and then given us the result without pedantry. The four which I have examined are each a curious subject for study, and indicate, collectively and compared, a train of thought which I believe that few have suspected in Scott, notwithstanding his well-known great love for the curious and occult in literature. That he perfectly understood that absurd and vain character, the so-called 'infidel,' whose philosophy is limited to abusing Christianity, and whose real object is to be odd and peculiar, and astonish humble individuals with his wickedness, is most amusingly shown in 'Bletson,' one of the three Commissioners of Cromwell introduced into 'Woodstock.' Scott has drawn this very subordinate character in remarkable detail, having devoted nearly seven pages to its description,<sup>[16]</sup> evidently being for once carried away by the desire of rendering the personality as clearly as possible, or of gratifying his own fancy. And while no effort is ever made to cast even a shadow of ridicule on the Knight Templar, on Dryfesdale, on the gypsy, or even on the crawling Dwining, he manifestly takes great pains to render as contemptible and laughably absurd as possible this type of the very great majority of modern infidels, who disavow religion because they fear it, and ridicule Christianity from sheer, shallow ignorance. Our own country at present abounds in 'Bletsons,' in conceited, ignorant 'infidel' scribblers of many descriptions, in of all whom we can still trace the cant and drawl of the old-fashioned fanaticism to which they are in reality nearly allied, while they appear to oppose it. For the truth is, that popular infidelity—to borrow Mr. Caudle's simile of tyrants—is only Puritanism turned inside out. We see this, even when it is masked in French flippancy and the Shibboleth of the current accomplishments of literature—it betrays itself by its vindictiveness and conceit, by its cruelty, sarcasms, and meanness—with the infidel as with the bigot. The sincere seeker for truth, whether he wander through the paths of unbelief or of faith, never forgets to love, never courts notoriety, and is neither a satirical court-fool nor a would-be Mephistopheles.

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In reflecting on these characters, I am irresistibly reminded of an anecdote illustrating their nature. A friend of mine who had employed a rather ignorant fellow to guide him through some ruins in England, was astonished, as he entered a gloomy dungeon, at the sudden remark, in the hollow voice of one imparting a dire confidence, of: 'I doan't believe in hany GOD!' 'Don't you, indeed?' was the placid reply. 'Noa,' answered the guide; '*H'T'm a HINFIDEL!*' 'Well, I hope you feel easy after it,' quoth my friend.

There is yet another skeptic set forth by Scott, whose peculiarities may be deemed worthy of examination. I refer to Agelastes, the treacherous and hypocritical sage of 'Count Robert of Paris.' In this man we have, however, rather the refined sensualist and elegant scholar who amuses himself with the subtleties of the old Greek philosophy, than a sincere seeker for truth, or even a sincere doubter. His views are fully given in a short lecture of the countess:

'Daughter,' said Agelastes, approaching nearer to the lady, 'it is with pain I see you bewildered in errors which a little calm reflection might remove. We may flatter ourselves, and human vanity usually does so, that beings infinitely more powerful

than those belonging to mere humanity are employed daily in measuring out the good and evil of this world, the termination of combats or the fate of empires, according to their own ideas of what is right or wrong, or more properly, according to what we ourselves conceive to be such. The Greek heathens, renowned for their wisdom, and glorious for their actions, explained to men of ordinary minds the supposed existence of Jupiter and his Pantheon, where various deities presided over various virtues and vices, and regulated the temporal fortune and future happiness of such as practised them. The more learned and wise of the ancients rejected such the vulgar interpretation, and wisely, although affecting a deference to the public faith, denied before their disciples in private, the gross fallacies of Tartarus and Olympus, the vain doctrines concerning the gods themselves, and the extravagant expectations which the vulgar entertained of an immortality supposed to be possessed by creatures who were in every respect mortal, both in the conformation of their bodies, and in the internal belief of their souls. Of these wise and good men some granted the existence of the supposed deities, but denied that they cared about the actions of mankind any more than those of the inferior animals. A merry, jovial, careless life, such as the followers of Epicurus would choose for themselves, was what they assigned for those gods whose being they admitted. Others, more bold or more consistent, entirely denied the existence of deities who apparently had no proper object or purpose, and believed that such of them, whose being and attributes were proved to us by no supernatural appearances, had in reality no existence whatever.'

In all this, and indeed in all the character of Agelastes, there is nothing more than shallow scholarship, such as may be found in many of 'the learned' in all ages, whose learning is worn as a fine garment, perhaps as one of comfort, but *not* as the armor in which to earnestly do battle for life. A contempt for the vulgar, or at best a selfish rendering of life agreeable to themselves, is all that is gathered from such systems of doubt—and this was in all ages the reproach of all Greek philosophy. It was not meant for the multitude nor for the barbarian. It embraced no hope of benefiting all mankind, no scheme for even freeing them from superstition. Such ideas were only cherished by the Orientals, and (though mingled with errors) subsequently and *fully* by the early Christians. It was in the East that the glorious doctrine of love for *all* beings, not only for enemies, but for the very fiends themselves, was first proclaimed as essential to perfect the soul—as shown in the beautiful Hindu poem of 'The Buddha's Victory,'<sup>[17]</sup> in which the demon Wassywart, that horror of horrors, whose eyes are clots of blood, whose voice outroars the thunder, who plucks up the sun from its socket the sky, defies the great saint-god to battle:

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'The unarmed Buddha mildly gazed at him,  
And said in peace: 'Poor fiend, *even thee I love*.'  
Before great Wassywart the world grew dim;  
His bulk enormous dwindled to a dove. \* \* \*  
—Celestial beauty sat on Buddhas face,  
While sweetly sang the metamorphosed dove:  
'Swords, rocks, lies, fiends, must yield to moveless love,  
And nothing can withstand the Buddha's grace.'

And again, in 'The Secret of Piety'—the secret 'of all the lore which angelic bosoms swell'—we have the same pure faith:

'Whoso would careless tread one worm that crawls the sod,  
That cruel man is darkly alienate from God;  
But he that lives embracing all that is in *love*,  
To dwell with him God bursts all bounds, below, above.'

The Greek philosophy knew nothing of all this, and the result is that even in the atheism which sprang from the East, and in its harshest and lowest 'tinctures,' we find a something nobler and less selfish than is to be found in the school of Plato himself. And however this may be, the reader will admit, in examining the six skeptics set forth by Scott, that each is a character firmly based in historical truth; that all, with the exception of 'Bletson,' are sketched with remarkable brevity; and that a careful comparative analysis of the whole gives us a deeper insight into the secret tendencies of the author's mind, and at the same time into the springs of his genius, than the world has been wont to take. And the study of the subject is finally interesting, since we may learn from it that even in the works of one who is a standard poetic authority among those who would, if possible, subject all men to feudalism, we may learn lessons of that highest social truth—republicanism.

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## A CHORD OF WOOD.

Well, New York, you've made your pile  
Of Wood, and, if you like, may smile:  
Laugh, if you will, to split your sides,  
But in that Wood pile a nigger hides,  
With a double face beneath his hood:

## A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'All of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

### CHAPTER XIX.

The moon and the stars were out, and the tall, dark pines cast long, gloomy shadows over the little rows of negro houses which formed the rearguard to Preston's mansion. They were nearly deserted. Not a solitary fire slumbered on the bare clay hearths, and not a single darky stood sentry over the loose pork and neglected hoecakes, or kept at bay the army of huge rats and prowling opossums which beleaguered the quarters. Silence—death's music—was over and around them. The noisy revelry of the dancers had died away in the distance, and even the hoarse song of the great trees had sunk to a low moan as they stood, motionless and abashed, in the presence of the grim giant who knocks alike at the palace and the cottage gate.

A stray light glimmered through the logs of a low hut, far off in the woods, and, making our way to it, we entered. A bright fire lit up the interior, and on a rude cot, in one corner, lay the old preacher. His eyes were closed; a cold, clammy sweat was on his forehead—he was dying. One of his skeleton hands rested on the tattered coverlet, and his weazened face was half buried in a dilapidated pillow, whose ragged casing and protruding plumage bespoke it a relic of some departed white sleeper.

An old negress, with gray hair and haggard visage, sat at the foot of the bed, wailing piteously; and Joe and half a dozen aged saints stood around, singing a hymn, doleful enough to have made even a sinner weep.

Not heeding our entrance, Joe took the dying man by the hand, and, in a slow, solemn voice, said:

'Brudder Jack, you'm dyin'; you'm gwine ter dat lan' whence no trabeller returns; you'm settin' out fur dat country which'm lit by de smile ob de Lord; whar dar ain't no sickness, no pain, no sorrer, no dyin'; fur dat kingdom whar de Lord reigns; whar trufh flows on like a riber; whar righteousness springs up like de grass, an' lub draps down like de dew, an' cobers de face ob de groun'; whar you woan't gwo 'bout wid no crutch; whar you woan't lib in no ole cabin like dis, an' eat hoecake an' salt pork in sorrer an' heabiness ob soul; but whar you'll run an' not be weary, an' walk an' not be faint; whar you'll hab a hous'n builded ob de Lord, an' sit at His table—you' meat an' drink de bread an' de water ob life!

'I knows you's a sinner, Jack; I knows you's lub'd de hot water too much, an' dat it make you forgit you' duty sometime, an' set a bad 'zample ter dem as looked up ter you fur better tings; but dar am mercy wid de Lord, Jack; dar am forgibness wid Him; an' I hopes you'm ready an' willin' ter gwo.'

Old Jack opened his eyes, and, in a low, peevish tone, said:

'Joe, none ob you' nonsense ter me! I'se h'ard you talk dis way afore. *You* can't preach—you neber could. You jess knows I ain't fit ter trabble, an' I ain't willin' ter gwo, nowhar.'

Joe mildly rebuked him, and again commenced expatiating on the 'upper kingdom,' and on the glories of 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' but the old darky cut him short, with—

'Shet up, Joe! no more ob dat. I doan't want no oder hous'n but dis—dis ole cabin am good 'nuff fur me.'

Joe was about to reply, when Preston stepped to the bedside, and, taking the aged preacher's hand, said:

'My good Jack, master Robert has come to see you.'

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The dying man turned his eyes toward his master, and, in a weak, tremulous voice, exclaimed:

'Oh! massa Robert, has *you* come? has you come ter see ole Jack? Bress you, massa Robert, bress you! Jack know'd you'd neber leab him yere ter die alone.'

'No, my good Jack; I would save you if I could.'

'But you can't sabe me, massa Robert; I'se b'yond dat. I'se dyin', massa Robert. I'se gwine ter de good missus. She tell'd me ter get ready ter foller har, an' I is. I'se gwine ter har now, massa Robert!'

'I know you are, Jack. I feel *sure* you are.'

'Tank you, massa Robert—tank you fur sayin' dat. An' woan't you pray fur me, massa Robert—jess a little pray? De good man's prayer am h'ard, you knows, massa Robert.'

All kneeling down on the rough floor, Preston prayed—a short, simple, fervent prayer. At its

close, he rose, and, bending over the old negro, said:

'The Lord is good, Jack; His mercy is everlasting.'

'I knows dat; I feels dat,' gasped the dying man. 'I lubs you, massa Robert; I allers lub'd you; but I'se gwine ter leab you now. Bress you! de Lord bress you, massa Robert' I'll tell de good missus'—

He clutched convulsively at his master's hand; a wild light came out of his eyes; a sudden spasm passed over his face, and—he was 'gone whar de good darkies go.'

## CHAPTER XX.

On the following day Frank and I were to resume our journey; and, in the morning, I suggested that we should visit Colonel Dawsey, with whom, though he had for many years been a correspondent of the house in which I was a partner, I had no personal acquaintance.

His plantation adjoined Preston's, and his house was only a short half mile from my friend's. After breakfast, we set out for it through the woods. The day was cold for the season, with a sharp, nipping air, and our overcoats were not at all uncomfortable.

As we walked along I said to Preston:

'Dawsey's 'account' is a good one. He never draws against shipments, but holds on, and sells sight drafts, thus making the exchange.'

'Yes, I know; he's a close calculator.'

'Does he continue to manage his negroes as formerly?'

'In much the same way, I reckon.'

'Then he can't stand remarkably well with his neighbors.'

'Oh! people round here don't mind such things. Many of them do as badly as he. Besides, Dawsey is a gentleman of good family. He inherited his plantation and two hundred hands.'

'Indeed! How, then, did he become reduced to his present number?'

'He was a wild young fellow, and, before he was twenty-five, had squandered and gambled away everything but his land and some thirty negroes. Then he turned square round, and, from being prodigal and careless, became mean and cruel. He has a hundred now, and more ready money than any planter in the district.'

A half hour's walk took us to Dawsey's negro quarters—a collection of about thirty low huts in the rear of his house. They were not so poor as some I had seen on cotton and rice plantations, but they seemed unfit for the habitation of any animal but the hog. Their floors were the bare ground, hardened by being moistened with water and pounded with mauls; and worn, as they were, several inches lower in the centre than at the sides, they must have formed, in rainy weather, the beds of small lakes. So much water would have been objectionable to white tenants; but negroes, like their friends the alligators, are amphibious animals; and Dawsey's were never known to make complaint. The chimneys were often merely vent-holes in the roof, though a few were tumble-down structures of sticks and clay; and not a window, nor an opening which courtesy could have christened a window, was to be seen in the entire collection. And, for that matter, windows were useless, for the wide crevices in the logs, which let in the air and rain, at the same time might admit the light. Two or three low beds at one end, a small pine bench, which held half a dozen wooden plates and spoons, and a large iron pot, resting on four stones, over a low fire, and serving for both washtub and cook-kettle, composed the furniture of each interior.

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No one of the cabins was over sixteen feet square, but each was 'home' and 'shelter' for three or four human beings. Walking on a short distance, we came to a larger hovel, in front of which about a dozen young chattels were playing. Seven or eight more, too young to walk, were crawling about on the ground inside. They had only one garment apiece—a long shirt of coarse linsey—and their heads and feet were bare. An old negress was seated in the doorway, knitting. Approaching her, I said:

'Aunty, are not these children cold?'

'Oh! no, massa; dey'm use' ter de wedder.'

'Do you take care of all of them?'

'In de daytime I does, massa. In de night dar mudders takes de small 'uns.'

'But some of them are white. Those two are as white as I am!'

'No, massa; dey'm brack. Ef you looks at dar eyes an' dar finger nails, you'll see dat.'

'They're black, to be sure they are,' said young Preston, laughing; 'but they're about as white as Dawsey, and look wonderfully like him—eh, aunty Sue?'

'I reckons, massa Joe!' replied the woman, running her hand through her wool, and grinning widely.

'What does he ask for *them*, aunty?'

'Doan't know, massa, but 'spect dey'm pooty high. Dem kine am hard ter raise.'

'Yes,' said Joe; 'white blood—even Dawsey's—don't take naturally to mud.'

'I reckons not, massa Joe!' said the old negress, with another grin.

Joe gave her a half-dollar piece, and, amid an avalanche of blessings, we passed on to Dawsey's 'mansion'—if mansion it could be called—a story-and-a-half shanty, about thirty feet square, covered with rough, unpainted boards, and lit by two small, dingy windows. It was approached by a sandy walk, and the ground around its front entrance was littered with apple peelings, potato parings, and the refuse of the culinary department.

Joe rapped at the door, and, in a moment, it opened, and a middle-aged mulatto woman appeared. As soon as she perceived Preston, she grasped his two hands, and exclaimed:

'Oh! massa Robert, *do* buy har! Massa'll kill har, ef you doan't.'

'But I can't, Dinah. Your master refuses my note, and I haven't the money now.'

'Oh! oh! He'll kill har; he say he will. She woan't gib in ter him, an' he'll kill har, *shore*. Oh! oh!' cried the woman, wringing her hands, and bursting into tears.

'Is it 'Spasia?' asked Joe.

'Yas, massa Joe; it'm 'Spasia. Massa hab sole yaller Tom 'way from har, an' he swar he'll kill har 'case she woan't gib in ter him. Oh! oh!'

'Where is your master?'

'He'm 'way wid har an' Black Cale. I reckon dey'm down ter de branch. I reckon dey'm whippin' on har *now*!'

'Come, Frank,' cried Joe, starting off at a rapid pace; 'let's see that performance.'

'Hold on, Joe; wait for us. You'll get into trouble!' shouted his father, hurrying after him. The rest of us caught up with them in a few moments, and then all walked rapidly on in the direction of the small run which borders the two plantations. [Pg 454]

Before we had gone far, we heard loud screams, mingled with oaths and the heavy blows of a whip. Quickening our pace, we soon reached the bank of the little stream, which there was lined with thick underbrush. We could see no one, and the sounds had subsided. In a moment, however, a rough voice called out from behind the bushes:

'Have you had enough? Will you give up?'

'Oh! no, good massa; I can't do dat!' was the half-sobbing, half-moaning reply.

'Give it to her again, Cale!' cried the first voice; and again the whip descended, and again the piercing cries: 'O Lord!' 'Oh, pray doan't!' 'O Lord, hab mercy!' 'Oh! good massa, hab mercy!' mingled with the falling blows.

'This way!' shouted Joe, pressing through the bushes, and bounding down the bank toward the actors in this nineteenth-century tournament, wherein an armed knight and a doughty squire were set against a weak, defenceless woman.

Leaning against a pine at a few feet from the edge of the run, was a tall, bony man of about fifty. His hair was coarse and black, and his skin the color of tobacco-juice. He wore the ordinary homespun of the district; and long, deep lines about his mouth and under his eyes told the story of a dissipated life. His entire appearance was anything but prepossessing.

At the distance of three or four rods, and bound to the charred trunk of an old tree, was a woman, several shades lighter than the man. Her feet were secured by stout cords, and her arms were clasped around the blackened stump, and tied in that position. Her back was bare to the loins, and, as she hung there, moaning with agony, and shivering with cold, it seemed one mass of streaming gore.

The brawny black, whom Boss Joe had so eccentrically addressed at the negro meeting, years before, was in the act of whipping the woman; but with one bound, young Preston was on him. Wrenching the whip from his hand, he turned on his master, crying out:

'Untie her, you white-livered devil, or I'll plough your back as you've ploughed hers!'

'Don't interfere here, you d—d whelp!' shouted Dawsey, livid with rage, and drawing his revolver.

'I'll give you enough of that, you cowardly hound!' cried Joe, taking a small Derringer from his pocket, and coolly advancing upon Dawsey.

The latter levelled his pistol, but, before he could fire, by a dexterous movement of my cane, I struck it from his hand. Drawing instantly a large knife, he rushed on me. The knife was descending—in another instant I should have 'tasted Southern steel,' had not Frank caught his arm, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and with the fury of an aroused tiger, sprung on him and borne him to the ground. Planting his knee firmly on Dawsey's breast, and twisting his



neckcloth tightly about his throat, Frank yelled out:

'Stand back. Let *me* deal with him!'

'But you will kill him.'

'Well, he would have killed *you!*' he cried, tightening his hold on Dawsey's throat.

'Let him up, Frank. Let the devil have fair play,' said Joe; 'I'll give him a chance at ten paces.'

'Yes, let him up, my son; he is unarmed.'

Frank slowly and reluctantly released his hold, and the woman-whipper rose. Looking at us for a moment—a mingled look of rage and defiance—he turned, without speaking, and took some rapid strides up the bank.

'Hold on, Colonel Dawsey!' cried Joe, elevating his Derringer; 'take another step, and I'll let daylight through you. You've just got to promise you won't whip this woman, or take your chance at ten paces.'

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[I afterward learned that Joe was deadly sure with the pistol.]

Dawsey turned slowly round, and, in a sullen tone, asked:

'Who are you, *gentlemen*, that interfere with my private affairs?'

'*My* name, sir, is Kirke, of New York; and this young man is my son.'

'Not Mr. Kirke, my factor?'

'The same, sir.'

'Well, Mr. Kirke, I'm sorry to say you're just now in d—d pore business.'

'I *have* been, sir. I've done yours for some years, and I'm heartily ashamed of it. I'll try to mend in that particular, however.'

'Well, no more words, Colonel Dawsey,' said Joe. 'Here's a Derringer, if you'd like a pop at me.'

'Tain't an even chance,' replied Dawsey; 'you know it.'

'Take it, or promise not to whip the woman. I won't waste more time on such a sneaking coward as you are.'

Dawsey hesitated, but finally, in a dogged way, made the required promise, and took himself off.

While this conversation was going on, Preston and the negro man had untied the woman. Her back was bleeding profusely, and she was unable to stand. Lifting her in their arms, the two conveyed her to the top of the bank, and then, making a bed of their coats, laid her on the ground. We remained there until the negro returned from the house with a turpentine wagon, and conveyed the woman 'home.' We then returned to the plantation, and that afternoon, accompanied by Frank and Joe, I resumed my journey.

By way of episode, I will mention that the slave woman, after being confined to her bed several weeks, recovered. Then Dawsey renewed his attack upon her, and, from the effects of a second whipping, she died.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Returning from the South a few weeks after the events narrated in the previous chapter, Frank and I were met at Goldsboro by Preston and Selma, when the latter accompanied us to the North, and once more resumed her place in David's family.

On the first of February following, Frank, then not quite twenty-one, was admitted a partner in the house of Russell, Rollins, & Co., and, in the succeeding summer, was sent to Europe on business of the firm. Shortly after his return, in the following spring, he came on from Boston with a proposal from Cragin that I should embark with them and young Preston in an extensive speculation. Deeming any business in which Cragin was willing to engage worthy of careful consideration, I listened to Frank's exposition of the plan of operations. He had originated the project, and in it he displayed the comprehensive business mind and rare blending of caution and boldness which characterized his father. As the result of this transaction had an important influence on the future of some of the actors in my story, I will detail its programme.

It was during the Crimean war. The Russian ports were closed, and Great Britain and the Continent of Europe were dependent entirely on the Southern States for their supply of resinous articles. The rivers at the South were low, and it was not supposed they would rise sufficiently to float produce to market before the occurrence of the spring freshets, in the following April or May. Only forty thousand barrels of common rosin were held in Wilmington—the largest naval-store port in the world; and it was estimated that not more than two hundred thousand were on hand in the other ports of Savannah, Ga., Georgetown, S. C., Newbern and Washington, N. C., and in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Very little was for sale in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, the largest foreign markets for the article; and Frank thought that a hundred and fifty thousand barrels could be purchased. That quantity, taken at once out of market, would probably

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so much enhance the value of the article, that the operation would realize a large profit before the new crop came forward. The purchases were to be made simultaneously in the various markets, and about two hundred thousand dollars were required to carry through the transaction. One hundred thousand of this was to be furnished in equal proportions by the parties interested; the other hundred thousand would be realized by Joseph Preston's negotiating 'long exchange' on Russell, Rollins & Co.

I declined to embark in the speculation, but the others carried it out as laid down in the programme; the only deviation being that, at Frank's suggestion, Mr. Robert Preston was apprised of the intended movement, and allowed to purchase, on his own account, as much produce as could be secured in Newbern. He bought about seven thousand barrels, paid for them by drawing at ninety days on Russell, Rollins, & Co., and held them for sale at Newbern, agreeing to satisfy his drafts with the proceeds. These drafts amounted to a trifle over eighty-two hundred dollars.

About a month after this transaction was entered into, our firm received the following letter from Preston:

'GENTLEMEN: An unfortunate difference with my son prevents my longer using him as my indorser. I have not, as yet, been able to secure another; and, our banks requiring two home names on time drafts, I have to beg you to honor a small bill at one day's sight. I have drawn for one thousand dollars. Please honor.'

To this I at once replied:

'DEAR SIR: We have advice of your draft for one thousand dollars. To protect your credit, we shall pay it; but we beg you will draw no more, till you forward bills of lading.

'You are now overdrawn some five thousand dollars, which, by the maturing of your drafts, has become a *cash* advance. The death of our senior, Mr. Randall, and the consequent withdrawal of his capital, has left us with an extended business and limited means. Money, also, is very tight, and we therefore earnestly beg you to put us in funds at the earliest possible moment.'

No reply was received to this letter; but, about ten days after its transmission, Preston himself walked into my private office. His clothes were travel stained, and he appeared haggard and careworn. I had never seen him look so miserably.

He met me cordially, and soon referred to the state of his affairs. His wife, the winter before, had agreed to reside permanently at Newbern, and content herself with an allowance of three thousand dollars annually; but at the close of the year he found that she had contracted debts to the extent of several thousand more. He was pressed for these debts; his interest was in arrears, and he could raise no money for lack of another indorser. Ruin stared him in the face, unless I again put my shoulder to the wheel, and pried him out of the mire. The turpentine business was not paying as well as formerly, but the new plantation was encumbered with only the original mortgage—less than six thousand dollars—and was then worth, owing to an advance in the value of land, fully twenty thousand. He would secure me by a mortgage on that property, but I *must* allow the present indebtedness to stand, and let him increase it four or five thousand dollars. That amount would extricate him from present difficulties; and, to avoid future embarrassments, he would take measures for a legal separation from his wife.

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I heard him through, and then said:

'I cannot help you, my friend. I am very sorry; but my own affairs are in a most critical state. I owe over a hundred thousand dollars, maturing within twenty days, and my present available resources are not more than fifty thousand. I have three hundred thousand worth of produce on hand, but the market is so depressed that I cannot realize a dollar upon it. The banks have shut down, and money is two per cent. a month in the street. What you owe us would aid me wonderfully; but I can rub through without it. That much I can bear, but not a dollar more.'

He walked the room for a time, and was silent; then, turning to me, he said—each separate word seeming a groan:

'I have cursed every one I ever loved, and now I am bringing trouble—perhaps disaster—upon *you*, the only real friend I have left.'

'Pshaw! my good fellow, don't talk in that way. What you owe us is only a drop in the bucket. We have made twice that amount out of you; so give yourself no uneasiness, if you *never* pay it.'

'But I must pay it—I *shall* pay it;' and, continuing to pace the room silently for a few moments, he added, giving me his hand: 'Good-by; I'm going back to-night.'

'Back to-night!—without seeing Selly, or my wife? You are mad!'

'I *must* go.'

'You must *not* go. You are letting affairs trouble you too much. Come, go home with me, and see Kate. A few words from her will make a new man of you.'

'No, no; I must go back at once. I must raise this money somehow.'

'Send money to the dogs! Come with me, and have a good night's rest. You'll think better of this in the morning. And now it occurs to me that Kate has about seven thousand belonging to Frank. He means to settle it on Selly when they are married, and she might as well have it first as last. Perhaps you can get it now.'

'But I might be robbing my own child.'

'You can give the farm as security; it's worth twice the amount.'

'Well, I'll stay. Let us see your wife at once.'

While we were seated in the parlor, after supper, I broached the subject of Preston's wants to Kate. She heard me through attentively, and then quietly said:

'Frank is of age—he can do as he pleases; but *I* would not advise him to make the loan. I once heard my father scout at the idea of taking security on property a thousand miles away. I would not wound Mr. Preston's feelings, but—his wife's extravagance has led him into this difficulty, and her property should extricate him from it. Her town house, horses, and carriages should be sold. She ought to be made to feel some of the mortification she has brought upon him.'

Preston's face brightened; a new idea seemed to strike him. 'You are right. I will sell everything.' His face clouded again, as he continued: 'But I cannot realize soon enough. Your husband needs money at once.'

'Never mind me; I can take care of myself. But what is this trouble with Joe? Tell me, I will arrange it. Everything can go on smoothly again.'

'It cannot be arranged. There can be no reconciliation between us.'

'What prevents? Who is at fault—you, or he?'

'I am. He will never forgive me!'

'Forgive you! I can't imagine what you have done, that admits of no forgiveness.'

He rose, and walked the room for a while in gloomy silence, then said:

'I will tell you. It is right you should know. You *both* should know the sort of man you have esteemed and befriended for so many years;' and, resuming his seat, he related the following occurrences:

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'Everything went on as usual at the plantation, till some months after Rosey's marriage to Ally. Then a child was born to them. It was white. Rosey refused to reveal its father, but it was evidently not her husband. Ally, being a proud, high-spirited fellow, took the thing terribly to heart. He refused to live with his wife, or even to see her. I tried to reconcile them, but without success. Old Dinah, who had previously doted on Rosey, turned about, and began to beat and abuse her cruelly. To keep the child out of the old woman's way, I took her into the house, and she remained there till about two months ago. Then, one day, Larkin, the trader, of whom you bought Phylly and the children, came to me, wanting a woman house-servant. I was pressed for money, and I offered him—a thing I never did before—two or three of my family slaves. They did not suit, but he said Rosey would, and proposed to buy her and the child. I refused. He offered me fifteen hundred dollars for them, but I still refused. Then he told me that he had spoken to the girl, and she wished him to buy her. I doubted it, and said so; but he called Rosey to us, and she confirmed it, and, in an excited way, told me she would run away, or drown herself, if I did not sell her. She said she could live no longer on the same plantation with Ally. I told her I would send Ally away; but she replied: 'No; I am tired of this place. I have suffered so much here, I want to get away. I *shall* go; whether alive or dead, is for *you* to say.' I saw she was in earnest; I was hard pressed for money; Larkin promised to get her a kind master, and—I sold her.'

'Sold her! My God! Preston, she was your own child!'

'I know it,' he replied, burying his face in his hands. 'The curse of GOD was on it; it has been on me for years.' After a few moments, he added: 'But hear the rest, and *you* will curse me, too.'

Overcome with emotion, he groaned audibly. I said nothing, and a pause of some minutes ensued. Then, in a choked, broken voice, he continued:

'The rosin transaction had been gone into. I had used up what blank indorsements I had. Needing more, and wanting to consult with Joe about selling the rosin, I went to Mobile. It was five weeks ago. I arrived there about dark, and put up at the Battle House. Joe had boarded there. I was told he had left, and gone to housekeeping. A negro conducted me to a small house in the outskirts of the town. He said Joe lived there. Wishing to surprise him, I went in without knocking. The house had two parlors, separated by folding doors. In the back one a young woman was clearing away the tea things; in the front one, Joe was seated by the fire, with a young child on his knee. I put my hand on his shoulder, and said: 'Joe, whose child have you here?' He looked up, and laughingly said: 'Why, father, you ought to know; you've seen it before!' I looked closely at it—it was Rosey's! I said so. 'Yes, father,' he replied; 'and there's Rosey herself. Larkin promised she should have a kind master, and—he kept his word.' The truth flashed upon me—the child was his! My only son had seduced his *own sister*! I staggered back in horror. I told him who Rosey was, and then—no words can express the intense agony depicted on his face as he said this—'then he cursed me! O my God! HE CURSED ME!'

I pitied him, I could but pity him; and I said:

'Do not be so cast down, my friend. I once heard you say: 'The Lord is good. His mercy is everlasting!''

'But he cannot have mercy on some!' he cried. '*My* sins have been too great; they cannot be blotted out. I embittered the life of my wife; I have driven my daughter from her home; sold my own child; made my generous, noble-hearted boy do a horrible crime—a crime that will haunt him forever. Oh! the curse of God is on me. My misery is greater than I can bear.'

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'No, my friend; God curses none of his creatures. You have reaped what you have sown, that is all; but you have suffered enough. Better things, believe me, are in store for you.'

'No, no; everything is gone—wife, children, all! I am alone—the past, nothing but remorse; the future, ruin and dishonor!'

'But Selly is left you. *She* will always love you.'

'No, no! Even Selly would curse me, if she knew *all*!'

No one spoke for a full half hour, and he continued pacing up and down the room. When, at last, he seated himself, more composed, I asked:

'What became of Rosey and the child?'

'I do not know. I was shut in my room for several days. When I got out, I was told Joe had freed her, and she had disappeared, no one knew whither. I tried every means to trace her, but could not. At the end of a week, I went home, what you see me—a broken-hearted man.'

The next morning, despite our urgent entreaties, he returned to the South.

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The twenty days were expiring. By hard struggling I had met my liabilities, but the last day—the crisis—was approaching. Thirty thousand dollars of our acceptances had accumulated together, and were maturing on that day. When I went home, on the preceding night, we had only nineteen thousand in bank. I had exhausted all our receivables. Where the eleven thousand was to come from, I did not know. Only one resource seemed left me—the hypothecation of produce; and a resort to that, at that time, before warehouse receipts became legitimate securities, would be ruinous to our credit. My position was a terrible one. No one not a merchant can appreciate or realize it. With thousands upon thousands of assets, the accumulations of years, my standing among merchants, and, what I valued more than all, my untarnished credit, were in jeopardy for the want of a paltry sum.

I went home that night with a heavy heart; but Kate's hopeful words encouraged me. With her and the children left to me, I need not care for the rest; all might go, and I could commence again at the bottom of the hill. The next morning I walked down town with a firm spirit, ready to meet disaster like a man. The letters by the early mail were on my desk. I opened them one after another, hurriedly, eagerly. There were no remittances! I had expected at least five thousand dollars. For a moment my courage failed me. I rose, and paced the room, and thoughts like these passed through my mind: 'The last alternative has come. Pride must give way to duty. I must hypothecate produce, and protect my correspondents. I must sacrifice myself to save my friends!'

'But here are two letters I have thrown aside. They are addressed to me personally. Mere letters of friendship! What is friendship, at a time like this?—friendship without money! Pshaw! I wouldn't give a fig for all the friends in the world!'

Mechanically I opened one of them. An enclosure dropped to the floor. Without pausing to pick it up, I read:

'DEAR FATHER: Mother writes me you are hard pressed. Sell my U. S. stock—it will realize over seven thousand. It is yours. Enclosed is Cragin's certified check for ten thousand. If you need more, draw on *him*, at sight, for any amount. He says he will stand by you to the death.

'Love to mother.

FRANK.'

'P. S.—Fire away, old fellow! Hallet is ugly, but I'll go my pile on you, spite of the devil.

CRAGIN.'

'SAVED! saved by my wife and child!' I leaned my head on my desk. When I rose, there were tears upon it.

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It wanted some minutes of ten, but I was nervously impatient to blot out those terrible acceptances. I should then be safe; I should then breathe freely. As I passed out of my private office, I opened the other letter. It was from Preston. Pausing a moment, I read it:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I enclose you sight check of Branch Bank of Cape Fear on

Bank of Republic, for \$10,820. Apply what is needed to pay my account; the rest hold subject to my drafts.

'I have sold my town house, furniture, horses, etc., and the proceeds will pay my home debts. I shall therefore not need to draw the balance for, say, sixty days. God bless you!'

'Well, the age of miracles is *not* passed! How *did* he raise the money?'

Stepping back into the private office, I called my partner:

'Draw checks for all the acceptances due to-day; get them certified, and take up the bills at once. Don't let the grass grow under your feet. I shall be away the rest of the day, and I want to see them before I go. Here is a draft from Preston; it will make our account good.'

He looked at it, and, laughing, said:

'Yes, and leave about fifty dollars in bank.'

'Well, never mind; we are out of the woods.'

When he had gone, I sat down, and wrote the following letter:

'MY DEAR FRANK: I return Cragin's check, with many thanks. I have not sold your stock. My legitimate resources have carried me through.

'I need not say, my boy, that I feel what you would have done for me. Words are not needed between *us*.

'Tell Cragin that I consider him a trump—the very ace of hearts.

'Your mother and I will see you in a few days.'

In half an hour, with the two letters in my pocket, I was on my way home. Handing them to Kate, I took her in my arms; and, as I brushed the still bright, golden hair from her broad forehead, I felt I was the richest man living.

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Within the same week I went to Boston. I arrived just after dark; and then occurred the events narrated in the first chapter.

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## WAR.

[J. G. PERCIVAL.]

For war is now upon their shores,  
And we must meet the foe,  
Must go where battle's thunder roars,  
And brave men slumber low;  
Go, where the sleep of death comes on  
The proudest hearts, who dare  
To grasp the wreath by valor won,  
And glory's banquet share.

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## A CHAPTER ON WONDERS.

'Obstupui! steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.'

There is a certain portion of mankind ever on the alert to see or hear some wonderful thing; whose minds are attuned to a marvellous key, and vibrate with extreme sensitiveness to the slightest touch; whose vital fluid is the air of romance, and whose algebraic symbol is a mark of exclamation! This sentiment, existing in some persons to a greater degree than in others, is often fostered by education and association, so as to become the all-engrossing passion. Children, of course, begin to wonder as soon as their eyes are opened upon the strange scenes of their future operations. The first thing usually done to develop their dawning intellect, is to display before them such objects as are best calculated to arrest their attention, and keep them in a continual state of excitement. This course is succeeded by a supply of all sorts of *toys*, to gratify the passion of novelty. These are followed by wonderful stories, and books of every variety of absurd impossibilities;—which system of development is, it would seem, entirely based upon the presumption, that the faculty of admiration must be expanded, in order that the young idea may best learn how to *shoot*. It is therefore quite natural, that—the predisposition granted—a faculty of the mind so auspiciously nurtured under the influence of exaggeration should mature in a

corresponding degree.

Thus we have in our midst a class, into whose mental economy the faculty of *wonder* is so thoroughly infused, that it has inoculated the entire system, and forms an inherent, inexplicable, and almost elementary part of it. These persons sail about in their pleasure yachts, on roving expeditions, under a pretended '*right of search*,' armed to the teeth, and boarding all sorts of crafts to obtain plunder for their favorite gratification. They are most uneasy and uncomfortable companions, having no ear for commonplace subjects of conversation, and no eye for ordinary objects of sight.

When such persons approach each other, they are mutually attracted, like two bodies charged with different kinds of electricity—an interchange of commodities takes place, repulsion follows, and thus reënforced, they separate to diffuse the supply of wonders collected.

By this centripetal and centrifugal process, the social atmosphere is subjected to a continual state of agitation. *Language* is altogether too tame to give full effect to their meaning, and all the varieties of *dumb show*, of *gesticulation*, *shrugs*, and wise shakes of the head, are called into requisition, to effectually and unmistakably express their ideas. The usages of good society are regarded by them as a great restraint upon their besetting propensity to expatiate in phrases of grandiloquence, and to magnify objects of trivial importance. They are always sure to initiate topics which will afford scope for admiration; they delight to enlarge upon the unprecedented growth of cities, villages, and towns; upon the comparative prices of 'corner lots' at different periods; and to calculate how rich they *might* have been, had they only known as much *then* as *now*.

They experience a gratification when a rich man dies, that the wonder will now be solved as to the amount of his property; and when a man fails in business, that it is *now* made clear—what has so long perplexed them—'*how he managed to live so extravagantly!*' See them at an agricultural fair, and they will be found examining the 'mammoth squashes' and various products of prodigious growth—or they will install themselves as self-appointed exhibiter of the 'Fat Baby,' to inform the incredulous how much it weighs! See them at a conflagration, and they wonder what was the *cause* of the fire, and *how far* it will extend?

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They long to travel, that they may visit 'mammoth caves' and 'Giant's Causeways.' We talk of the 'Seven Wonders of the World,' while to them there is a successive series for every day in the year—putting to the blush our meagre stock of monstrosities—making 'Ossa like a wart.' Nothing gratifies them more than the issuing from the press of an anonymous work, that they may exert their ingenuity in endeavoring to discover the author; and, when called on for information on the subject, prove conclusively to every one but themselves, that they know nothing whatever about the matter.

The ocean is to them only wonderful as the abode of 'Leviathans,' and 'Sea Serpents,' 'Krakens,' and 'Mermaids'—abounding in 'Mäelstroms' and *sunken* islands, and traversed by 'Phantom Ships' and 'Flying Dutchmen' in perpetual search for some 'lost Atlantis;'—all well-attested incredibilities, certified to by the 'affidavits of respectable eye-witnesses,' and, we might add, by 'intelligent contrabands,'—and all in strict conformity with the convenient aphorism '*Credo quia impossibile est.*' They are ever ready to bestow their amazement upon a fresh miracle as soon as the present has had its day—like the man who, being landed at some distance by the explosion of a juggler's pyrotechnics, rubbed his eyes open, and exclaimed, '*I wonder what the fellow will do next!*'

If a steamboat explodes her boiler, or the walls of a factory fall, burying hundreds in the ruins, their hearts—rendered callous by the constant stream of cold air pouring in through their *ever-open mouths*—are not shocked at the calamity, but they wonder if it was *insured!*

The increase of population in this country affords a most prolific and inexhaustible fund for statistical astonishment, as an interlude to the entertainment, while something more appalling is being prepared.

The portentous omens so often relied on by the credulous believers in signs, have so frequently proved 'dead failures,' that one would suppose these votaries would at length become disheartened. But this seems not to be the case—like a quack doctor when his patient dies, their audacity is equal to any emergency, and, with the elasticity of india rubber, they come out of a 'tight squeeze' with undiminished rotundity. With *stupid* amazement, hair all erect, and ears likewise, they pass through life as through a museum, ready to exclaim with Dominie Sampson at all *they* cannot understand, 'Pro—di—gi—ous!'

It matters little, perhaps, in what form this principle is exhibited, while it exists and flourishes in undiminished exuberance. Thus says Glendower:

'At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hotspur.* Why so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.'

Glendower naturally enough flouts this rather impertinent comment, and 'repeats the story of his birth' with still greater improvements, till Hotspur gives him a piece of advice which will do for his whole race of the present day, viz., 'tell the truth, and shame the devil.'

The English people of this generation are rather more phlegmatic than their explosive neighbors across the channel, and neither the injustice of black slavery abroad, nor the starvation of *white* slaves at home, can shake them from their lop-sided neutrality, *so long as money goes into their pocket*. The excitable French, on the contrary, require an occasional *coup d'état* to arouse their conjectures as to the next imperial experiment in the art of international diplomacy.

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The press of the day teems with all sorts of provisions to satisfy the cravings of a depraved imagination, and even the most sedate of our daily papers are not above employing 'double-leaded Sensations,' and 'display Heads' as a part of their ordinary stock in trade; while from the hebdomadals, 'Thrilling Tales,' 'Awful Disclosures,' and 'Startling Discoveries,' succeed each other with truly fearful rapidity. Thus he who wastes the midnight kerosene, and spoils his weary eyes in poring over the pages of trashy productions, so well designed to murder sleep, may truly say with Macbeth, 'I have supp'd full with horrors.'

It is certainly remarkable (as an indication of the pleasure the multitude take in voluntarily perplexing themselves), how eagerly they enter into all sorts of contrivances which conduce to bewilderment and doubt. In 'Hampton Court' there is a famous enclosure called the '*Maze*,' so arranged with hedged alleys as to form a perfect labyrinth. To this place throngs of persons are constantly repairing, to enjoy the luxury of losing themselves, and of seeing others in the same predicament.

Some persons become so impatient of the constant demand upon their admiration, that they resist whatever seems to lead in that direction. Washington Irving said he 'never liked to walk with his host over the latter's ground'—a feeling which many will at once acknowledge having experienced. A celebrated English traveller was so annoyed by the urgent invitations of the Philadelphians to visit the Fairmount Water Works, that he resolved *not* to visit them, so that he might have the characteristic satisfaction of recording the ill-natured fact.

'Swift mentions a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end.'

The instances here quoted are, to be sure, carrying out the '*Nil admirari*' principle rather to extremes, and are not recommended for general observance. The most remarkable and prominent wonders in the natural world seldom meet the expectation of the beholder, because he looks to experience a new sensation, and is disappointed; and so with works of art, as St. Peter's at Rome—

—'its grandeur overwhelms thee not,  
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal.'

*Wonder* is defined as 'the effect of novelty upon ignorance.' Most objects which excite wonder are magnified by the distance or the point of view, and their proportions diminish and shrink as we approach them. It is a saying as old as Horace, 'ignotum pro magnifico est': we cease to wonder at what we understand. Seneca says that those whose habits are temperate are satisfied with fountain water, which is cold enough for them; while those who have lived high and luxuriously, require the use of *ice*. Thus a well-disciplined mind adjusts itself to whatever events may occur, and not being likely to lose its equanimity upon ordinary occasions, is equally well prepared for more serious results.

'Let us never wonder,' again saith Seneca, 'at anything we are born to; for no man has reason to complain where we are all in the same condition.' But notwithstanding all the precepts of philosophers, the advice of all men of sense, and the best examples for our guides, we go on, with eyes dilated and minds wide open, to see, hear, and receive impressions through distorted mediums, leading to wrong conclusions and endless mistakes.

'Wonders will never cease!' Of course they will not, so long as there are so many persons engaged in providing the aliment for their sustenance; so long as the demand exceeds the supply; so long as mankind are more disposed to listen to exaggeration rather than to simple truths, and so long as they shall tolerate the race of *wonder-mongers*, giving them 'aid and comfort,' regardless of their being enemies of our peace, and the pests of our social community.

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## THE RETURN.

July,—what is the news they tell?  
A battle won: our eyes are dim,  
And sad forbodings press the heart  
Anxious, awaiting news from him.  
Hour drags on hour: fond heart, be still,  
Shall evil tidings break the spell?

A word at last!—they found him dead;  
He fought in the advance, and fell.

Oh aloes of affliction poured  
Into the wine cup of the soul!  
Oh bitterness of anguish stored  
To fill our grief beyond control!  
At last he comes, awaited long,  
Not to home welcomes warm and loud,  
Not to the voice of mirth and song,  
Pale featured, cold, beneath a shroud.

Oh from the morrow of our lives  
A glowing hope has stolen away,  
A something from the sun has fled,  
That dims the glory of the day.  
More earnestly we look beyond  
The present life to that to be;  
Another influence draws the soul  
To long for that futurity.

Pardon if anguished souls refrain  
Too little, grieving for the lost,  
From thinking dearly bought the gain  
Of victory at such fearful cost.  
Teach us as dearest gain to prize  
The glory crown he early won;  
Forever shall his requiem rise:  
Rest thee in peace, thy duty done.

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## THE UNION.

### VI.

#### VIRGINIA AND PENNSYLVANIA COMPARED.

Virginia was a considerable colony, when Pennsylvania was occupied only by Indian tribes. In 1790, Virginia was first in rank of all the States, her number of inhabitants being 748,308. (Census Rep., 120,121.) Pennsylvania then ranked the second, numbering 434,373 persons. (Ib.) In 1860 the population of Virginia was 1,596,318, ranking the fifth; Pennsylvania still remaining the second, and numbering 2,905,115. (Ib.) In 1790 the population of Virginia exceeded that of Pennsylvania 313,925; in 1860 the excess in favor of Pennsylvania was 1,308,797. The ratio of increase of population of Virginia from 1790 to 1860 was 113.32 per cent., and of Pennsylvania in the same period, 569.03. At the same relative ratio of increase for the next seventy years, Virginia would contain a population of 3,405,265 in 1930; and Pennsylvania 19,443,934, exceeding that of England. Such has been and would continue to be the effect of slavery in retarding the progress of Virginia, and such the influence of freedom in the rapid advance of Pennsylvania. Indeed, with the maintenance and perpetuity of the Union in all its integrity, the destiny of Pennsylvania will surpass the most sanguine expectations.

The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02; whilst that of Pennsylvania in 1790 was 9.44, and in 1860, 63.18. (Ib.) The absolute increase of the population of Virginia per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 13.83, and from 1850 to 1860, 2.85; whilst that of Pennsylvania from 1790 to 1860, was 53.74, and from 1850 to 1860, 12.93. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and of Pennsylvania, 46,000, the difference being 15,352 square miles, which is greater, by 758 square miles, than the aggregate area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware, containing in 1860 a population of 1,803,429. (Ib.) Retaining their respective ratios of increase per square mile from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, that of Virginia in 1860 would have been 1,196,920, and of Pennsylvania 3,876,119. Reversing the numbers of each State in 1790, the ratio of increase in each remaining the same, the population of Pennsylvania in 1860 would have been 5,408,424, and that of Virginia, 926,603. Reversing both the areas and numbers in 1790, and the population of Pennsylvania would have exceeded that of Virginia in 1860 more than six millions.

SHORE LINE.—By the Tables of the Coast Survey, the shore line of Virginia is 1,571 miles, and of Pennsylvania only 60 miles. This vastly superior coast line of Virginia, with better, deeper, more capacious, and much more numerous harbors, unobstructed by ice, and with easy access for so many hundred miles by navigable bays and tide-water rivers leading so far into the interior, give to Virginia great advantages over Pennsylvania in commerce and every branch of industry. Indeed, in this respect, Virginia stands unrivalled in the Union. The hydraulic power of Virginia greatly exceeds that of Pennsylvania.



MINES.—Pennsylvania excels every other State in mineral wealth, but Virginia comes next.

SOIL.—In natural fertility of soil, the two States are about equal; but the seasons in Virginia are more favorable, both for crops and stock, than in Pennsylvania. Virginia has all the agricultural products of Pennsylvania, with cotton in addition. The area, however, of Virginia (39,265,280 acres) being greater by 9,825,280 acres than that of Pennsylvania (29,440,000 acres), gives to Virginia vast advantages.

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In her greater area, her far superior coast line, harbors, rivers, and hydraulic power, her longer and better seasons for crops and stock, and greater variety of products, Virginia has vast natural advantages, and with nearly double the population of Pennsylvania in 1790. And yet, where has slavery placed Virginia? Pennsylvania exceeds her now in numbers 1,308,797, and increased in population, from 1790 to 1860, in a ratio more than five to one. Such is the terrible contrast between free and slave institutions!

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables (1860) 33 and 36, it appears (omitting commerce) that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in Pennsylvania, of the value of \$398,600,000, or \$137 per capita; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000 or \$75 per capita. This shows a total value of product in Pennsylvania much more than three times that of Virginia, and, per capita, nearly two to one. That is, the average value of the product of the labor of each person in Pennsylvania, is nearly double that of each person, including slaves, in Virginia. Thus is proved the vast superiority of free over slave labor, and the immense national loss occasioned by the substitution of the latter for the former.

As to the rate of increase; the value of the products of Virginia in 1850 was \$84,480,428 (Table 9), and in Pennsylvania, \$229,567,131, showing an increase in Virginia, from 1850 to 1860, of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent.; and in Pennsylvania, \$169,032,869, being 50 per cent.; exhibiting a difference of 9 per cent. in favor of Pennsylvania. By the Census Table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, the true value then of the real and personal property was, in Pennsylvania, \$1,416,501,818, and of Virginia, \$793,249,681. Now, we have seen, the value of the products in Pennsylvania in 1860 was \$398,600,000, and in Virginia, \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of Pennsylvania was 28.13 per cent., and of Virginia, 15.13 per cent. By Census Table 35, the total value of the real and personal property of Pennsylvania was \$722,486,120 in 1850, and \$1,416,501,818 in 1860, showing an increase, in that decade, of \$694,015,698, being 96.05 per cent.; and in Virginia, \$430,701,082 in 1850, and \$793,249,681 in 1860, showing an increase of \$362,548,599, or 84.17 per cent.

By Table 36, p. 196, Census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,092,211, being \$11.91 per acre; and of Pennsylvania, \$662,050,707, being \$38.91 per acre. Now, by this table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of Pennsylvania was 17,012,153 acres, and in Virginia, 31,014,950; the difference of value per acre being \$27, or largely more than three to one in favor of Pennsylvania. Now, if we multiply the farm lands of Virginia by the Pennsylvania value per acre, it would make the total value of the farm lands of Virginia \$1,204,791,804; and the *additional* value, caused by emancipation, \$835,699,593, which is more, by \$688,440,093, than the value of all the slaves of Virginia. But the whole area of Virginia is 39,265,280 acres, deducting from which the farm lands, there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, if (as would be in the absence of slavery,) the population per square mile of Virginia equalled that of Pennsylvania, three fifths of these lands would have been occupied as farms, viz., 4,950,198, which, at the Pennsylvania value per acre, would have been worth \$188,207,524. Deduct from this their present average value of \$2 per acre, \$9,800,396, and the remainder, \$178,407,128, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, and the result is \$1,014,106,721 as the gain, on this basis, of Virginia in the value of her lands, by emancipation. To these we should add the increased value of town and city lots and improvements, and of personal property, and, with emancipation, Virginia would now have an augmented wealth of at least one billion and a half of dollars.

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The earnings of commerce are not given in the Census Tables, which would vastly increase the difference in the value of their annual products in favor of Pennsylvania as compared with Virginia. These earnings include all not embraced under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, and fisheries. Let us examine some of these statistics.

RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroads in operation in Pennsylvania in 1860, including city roads, was 2,690.49 miles, costing \$147,283,410; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census Table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230, 232.) The annual value of the freight carried on these roads is estimated at \$200,000,000 more in Pennsylvania than in Virginia, and the passenger account would still more increase the disparity.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 1,259, and their cost, \$42,015,000. In Virginia the number of miles was 178, and the cost, \$7,817,000. (Census Table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the Pennsylvania canals is ten times that of the freight on the Virginia canals.

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 21,615 tons, and in Virginia, 4,372. (Census, p. 107.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 90; capital, \$25,565,582; loans, \$50,327,127; specie, \$8,378,474; circulation, 13,132,892; deposits, \$26,167,143:—and in Virginia

the number was 65; capital, \$16,005,156; loans, \$24,975,792; specie, \$2,943,652; circulation, \$9,812,197; deposits, \$7,729,652. (Census Table 35, p. 193.)

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from Pennsylvania, for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, and foreign imports, were of the value of \$20,262,608. The clearances, same year, from Pennsylvania, and entries were 336,848 tons. In Virginia the exports the same year, and foreign imports were of the value of \$7,184,273; clearances and entries, 178,143 tons, (Table 14, Register of U.S. Treasury.) Revenue from customs, same year, in Pennsylvania, \$2,552,924, and in Virginia, \$189,816; or more than twelve to one in favor of Pennsylvania. (Tables U.S. Commissioner of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State; but the railway and canal transportation of both States shows a difference of ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania. And yet, Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than Pennsylvania for commerce, foreign and internal, her shore line up to head of tide-water being 1,571 miles, and Pennsylvania only 60 miles.

We have seen that, exclusive of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania in 1860 were of the value of \$398,600,000, or \$137 per capita; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000, or \$75 per capita. But, if we add the earnings of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania must have exceeded those of Virginia much more than four to one, and have reached, per capita, nearly three to one. What but slavery could have produced such amazing results? Indeed, when we see the same effects in *all* the Free States as compared with *all* the Slave States, and in *any* of the Slave States, as compared with *any* of the Free States, the uniformity of results establishes the law beyond all controversy, that slavery retards immensely the progress of wealth and population.

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That the Tariff has produced none of these results, is shown by the fact that the agriculture and commerce of Pennsylvania vastly exceed those of Virginia, and yet these are the interests supposed to be most injuriously affected by high tariffs. But there is still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the Census, the percentage of increase of Pennsylvania over Virginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by Table 1 of the Census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows:

From 1790 to 1800	7.63 per cent.
" 1800 " 1810	10.73 "
" 1810 " 1820	9.31 "
" 1820 " 1830	13.71 "
" 1830 " 1840	2.34 "
" 1840 " 1850	14.60 "
" 1850 " 1860	12.29 "

The increase of population in Pennsylvania was:

From 1790 to 1800	38.67 per cent.
" 1800 " 1810	4.49 "
" 1810 " 1820	29.55 "
" 1820 " 1830	28.47 "
" 1830 " 1840	27.87 "
" 1840 " 1850	34.09 "
" 1850 " 1860	25.71 "

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318; in 1820, 1,065,129, and in 1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of Pennsylvania was 434,373; in 1820, 1,348,233, and in 1860, 2,906,115. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of Pennsylvania, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the tariff had no influence in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with Pennsylvania.

Having shown how much the material progress of Virginia has been retarded by slavery, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 367, of which 277 were political, 43 religious, 25 literary, 22 miscellaneous; and the total number of copies circulated in 1860 was 116,094,480. (Census Tables, Nos. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 139, of which 117 were political, 13 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568, being much less than one fourth that of Pennsylvania. The number of copies of monthly periodicals circulated in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 464,684; and in Virginia, 43,900; or much more than ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the Census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or printed. The number of public schools in Pennsylvania in 1850 was 9,061; teachers, 10,024; pupils, 413,706; colleges, academies, &c., pupils, 26,142; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 504,610; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 51,283; public libraries, 393; volumes, 363,400; value of churches, \$11,853,291; percentage of native free, population (adults) who cannot read or write, 4.56. (Comp. Census of 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937; teachers, 3,005; pupils, 67,438;

colleges, academies, &c., pupils, 10,326; attending school, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868; public libraries, 54; volumes, 88,462; value of churches, \$2,902,220; percentage of native free adults of Virginia who cannot read or write, 19.90. (Comp. Census of 1850.) Thus, the church and educational statistics of Pennsylvania, and especially of free adults who cannot read or write, is as five to one nearly in favor of Pennsylvania. When we recollect that nearly one third of the population of Pennsylvania are of the great German race, and speak the noble German language, to which they are greatly attached, and hence the difficulty of introducing common *English* public schools in the State, the advantage, in this respect, of Pennsylvania over Virginia is most extraordinary.

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These official statistics enable me, then, again to say that slavery is hostile to the progress of *wealth and education, to science and literature, to schools, colleges, and universities, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the PRESS, and therefore to FREE GOVERNMENT;* hostile to the *poor*; keeping them in *want and ignorance*; hostile to LABOR, reducing it to *servitude* and decreasing *two thirds* the value of its products; hostile to *morals*, repudiating among slaves the *marital* and *parental* condition, classifying them by law as CHATTELS, *darkening* the *immortal soul*, and making it a *crime* to teach millions of *human beings* to *read or write*.

And yet, there are desperate leaders of the Peace party of Pennsylvania, desecrating the name of *Democrats*, but, in fact, Tories and traitors, who would separate that glorious old commonwealth from the North, and bid her sue in abject humiliation for admission as one of the Slave States of the rebel confederacy. Shades of Penn and Franklin, and of the thousands of martyred patriots of Pennsylvania who have fallen in defence of the Union from 1776 to 1863, forbid the terrible degradation.

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## DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

Sultry and wearisome the day had been in that Tennessee valley, and after drill, we had laid around under the trees—tall, noble trees they were—and the fresh grass was green and soft under them as on the old 'Campus,' and we had been smoking and talking over a wide, wide range of subjects, from deep Carlyleism—of which Carlyle doubtless never heard—to the significance of the day's orders. It was not an inharmonious picture—Camp Alabama, so we had named it—for it was with a 'here we rest' feeling that a dozen days before we had marched in at noon. The ground sloped to the eastward—a single winding road of yellow sand crept over the slope into the horizon, a mile or more away; north, a hill rose with some abruptness; south and west, a grove of wonderful beauty skirted the valley. A single building—an old but large log farmhouse—stood near the tent, whose fluttering banner indicated headquarters. This old house was well filled with commissary stores, and, following that incomprehensible Tennessee policy, four companies of our regiment, the twenty-third, had been detached to guard them under Major Fanning—'a noble soldier he, but all untried.' We had never yet seen active service, and our tents were still white and unstained. The ground had been once the lawn of the deserted house—in the long ago probably the home of a planter of some pretension; and, as we lay there under the trees watching the boys over the fires, kindled for their evening meal, the blue smoke curling up among the trees, it made, as I have said, a most harmonious picture.

That fair June evening! I can never forget it, and I wish I were an artist that I could show you the sloping valley, the white tents, flushing like a girl's cheek to the good-night kisses of the sun, the curling smoke wreaths, and far, far above the amethystine heaven, from which floated over all a dim purple tint. I was the youngest commissioned officer in the regiment, having been promoted to a vacancy a week or two before through Major Fanning's influence.

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We were all invited that evening to supper with our commanding officer and his wife—who had been with him for a few days. A fresh breeze stirred the trees at sunset, and, after slight attention to our toilette, we dropped by twos and threes into the neighborhood of the major's tent. A little back from the rows of other tents, a few fine oaks made a temple in front, worthy even of its presiding genius, Grace Fanning—but I am *not* going to rhapsodize. She was a fair, modest, young thing, with the girl rose yet fresh on her wife's cheek. I had known her from childhood; very nearly of the same age, and the children of neighbors, we had been inseparable; of course in my first college vacation, finding her grown tall and womanly, I had entertained for her a devoted boyish passion, and had gone from her presence, one August night, mad with rejection, and wild with what I called despair. But *that* passed, and we had been good friends ever since—she the confidential one, to whom I related my varied college love affairs, listening ever with a tender, genial sympathy. I had no sister, and Grace Jones (I am sorry, but her name was Jones) was dear to me as one. Two years of professional study had kept me away from my village home, and a few words came once in a long while, in my mother's letters 'to assure me of Grace's remembrance and regard.' A little of the elder sister's advising tone amused my one and twenty years and my incipient moustache amazingly; and I resolved, when I saw her, to convince her of my dignity—to patronize her. But the notes that called me home were too clarion-like for a relapse into puppyism. My country spoke my name, and I arose a man, and 'put away childish things.' I came home to say farewell. A regiment was forming there, I enlisted, and a few days before our departure, I stood in the village church, looking and listening while Grace promised eternal fidelity to Harry Fanning. I was a stranger to him. He had come to Danville after my

departure, winning from all golden opinions, and from Grace a woman's priceless heart. She gave him freely to his country, and denied not her hand to his parting prayer. I had had time only to say farewell to her, and the old footing had not been restored, but I *think* she spoke to the major of me, for he soon sought me, giving me genial friendship and sympathy, and procuring for me, as I have related, my commission. I had seen her but once since she came to Camp Alabama, and she gave me warm and kindly welcome as I came in, the last of the group, having found in my tent some unexpected employment. Being a soldier, I shall not shock my fair readers if I confess that it was—buttons. Ah! me, I am frivolous. But I linger in the spirit of that happy hour. Grace's chair was shaded by a gracefully draped flag; the major stood near her, his love for her as visible in his eye as his cordial kindness for us. To me, in honor of my 'juniority,' as Mrs. Fanning said, was assigned a place near her. The others had choice between campstools and blankets on the grass. And the oddest but most respectable of contrabands served us soon with our supper, so homelike that we suspected 'Mrs. Major's' fair hands of interference.

It was a happy evening. Merry laughter at our camp stories rang silverly from her fair lips. Or we listened eagerly to her as she told us of the homes we had left, and the bonny maidens there, sobered since our departure into patriotic industry. Stories of touching self-denial, with a wholesome pathos, and sometimes from her dainty musical talk she dropped, pebble-like, a name, as 'Fanny,' 'Carry,' 'Maggie,' and responsive blushes rippled up over sunburned, honest faces, and a soft mist brightened for a second resolute eyes. Presently the band—a part only of the regiment's—began to play soft, well-known tunes. Through a few marches and national airs, I looked and listened as a year before, in the village church at home. And as the 'Star-Spangled Banner' rose inspiringly, I felt the coincidence strangely, and could scarcely say which scene was real: the church aisle and the bridal party, in white robes and favors, with mellow organ-tones rising in patriotic strains concerning the 'dear old flag,' or the group under the oaks; the young wife in her gray travelling dress, and the uniformed figures gathered around her; the moon-rise over the hill, lighting softly the drooping flag, the major's dark hair, and Mrs. Fanning's sunny braids, the wild notes of the same beloved melody overswelling all. But voices near aroused me, and we joined in the chorus, and in the following tune, 'Sweet Home,' the usual finale of our evening programme. Then, as the tones died, Grace lifted her voice and sang with sweet, pure soprano tones, an old-time ballad of love and parting and reunion.

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We had a wild little battle song in 'Our Mess,' written by Charlie Marsh, our fair-haired boy-poet soldier, speaking of home, and the country's need, and victory, and possible deaths in ringing notes. We sang it there in the light of the slowly rising moon. The chorus was like this:

'Our country's foe before us,  
Our country's banner o'er us,  
Our country to deplore us,  
These are a soldier's needs.'

As we closed, Grace caught the strain, and with soft, birdlike notes sang:

'Your country's flag above you,  
Your country's true hearts love you—  
So let your country move you  
To brave, undying deeds.'

More songs followed, and happy words of cheer in distress, of self-consecration, of past and future victory; but Major Fanning was unusually silent. Hardly sad, for he flung into our conversation occasional cheerful words; but gravely quiet, his dark eye following every motion of his fair young wife. Finally we called on Captain Carter, our 'oldest man,' a grave bachelor of forty-five, and to our surprise, who knew him harsh and sometimes profane, he sang, with a voice not faultless, but soft and expressive, that exquisite health of Campbell's:

'Drink ye to her that each loves best,  
And if you nurse a flame  
That's told but to her mutual breast,  
We will not ask her name.

'And far, far hence be jest or boast,  
From hallowed thoughts so dear;  
But drink to her that each loves most,  
As she would love to hear.'

Then silence for a little space; and the moonlight full and fair in soldiers' faces, young and old, but all firm and true, and fair and full on Grace Fanning's fresh, young brow. Then 'good-nights,' mingled with expressions of enjoyment, and plans for the morrow. I left them last.

'I am glad you are here, Robert,' said the major; 'Grace would not be all alone, even if I'—

Her white hand flashed to his lips, where a kiss met it, and laughingly we parted. A few rods away, I paused and turned. They stood there under the flag. Her bright head on his bosom, his arms about her, and the silver moonlight over all. Fair Grace Fanning! Have I named my story wrongly, pretty reader? I called it 'Camp Sketch,' and it reads too like a love story. 'Ah! gentle girl, seeking adventure in fiction, but shrinking really from even a cut finger, there is enough of battle even in my little story, though you slept peacefully and happily that fair June night, or waltzed yourself weary to the sound of the sea at the 'Ocean House.'

A few 'good nights' commendatory of our hostess and our evening greeted me as I sought my tent and made ready for sleep. I was very happy, no memory of our talk was sullied by coarse or unlovely thought; pure as herself had been our enjoyment of Mrs. Fanning's society, and I slept sweetly.

The long roll! None but those who have heard it when it means instant danger and possible death, can conceive the thrill with which I sprang from deep slumber, and made hasty preparation for action. Quick as I was, others had been before me, and I found the half-dressed men drawn up in battle line before the encampment. I took my place.

Behind us lay the camp, a wide, street-like space, fringed with a double row of tents—at its foot the old log mansion; near that, a little in front, but at one side, the flag of headquarters—this behind. Before us the major—the western wood, and the flashing sabres of a band of hostile cavalry. They came on heedless of the fast-emptying saddles, on, *on*, and more following from the wood, the moon in the mid heaven, clear like day.

A gallant charge—a firm repulse. Major Fanning's clear voice on the night air, rallying the men to attack the furious foe. They sweep their horses around to left, but calmly the major wheels his battalion, still unflanked; again those fierce steeds try the first point of attack; again we front them undaunted. In our turn, with lifted level bayonets we charge; the enemy falls back—a shout threads along our lines, changing suddenly into a wail, for, calling us on, our leader falls. Pitiless to his noble valor, a well-aimed carbine-shot lays him low. They lift him, some brave soldiers near; and, his young face bathed in blood, they bear him to his waiting bride; he opens his eyes, as he passes.

'Courage! victory! my boys!' he calls; then, seeing me: 'Go! tell her, Robert.'

I call my orderly to my place, and before they have pierced our lines with their beloved burden, I am at the tent door. She stands there waiting, a little pistol in her hand—a light wrapper about her, and her fair hair streaming over her shoulders. I look at her mutely; she knows there is something terrible for her, and while I seek words, her eye goes on, resting where down the moonlit trees they are bringing him. A moment, she is by his side, and tearless and white, her hand on his unanswering heart, she moves beside him. The soldiers lay their leader on the ground under his flag, and her imperious gesture sends them back to their places in the battle. And then she, sinking beside him, cries out:

'Oh, Robert! will he never speak to me again? Help him!'

My two years at lectures had not been passed in vain, and surgery had been my hobby. I knelt and strove to aid him. It was a cruel wound. I asked for bandages. She tore them from her garments wildly. I stilled the trickling crimson stream, and going into the tent, found some restoratives. I poured the wine down his throat, and, soon opening his eyes, he spoke:

'Grace!'

I stepped away—near enough for call, not near enough for intrusion. Looking at the lines of dark forms topped by the light glimmer of stray bayonets, I saw with dismay that our men were retreating before those heavy charges; in thick, dense masses they moved back, nearing us. I thought of our soldier chief, crushed under those wild hoofs; I thought of Grace, unprotected in her youth and widowed, desolate beauty, and sprang to her side, ready with my life for her.

The major saw it all, and, faint as he was, rose on his elbow, watching. Charge after charge, wild and impetuous, break the slowly retreating battalions. In vain I heard Carter's stern oaths (may the angel of tears forgive him!), and Charlie Marsh's boyish calls. The men are facing us. The enemy, cheering, and in the background huge torches flaming with pitch, are ready for incendiarism.

'Grace! Grace! *I must* rally them, let me go!' and I see Major Fanning straggling in her arms. I clasp him also.

'It is certain death,' I say to her, mad with fright and misery.

'And this is worse, worse, Grace; you might better kill me!' his voice was harsh—cruel even.

Suddenly she was gone, and I held him alone; catching his sword, she sprang like a flash of lightning into the open space before the log house, and, lifting the bare blade with naked, slender arm, its loose sleeve floating from her shoulder like a wing, she faced those panic-stricken men.

'For shame!' she cried; but her weak voice was lost; then, stern as the angel of death, she stepped forward.

'The first man that passes me shall die!' and she swung the flashing blade up, ready to fall. A moment's halt, and then, she spoke to them with wonderful strange words. I cannot recall them; with inspired eloquence she spoke, a slight, white-robed figure in the clear moonlight, and the rout was stayed, and they turned bravely to meet the foe. Then she came faint and weak to her husband's side again. He looked up with glad, eager eyes.

'Darling!'

Infinite love, soul-recognition, shone on both faces, and then blank unconsciousness crept over his. Firmly our boys met the charging steeds now. That moment had restored to them their

courage. Emptied saddles were frequent, but still fresh forces dashed from the wood. Is there no hope for us? Must we be overpowered? Is all this valor vain? Grace from her husband's side looks mutely up to heaven. I find my place among the men. Little hope remains. Some one calls 'retreat.' 'Just once more,' cries Charlie, and falls before us. But listen; above the battle din comes a new, an approaching sound from the eastward.

Along the yellow road pours swiftly a force of cavalry, behind the rumble of cannon almost flying over the ground, and high in air, reeling from the swift motion of its bearer's steed, the banner of the free. We are saved! A wild shout rings along our lines. Among the enemy, frightened consultation followed by flight; another second, and our friends are with us and beyond us in hot pursuit.

Brief question and answer told us of the friendly warning in the distant camp, the hasty march to aid us. The rest we saw. Then, 'A surgeon for Major Fanning.' The man of the green sash had not grown callous. There were tears in his eyes as he rose from his vain endeavors, saying only:

'I can do nothing here; I am needed elsewhere.'

Our young hero was dead!

They composed his limbs, laying him on a blanket under the trees, and Grace sat down beside him, tearless still, but pale as her dress, or the white hand lying cold over the soldier's pulseless heart.

'Robert, send them away,' she said to me, as sympathizing strangers pressed round; and they left us alone with the dead. I spoke at last the commonplaces of consolation, suggested and modified by the hour and my soldier feelings.

'Yes, Robert,' she answered, 'I gave him long ago. GOD will comfort me for my hero—in time. Do not speak to me just yet. Do not let any one come.'

The tears came now, and she wept bitterly, silently, under the starry banner, beside the dead. I heard the hum of many voices, and now and then a cry of pain, and knew they were all helping the sufferers. Then I turned to her again. Her streaming hair swept the ground, golden in the light. Her fair face was hidden on the cold dead face. And I dared not speak to her. Oh, that picture! Poor Grace Fanning! and the silver, silver moonlight over all.

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## POETRY AND POETICAL SELECTIONS.

'Oh, deem not in this world of strife,  
An idle art the Poet brings;  
Let high Philosophy control,  
And sages calm the stream of life;  
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.'

In the annals of literature, Poetry antedates Prose. Creation precedes Providence, not merely in the order of sequence, but what is usually called intellectual and physical grandeur. So in genius and taste, Poetry transcends prose. In the work of Creation the Almighty broke the awful stillness of Eternity, by His first creative fiat, and angels were the first-born of God. They took their thrones in the galleries of the universe, and in silent contemplation sat. They spoke not; for words, as signs of thought or will or emotion, were not then conceived, and, consequently, then unborn. They gazed in rapture on one another, and in solemn silence thought. Their emotions bodied forth the Anthem of Creation.

Human words being created breath, and breath being air in motion, prior to these language was impossible. And as the deaf are always dumb, language, like faith, comes by hearing. But hearing itself is a pensioner, waiting upon a speaker; consequently, it must ever be contingent on a cause alike antecedent and extrinsic of itself. It is, therefore, equally an oracle of reason and of faith that, however God may have communicated to angels, to *man* He spoke in articulate sounds, before man articulated a thought, a feeling, or an emotion of his soul. And as an emotional soul is but a harp of many strings, a hand there must have been to play upon its chords, before melody and harmony, twins-born of Heaven, had either a local habitation or a name.

But, it may be asked—Is there not in the regions of Poetry an æolian harp, found in the cave of Æolus, on which the winds of heaven played many a celestial symphony, without the skill or touch of human hand? Grant all that the Poetic Muse assumes, and then we ask—Who made the harp? And whence directed came the musing sylvan Zephyrus and his choir? Came they not from a land of images and dreams?

But we are inquiring for originals. Images and originals are the poles apart. An original without an image is possible; but an image without an original is alike impossible and inconceivable. Hence, alike philosophically and logically, we conclude that *neither man nor angel addressed each other until they themselves had been addressed by their Creator*. Then they intercommunicated thought, sentiment, and emotion with one another as God had communicated to them.

The mystery of language and Poetry is insoluble but on the admission of a revelation or communication of some sort, unconceived by the human mind, unexecuted by the human hand. If invention and creation be the grand characteristics of the Poet, Moses, if uninspired, was a greater Poet than Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, on the hypothesis that he invented the drama which he wrote. The first chapter of Genesis is the greatest and most splendid Poem ever conceived by human imagination, or written by human hand.

All Poets, ancient and modern, are mere plagiarists, if Moses was uninspired. We prove his Divine Legation by the intrinsic and transcendent merits of the Poem which he wrote. Imagination originates nothing absolutely new. It merely imitates and combines. It is regarded as the creative faculty of man; but its material is already furnished. The portrait of an unreal Adam is as conceivable as a child without a father, or an effect without a cause.

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Thus we are obliged, by an inseparable necessity, to admit the credibility of the Poem which he wrote. And what does Moses say? Nothing more than that *God spoke, and the universe was!* This is the sublime of true Poetry. This is more than the logic of the proposition, *God was, therefore we are!* It is more than the philosophy, *ex nihilo, nihil fit!* or than, that *nothing* cannot be the parent of *something*.

But we must place our foot on a higher round of the ladder, before we can stand on such an eminence as to see, in all its fair proportions, the column on which the Muses perch themselves.

Job, and not Moses, shall be our guide, and the oracle alike of our reason and our imagination. But who is Job? There is not much poetry in the name, Job. But Rome and its vulgate vulgarized this hallowed name, and Britain followed Rome. His name in Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, is Jobab. There is more poetry in this. There is no metre, no poetry in a monotone or monosyllable. Born among rocks and mountains, the proper theatre of a heaven-inspired Muse—not in Arabia the Happy, but in Arabia the Rocky—he was a heart-touching, a soul-stirring, emotional Bard. In such a case the clouds that overshadow the era of the man only enhance the genius and inspiration of the Poet.

In internal and external evidence, according to our calendar of the Muses, he is the first-born of the Poets that yet survive the wasteful ravages of hoary Time. He sings not, indeed, of Chaos and Eternal Night. But as one inspired by a heaven-born Muse, he echoes the chorus of the Angelic Song, when on the utterance of the first *fiat* the Morning Stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Hence we argue, that Poetry is not only prior to prose, but that language, its intellectual and emotional embodiment, is heaven-conceived, and heaven-born.

But in a short essay it would be out of place and in bad taste to attempt a discourse upon the broad field of ancient or modern Poetry. We merely attempt to suggest one idea on this rich and lofty theme. Our radical conception of the essential and differential attribute of Poetry, as contradistinguished from prose, however chaste, pure, beautiful, and philosophic, is not mere art, nor science, but *creation*.

The universe itself is a grand Heroic Poem. Hence its instrument is that power usually called Imagination. But *human* imagination is not first, second, or third in rank on the scale of the universe. God Himself imagined the universe before He created it. His imagination is infinite. The Cherubim and Seraphim have wings that elevate them above our zenith. And angels, too, excel us in this creative faculty, and therefore veil their faces before the Majesty of heaven and earth. Still, man has an humble portion of it, and can turn it to a good account.

But there is another idea essential to the character of Poetry, as good or evil in its spirit and adornings. We need scarcely say, for we are anticipated by every reflecting mind, that this is the *spirit* of the Poem. Poetry, in the abstract, is not necessarily good or evil. It may be Christian, Jewish, Pagan, or Infidel in its spirit and tendencies. It may corrupt or purify the heart. It may save or ruin the reader in fortune or in fame. Hence, as Poetry is powerful to elevate or degrade, to purify or to corrupt a people, much depends on the spirit of the Poetry which they may put into the hands of the youth of a country; as well observed by an eminent moralist: 'Let me write the poems or ballads of a people, and I care but little who enacts their laws.'

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The genius of a Poet is a rare genius. And most happily it is so; for elevated taste and high-toned morality are not, by any means, the common heritage of man. Anacreon and Burns were genuine Poets. They uttered, in fine style, many truths; and were not merely fluent in their respective languages, but affluent. But, perhaps, like some other men of mighty parts and grand proportions, better for mankind they had never been born. A Cowper and a Byron, in their whole career of song, will exert a very different influence, not only on earth, but in eternity, on the destiny of their amateurs. We need not argue this position as though, among a Christian people, it were a doubtful or debatable position. If the evil spirit, or the melancholy demon, that fitfully possessed the first king of Israel, was expelled by the skilful hand of his successor, even when his youthful fingers awoke the melodies of the lyre, how much more puissant the exquisite Odes of the sweet Psalmist, inspired as they were with sentiments and views alike honorable to God and man, to elevate the conceptions, purify the heart, ennoble the aspirations, and adorn the life of man!

As the cask long retains the odor of the wine put into it, so the moral and religious fragrance of many a fine poetic effusion, securely lodged in the recesses of memory, may yield, and often does yield, a rich repast of pleasurable associations and emotions which, beside their opportune recurrence in some trying or tempting hour or season of adversity, do often energize our souls

with a moral heroism to deeds of nobler daring, which result in enterprises full of blessings to ourselves, and not unfrequently to our associates in the walks of life, and radiate through them salutary light for generations to come.

Imagination, like every other faculty, is to be cultivated. But here we are interrogated—'What is Imagination?'

No distinction has given critics more trouble, in the way of definition, than that between Imagination and Fancy. Fancy, it is held, is given to beguile and quicken the temporal part of our nature; Imagination to incite and support the eternal.

It would be vain to enumerate the various definitions of this term, or to attempt to give even an abstract of the diversity of views entertained by philosophers respecting the nature and extent of its operations. It is regarded by some writers as that power or faculty of the mind by which it conceives and forms ideas of things communicated to it by the organs of sense. So defines our encyclopædias. Bacon defined it to be the 'representation of an individual thought.' But Dugald Stewart more philosophically defines it as the 'power of modifying our conceptions, by combining the parts of different ones so as to form new wholes of our own creation.' The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, not satisfied with this, says Webster defines it to be the *will working on the materials of memory, selecting parts of different conceptions, or objects of memory, to form some new whole.*

This has long been our cherished view of Imagination. It creates only as a mechanic creates a chest of drawers, a sideboard, a clock, or a watch. It originates not a single material of thought, volition, or action. But, mechanic-like, it works by plumb and rule on all the materials found in the warehouse of memory; and manufactures, out of the same plank of pine, or bar of iron, or wedge of gold, or precious stone, some new utensil, ornament, or adornment never found in Nature. In its present form it is the offspring of the art and contrivance of man. Hence our invulnerable position against Atheism or Deism. *No one could have created the idea of a God or of a Christ, without a special inspiration, any more than he could create a gold watch without the metal called gold.*

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The deaf are necessarily dumb. The blind cannot conceive of color. A Poet cannot work without language, any more than the nightingale could sing without air. Language and prototypes precede and necessarily antedate writing and prose. Hence the idea of Poetry is preceded by the idea of Prose, as speaking by the idea of hearing. There was reason, and an age of reason, without, and antecedent to, rhyme; and therefore we sometimes find rhyme without reason, as well as reason without rhyme.

Rhyme, however, facilitates memory and recollection. Memory, indeed, is but a printed tablet, and recollection the art and mystery of reading it. Poetry, therefore, is both useful and pleasing. It aids recollection, and soothes and excites and animates the soul of man. It makes deeper, more pungent, more stimulating, more exciting, and more enduring impressions on the mind than prose; and, therefore, greatly facilitates both the acquisition and retention of ideas and impressions. Of it Horace says ('Ars Poetica'):

'Ut pictura, poesis; erit, quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius abstes.  
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:  
Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.'

No one ever attained to what is usually called *good taste* who has not devoted a portion of his time and study to the whole science and art of Poetry. We do not mean good taste in relation to any one manifestation of it.

There is a general as well as a special good taste, but they are distinguishable only as genus and species. There is, it may be alleged, a *native* as well as an *acquired* taste. This may also be conceded. There is in some persons a greater innate susceptibility of deriving pleasure from the works of Nature and of Art than is discoverable in others. Still we cannot imagine any one gifted with reason and sensibility to be entirely destitute of it. It is an element of reason and of sense peculiar to man. As a fabulist once represented a cock in quest of barleycorns, scraping for his breakfast, saying to himself, on discovering a precious and brilliant gem: 'If a lapidary were in my place he would now have made his fortune; but as for myself, I prefer one grain of barley to all the precious stones in the world.'

But what man, so feeling and thinking, would not 'blush and hang his head to think himself a man'? Apart from the value of the gem, every man of reason or of thought has pleasure in the contemplation of the beautiful diamond, whether on his own person or on that of another. Taste seems to be as inseparable from reason as Poetry is from imagination. It is not wholly the gift of Nature, nor wholly the gift of Art. It is an innate element of the human constitution, designed to beautify and beatify man. To cultivate and improve it is an essential part of education. The highest civilization known in Christendom is but the result or product of good taste. Even religion and morality, in their highest excellence, are but, so far as society is concerned, developments and demonstrations of cultivated taste. There may, indeed, be a fictitious or chimerical taste without Poetry or Religion; but a genuine good taste, in our judgment, without these handmaids, is unattainable.

But as no interesting landscape—no mountain, hill, or valley, no river, lake or sea—affords us all



that charms, excites or elevates our imagination viewed from any one point of vision, so the poetic faculty itself can neither be conceived of nor appreciated, contemplated out of its own family register.

There is in all the 'Fine Arts' a common paternity, and hence a family lineage and a family likeness. To appreciate any one of them we must form an acquaintance with the whole sisterhood—Poetry, Music, Painting, and Sculpture.

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And are not all these the genuine offspring of Imagination? Hence they are of one paternity, though not of one maternity. The eye, the ear, and the hand, has each its own peculiar sympathetic nerve. For, as all God's works are perfect, when and where He gives an eye to see or an ear to hear, He gives a hand to execute. This is the law; and as all God's laws are universal as perfect, there is no exception save from accident, or from something poetically styled a *lusus naturæ*—a mere caprice or sport of Nature.

But the philosophy of Poetry is not necessary to its existence any more than the astronomy of the heavens is to the brilliancy of the sun or to the splendors of a comet. A Poet is a creator, and his most perfect creature is a portraiture of any work of God or man; of any attribute of God or man in perfect keeping with Nature or with the original prototype, be it in fact or in fiction, in repose or in operation.

Imitation is sometimes regarded as the test of poetic excellence. But what is imitation but the creation of an image! Alexander Pope so well imitates Homer, that, as an English critic once said, in speaking of his translation of that Prince of Grecian Poets—'a time might come, should the annals of Greece and England be confounded in some convulsion of Nature, when it might be a grave question of debate whether Pope translated Homer, or Homer Pope.'

For our own part, we have never been able to decide to our own entire satisfaction, which excels in the true Heroic style. Pope, in his translation of the exordium of Homer, we think more than equals Homer himself:

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!  
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's dark domain  
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain;  
Whose limbs, unburied on the fatal shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;  
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom and such the will of Jove.'<sup>[18]</sup>

We opine that Pope, being trammelled with a copy, and consequently his imagination cramped, displays every attribute of poetic genius fully equal, if not superior, to that of the beau ideal of the Grecian Muse.

But Alexander Pope, of England, is not the Pope of English Poetry, a brother Poet being judge, for Dryden says:

'Three Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;  
The first in majesty of thought surpassed,  
The next in melody—in both the last:  
The force of Nature could no further go,  
To make the third she joined the other two.'

And who awards not to Milton the richest medal in the Temple of the Muses! Not, perhaps, for the elegant diction and sublime imagery of his *PARADISE LOST*, but for his grand conceptions of Divinity in all its attributes, and of humanity in all its conditions, past, present, and future.

We Americans have a peculiar respect for Lyric Poetry. We have not time for the Epic. If anything with us is good, it is superlatively good for being brief. Short sermons, short prayers, short hymns, and short metre are peculiarly interesting. We are, too, a miscellaneous people, and we are peculiarly fond of miscellanies. The age of folios and quartos is forever past with Young America. Octavos are waning, and more in need of brushing than of burnishing. But still we must have Poetry—*good* Poetry; for we Americans prefer to live rather in the style of good lyric than in that of grave, elongated hexameter. Variety, too, is with us the spice of life. We are not satisfied with grand prairies, rivers, and cataracts, and even cascades and *jet d'eau*!

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Collections of miscellaneous Poetry seem alike due to the Poetic Muse and to the American people. We love variety. It is, as we have remarked, the spice of American life; and our country will ever cherish it as being most in harmony with itself. It is, moreover, more in unison with the conditions of human nature and human existence. There is, too, as the wisest of men and the greatest of kings has said, 'a time for every purpose and for every work.' No volume of Poetry or of Prose can, therefore, be popular or interesting to such a nation as we are, that does not adapt itself to the versatile genius of our people, and to the ever-varying conditions of their lives and fortunes.

There is, therefore, a propriety in getting up good selections, because a greater advantage is to be derived from well selected specimens of the Poetic Muse than from the labors of any one of the great masters of the Lyre! Who would not rather visit a rich and extensive museum of the

products and arts of civilized life—some well assorted repository of its scientific or artistic developments, than to traverse a whole state or kingdom in pursuit of such knowledge of the wisdom, talents, and contrivances of its population?

Of all kinds of composition, Poetry is that which gives to the lovers of it the greatest and most enduring pleasure. Almost every one of them can heartily respond to the beautiful words of one who was not only a great Poet, but a profound philosopher—Coleridge—who, speaking of the delight he had experienced in writing his Poems, says: 'Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

In no way can the imagination be more effectually or safely exercised and improved than by the constant perusal and study of our best Poets. Poetry appeals to the universal sympathies of mankind. With the contemplative writers, we can indulge our pensive and thoughtful tastes. With the describers of natural scenery, we can delight in the beauties and glories of the external universe. With the great dramatists, we are able to study all the phases of the human mind, and to take their fictitious personages as models or beacons for ourselves. With the great creative Poets, we can go outside of all these, and find ourselves in a region of pure Imagination, which may be as true to our higher instincts—perhaps more so—than the shows which surround us.

If it be as truthfully as it has been happily expressed by the prince of dramatic Poets, that

'He who has no music in his soul  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,'

it should be a paramount duty with every one who loves his species, and cultivates a generous philanthropy, to patronize every effort to diffuse widely through society, Poetry of genuine character, and to cultivate a taste for it as an element of a literary, religious, and moral education. We commend, as a standard of appreciation of the true character of the gifts of the Poetic Muse, the following critique from Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham:

"'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,  
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes,  
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;  
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,  
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admired.  
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound  
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,  
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;  
And all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the structure of the whole,  
Without a genius too—for that's the soul;  
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,  
As that of Nature moves the world about;  
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;  
E'en something of divine, and more than wit;  
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
Describing all men, but described by none.'

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We neither intend nor desire to institute any invidious comparisons between Old Britain and Young America. We are one people—one in blood, one literature, one faith, one religion, in fact or in profession. Our language girdles the whole earth. Our science and our religion more or less enlighten every land, as our sails whiten every sea, and our commerce, in some degree, enriches every people. There is a magnanimity, a benevolence, a philanthropy, in English Poetry, whether the Muse be English, Scotch, Irish, or American, that thrills the social nerve and warms the kindred hearts of all who think, or speak, or dream in our vernacular. The pen of the gifted Bard is more puissant than the cannon's thundering roar or the warrior's glittering sword; and the soft, sweet melodies of English Poetry, gushing from a Christian Muse, are Heaven's sovereign specifics for a wounded spirit and an aching heart!

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## **PATRIA SPES ULTIMA MUNDI.**

### **FLAG OF OUR UNION.**

#### **National Song.**

BY HON. ROBERT J. WALKER

*Dedicated to the Union Army and Navy.*

The day our nation's life began,  
Dawned on the sovereignty of man,

His charter then our Fathers signed,  
Proclaiming Freedom for mankind.  
May Heaven still guard her glorious sway,  
Till time with endless years grows gray.

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Americans, your mighty name,  
With glory floods the peaks of fame;  
Ye whom our Washington has led,  
Men who with Warren nobly bled,  
Who never quailed on land or sea,  
Your watchword, *Death or Liberty!*

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

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It was the Union made us free,  
Its loss, man's second fall would be.  
States linked in kindred glory save,  
Till the last despot finds a grave;  
And angels hasten here to see  
Man break his chains, the whole earth free!

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Ye struggling brothers o'er the sea,  
Who spurn the chain of tyranny,  
Like brave Columbus westward steer,  
Our stars of hope will guide you here,  
Where States still rising bless our land,  
And freedom strengthens labor's hand.

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Ye toiling millions, free and brave,  
Whose shores two mighty oceans lave:  
Your cultured fields, your marts of trade,  
Keels by the hand of genius laid,  
The shuttle's hum, the anvil's ring  
Echo your voice that God is King.

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

Hail! Union Army, true and brave,  
And dauntless Navy on the wave.  
Holy the cause where Freedom leads,  
Sacred the field where patriot bleeds;  
Victory shall crown your spotless fame,  
Nations and ages bless your name.

Flag of our Union! float unfurled,  
Thy stars shall light a ransomed world.

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## A FANCY SKETCH.

I am a banker, and I need hardly say I am in comfortable circumstances. Some of my friends, of whom I have a good many, are pleased to call me rich, and I shall not take it upon myself to dispute their word. Until I was twenty-five, I travelled, waltzed, and saw the best foreign society; from twenty-five to thirty I devoted myself to literature and the art of dining; I am now entered upon the serious business of life, which consists in increasing one's estate. At forty I shall marry, and as this epoch is nine years distant, I trust none of the fair readers of this journal will trouble themselves to address me notes which I really cannot answer, and which it would give me pain to throw in the fire.

Some persons think it beneath a gentleman to write for the magazines or papers. This is a low and vulgar idea. The great wits of the world have found their best friends in the journals; there were some who never learned to write,—who ever hears of them now? I write anonymously of

course, and I amuse myself by listening to the remarks that society makes upon my productions. Society talks about them a great deal, and I divide attention with the last novelist, whether an unknown young lady of the South, or a drumhead writer of romances. People say, 'That was a brilliant article of so and so's in the last —, wasn't it?' You will often hear this remark. I am that gentleman—I wrote that article—it was brilliant, and, though I say it, I am capable of producing others fully equal to it.

Many persons imagine that business disqualifies from the exercise of the imagination. This is a mistake. Alexander was a business man of the highest order; so was Cæsar; so was Bonaparte; so was Burr; so am I. To be sure, none of these distinguished characters wrote poetry; but I take it, poetry is a low species of writing, quite inferior to prose, and unworthy one's attention. Look at the splendid qualities of these great men, particularly in the line in which the imaginative faculties tend. See how they fascinated the ladies, who it is well known adore a fine imagination. How well they talked love, the noblest of all subjects—for a man's idle hours. Then observe the schemes they projected. Conquests, consolidations, empires, dominion, and to include my own project, a bullion bank with a ten-acre vault. It appears that a lack of capital was at the bottom of all their plans. Alexander confessed that he was bankrupt for lack of more worlds, and is reputed to have shed tears over his failure, which might have been expected from a modern dry-goods jobber, but not from Alexander. Cæsar and Bonaparte failed for the want of men: they do not seem to have been aware of the existence of Rhode Island. I think Burr failed for the lack of impudence—he had more than all the rest of the world together, but he needed much more than that to push his projects ahead of his times. As for myself, when I have doubled my capital, I shall found my bullion bank in the face of all opposition. The ten-acre lot at the corner of Broadway and Wall street is already selected and paid for, and I shall excavate as soon as the present crop is off.

There is no question that the occupation of banking conduces to literary pursuits. When I take interest out of my fellow beings, I naturally take interest in them, and so fall to writing about them. I have in my portfolio sketches of all the leading merchants of the age, romantically wrought, and full of details of their private lives, hopes, fears, and pleasures. These men that go up town every day have had, and still have, little fanciful excursions that are quite amusing when an observer of my talent notes them down. I know all about old Boscobello, the Spanish merchant, of the house of Boscobello, Bolaso & Co. My romance of his life from twenty to forty fills three volumes, and is as exciting as the diaries of those amusing French people whom Bossuet preached to with such small effect. Boscobello has sobered since forty, and begs for loans as an old business man ought to. I think he sees the error of his ways, and is anxious to repair his fortunes to the old point, but it is easier to spend a million than to make it. My cashier reports his account overdrawn the other day, and not made good till late next afternoon. This is a sign of failing circumstances, and must be attended to.

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When Boscobello comes in about half past two of an afternoon for the usual loan of a hundred dollars to enable him to go on, I amuse myself by talking to him while I look over his securities. He has two or three loans to pay up before three o'clock, in different parts of the town, and we cannot blame him for being in a hurry, but this is no concern of mine. If he *will* get into a tight place, one may surely take one's time at helping him out: and really it does require some little time to investigate the class of securities he brings, and which are astonishingly varied. For instance, he brought me to-day as collateral to an accommodation, a deed to a South Brooklyn block, title clouded; a Mackerelville second mortgage; ten shares of coal-oil stock; an undivided quarter right in a guano island, and the note of a President of the Unterrified Insurance Company. 'How much was the cartage, Bos?' said I, for you see my great mind descends to the smallest particulars, and I was benevolent enough to wish to deduct his expenses from the bonus I was about to charge him for the loan. 'Never mind the cartage,' said he, 'that's a very strong list, and will command the money any day in Wall street, but I have a particular reason for getting it of you.' 'The particular reason being,' said I, 'that you can't get it anywhere else. Jennings,' I continued to my cashier, 'give Mr. Boscobello ninety-five dollars Norfolk or Richmond due-bills, and take his check payable in current funds next Saturday for a hundred.'

Poor old Boscobello! A man at forty ought not to look old, but Bos had often seen the sun rise before he went to bed, and he *had* been gay, so all my aunts said. Some stories Bos has told me himself, o' nights at my house, after having in vain endeavored to induce me to take shares in the guano island, or 'go into' South Brooklyn water lots. 'I'm too old for that sort of a thing, Bos,' I say; 'it's quite natural for you to ask me, and I don't blame you for trying it on, but you must find some younger man. Tell me about that little affair with the mysterious Cuban lady; when you only weighed a hundred and forty pounds, and never went out without a thousand dollars in your pocket—in the blooming days of youth, Bos, when you went plucking purple pansies along the shore.'

Boscobello weighs over two hundred now, and would have a rush of blood to the head if he were to stoop to pluck pansies. Mysterious Cuban ladies, in fact ladies of any description, would pass him by as a middle-aged person of a somewhat distressed appearance, and the dreams of his youth are quite dreamed out. Nevertheless, when he warms with my white Hermitage, the colors of his old life come richly out into sight, and the romantic adventures of wealth and high spirits overpower, though in the tame measures of recital, all the adverse influences of the present hour. But as the evening wanes, the colors fade again; his voice assumes a dreary tone; and I once more feel that I am with a man who has outlived himself, and who, having never learned where the late roses blow, is now too old to learn.

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The reader will perceive I am sorry for Boscobello. If I am remarkable for anything, it is for my humanity, consideration, and sympathy.

These qualities of my constitution lead me to enter into the affairs of my clients with feeling and sincerity, but I fear I am sometimes misunderstood. Not long ago I issued an order to my junior partners to exercise more compassion for those unfortunate men with whom we decline business, and not to tumble them down the front steps so roughly. Let six of the porters attend with trestles, I said, and carry them out carefully, and dump them with discretion in some quiet corner, where, as soon as they recover their faculties, they may get up and walk away. I put it to the reader if this was not a very humane idea, and yet there are those who have stigmatized it as heartless.

I wish I was better acquainted with the way in which common people live. I can see how I have made mistakes in consequence of not understanding the restricted means and the exigencies of these people, who are styled respectable merchants. Thus when Boscobello has made some more than ordinarily piteous application, I have said, 'Boscobello, dismiss about fifty of your servants;' or, 'Boscobello, sell a railroad and put the money back again into your business;' or, 'Boscobello, my good friend, limit your table, say, to turtle soup, champagne, and truffles; live more plainly, and don't take above ten quarts of strawberries a day during the winter,—the lower servants don't really need them;' or, 'Boscobello, if you are really short, send around a hundred or so of your fast trotters to my stables, and I'll pay you a long figure for them, if they are warranted under two minutes.' Boscobello has never made any very definite replies to such advice, and I have attributed his silence to his nervousness; but I begin to suspect he has'n't quite understood me on such occasions. Then again, when Twigsmith declared he was a ruined man, in consequence of my refusal of further advances, and that he should be unable to provide for his family, I said: 'Why, Twigsmith, retire to one of your country seats, and live on the interest of some canal or other, or discount bonds and mortgages for the country banks.' Actually, I heard Twigsmith mutter as he went out, that it wasn't right to insult a man's poverty. Now I hadn't the remotest idea of injuring Twigsmith's feelings, for he was a very clever fellow, and we made a good thing out of him in his time, but it seems that my advice might not have been properly grounded.

It begins to occur to me that there *may* be such a case as that a man may want something, and not be able to get it; and again, that at such a time a weak mind may complain, and grow discouraged, and make itself disagreeable to others.

There is a set of old fellows who call themselves family men, and apply for discounts as if they had a right to them, by reason of their having families to provide for. I have never yet been able to see the logical sequence of their conclusions, and so I tell them. What right does it give anybody to my money that he has a wife, six children, and lives in a large house with three nursery-maids, a cook, and a boy to clean the knives? 'Limit your expenses,' I say to these respectable gentlemen, 'do as I do. When Jennings comes to me on Monday morning, and reports that the receipts of the week will be eighty millions, exclusive of the Labrador coupons, which, if paid, will be eighty millions more, I say, 'Jennings, discount seventy, and don't encroach upon the reserves; you may however let Boscobello have ten on call.' This is true philosophy; adapt your outlay to your income, and you will never be in trouble, or go begging for loans. If the Bank of England had always managed in this way, they wouldn't have been obliged to call on our house for assistance during the Irish famine.'

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These family men invite me to their wives' parties, constantly, unremittingly. The billets sometimes reach my desk, although I have given orders to put them all into the waste basket unopened. I went to one of these parties, only one, I give you my honor as a gentleman, and after Twigsmith and his horrid wife had almost wrung my hand off, I was presented to a young female, to whom Nature had been tolerably kind, but who was most shamefully dressed. In fact her dress couldn't have cost over a thousand dollars—one of my chambermaids going to a Teutonia ball is better got up. This young person asked me 'how I liked the Germania?' Taking it for granted that such a badly dressed young woman must be a school teacher, with perhaps classical tastes, I replied that it was one of the most pleasing compositions of Tacitus, and that I occasionally read it of a morning. 'Oh, it's not very taciturn,' she replied; 'I mean the band.' 'Very true,' said I, 'he says *agmen*, which you translate band very happily, though I might possibly say 'body' in a familiar reading.' 'Oh dear,' she replied, blushing, 'I'm sure I don't know what kind of men they are, nor anything about their bodies, but they certainly seem very respectable, and they play elegantly; oh, don't you think so?' 'I am glad you are pleased so easily,' I answered; 'Tacitus describes their performances as indeed fearful, and calculated to strike horror into the hearts of their enemies. But,' continued I, endeavoring to make my retreat, for I began to think I was in company with an inmate of a private lunatic hospital, 'they were devoted to the ladies.' 'Indeed they are,' said she, 'and the harpist is *so* gallant, and gets so many nice bouquets.' It then flashed across my mind that she meant the Germania musicians. 'They might do passably well, madame,' said I, 'for a quadrille party at a country inn, but for a dress ball or a dinner you would need three of them rolled into one.' 'Oh, you gentlemen are so hard to please,' she replied; and catching sight of the Koh-i-noor on my little finger, she began to smile so sweetly that I fled at once.

It was at that party that I perspired. I had heard doctors talk about perspiration, and I had seen waiters at a dinner with little drops on their faces, but I supposed it was the effect of a spatter, or that some champagne had flown into their eyes, or something of that sort. But at this party I happened to pass a mirror, and did it the honor to look into it. I saw there the best dressed man in America, but his face was flushed, and there were drops on it. This is fearful, thought I; I took

my *mouchoir* and gently removed them. They dampened the delicate fabric, and I shook with agitation. The large doors were open, and after a struggle of an hour and three quarters, I reached them, and promising the hostess to send my *valet* in the morning to make my respects, which the present exigency would not allow me to stay to accomplish, I was rapidly whirled homeward. I can hardly pen the details, but on the removal of my linen, it was found—can I go on?—tumbled, and here and there the snowy lawn confessed a small damp spot, or fleck of moisture. Remorse and terror seized me. Medical attendance was called, and I passed the night in a bath of attar of roses delicately medicated with *aqua pura*. Of course, I have never again appeared at a party.

People haven't right ideas of entertainment. What entertainment is it to stand all the evening in a set of sixteen-by-twenty parlors, jammed in among all sorts of strange persons, and stranger perfumes, deafened with a hubbub of senseless talk, and finally be led down to feed at a long table where the sherry is hot, and the partridges are cold? Very probably some boy or other across the table lets off a champagne cork into your eyes, and the fattest men in the room *will* tread on your toes. One might describe such scenes of torture at length, but the recital of human follies and miseries is not agreeable to my sensibilities.

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I dare say the reader might find himself gratified at one of my little fêtes. The editors of this journal attend them regularly, and have done me the honor to approve of them. You enter on Twelfth avenue; a modest door just off Nine-and-a-half street opens quietly, and you are ushered by a polite gentleman—one of our city bank presidents, who takes this means to increase his income—into an attiring room. Here you are dressed by the most accomplished Schneider of the age, in your own selections from an unequalled *repertoire* of sartorial *chef d'ouvres*, and your old clothes are sent home in an omnibus.

I might delight you with a description of the ball room, but the editors have requested me to the contrary. Some secrets of gorgeous splendor there are which are wisely concealed from the general gaze. But a floor three hundred feet square, and walls as high as the mast of an East Boston clipper, confer ample room for motion; and the unequalled atmosphere of the saloon is perhaps unnecessarily refreshed by fountains of rarest distilled waters. This is also my picture gallery, where all mythology is exhausted by the great painters of the antique; and modern art is thoroughly illustrated by the famous landscapes of both hemispheres. The luxuriant fancy of my favorite artist has suggested unique collocations of aquaria and mossy grottoes in the angles of the apartment, where the vegetable wealth of the tropics rises in perfect bounty and lawless exuberance, and fishes of every hue and shape flash to and fro among the tangled roots, in the light of a thousand lamps. In the centre, I have caused the seats of the orchestra to be hidden at the summit of a picturesque group of rocks, profusely hung with vegetation, and gemmed with a hundred tiny fountains that trickle in bright beads and diamonds into the reservoir at the base. From this eminence, the melody of sixty unequalled performers pervades the saloon, justly diffused, and on all sides the same; unlike the crude arrangements of most modern orchestras, where at one end of the room you are deluged with music, and at the other extremity you distinguish the notes with pain or difficulty. The ceiling, by a rare combination of mechanical ingenuity and artistic inspiration, displays, so as to quite deceive the senses, the heavens with all their stars moving in just and harmonious order. Here on summer nights you see Lyra and Altair triumphantly blazing in the middle sky as they sweep their mighty arch through the ample zenith; and low in the south, the Scorpion crawls along the verge with the red Antares at his heart, and the bright arrows of the Archer forever pursuing him. Here in winter, gazing up through the warm and perfumed air, you behold those bright orbs that immemorably suggest the icy blasts of January: Aldebaran; the mighty suns of Orion; diamond-like Capella; and the clear eyes of the Gemini. Under such influences, with the breath of the tropics in your nostrils, and your heart stirred by the rich melodies of the invisible orchestra, waltzing becomes a sublime passion, in which all your faculties dilate to utmost expansion, and you float out into happy forgetfulness of time and destiny.

Rarely at these fêtes do we dance to other measures than those of the waltz, though at times we find a relief from the luxuriance of that divine rhythm in the cooler cadences of the Schottish. By universal consent and instinct, we banish the quadrille, stiff and artificial; the polka, inelegant and essentially vulgar; and the various hybrid measures with which the low ingenuity of professors has filled society. But we move like gods and goddesses to the sadly joyful strains of Strauss and Weber and Beethoven and Mozart, and the mighty art of these great masters fills and re-creates all our existence.

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Sometimes in these divine hours, thrilled by the touch of a companion whose heart beats against and consonantly with mine, I catch glimpses of the possibilities of a free life of the spirit when it shall be released from earth and gravitation, and I conjecture the breadth of a future existence. This will only seem irrational to such as have squeezed out their souls flat between the hard edges of dollars, or have buried them among theologic texts which they are too self-wise to understand. History and the experience of the young are with me.

From twelve to four you sup, when, and as, and where, you will. A succession of little rooms lie open around an atrium, all different as to size and ornament, yet none too large for a single couple, and none too small for the reunion of six. What charming accidents of company and conversation sometimes occur in these Lucullan boudoirs! You pass and repass, come and go, at your own pleasure. Waltzing, and Burgundy, and Love, and Woodcock are here combined into a dramatic poem, in which we are all star performers, and sure of applause. These hours cannot last forever, and the first daybeams that tell of morning, are accompanied by those vague feelings

of languor that hint to us that we are mortal. Then we pause, and separate before these faint hints of our imperfection deepen into distasteful monitions, and before our fulness of enjoyment degenerates into satiety. Antiquity has conferred an immortal blessing upon us in bequeathing to us that golden legend, *NE QUID NIMIS*;<sup>[19]</sup> a legend better than all the teachings of Galen, or than all the dialogues of Socrates. For in these brief words are compressed the experiences of the best lives, and Alcibiades and Zeno might equally profit by them. They contain the priceless secret of happiness; and do you, reader, wisely digest them till we meet again.

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## THE SOLDIER.

[BURNS.]

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's pride,  
The soldier's wealth is honor.  
The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger!

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## OUR PRESENT POSITION: ITS DANGERS AND ITS DUTIES.

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ALL POLITICAL PARTIES.

When Daniel Webster replied to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, during the exciting debate on the right of secession, he commenced his ever-memorable speech with these words:

'When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm—the earliest glance of the sun—to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence before we float farther, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are.'

No words are fitter for our ears at this tumultuous period than are these, when the passions of our countrymen, North and South, are excited with the bitterest animosity, and when the discordant cries of party faction at the North are threatening a desolation worse than that of contending armies. In considering, then, our condition, it behooves us first, to 'take our latitude, and ascertain where we now are,'—not as a section or a party, but as a nation and a people. Let us avail ourselves of that distant and dim glimmer in the heavens which even now is looked upon by the sanguine as the promise of peace, and in its light survey our dangers and nerve ourselves to our duties. We behold, then, a people, bound together by the ties of a common interest, namely, national prosperity and renown, and in possession of a land more favored by natural elements of advantage than any other on the face of the globe. We see them standing up in the ranks of hostile resistance each to each, the one great and glorious army fighting for the restoration of a nation once the envy of the world; the other great and glorious army equally ardent and valorous in behalf of a separation of that territory in which they are taught to believe we cannot hold together in peace and amity. Both armies and people are evincing in their very warfare the elements of character which heretofore distinguished us as a nation, and are employing the very means for each other's destruction which were of late the principles of action which rendered us in the highest degree a nation worthy of respect at home and admiration abroad. It is not the purpose of this paper to go back to causes or to relate the subsequent events which have placed us where we are. These causes and events are well known to us and to the world. But here we now stand, with this fratricidal war increased to the most alarming proportions, and with, results but partially developed. Here we of the North stand, with a still invincible army, loyal to the cause nearest to the heart of every patriot, and confident in the ability to withstand and overcome the machinations of the enemy. Here, too, we—ay, *we* of the South stand, bound together in a common aim, an ardent hope, and a proclaimed and omnipotent impulse to action. *This is the only proper view to take of the case*—to regard our opponents as we regard ourselves, and to give due credit where credit is due for valor, for motives, and for principles of action. The North believes itself to be engaged in a strife forced upon it by blinded prejudice and evil passion, and fights for that which, if not worthy of fighting, ay, and dying for, is unfit to live for, namely, national integrity. The South claims, little as we can understand it, the same ground for rising against the land they had sworn to protect, and whose fathers died with our fathers to create. We at the North would have been pusillanimous and weak indeed had we silently submitted to that which is in our view against every principle of national right and renown. To have acted otherwise would have been to bring down upon our heads the scorn and

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contempt of our enemies and of every foreign power, from the strongest oligarchy to the most benevolent form of monarchical government. Hence it is that while certain foreign powers have not failed to improve the opportunity of our weakness, as a divided nation, to insult and sneer, to preach peace with dishonor, and advocate separation, which they know to be but another word for humiliation, yet have they not failed to see and been forced to confess that, divided as we are, we have shown inherent greatness and power, *which, united, would be a degree of national superiority which might well defy the world.* Nothing is more striking at this moment than this great fact, and no topic is more worthy of the serious consideration of our countrymen, North and South, than this. No time is fitter than now to suggest the subject, and to see in it matter which is pregnant with hopes for our future. If nothing but this great truth had been developed by the war—this truth, bold, naked, defiant as it is, *is worth the war*—worth all its cost of noble lives, of sacred blood, of yet uncounted treasure. We stand before the world this day divided by the fearful conflict, with malignant hate lighting the fires of either camp, and with hands reeking in fraternal blood—with both sections of our land more or less afflicted—with credit impaired, with the scoff and jeers of nations ringing in our ears—we stand losers of almost every thing but our individual self-respect, which has inspired both foes with the ardor and courage born within us as Americans. This it is that leaves us unshorn of our strength; this it is that enables us in this very day of trial and adversity to present to the world the undeniable fact that we have within us—not as Northerners, not as Southerners, *but as Americans*—the elements of innate will and physical power, which makes the scale of valor hang almost with an even beam, and foretells us, with words which we cannot but hear—and which would to God we might heed!—that, united, we can rear up on this beautiful and bountiful land a temple of political, social, and commercial prosperity, more glorious than that which entered into the dreams and aspirations of the fathers who founded it.

Alas! that the contemplation of so worthy a theme is marred by the 'ifs' and 'buts' of controversial strife. Alas! that we cannot depress the sectional opposing interests which are but secondary to a condition of political consolidation, and elevate above these distracting and isolated evils, the great and eternal principle, Strength as it alone exists in Unity. Alas! that with the beam of suicidal measures we blind the eye political, because, forsooth, the motes of individual or local injuries afflict, as they afflict *all* human forms of government.

The great evil, North and South, before the war, during the war, and now, is the want of political charity—that charity which, like its moral prototype, 'suffereth long and is kind.' We the people, North and South, have been and are unwilling to grant to the other people and States the right to think, speak, and urge their own opinions—the very right which each insists upon claiming for itself. It has been held 'dangerous' to discuss questions which, though in one sense pertaining only to particular States, nevertheless bear upon the whole country. It has been considered 'heresy' to urge with rhetoric and declamation, even in our halls of Congress, certain principles for and against Slavery, for example, lest mischief result from the agitation of those topics. But in such remonstrance we have forgotten that the very principle of democratic institutions involves the right of all men to think and act, under the law, as each pleases. We have also forgotten that any subject which will not bear discussion and political consideration must be dangerous *in itself*, and pregnant with weakness, if not evil. There is no harm in discussing questions upon which hang vital principles; for if there exists on the one side strength and justice, all arguments on the other side can do it no injury. With regard to Slavery, one of the 'causes' or 'occasions' of this unhappy war, it may be said that the North owes much to the South which it has never paid, in a true and kindly appreciation of the difficulties which have ever surrounded the institutions of the latter. But let us not forget that one reason why this debt has not been paid is because the South owes the North its value received, by not being willing to admit in the other's behalf the motives which underlay the efforts which have been made by the earnest, or so-called 'radical' men, who have opposed the institution of slavery. Pure misunderstanding of motive, pure lack of political as well as moral charity, has been wanting between the men of the North who opposed, and the men of the South who maintained the extension of slavery. Had each understood the other better, it is probable that the character of each would have assumed the following proportions: The slaveholder of the South, inheriting from generations back a system of servitude which even ancient history supported and defended, and which he in his inmost heart believes to be beneficial to the slave not less than the master, regards himself as violating no law of God or man in receiving from this inferior race or grade of men the labor of their hands, and the right to their control, while they draw from him the necessary physical support and protection which it is in his belief his bounden duty to give. The planter, a gentleman educated and a Christian, with the fear of God before his eyes, believes this—the belief was born in him and dies in him, and he is conscientiously faithful in carrying out the principles of his faith. I speak now of no exceptional, but of general cases, instancing only the representative of the highest class of Southern men. Is it to be wondered at that such a man, looking from *his* point of vision, should regard with suspicion and distrust the efforts of those who sought to abolish even by gradual means the apparent sources of his prosperity? Is it remarkable that he should regard as his enemy the man who preaches against and denounces as criminal the very system in which he trusts his social and political safety? He will not regard that apparent enemy what at heart and soul he really is, namely, a man as pure and devout, as well meaning and conscientious as himself. The man whom he scoffs at as a 'radical,' an 'abolitionist,' and a 'fanatic,' by education and intuition believes in his very soul that the holding of men in bondage, forcing from them involuntary labor, and the consequences thereof, are pregnant with moral and political ruin and decay. The system, not the men, is offensive to his eyes. Is he to blame for this opinion, provided it be well founded in his mind? Admit it erroneous in logic, still, if he believes it, is he to be condemned for holding the



belief, and would he not be contemptible in his own eyes if he feared to express the moral convictions of his soul? The error of both has been that both are uncharitable—both unwilling to allow the right of opinion and freedom of debate on what both, as American citizens, hold to be vital principles, dependent upon constitutional provisions; the one claiming Slavery as the 'corner stone of political freedom,' the other as the stumbling block in the way of its advancement. This unwillingness to appreciate the motives of opposing minds led at last one section of our beloved country to an unwillingness to recognize the right of election, and, worse than all, an unwillingness to abide by the results of that election. When that principle—submission to the will of the majority—was overthrown, then, indeed, did the pillars of our national temple tremble, and the seat of our national power rock in its foundation.

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And now a word in connection with this same principle of submission, as applicable to the people of the North in our present emergency. In accordance with the plan adopted by the founders of our Government, and practically illustrated in the election of George Washington and his successors, the people by a plurality of votes elected to office and placed at the head of our political system as its highest authority and ruler, the present Chief Magistrate. From the day of his acknowledged election, party politics settled into the calm of acquiescence, and all loyal and true States and men bowed to the arbitrament of the ballot box. That man, Abraham Lincoln, instantly became invested with the potential right of rule under the Constitution, and the great principle of constitutional liberty in his election and elevation stood justified. It mattered not then, nor matters it now, to us, what may be individual opinion of his merits or demerits, his ability or his disability. There he is, not as a private citizen, but as the head of our Government: his individuality is lost in his official embodiment. This principle being acknowledged, and party opinion being buried, in theory at least, at the foot of the altar of the Government *de facto*, whence is it that at this time creeps into our council chambers, our political cliques, our social haunts, our market places, ay, our most sacred tabernacles—a spirit adverse to the principles for which we are fighting, laboring for, and dying for? Let us—a people anxious for peace on honorable grounds, anxious for a Union which no rash hand shall ever again attempt to destroy—look, with a moment's calm reflection, at this alarming evil.

It is very evident to most men that, in spite of temporary defeats and an unexpected prolongation of the war, the loyal States hold unquestionably the preponderance of power. Nothing but armed intervention from abroad can now affect even temporarily this preponderance. As events and purposes are seen more clearly through the smoke of the battle fields by the ever-watchful eyes of Europe, armed intervention becomes less and less a matter of probability. The hopes of an honorable peace, therefore, hang upon the increase and continuance of this military preponderance. With the spirit of determination evinced by both combatants, the unflinching valor of both armies, and with the unquestioned resources and ability to hold out of the North, it appears evident that the strife for mastery will in time terminate in favor of the loyal States. There is but one undermining influence which can defeat this end, and still further prolong the war, or, what is worse, plunge the North into the irretrievable disaster of internal conflict—and that undermining influence is *dissension among ourselves*. Such a consummation would bring joy to the hearts of our enemies and lend them the first ray of real hope that ultimate separation will be their purchased peace. We will not here draw a picture of that fallacious peace, that suicidal gap, whose festering political sore would breed misery and ruin, not only for ourselves, but for our posterity, for ages to come. But let us be warned in time. Even now the insidious movement of dissension is hailed with satisfaction and delight in the council meetings at Richmond, and no effort will be spared to aid its devastating progress. False rumors will be raised on the slightest and most insignificant grounds. Trivial mistakes and blunders in the cabinet and the field will be magnified; facts distorted, and the flame be blown by corrupting influences abroad and at home, in the hopes—let them be vain hopes—that we the people will be diverted from the great cause we have most at heart into side issues and sectional distrust. And why? Because more powerful than serried hosts and open warfare is the poison of sedition and conspiracy that is thrown into the cup of domestic peace and confidence—more fatal than the ravages of the battle field is that of the worm that creeps slowly and surely—weakening, as it works, the foundations of the edifice in which we dwell unsuspecting of evil. Is it astonishing that they, the enemies of our common weal, should rejoice in these signs of incipient weakness, or fail to resort to any expedient whereby our strength as a united and loyal people can be made less? Have they not shown themselves capable and ready to avail themselves of every weakness in our counsels and in the field? Would not we do the same did we perceive distrust and dissatisfaction presenting through the mailed armor of our opponents a vulnerable point for attack? Then blame them not with muttered imprecations, but look—ay, look to ourselves. The shape of this undermining influence is political dissension at a period when the name of 'party' ought to be obliterated from the people's creed. Let opinion on measures and men have full and unrestricted sway, so far as these opinions may silently work under the banner of the one great cause of self-preservation; but let them not interfere with the prosecution of the efforts of the Government, whether State or national, to prosecute this holy and patriotic war in defence of the principles which created and are to keep us a united nation. Let us not tempt the strength of the ice that covers the waters of political and partisan problems, while we have enough to do to protect and cover the solid ground already in our possession. The President of the United States, be he who or what he may—think he how or what he will, enact he what he chooses—is, let us remember, the corner stone of our political liberty. The Constitution is a piece of parchment—sacred and to be revered—but it is, in its outward presentment, material and inactive. The *spirit* of the Constitution is intangible and ideal, its interpretation alone is its vitality. We the people—through equally material morsels of paper entitled votes—raise the spirit of the Constitution by placing in the halls of Congress the

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interpreters of that Constitution, over whom and above all sits the Chief Magistrate, who, once endowed by us with power, retains and sways it until another, by the same process, carries out at our will the same eventualities. Our part as electors and adjudicators is done, and it ill becomes us to weaken or hold up to the ridicule of the world the power therein invested, by questions as to the President's 'right' or 'power' or 'ability' to enact this measure or that.

Away then with the unseemly cry of 'the Constitution as it is,' 'the Union at it was,' the 'expediency' or 'non-expediency' of employing the war power, the interference or the non-interference of the man and the men established by us to represent us with the military leaders, the finances, or the thousand and one implements of administration, *which they are bound to employ*, not as we, but as they, holding our powers of attorney for a specified and legalized period, in their human wisdom deem best for the common good of the land. Let us have faith in the motives and intentions of our political administration, or if we have lost our faith, let us submit—patiently and with accord. Above all, at a period like this, when the minds of the best men and the truest are oppressed with a sense of the injustice with which a portion of our countrymen regard us, it most behooves us to keep our social and political ranks closed and in order, subject to the will of that commander, disobedience to which is infamy and ruin. No matter with what diversity of tongues and opinions we pursue our individual avocations and aims, we are all pilgrims pressing forward like the followers of Mohammed to the Kèbla stone of *our* faith—Peace founded on Union.

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What if a party clique utters sentiments adverse to our own on the never ceasing topic of political policy? Is it not the expression of a mind or a hundred minds forming a portion of the great body politic, of which we ourselves are a part, and are they not entitled to their opinion and modes of expressing it, providing it be done with decorum and with a proper respect for the opinions of their adversaries? Why then do we or they employ, through the press and in rhetorical bombast, opprobrious epithets, fit only for the pot-house or the shambles? Shall we men and citizens, each of us a pillar upholding the crowning dome of our nationality, be taught, like vexed and querulous children, the impotence of personal abuse? Why seek to lay upon the head of this Cabinet officer or that, this Senator or that, the responsibility of temporary military defeats, when we are no more able to command and prevent reverses than are they? Or if in our superior wisdom we deem ourselves to be the better able to direct and administer, why do we forget that others among us, inspired by the same love of country, and equally ardent for its safety and advancement, hold exactly contrary opinions? It is not a matter of opinion—it is not a matter for interference, it is simply and only a matter for untiring unflinching confidence and support. We have done our duty as a people, and elected our Administration—let us, in the name of all that is sublime and fundamental in republican principles, support and not perplex them in the hard and complex problem which they are appointed to solve. These are principles, which, however trite, need to be kept before us and practically sustained at a period when, as is often the case in long and tedious wars, the dispiriting influence of delays and occasional defeats work erroneous conclusions in the minds of the people, leading to unjust accusations against the men in power, and an unwillingness to frankly acknowledge that the evil too often originated where the result most immediately occurred. In other words, our armies have often suffered simply and for no other reason than that they were outgeneralled on the field of battle, or overpowered by military causes for which no one is to blame—least of all, the President or his advisers.

And here let one word be said against the arguments of those well-meaning and patriotic men who attempt to prove that certain acts of the Government have been injudicious and unwise—such, for example, as the suspension of the habeas corpus, the alleged illegal arrests, and the emancipation policy. It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into additional argument to sustain this opinion or to disprove it. But in justice to the Government—simply because it is a Government—let it not be forgotten that when events heretofore unforeseen and unprepared for are throwing our vast nation into incalculable confusion, and when it becomes absolutely imperative that the head of the Government must act decisively and according to the promptness of his honest judgment, and when we know equally well that that judgment, be it what it may, cannot accord with the various and diverse opinions of *all* men, then it behooves his countrymen, if not to acquiesce in, to support whatever that honest judgment may decide to be best for the emergency. No doubt, errors have been made, but they are errors inconceivably less in their results than would be the unpardonable sin of the people, should they, because differing in opinion, weaken the hands and confuse the purposes of the powers that be. With secret and treacherous foes in our very midst, hidden behind the masks of a painted loyalty, the President, after deep and earnest consultation and reflection, deemed it his duty to authorize arrests under circumstances which he solemnly believed were the best adapted to arrest the evil, though, by so doing, many good and innocent men might temporarily suffer with the bad. So too with regard to the proclamation of freedom—be the step wise or unwise, and there is by no means a unity of sentiment on this head—the President conceived it to be the duty of his office—a duty which never entered into his plans or intentions until the war had increased to gigantic and threatening proportions—to level a blow at what he and millions of his countrymen believe to be the stronghold of the enemy, viz., that system of human servitude which nourished the body politic and social now standing in armed and fearful resistance to the Constitution and the laws. It matters not, so far as opinion goes, whether the step was wise or foolish, if the executive head deemed it wise. Nor was it a hasty or spasmodic movement on his part. Months were devoted to its consideration, and every argument was patiently and candidly listened to from all the representatives of political theory for and against. Even then no hasty step was taken; but, on the contrary, our deluded countrymen in arms against us were forewarned, and earnestly, respectfully advised and entreated to take that step in behalf of Union and peace, which would

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leave their institution as it had existed. Nay, more: terms whereby no personal inconvenience or pecuniary loss to them would be involved if they would but be simply loyal to the Government, were liberally offered them, with three months for their consideration. Let those of us who, notwithstanding these ameliorating circumstances, doubt the good policy of the act, remember that they of the South, our open foes, invited the measures. Their leaders acknowledged and their press boasted that the Southern army never could be overcome—if for no other reason, for this reason, that while the army of the North was composed of the bone and muscle of the great working classes, drawn away from the fields of labor and enterprise, which must necessarily, in their opinion, languish from this absence, the Confederate army was composed of 'citizens' and property owners (to wit, slaveholders), whose absence from their plantations in no way interfered with the growth of their cotton, sugar, corn, and rice, from which sources of wealth and nourishment they could continue to draw the sinews of war. They went farther than this, and acted upon their declaration by employing their surplus slave labor in the work of intrenching their fortifications, serving their army, and finally fighting in their army.

Upon this basis of slave labor they asserted their omnipotence in war and ability to continue the struggle without limit of time. The subsidized press of England supported this theory, and declared that with such advantages it was idle for the Federal Government to maintain a struggle in the face of such belligerent advantages! Then, and not till then, were the eyes of the President open to a fact which none but the political blind man could fail to observe, and then it was that not only the President, but a very large proportion of our countrymen, heretofore strictly conservative men, felt that the time had come when further forbearance would be suicidal. Although many doubted and still doubt if slavery was the cause of the rebellion, very many were forced to the conclusion that what our enemies themselves admitted to be the strength of the rebellion was indeed such, and that the time had arrived to avail themselves of that military necessity which authorizes the Government to adopt such measures as may be deemed the most fitting for crushing rebellion and restoring our constitutional liberty. Let us think, then, as we please upon the judiciousness of the proclamation—that it was uttered with forethought, calmness, and with a full sense of the responsibility of the President to his God and his country, none of us can deny. With this we should be satisfied. We have but one duty before us, then, as a government and a people—and that is, an earnest, devoted prosecution of this war for the integrity of our common country. In the untrammelled hands of that Government let us leave its prosecution. We have but one duty before us as individuals, and that is to support the existing Government with our individual might. Let the cry be loud and long, as, thank Heaven, it still is, 'On with the war,' not for war's sake, but for the sake of that peace, which only war, humanely and vigorously conducted, can achieve.

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Fling personal ambition and individual aggrandizement to the winds. Let political preferment and partisan proclivities bide their time, and as a united and one-minded people, devote heart and mind, strength and money, to the prosecution of the campaign, without considering what may be its duration, and without fear of circumstance or expenditure. If it be necessary, let the public debt be increased until it reaches and exceeds the public liabilities of the most indebted Government of Europe. We and our descendants will cheerfully pay the interest on that expenditure which purchased so great a blessing as national durability. Meanwhile, with unity, forbearance, perseverance, and the silent administration of the ballot box, we will, as a people, maintain, notwithstanding that a portion of the land we hold dear stands severed from us by hatred and prejudice, the prosperity which we still claim, and the renown which was once accorded to us. By so doing, and by so doing only, shall our former grandeur come back to us—though its garments be stained with blood. A grandeur which, without hyperbole, it may be said, will outstrip the glory which, as a young and sanguine people, we have ever claimed for our country. The reason for so believing is the simple and undeniable fact that out of the saddening humiliation and devastation of this civil war has arisen the better knowledge of the wonderful resources, abilities, and determined spirit of the American people. We see—both combatants—that we are giants fighting, and not quarrelling pigmies, as the foreign enemies of us both have vainly attempted to prove. We see, both combatants, how vast and important to each is the territory we are struggling for, how inseparable to our united interests are the sources of wealth imbedded in our rocks, underlying our soil, and growing in its beneficent bosom. We see, both combatants, how strong is the commerce of the East to supply, like a diligent handmaiden, the wants of every section; how bountiful are the plantations of the South and the granaries of the West to keep the world united to us in the strong bonds of commercial and friendly intercourse; how absolutely necessary to the prosperity of both are the deep and wide-flowing rivers which run, like silver bands of peace, through the length and breadth of a land whose vast privileges we have been too blind to appreciate, and in that blindness would destroy. Above all, we are *beginning* to see that like two mighty champions fighting for the belt of superiority, we can neither of us achieve that individual advantage which can utterly and forever place the other beyond the ability of again accepting the gauntlet of defiance, and that our true and lasting glory can alone proceed from a determination to shake hands in peace, and, as united champions, defying no longer each other, defy the world. Nor would the South in consenting to a reunion *now* find humiliation or dishonor. She has proved herself a noble foe—quick in expedient, firm in determination, valorous in war. We know each other the better for the contest; we shall, when peace returns, respect each other the more; and although the cost of that peace, whenever it comes, will be the sacrifice of many local prejudices and sectional privileges, what, oh, what are such sacrifices to the inestimable blessings of national salvation?

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## THE COMPLAINING BORE.

About the most disagreeable people one meets with in life are those who make a business of complaining. They ask for sympathy when they merit censure. There is no excuse for man or woman making known their private griefs except to intimate friends or those who stand in the nearest relation to them. I have no patience with the man who wishes to catch the public ear with the sound of his repining. Be it that he complain of the world generally, or specify the particular occasion of his dumpishness, he is in either aspect equally contemptible. What a serio-comic spectacle a man presents who imagines that everybody is in a leagued conspiracy against him to disappoint his hopes and thwart his plans for success! He thinks he is kept from rising by some untoward fate that is bent on crushing him into the ground, feels that he is the victim of persecution, the sport of angry gods. Not having the spirit of a martyr, he frets and fumes about his condition, and finds a selfish relief in counting over his grievances in the presence of all who are good-natured enough to listen. Such a fellow is a social nuisance—away with him! The fact usually is that the world has more reason to complain of him than he of the world. For instance, I know a man who has become misanthropic, but who should hate himself instead of the whole race.

Mr. Jordan Algrieve has become disgusted with life, and confesses than his experiment with existence has thus far proved a failure. He has combated with the world, and the world has proved too much for him, and he acknowledges the defeat. Mr. Algrieve is on the shady side of fifty, and his hair getting to be of an iron gray. His features are prominent, with a face wrinkled and shrivelled by discontent and acidity of temper. His tall figure is bent, not so much by cares and weight of years, as in a kind of typical submission to the stern decree of an evil destiny.

Strange to say, he is well educated, and graduated with honor at one of our Eastern colleges. With a knowledge of this fact, it is pitiable to see him standing at the corner of the street in his busy town in a suit of seedy black and a shockingly bad hat, chafing his hands together and pretending to wait for somebody who never comes.

Poor Algrieve, he is a man under the table, and he knows it. He has tried to be somebody in his way, but has failed sadly in all his efforts. It is said that Algrieve always had a constitutional aversion to legitimate and continued labor, but has a passion for making strikes and securing positions that afford liberal pay for little work.

Thinking a profession too monotonous and plodding, he never took the trouble to acquire one. As to honest manual toil, that was an expedient he never so much as dreamed of. In early life he was so unfortunate as to secure an appointment to a clerkship in the Assembly, and after that he haunted the State Legislature for five or six winters in hot pursuit of another place, but his claims failing to be recognized, he relapsed into the natural belief that his party was in league to proscribe him. After making a large number of political ventures of a more ambitious order, and with the same mortifying results, he abandoned that field and took to speculation in patent rights. He vended a wonderful churn-dash, circulated a marvellous flatiron, and expatiated through the country on the latest improvement in the line of a washing machine. But these operations somehow afforded him but transient relief, and left him always involved still more largely in debt. At different times in his life he had also been a horse dealer, a dry-goods merchant, a saloon keeper, the proprietor of a tenpin alley, and managed to grow poorer in all these various occupations. The last I saw of him he was reduced to peddling books in a small way, carrying his whole stock in a new market basket. He was very importunate in his appeals to customers to purchase, putting it upon the ground that he had been unfortunate and had a claim to their charity. I happened to see him in the office of the popular hotel in Podgeville, when he was more than usually clamorous for patronage. He accosted nearly every man in the room with a dull, uninteresting volume in his hand, and for which he asked a respectable price. At last he set down his basket, and commenced a kind of snivelling harangue to his little audience. Mr. Algrieve opened by saying:

'Gentlemen, you'll pardon me for thrusting myself upon your attention; but it is hard to have the world turned against ye, and to work like a slave all your life to get something to fall back on in old age, and then have to die poor at last! I hope none of you have ever known what it is to be born unlucky; to never undertake anything but turned out a failure, and to meet disappointment where you deserved success. I am such a man!'

Here Mr. Algrieve produced a fragmentary pocket handkerchief for the ostensible purpose of absorbing an expected tear, but really to give his remark a tragic effect. He continued:

'Behold an individual who has been doomed to penury and destitution, but who has not met his fate without a struggle. You who have known me, gentlemen, for the last thirty years, know that Jordan Algrieve has battled with life manfully.' At this point he put out his clenched fist in defiance of his fancied enemy.' But I have been compelled to yield to the force of circumstances—not, however, till I had taken my chance in nearly every department of honorary endeavor, and experienced the most wretched success. The world has pronounced its ban upon me, and I must bow submissively to its cruel imposition. I tried to serve my country in the capacity of a public official, but my services and talents were repeatedly rejected—the majority of voters always so necessary to an honest election was forever on the side of my lucky opponent. When I withdrew from the political field, impoverished

by my efforts to advance the prosperity of my party, I embarked in a small commercial enterprise; but owing to the tightness of the times, and my want of capital, I was soon obliged to give up and throw myself upon the mercy of my creditors. I have tried popular amusements, and lost money—that is, I failed to make it. I even branched out into fancy speculations, but they only served to sink me still deeper in the yawning depths of insolvency!

Mr. Algrieve here paused, and seemed to look down into the frightful gulf with a shuddering expression, as if he were not quite accustomed to the descent yet.

'In short, gentlemen, I am completely prostrated—I am floored! And is the world willing to help me up? By no means! On the contrary, when I commenced falling and slipping on the stairs of human endeavor the world was ready to kick me down, down, till I reached the—in short, gentlemen, till I became what I now am. Now, what have I done, let me ask, that I should fare thus? Have I not made an effort? I appeal to you, gentlemen, to say. [A voice from the crowd here chimed in: 'Yes, Algrieve, your efforts to live without work have been immense!'] But here I am, poor and persecuted; my family are in want of some of the common necessaries of life; and now, gentlemen, I beg some of you will buy that book (holding out a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress'), and do something to avert for a while, at least, the pauper's fate!'

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Some benevolent gentleman, either from a charitable motive, or to put an end to his lachrymose oration, bought the volume for \$1.25. Mr. Algrieve received the money with many expressions of gratitude, and, gathering up his stock, moped off into the drinking room, and invested a dime in a gin cocktail, and five cents in a cigar, with which he sought to solace himself for all the inflictions of the inexorable world.

Thus Jordan Algrieve goes about telling of his reverses and misfortunes, exhibiting them to the public eye like a beggar his sores, without shame or remorse; seeking to levy contributions on his fellow men, as one who has been robbed of his estate. Reader, will you say that you have never met with Jordan Algrieve?

Another common species of the complaining bore are those who are continually parading their bodily infirmities. For example, a man will call on you, apparently for the express purpose of illustrating a most interesting case of neuralgia. He comes into your office, perhaps, with his head tied up in a handkerchief, and an expression of face as if he had some time winked one eye very close, and had never since been able to open it. Thinking himself an object worthy of study, he shows how the darting pains vacillate between his eyes, invade his teeth, hold general muster in his cheeks, take refuge in the back of his neck; and demonstrates these points to you by applying his hands to the parts designated, and uttering cries of feigned anguish to give effect to his description. He informs you, as a piece of refreshing intelligence, that it is devilish hard to bear, and enough to make a saint indulge in profanity. When he has proceeded thus far, he may be taken with one of his capricious pains, ducks his head between his knees, squeezes it with his hands, and bawls out: 'O-h! Je-ru-sa-lem!' with a duration of sound only limited by the capacity of his wind. He feels that he has a witness to his sufferings, and wishes to make the most of it. When he gets sufficiently easy, he tells you his experience with various remedies, enumerates all the lotions, liniments, ointments, and other applications he has used, with his opinion on the merits of each.

Another person will accost you on a bright day with a most saturnine and wo-begone visage, informing you that he is in a terrible way, that his food distresses him, and he can't any longer take comfort in eating. He places his hand in the region of his stomach, remarks that he feels a great load there, and makes the usual complaints of a dyspeptic. He is pathetic over the fact that his physician has denied him fried oysters and mince pie for evening lunch, and closes his observations by exclaiming in a moralizing vein that 'such is life!'

A third individual has a throat disease, and, forgetful of his bad breath, desires you to take a minute survey of his glottis, and inform him of its appearance. Accordingly he opens his mouth and throws back his head as if he were inviting you to an entertaining show.

These are but a tithe of the examples of people who exhibit in public and at social gatherings their ills and ailments, accompanied with dreary complainings of their bodily afflictions. It implies no indifference or lack of sympathy for physical pain and hardships to say that its victims have no right to mar the enjoyment of others by the unnecessary display of their infirmities or present sufferings. If a man will make a travelling show of his disorders, he should be obliged to carry a hand organ to give variety to his stupid entertainment. Were these fellows all compelled to furnish this accompaniment, what a musical bedlam our streets would become! Of course, there is no law against complaining and repining—it may not be immoral—but it is a very poor method of making those around us happy, which is a duty that none but selfish natures can forget. A man who goes through life with a smiling face and cheerful temper, despite the grievances common to us all, is a public benefactor in his way, as much as one who founds a library or establishes an asylum.

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Misanthropy is a sublime egotism that mistakes its own distemper for a disease of the universe. With all the mishaps to which our life is subject, a glance over a wide range of human experience proves that God helps those who help themselves, and whatever be the tenor of our fortune, levity is more seemly than moodiness, and under any circumstances there is more virtue in being

a clown than a cynic. But in adversity, a subdued cheerfulness and quiet humor are, next to Christian fortitude, the golden mean of feeling that makes the loss of worldly things rest lightly on the heart, and spreads out before the hopeful eye the vision of better days!

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## DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.'

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## LITERARY NOTICES

THE ICE MAIDEN, AND OTHER TALES. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by FANNY FULLER. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. New York: C. T. EVANS. 1863.

Probably no writer of stories for the young ever equalled Hans Christian Andersen; certainly none ever succeeded as he has done in reproducing the nameless charm of the real fairy tale which springs up without an author among the people,—the best specimens of which are the stories collected by the Brothers Grimm in Germany. But this exquisite fascination of an inner life in animals and in inanimate objects, which every child's mind produces from dolls and other puppets, and which makes fairies of flowers, is by Andersen adroitly turned very often to good moral and instructive purpose, without losing the original sweet and simple charm which blends the real and the imaginary. Here he surpasses all other tale writers, nearly all of whom, in their efforts at simplicity in such narratives, generally become supremely silly.

The present volume contains four stories—'The Ice Maiden,' 'The Butterfly,' 'The Psyche,' and 'The Snail and the Rose Tree,'—all in Andersen's usual happy and successful vein; for he is preëminently an *equal* writer, and never falls behind himself. Perhaps the highest compliment which can be paid them is the truthful assertion that any person may read them with keen interest, and never reflect that they were written for young people. Poetry and prose meet in them on equal grounds, and any of them in verse would be charming. The main reason for this is that such stories to charm must set forth natural objects with Irving-like fidelity; nay, the writer must, with a few words, bring before us scenes and things as in a mirror. In this 'The Ice Maiden' excels; Swiss life is depicted as though we were listening to *yodle* songs on the mountains, and felt the superstitions of the icy winter nights taking hold of our souls.

'The Psyche' is an art-story. Most writers would have made it a legend of 'high' art, but it is far sweeter and more impressive from the sad simplicity and gentleness with which it is here told. 'The Butterfly,' on the contrary, is a delightful little burlesque on flirtations and fops; and 'The Snail and the Rose Tree' is much like it. Both are really fables of the highest order, or shrewd prose epigrams.

The volume before us is well translated; very well, notwithstanding one or two trifling inadvertencies, which, however, really testify to the fact that the best of all pens for such version—a lady's—was employed in the work. A *Skytte*, for instance, in Danish, or *Schutz* in German, is generally termed among the fraternity of sportsmen a 'shot,' and not a 'shooter.' But the spirit of the original is charmingly preserved, and Miss Fuller has the rare gift of using short and simple words, which are the best in the world when one knows how to use them as she does. We trust that we shall see many more stories of this kind, translated by her.

We must, in conclusion, say a word for the dainty binding (Pawson & Nicholson), the exquisite paper and typography, and, finally, for the pretty photograph vignette with which this volume is adorned. Mr. Leypoldt has benefited Philadelphia in many ways,—by his foreign and American circulating library, his lecture room, and by his republication in photograph of first-class engravings,—and we now welcome him to the society of publishers. His first step in this direction is a most promising one.

NOTES, CRITICISMS, AND CORRESPONDENCE UPON SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS AND ACTORS. By JAMES HENRY HACKETT. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. 1863.

This work will be one of great interest, firstly to all those who visit the theatre, secondly to readers of Shakspeare, and thirdly to all who relish originality and naïvete of character, such as Mr. Hackett displays abundantly, from the rising of the curtain even to the going down of the same, in his book. There are no men who live so much within their profession as actors, or are so earnest in their faith in it; and this devotion is reflected unconsciously, but very entertainingly, through the whole volume. Shakspeare tells us that all the world is a stage—to the actor the stage is all his world, the only one in which he truly lives.

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We thank Mr. Hackett for giving us in this volume, firstly, very minute and excellent descriptions of all the eminent actors of Shakespeare within his memory—not a brief one, he having been himself a really excellent and eminent actor since 1828. It is to be regretted that there are not more such judicious descriptions as these. The author has, as we gather from his book, been in the habit of recording his daily experiences, and consequently writes from better data than those afforded by mere memory. The reader will also thank him for many agreeable minor reminiscences of celebrities, and for giving to the public his extremely interesting correspondence on Shakspearean subjects with John Quincy Adams and others. The views of the venerable statesman on *Hamlet*, and on 'Misconceptions of Shakspeare on the Stage,' indicate a very great degree of study of the great poet, and of reflection on the manner in which he is over or under acted. Nor are Mr. Hackett's own letters and criticisms by any means devoid of merit—witness the following:

'Mr. Forrest recites the text (of King Lear) as though it were all prose, and not occasionally written in poetic measure; whereas, blank verse can, and always should, be distinguishable from prose by proper modulations of the voice, which a listener with a nice ear and a cultivated taste could not mistake, nor, if confounded, detect in their respective recitals: else Milton as well as Shakspeare has toiled to little purpose in the best-proportioned numbers.'

The criticism on Forrest is throughout judicious, and, though frequently severe, is still very kindly written when we consider the 'capacities' of the subject.

As regards Mr. Hackett's views of readings, we detect in them a little of that tendency to excessive accentuation, and that disposition to 'make a hit' or a sensation in every sentence which renders most, or all, Shakspearean or tragic acting so harsh and strained, and which has made the word 'theatrical' in ordinary conversation synonymous with 'unnatural.' Something of this is reflected in the enormous amount of needless italicizing with which the typography of the book is afflicted, and which we trust will be amended in future editions. We cheerfully pardon Mr. Hackett for sounding his own praises—sometimes rather loudly and frequently, as in the republication of a sketch of himself—since, after all, we thereby gain a more accurate idea of a favorite actor, who has for thirty-six years pleased the public, and gained in that long time the character of a conscientious artist who has always striven to improve himself.

To one thing, however, we decidedly object—the questionable taste displayed by the author in answering in type criticisms of his acting, and in republishing them in his work. We can well imagine the temptation to be great, but to yield to it is not creditable to a good artist. With this little exception, we cordially commend the work to all readers.

DEVOTIONAL POEMS. By R. T. CONRAD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

The late Judge Conrad left a number of religious poems, which fortunately fell into the hands of those who appreciated their merit, and we now have them in volume, with an introductory poem to the widow of the deceased and a preface by George H. Boker, to whom the editing of the present volume was committed. These lyrics, as we infer, were written in the spirit of private devotion, and are therefore gifted with the greatest merit which can possibly inspire religious writing—we mean deep sincerity. But apart from the *spirit*,—the *sine qua non*,—the beauty of the form of these works will always give them a high value to the impartial critic. They are far above the mediocrity into which most religious writers always at first *appear* to be lost, owing to the vast amount of thoughts and expressions which they are compelled to share in common with others. And as there has been awakened within a few years a spirit of collecting and studying such poetry, we cordially commend this work to all who share it.

As regards form, one of the more marked poems in this collection is 'The Stricken;' we have room only for the beginning: [Pg 502]

Heavy! Heavy! Oh, my heart  
Seems a cavern deep and drear,  
From whose dark recesses start,  
Flatteringly like birds of night,  
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,  
Screaming in their flight.  
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,  
Spreading a horror dim,—a woe that cannot weep!

Weary! Weary! What is life  
But a spectre-crowded tomb?  
Startled with unearthly strife,  
Spirits fierce in conflict met,  
In the lightning and the gloom,  
The agony and sweat;  
Passions wild and powers insane,  
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean pain.

We select this single specimen from its remarkable resemblance to Anglo-Saxon religious poetry,—by far the sincerest, and, so far as it was ripened, the soundest, in our language. With the exception of the Promethean allusion, every line in these verses is singularly Saxon—the night birds, screaming in gloom—as in the '*Sea Farer*,' where, instead of joyous mirth,

'Storms beat the stone cliffs,  
Where them the starling answered,  
Icy of wing.'

The divisions of this work are 'Sinai,' which is in great measure a commentary on virtues and vices, 'Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer,' and 'Bible Breathings.' Of these we would commend the Sonnets, as forming collectively a highly finished and beautiful poem, complete in each detail. The little poem, 'A Thought,' is as perfect as a mere simile in verse could be.

Robert T. Conrad, who was born in Philadelphia in 1810, and died there in 1858, first became known to the public by a drama entitled *Conrad of Naples*, a subject which has been extensively treated by German writers, Uhland himself having written a tragedy on it. After being admitted to the bar, Conrad connected himself with the press, but resumed the practice of law in 1834 with success, being appointed judge of the criminal sessions in 1838, and of the general sessions in 1840. He was subsequently president of a well-known railroad company, and mayor of his native city. During the intervals of his business he was at one time editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and acquired a literary reputation by his articles in the *North American*, and by the well-known tragedy of *Aylmere*, in which Mr. Forrest, the actor, has frequently appeared as 'Jack Cade.' In addition to these, Mr. Conrad published, in 1852, a volume entitled 'Aylmere and other poems,' which was very extensively reviewed. In it the 'Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer' first appeared.

The volume before us is very well edited in every respect, and makes its appearance in very beautiful 'externals.' The paper, binding, and typography are, in French phrase, as applied to such matters, 'luxurious.'

SKETCHES OF THE WAR: A Series of Letters to the North Moore Street School of New York. By CHARLES C. NOTT, Captain in the Fifth Iowa Cavalry. New York: Charles T. Evans, 448 Broadway. 1863.

Were this little work ten times its present length, we should have read it to the end with the same interest which its perusal inspired, and arrived, with the same regret that there was not more of it, at its last page. It is simple and unpretending, but as life-like and spirited as any collection of descriptive sketches which we can recall. We realize in it all the vexations of mud, all the horrors of blood, and all the joys of occasional chickens and a good night's rest, which render the soldier's life at once so great and yet so much a matter of petty joys and sorrows. The love of the rider for the good horse—for his pet Gypsy—her caprices and coquetries, are set forth, for instance, very freely, without, however, a shadow of affectation, while in all his interviews with men and women, the characters come before us 'like life,' and give us a singularly accurate conception of the social effects of the war in the West. The appearance of the country is unconsciously detailed as accurately as in a photograph, and the events and sensations of battle are presented with great ability; in fact, we have as yet seen no sketches from the war which in these particulars are equal to them. They are free from 'fine writing,' and are given in simple, intelligible language which cannot fail to make them generally popular. The occasional flashes of humorous description are extremely well given—so well that we only wish there had been more of them, as the author has evidently a talent in that direction, which we trust will be more fully developed in other works.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE

With all the outcry that has been raised at the slow progress of the war, it is difficult for a comprehensive mind to conceive how, on the whole, the struggle with the South could have advanced more favorably to the *general interests* and future prosperity of the whole country, than it has thus far done. 'Had the Administration been possessed of sufficient energy, it could have crushed the rebellion in the first month,' say the grumblers. Very possibly—to break out again! No amount of prompt action could have calmed the first fire and fury of the South. It required *blood*; it was starving for war; it was running over with hatred for the North.

The war went on, and, as it progressed, it became evident that, while thousands deprecated agitation of the slave question as untimely, the war could never end until that question was disposed of. And it also became every day more plain that the 'little arrangement' so frequently insisted on, and expressed in the words, 'Conquer the enemy *first*, and *then* free the slaves,' was a little absurdity. It was 'all very pretty,' but with the whole North and South at swords-points over this as the alleged cause of war—with all Europe declaring that the North had no intention of removing the cause of the war—with the slave constantly interfering in all our military movements—and, finally, with a party of domestic traitors springing up everywhere, at home and in the army itself, it became high time to adopt a fixed policy. It *was* adopted, and President LINCOLN, to his lasting honor, and despite tremendous opposition, issued the Proclamation of January First—the noblest document in history.

It is difficult to see how, when, or in what manner slavery would have disappeared from a single State, had the war been sooner ended; and nothing is more certain than that any early victory or temporary compromise would have simply postponed the struggle, to be settled with compound interest. But another benefit has resulted and is resulting from the experience of the past two years. Our own Free States have abounded with men who are at heart traitors; men who have, by



their ignorance of the great principles of national welfare involved in this war, acted as a continual drawback on our progress. This body of men, incapable of comprehending the great principles of republicanism as laid down in the Constitution, and as urged by Washington, would be after all only partially vanquished should we subdue the rebels. They are around us here in our own homes; their treason rings from the halls of national legislation; they are busy night and day in their 'copperhead' councils in giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and in poisoning the minds of the ignorant, by hissing slanders at the President and his advisers as being devoid of energy and ability.

It would avail us little could we conclude a peace to-morrow, if these aiders and abettors of treason—these foes of all enlightened measures—these worse than open rebels—were to remain among us to destroy by their selfishness and malignity those great measures by which this country is destined to become great. The war is doing us the glorious service of bringing the 'copperheads' before the people in their true light—the light of foes to equality, to the rights of the many, and as perverse friends of all that is anti-American. Who and *what*, indeed, are their leaders! Review them all, from FERNANDO WOOD down to the wretched SAULSBURY, including W. B. REED, in whose veins hereditary traitorous blood seems, with every descent, to have acquired a fresh taint—consider the character which has for years attached to most of them—and then reflect on what a party must be with such leaders!

These men have no desire to be brought distinctly before the public; they would by far prefer to burrow in silence. But the war and emancipation have proved an Ithuriel's spear to touch the toad and make him spring up in his full and naturally fiendish form. The sooner and the more distinctly he is seen, the better will it be for the country. We must dispose of rebels abroad and copperheads at home ere we can have peace, and the sooner the country knows its foes, the better will it be for it. We have come at last to either carrying out the great centralizing system of an Union, superior to all States Rights, as commended by Washington, or to division into a thousand petty principalities, each ruled by its WOOD, or other demagogue, who can succeed in securing a majority-mob of adherents!

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It is with such men and their measures that Gen. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, the frequently proposed candidate for the next presidency, is becoming firmly connected in the minds of the people! Fortunately the war has developed the objects of the traitors, and the Union Leagues which are springing up by hundreds over the country are doing good service in making them thoroughly known. Until treason is fairly rooted out at home and abroad, and until *Union at the centre for the people everywhere* is fully enforced, this war can only be concluded now, to be renewed in tenfold horror to-morrow.

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There is a complication of interests at present springing up in Europe, which is difficult to fathom. Just now it seems as if the Polish insurrection were being fomented by Austria, at French instigation, in order that the hands of Russia may be tied, so that in case of war with America, we may be deprived of the aid of our great European friend. England sees it in this light, and angrily protests against Prussian interference in the matter. Should a general war result, who would gain by it? Would France avail herself of the opportunity to array her forces against Prussia, and seize the Rhine, and perhaps Belgium? Or would the Emperor avail himself of circumstances to embroil England in a war, and then withdraw to a position of profitable neutrality? Let it be borne in mind, meantime, that it required all the strength of France, England, and Austria, combined, to beat Russia in the Crimea, and that a short prolongation of the war would have witnessed the arrival of vast bodies of Russian troops—many of whom had been nearly a year on the march. Those troops are now far more accessible in case of war.

A war between England and the United States, however it might injure us, would be utter ruin to our adversary. With our commerce destroyed, we should still have a vast territory left; but nine tenths of England's prosperity lies within her wooden walls, which would be swept from the ocean. With her exportation destroyed, England would be ruined. We should suffer, unquestionably, but we could hold our own, and would undoubtedly progress as regards manufacturing. But what would become of the British workshops, and how would the British people endure such suffering as never yet befell them? Even with our Southern Rebellion on our hands, and English men-of-war on our coast, we could still, with our merchant marine, bring John Bull to his face. And John Bull knows it.

England is now building, in the cause of slavery and for the South, a great fleet of iron-clad pirate vessels, which are intended to prey on our commerce. How long will it be before retaliation on England begins, and, *when* it begins, how will it end? *Ay—how* will it end? It is not to be supposed that we can long be blinded by such a flimsy humbug as a transfer to Southern possession of these vessels 'for the Chinese trade!' Are the English mad, demented, or besotted, that they suppose we intend to endure such deliberate aid of our enemies? When those vessels 'for the Chinese' are afloat, and our merchants begin to suffer, let England beware! We are not a people to stop and reason nicely on legal points, when they are enforced in the form of fire and death. Better for England that she weighed the iron of that fleet pound for pound with gold, and cast it into the sea, than that she suffered it to be launched. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*. England is the *real* criminal in this business, for her Government could have *prevented* it; and to her we shall look for the responsibility. All through America a spirit of fierce indignation has been awakened at hearing of this 'Chinese' fleet, which will burst out ere long in a storm. We are very

far from being afraid of war—we are in it; we know what it is like—and those who openly, brazenly, infamously, aid our enemies and make war for them, shall also learn, let it cost what it may.

England hopes to cover the world's oceans with pirates, with murder, rapine, and robbery—to exaggerate still more the horrors of war—and yet deems that her commerce will escape! This is a different matter from the affair of the Trent.

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Don't grumble! Don't be incessantly croaking from morning to night at the war and the administration and the generals, and everything else! Things have gone better on the whole than you imagine, and your endless growling is just what the traitors like. Were there no croakers there would be no traitors.

It was growling and croaking which caused the reverses of the army of the Potomac—sheer grumbling. Now the truth is coming out, and we are beginning to see the disadvantages of eternal fault-finding. The truth is that the war in the Crimea was much worse conducted than this of ours has been—even as regards swindling by contracts—and it was so with every other war. We have no monopoly of faults.

Now that the war is being reorganized, we would modestly suggest that a little severity—say an occasional halter—would not be out of place as regards deserters. There has been altogether too much of this amusement in vogue, which a few capital punishments in the beginning would have entirely obviated. Pennsylvania, we are told, is full of hulking runaway young farmers, and our cities abound in ex-rowdies, who, after securing their bounties, have deserted, and who are now aiding treason, and spreading 'verdigrease' in every direction by their falsehoods. Let every exertion be made to arrest and return these scamps—cost what it may; and let their punishment be exemplary. And let there be a new policy inaugurated with the new levy, which shall effectually prevent all further escaping.

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Reader—wherever you are, either join a Union League, or get one up. If there be none in your town, gather a few friends together—and mind that they be good, loyal Unionists, without a suspicion of verdigrease or copperhead poison about them—and at once put yourselves in connection with the central Leagues of the great cities. Those of Philadelphia, New York and Boston are all conducted by honorable men of the highest character—and we may remark, by the way, that in this respect the contrast between the leaders of the League and of the Verdigrease Clubs is indeed remarkable. When you have formed your League, see that addresses are delivered there frequently, that patriotic documents and newspapers are collected there, and finally that it does good service in every way in forwarding the war, and in promoting the determination to preserve the Union.

The copperheads aim not only at letting the South go—they hope to break the North to fragments, and trust that in the general crash each of them may secure his share. When the war first broke out, FERNANDO WOOD publicly recommended the secession of New York as a free city—and a very free city it would have been under the rule of Fernando the First! And this object of 'dissolution and of division' is still cherished in secret among the true leaders of the traitors.

The time has come when every true American should go to work in earnest to strengthen the Union and destroy treason, whether in the field or at home. A foe to liberty and to human rights is a foe, whether he be a fellow countryman or not, and against such foes it is the duty of every good citizen to declare himself openly.

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It will be seen by the annexed that our Art correspondent, a gentleman of wide experiences, has gone into the battle. We trust that his experiences will amuse the reader. As for the *facts*—never mind!

CAMP O'BELLOW,  
*Army of the Potomac.*

MY PATRIOTIC FRIEND AND EDITOR:

I have changed my base.

When I last wrote you, it was from the field of art—this time it is from the floor of my tent—at least it will be, as soon as my fellows pitch it. N. B.—For special information I would add that this is not done, as I have seen a Kalmouk do it, with a bucket of pitch and a rag on a stick. One way, however, of pitching tents is to pitch 'em down when the enemy is coming, and run like the juice. Ha, ha!

But I must not laugh too loudly, as yon small soldier may hear me. Little pitchers have long ears.

Now for my sufferings.

The first is my stove.

My stove is made of a camp kettle.

It has such a vile draught that I think of giving it a lesson in drawing. *Joke*. Perhaps you remember it of old in the jolly old Studio Building in Tenth Street. By the way how is WHITTREDGE? —I believe *he* imported that joke from Rome where he learned it of JULES DE MONTALANT who acquired it of CHAPMAN who got it from GIBSON, who learned it of THORWALDSEN who picked it up from DAVID who stole it from the elder VERNET to whom it had come down from MICHAEL ANGELO who cribbed it from ALBERT DÜRER who sucked it somehow from GIOTTO. [Pg 506]

I wish you could see that stove. I cook in it and on it and all around the sides and underneath it. I wash my clothes in it, make punch in it, write on it, when cold sit on it, play poker on it, and occasionally use it for a trunk. It also gives music, for though it don't draw, it can sing.

My second friend is my Iron Bride—the sword. She is a useful creeter. Little did I think, when you, my beloved friends, presented me with that deadly brand, how useful she would prove in getting at the brandy, when I should have occasion to 'decap' a bottle. She kills pigs, cuts cheese, toasts pork, slices lemons, stirs coffee, licks the horses, scares Secesh, and cuts lead pencils. In a word, if I wished to give useful advice to a cavalry officer, it would be not to go to war without a sword.

A revolver is also extremely utilitarian. A *large* revolver, mind you, with *six corks*. Mine contains red and black pepper, salt, vinegar, oil, and ketchup—when I'm in a hurry. A curious circumstance once 'transpired,' as the missionaries say, in relation to this article of the *quizzeen*. All the barrels were loaded—which I had forgotten—and so proceeded to give it an extra charge of groceries. \* \* \*

It was a deadly fray. *Rang tang bang, paoufff!* We fought as if it had been a Sixth Ward election. Suddingly I found myself amid a swarm of my country's foes. Sabres slashed at me, and in my rage I determined to exterminate something. Looking around from mere force of habit to see that there were no police about, I drew my revolver and aimed at JIM MARRYGOLD of Charleston, whom I had last seen owling it in New Orleans, four years ago. He and DICK MIDDLETONGUE of Natchez (who carved the Butcher's Daughter at Florence, and who is now a Secesh major), came down with their cheese knives, evidently intending to carve *me*. Such language you never heard, such a diluvium of profanity, such double-shotted d—ns! I drew my pistol *at once*, and gave Dick a blizzard. The ball went through his ear—the red pepper took his eyes, while Jim received the shot in his hat, and with it the sweet oil. In this sweet state of affairs, CHARLEY RUFFEM of Savannah was descending on me with his sabre. (He was the man who said my browns were all put in with guano.) I put him out of the way of criticism with a *third* barrel—killed him *dead*, and *salted* him.

The best of this war is, it enables me to exterminate so many *bad artists*.

The worst of it is that Charley owed me five dollars.

A fifth Secesh now made his appearance. We went it on the sword, and fought—for further particulars see Ivanhoe, volume second. My foe was RAWLEY CHIVERS, of Tuscumbia, Ala., and as the mischief would have it, he knew all my guards and cuts. We used to fence together, and had had more than one trial at '*fertig-los!*' on the old *Pauk-boden* in Heidelberg.

'Pop!' said he on the seventeenth round, 'are we going to chop all day?'

'CHIV,' said I, as I drew my castor, '*are you ready?*'

'Ready,' quoth he, effecting the same manœuvre—'*one, two, three.*'

I scratched his cheek, but the mustard settled him. Sputter—p'l'z'z'z—how he swore! I went at him with both hands.

'*Priz?*' I cried.

'Priz it is,' he answered.

So I took him off as a priz. He was very glad to go too, for he hadn't had a dinner for six weeks, and would have made a fine study for a Murillo beggar so ar as rags went.

I punish my men whenever I catch them foraging. Punish them by confiscation. Mild as I am by nature, I never allow them to keep stolen provisions—when I am hungry.

Yesterday evening I detected a vast German private with a colossal bull-turkey.

'Lay it down *there*, sir!' I exclaimed fiercely—indicating the floor of my tent as the bank of deposit.

'But den when I leafs it you eats de toorky up!' he exclaimed in sorrowful remonstrance.

'Yes,' I replied, like a Roman. 'Yes—I may *eat* it—but,' I added in tones of high moral conscientiousness, 'remember that I didn't STEAL it!'

He went forth abashed.

No more till it is eaten, from

Yours truly,  
POPPY OYLE.

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We are indebted to a Philadelphia correspondent for the following:

Alas! that noble thoughts so oft  
Are born to live but for an hour,  
Then sleep in slumber of the soul  
As droops at night the passion flower,  
Their morn is like a summer sun  
With splendor dawning on the day—  
Their eve beholds that glory gone,  
And light with splendor fled away.

[Pg 507]

J. W. L.

True indeed. The difference between the great mind and the small is after all that the former can *retain* its 'noble thoughts,' while with the latter they are evanescent. And it is the glory of Art that it revives such feelings, and keeps early impressions alive.

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#### FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

My love, in our light boat riding,  
We sat at the close of day;  
And still through the night went gliding,  
Afar on our watery way.

The Spirit Isle, soft glowing,  
Lay dimmering 'neath moon and star;  
There music was softly flowing,  
And cloud dances waved afar:

And ever more sweetly pealing,  
And waving more winningly;  
But past it our boat went stealing,  
All sad on the wide, wide sea.

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Here is an

#### **ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR,**

from a Philadelphia correspondent:

'We had gone out one morning, while camping upon the river San Joaquin, to indulge in the sport of fowling. There were three of us, and we possessed two skiffs, but an accident had reduced our sculls to a single pair, which my companion used to propel one of the boats down the stream, after securing the other, with me as its occupant, in the midst of a thicket of tule, where I awaited in ambush the flying flocks. As geese and ducks abounded, and nearly all of my shots told, in a few hours I had killed plenty of game; but becoming weary, as the intervals lengthened between the flights of the birds, I sat down, and had already begun to nod dozingly, when a startling splash, near the river bank, instantly aroused me. Grasping my gun and springing upright, I looked in the direction whence the sound had come; but, owing to the intervening mass of tule, could not see what kind of animal—for such I at once conjectured it must be—had occasioned my sudden surprise. Having hitherto seen no domestic stock hereabouts, I therefore felt fully satisfied that it could not belong to a tame species. Judging from the noise of its still continued movements, it was of no small bulk; and, if its ferocity were correspondent with its apparent size, this was indeed a beast to be dreaded.

'The thought at once occurred to me that, as I possessed neither oars nor other means of propulsion, it would be difficult to move the boat from its mooring if chance or acuteness of scent should lead the creature to my place of concealment. In short, this, with various suggestions of fancy, some of them ludicrously exaggerated, speedily made me apprehensive of imminent danger. Nor was my suspicion unfounded, for a crisis was at hand.

'There was a space of clear water between the river bank and the margin of the tule, in which the brute seemed to disport a few moments; and then the rustling of

the reeds indicated that it was about to advance. With heavy footfalls it came toward me; as it approached my nervousness increased; I could not mistake that significant tread; undoubtedly it was a grizzly bear. But how could I escape? Bruin, though his progress was not unimpeded, was surely drawing near. Following my first impulse in this pressing emergency, I placed myself forward in the boat, and, seizing a handful of green blades on either side of it, endeavored, by violently pulling upon them, to force the craft through the thick growth which surrounded it. The headway of the skiff was slow, but my efforts were not silent. In fact, the commotion occasioned by my own panic became, to my hearing, so confounded with the sound made by my floundering pursuer that my excited imagination multiplied the single supposed bear, and the water seemed to be dashed about by several formidable 'grizzlies.'

'You smile, gentlemen, but really I was so impressed with this and like extravagant creations of fear that my better judgment was temporarily suspended. This deception, however, was only of momentary duration.

'Suddenly the skiff encountered some obstacle and remained immovable. Quickly clutching my gun and firing it aimlessly, I sprang overboard, and, with extraordinary energy, made for the other side of the river and safety.

'My remembrance of that hazardous crossing even now fills me with a sympathetic thrill. The river, near where I had leaped in, varied in depth from my middle to my neck, and the snaky stalks of tule clung to me, retarding my retreat like faithful allies of the enemy. An area of this plant extended to the channel, a distance of some fifty yards, where a clear current rendered swimming feasible; and this I essayed to reach, urged onward by terror, and regardless of ordinary obstructions. So vigorous was my action that, notwithstanding the frequent reversals of my head and 'head's antipodes' as I tripped over reeds and roots, perhaps I should have reached the 'point proposed' with only a loss equivalent to the proverbial 'year's growth,' had not a hidden snag unluckily lain in the way, which 'by hook or by crook' fastened itself in the part of my trowsers exactly corresponding, when dry, with that 'broad disk of drab' finally seen, after much anxiety, by the curious Geoffrey Crayon between the parted coat-skirts of a certain mysterious 'Stout Gentleman,' and inextricably held me in check despite my frantic struggles.

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'Imagine my feelings while thus entangled by a bond of enduring material, a bait for a fierce brute which eagerly pressed forward to snap at me. Believe me, boys, this was *not* the happiest moment of my life. I knew no reason why I should resignedly submit to so undistinguished a fate. My knife, however, was in the boat, so that my release could only be attained by extreme exertion. Accordingly I writhed and jerked with my 'best violence,' all the time denouncing the whole race of bears, from 'Noah's pets' down; and you may be sure, emphatically expressing not a very exalted opinion of snags.

'Ah! how that brief period of horrible *suspense* appeared to stretch out almost to the crack of doom. I roared lustily for help, but no aid came. The bear continued its course through the thicket; in another instant I might be seized.

'Rather than suffer such a 'taking off' as this, which now seemed inevitable, I should have welcomed as an easy death any method of exit from life that I might hitherto have deprecated. Incited then by the proximity of the beast, which so intensified the horror of my situation, to a last desperate effort to avert this much dreaded fate; and, concentrating nearly a superhuman strength upon one impetuous bound, the *stubborn fabric burst*, and—joy possessed my soul!

'Even greater than my recent misery was the ecstasy which succeeded my liberation. The happy sense of relief imparted to me such a feeling of buoyancy that I was enabled to extricate myself from this 'slough of despond,' and I soon reached the swift current, when a few strokes landed me in security on a jutting bar.

'Without unnecessary delay I sought out my comrades, to whom I told the story of my escape. Their response was a hearty laugh, and certain equivocal words which might imply doubt—not as to my fright, for that was too plain—but concerning the identity of the 'grizzly.' I observed, however, that, as they rowed nearer to the scene of my disaster, their display of levity lessened; and as we came within sight of the suspicious locality, there was not the 'ghost of a joke' on board; but, on the contrary, they both charged me to 'keep a bright look out,' as well as to 'see that the arms were all right,' thus showing a remarkable diminution of their previous incredulity.

'While cautiously exploring the vicinity of my memorable flight, we saw the bear in the distance, upon a piece of rising ground. It moved off with a lumbering shuffle and probably a contented stomach, for, on searching for my scattered game, we found but little of it left besides sundry fragments and many feathers.'

In the old times people received queer names, and plenty of them. On Long Island a Mr. Crabb named a child 'Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Crabb.' The child went by the name of *Tribby*. Scores of such names could be cited. The practice of giving long and curious names is not yet out of date. In Saybrook, Conn., is a family by the name of Beman, whose children are successively named as follows:

1. Jonathan Hubbard Lubbard Lambard Hunk Dan Dunk Peter Jacobus Lackany Christian Beman.
2. Prince Frederick Henry Jacob Zacheus Christian Beman.
3. Queen Caroline Sarah Rogers Ruhamah Christian Beman.
4. Charity Freeloove Ruth Grace Mercy Truth Faith and Hope and Peace pursue I'll have no more to do for that will go clear through Christian Beman.

Some of the older American names were not unmusical. In a Genealogical Register open before us we frequently find Dulcena, Eusena, Sabra, and Norman; 'Czarina' also occurs. Rather peculiar at the present day are Puah and Azoa (girls), Albion, Ardelia, Philomelia, Serepta, Persis, Electa, Typhenia, Lois, Selim, Damarias, Thankful, Sephemia, Zena, Experience, Hilpa, Penninah, Juduthum, Freeloove, Luthena, Meriba (this lady married 'Oney Anness' at Providence, R.I., in 1785), Paris, Francena, Vienna, Florantina, Phedora, Azuba, Achsah, Alma, Arad, Asenah, Braman, Cairo, Candace, China (this was a Miss Ware—China Ware—who married Moses Bullen at Sherburne, Mass., in 1805), Curatia, Deliverance, Diadema, Electus, Hopestill, Izanna, Loannis, Loravia, Lovice, Orilla, Orison, Osro, Ozoro, Permelia, Philinda, Roavea, Rozilla, Royal, Salmon, Saloma, Samantha, Silence, Siley, Alamina, Eda, Aseneth, Bloomy, Syrell, Geneora, Burlin, Idella, Hadasseh, Patrora (Martainly), Allethina, Philura, and Zebina.

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Some of these names are still extant—most have become obsolete. It would be a commendable idea should some scholar publish a work containing the Names of all Nations!

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Doubtless the reader has heard much of the Wandering Jew and of his trials, but we venture to say that he has probably not encountered a more affecting state of the case than is set forth in the following lyric, translated from the German, in which language it is entitled 'Ahasver,' and beginneth as follows:

#### THE EVERLASTING OLD JEW.

'Ich bin der alte  
Ahasver,  
Ich wand're hin,  
Ich wand're her.  
Mein Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer,  
Und nimmermehr.'

I am the old  
Ahasuér;  
I wander here,  
I wander there.  
My rest is gone,  
My heart is sair;  
I find it never,  
And nevermair.

Loud roars the storm,  
The milldams tear;  
I cannot perish,  
O *malheur!*  
My heart is void,  
My head is bare;  
I am the old  
Ahasuér.

Belloweth ox  
And danceth bear,  
I find them never,  
Never mair.  
I'm the old Hebrew  
On a tare;  
I order arms:  
My heart is sair.

I'm goaded round,

I know not where:  
I wander here,  
I wander there.  
I'd like to sleep,  
But must forbear:  
I am the old  
Ahasuér.

I meet folks alway  
Unaware:  
My rest is gone,  
I'm in despair.  
I cross all lands,  
The sea I dare:  
I travel here,  
I wander there.

I feel each pain,  
I sometimes swear:  
I am the old  
Ahasuér.  
Criss-cross I wander  
Anywhere;  
I find it never,  
Never mair.

Against the wale  
I lean my spear;  
I find no quiet,  
I declare.  
My peace is lost,  
My heart is sair:  
I swing like pendulum in air.

I'm hard of hearing,  
You're aware?  
Curaçoa is  
A fine *liqueur*.  
I 'listed once  
*En militaire*:  
I find no comfort  
Anywhere.

But what's to stop it?  
Pray declare!  
My peace is gone.  
My heart is sair:  
I am the old  
Ahasuér.  
Now I know nothing,  
Nothing mair.

Truly a hard case, and one far surpassing the paltry picturing of Eugène Sue. There is a vagueness of mind and a senile bewilderment manifested in this poem, which is indeed remarkable.

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One fine day, some time ago, SAVIN and PIDGEON were walking down Fifth avenue to their offices.

A funeral was starting from No. —. On the door plate was the word IRVING.

'Such is life,' said Savin. 'All that is mortal of the great essayist is being borne to the grave: in fact, the cold and silent tomb.'

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A tear came to Pidgeon's eye. Pidgeon has an enthusiastic veneration for genius. He adores literary talent.

'Savin,' said he, 'there is a seat vacant in this carriage. I will enter it, and pay my last tribute of respect to the illustrious departed. But I thought he had a place up the river.'

'This was his town house,' said Savin. 'How I should like to join with you in your thoughtful remembrance, and in your somewhat unceleritous journey to the churchyard! But, no, the case of Blackbridge vs. Bridgeblack will be called at twelve, and I have no time to lose.'

Pidgeon entered the carriage. There was a large man on the seat, but Pigeon found room beside him. The carriage slowly moved off. Pidgeon put his handkerchief to his eyes; the large man

coughed and took a chew of tobacco.

Presently said Pidgeon:

'We are following to the grave the remains of a splendid writer.'

'Uncommon,' said the large man. 'Sech a man with a pen *I* never see—ekalled by few, and excelled by none; copperplate wasn't nowhere.'

'Indeed,' replied Pidgeon, 'I wasn't aware his chirography was so unusually elegant; but his books were magnificent, weren't they? So equable, too, and without that bold speculation that we too often meet with, nowadays.'

'Ah, you may well say so,' returned the large man. 'He always kept them himself; had 'em sent up to his house whenever he was sick, likewise; but he wasn't without his bold speculations neither. Look at that there operation of his into figs, last year.'

'Figs!'

'Figs, yes; and there was dates into the same cargo.'

'Dates! figs! My good friend, do you mean to say that the great Washington Irving speculated in groceries?'

'Lord, no, not that *I* know of. This here is Josh Irving, whose remains'—

Pidgeon opened the carriage door, and, being agile, got out without stopping the procession. Arriving at his office, where the boy was diligently occupied in sticking red wafers over the velvet of his desk lid, he took down 'Sugden on Vendors,' to ascertain if there was any legal remedy for the manner in which he had been sold, and at the latest dates had unsuccessfully travelled nearly half through that very entertaining volume.

THERE IS no time to be lost. Either the Union is to be made stronger, or it is to perish; and the sooner every man's position is defined, the better. If you are opposed to the war, say so, and step over to Secession, but do not falter and equivocate, croak and grumble, and play the bat of the fable. The manly, good, old-fashioned Democrats, at least, are above this, and are rapidly dividing from the copperheads. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a staunch patriotic journal, says:

'The sooner that the fact is made clear that the mass of the Democrats, as well as of all other parties, are loyal and opposed to the infamous teachings of Vallandigham, Biddle, Reed, Ingersoll, Wood, and their compeers, the sooner will the war be brought to an end and the Union be restored.'

Show your colors. Let us know at once who and what everybody is, in this great struggle.

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### LOVE-LIFE.

In a forest lone, 'neath a mossy stone,  
Pale flowrets grew:  
No sunlight fell in the sombre dell,  
Raindrop nor dew.

Bring them to light, where all is bright,  
See if they grow?  
Yes, stem and leaf are green,  
While, hid in crimson sheen,  
The petals glow.

Girl blossoms, too, love the sun and dew,  
And the soft air:  
Hidden from love's eye they fade and die,  
In city low or cloister high,  
Yes, everywhere.

Give them but love, the fire from above,  
And they will grow,  
The once cold children of the gloom,  
Rich in their bloom, shedding perfume  
On high and low.

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We beg leave to remind our readers that Mr. LELAND'S new book, *Sunshine in Thought*, retail price \$1, is given as a premium to all who subscribe \$3 in advance to the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY. Will the reader permit us to call attention to the following notice of the work from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:



'A beautiful volume, entitled *Sunshine in Thought*, by Charles Godfrey Leland, has just been published by Charles T. Evans. No work from Mr. Leland's pen has afforded us so much pleasure, and we recommend it to all who want and relish bright, refreshing, cheering reading. It consists of a number of essays, the main idea of which is to inculcate joyousness in thought and feeling, in opposition to the sickly, sentimental seriousness which is so much affected in literature and in society. That a volume based on this one idea should be filled with reading that is never tiresome, is a proof of great cleverness. But Mr. Leland's varied learning, and his extensive acquaintance with foreign as well as English literature, combine with his native talent to qualify him for such a work. He has done nothing so well, not even his admirable translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his motto, '*Hilariter*,' and in expressing his bright thoughts, he has been peculiarly felicitous in style. Nothing of his that we have read shows so much elegance and polish. Every chapter in the book is delightful, but we especially enjoyed that on 'Tannhæuser,' with the fine translation and subsequent elucidation of the famous legend.' But the boldest and most original chapter is the concluding one, with its strange speculations on 'The Musical After-Life of the Soul,' and the after-death experience of 'Dione' and 'Bel-er-oph-on,' which the author characterizes in the conclusion as 'an idle, fantastic, foolish dream.' So it may be, but it is as vividly told as any dream of the Opium-Eater or the Hasheesh-Eater. Mr. Leland is to be congratulated on his *Sunshine in Thought*. It is a book that will be enjoyed by every reader of culture, and its effect will be good wherever it is read.'

The aim proposed in this work is one of great interest at the present time, or, as the Philadelphia *North American* declares, 'is a great and noble one'—'to aid in fully developing the glorious problem of freeing labor from every drawback, and of constantly raising it and intellect in the social scale.' 'Mr. LELAND believes that one of the most powerful levers for raising labor to its true position in the estimation of the world, is the encouragement of cheerfulness and joyousness in every phase of literature and of practical life.' 'The work is one long, glowing sermon, the text of which is the example of Jesus Christ.'

E. K.

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### BUST-HEAD WHISKEY.

For two days the quiet of the Rising Sun Tavern, in the quaint little town of Shearsville, Ohio, was disturbed by a drunken Democratic member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who visited the town in order to address what he hoped would turn out to be the assembled multitude of copperheads, but which proved after all no great snakes!

For two days this worthless vagabond insulted travellers stopping at the tavern, until at last the landlord's wife, a woman of some intelligence, determined to have her revenge, since no man on the premises had pluck enough to give the sot the thrashing he so well merited.

On the third day, after a very severe night's carouse on bust-head whiskey, the Pennsylvanian appeared at the breakfast table, looking sadly the worse for wear, and having an awful headache. The landlady having previously removed the only looking glass in the tavern—one hanging in the barroom—said to the beast as he sat down to table:

'Poor man! oh, what *is* the matter with your face? It is terribly swollen, and your whole head too. Can't I do something for you? send for the doctor, or'—

The legislator, who was in a state of half-besottedness, listened with sharp ears to this remark, but believing the landlady was only making fun of him, interrupted her with—

'There ain't nothin' the matter with my head. I'm all right; only a little headache what don't 'mount to nothing.'

But a man who sat opposite to him at table, and who had his clue from the landlady, said with an alarmed look—

'I say, mister, I don't know it's any of my business, but I'll be hanged for a horse thief, if your head ain't swelled up twicet its nat'ral size. You'd better do something for it, I'm thinking.'

The drunken legislator! (Legislator, *n.* One who makes laws for a state: vide dictionary) believing at last that his face must in fact be swollen, since several other travellers, who were in the plot, also spoke to him of his shocking appearance, got up from the table and went out to the barroom to consult the looking glass, such luxuries not being placed in the chambers. But there was no glass there. After some time he found the landlady, and she told him that the barroom glass was broken, but she could lend him a small one; which she at once gave him.

The poor sot, with trembling hand, held it in front of his face, and looked in.

'Well,' said he, 'if that ain't a swelled head I hope I may never be a senator! or sell my vote again at Harrisburg.'

'Poor man!' exclaimed the bystanders.

'Fellers,' said the legislator, 'wot d'ye think I'd better do?' Here he gave another hard look in the glass. 'I ought to be back in Harrisburg right off, but I cant go with a head like that onto me. Nobody'd give me ten cents to vote for 'em with such a head as that. It's a'—

[Pg 512]

'Big thing,' interrupted a bystander.

'Fellers,' said the blackguard, 'I'll kill a feller any day of the week, with old rye, if he'll only tell er feller how to cure this head of mine.'

'Have it shaved, sir, by all means,' spoke the landlady: 'shaved at once, and then a mild fly blister will draw out the inflammation, and the swelling will go down. Don't you think so, doctor?'

The doctor thus addressed was a cow doctor, but, accustomed to attending brutes, his advice was worth something in the present case; so he also recommended shaving and blistering.

'I'll go git the barber right off the reel, sha'n't I?' asked the doctor, to which the legislator assenting, it chanced that in fifteen minutes his head was as bald as a billiard ball, and in a few more was covered with a good-sized fly blister.

'Ouch—good woman—how it hurts!' he cried. But that was only the beginning of it.

'Ee-ea-ah!' he roared, as it grew hotter and hotter. One might have heard him a mile. The neighbors did hear it, and rushed in. The joke was 'contaminated' round among them, and they enjoyed it. He had disgusted them all.

'Golly! what a big head!' cried a bystander.

The legislator took another look at the glass. They held it about a yard from him.

'It's gittin' smaller, ain't it?' he groaned.

'Yes, it's wiltin',' said the landlady. 'Now go to bed.'

He went, and on rising departed. Whether he ever became an honest man is not known, but the legend says he has from that day avoided 'bust-head whiskey.'

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Don't you *see* it, reader? The landlady had shown him his face in a convex mirror—one of those old-fashioned things, which may occasionally be found in country taverns.

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### WAR-WAIFS.

The chronicles of war in all ages show us that this internecine strife into which we of the North have been driven by those who will eventually rue the necessity, is by no manner of means the first in which brother has literally been pitted against brother in the deadly 'tug of war.' The fiercest conflict of the kind, however, which we can at present call up from the memory of past readings, was one in which THEODEBERT, king of Austria, took the field against his own brother, THIERRI, king of Burgundy. Historians tell us that, so close was the hand-to-hand fighting in this battle, slain soldiers did not fall until the *mélee* was over, but were borne to and fro in an upright position amid the serried ranks.

---

Although many and many of England's greatest battles have been won for her by her Irish soldiers, it is not always that the latter can be depended upon by her. With the Celt, above all men, 'blood is thicker than water;' and, although he is very handy at breaking the head of another Celt with a blackthorn 'alpeen,' in a free faction fight, he objects to making assaults upon his fellow countrymen with the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' A striking instance of this occurred during the Irish rebellion of 1798. The 5th Royal Irish Light Dragoons refused to charge upon a body of the rebels when the word was given. Not a man or horse stirred from the ranks. Here was a difficult card to play, now, for the authorities, because it would have been inconvenient to try the whole regiment by court martial, and the soldiers were quite too valuable to be mowed down *en masse*. The only course left was to disband the regiment, which was done. The disaffected men were distributed into regiments serving in India and other remote colonies, and the officers, none of whom, we believe, were involved in the mutiny, were provided for in various quarters. The circumstance was commemorated in a curious way. It was ordered that the 5th Royal Irish Light Dragoons should be erased from the records of the army list, in which a blank between the 4th and 6th Dragoons should remain forever, as a memorial of disgrace. For upward of half a century this gap remained in the army list, as anybody may see by referring to any number of that publication of half-a-dozen years back. The regiment was revived during, or just after, the Crimean war, and the numbers in the army list are once more complete.

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# THE 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.

Though but little more than a year has elapsed since the CONTINENTAL was first established, it has during that time acquired a strength and a political significance elevating it to a position far above that previously occupied by any publication of the kind in America. In proof of which assertion we call attention, to the following facts:

1. Of its POLITICAL articles republished in pamphlet form, a single one has had, thus far, a circulation of *one hundred and six thousand* copies.
2. From its LITERARY department, a single serial novel, "Among the Pines," has, within a very few months, sold nearly *thirty-five thousand* copies. Two other series of its literary articles have also been republished in book form, while the first portion of a third is already in press.

No more conclusive facts need be alleged to prove the excellence of the contributions to the CONTINENTAL, or their *extraordinary popularity*; and its conductors are determined that it shall not fall behind. Preserving all "the boldness, vigor, and ability" which a thousand journals have attributed to it, it will greatly enlarge its circle of action, and discuss, fearlessly and frankly, every principle involved in the great questions of the day. The first minds of the country, embracing the men most familiar with its diplomacy and most distinguished for ability, are among its contributors; and it is no mere "flattering promise of a prospectus" to say that this "magazine for the times" will employ the first intellect in America, under auspices which no publication ever enjoyed before in this country.

While the CONTINENTAL will express decided opinions on the great questions of the day, it will not be a mere political journal: much the larger portion of its columns will be enlivened, as heretofore, by tales, poetry, and humor. In a word, the CONTINENTAL will be found, under its new staff of Editors, occupying, a position and presenting attractions never before found in a magazine.

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THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 60 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith, (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk,) Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c., are produced in great abundance.

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The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The

Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorgheim, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

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In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. Dairy Farming also presents its inducements to many.

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The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. (see Mattoon on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line), the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the perfection of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this plant.

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There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

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Mechanics and working-men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of the schools. Children can live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

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The June No. of the Continental will contain an article on 'The Confederation and the Nation,' by Edward Carey.

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JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] This alliance may be fanciful (though we observe some of the best German lexicographers have it so); a better origin might, perhaps, be found in the Sanscrit *mri*, etc.
- [2] 'Les Orientals,' par VICTOR HUGO. *Le Feu du ciel*.
- [3] The 'by' may, however, have the force of going or passing, equivalent to 'fare' in 'farewell,' or 'welfare,' *i. e.*, may you have a good passage or journey.
- [4] 'Past and Present,' pp. 128, 129.
- [5] Compare with this the Latin *mundus*, which is exactly analogous in signification.
- [6] En-voir.
- [7] Perhaps nothing could better prove how profoundly *religious* were the Latins than a word compounded of the above; namely 'profane.' A 'fanatic' was one who devoted himself to the *fanum* or temple—'profane' is an object devoted to *anything else pro'—instead of—the 'fanum,'* or fane.
- [8] The word is more properly oriental than Greek, *e. g.*, Hebrew, *pardes*, and Sanscrit,

*paradēsa.*

- [9] See the Italian *setvaggio* and the Spanish *salvage*, in which a more approximate orthography has been retained.
- [10] OVID. *Metamorphoseon*, lib. xi. v. 183.
- [11] Hæc autem erat Gnosticorum doctrina ethica, quod omnem virtutem in prudentia sitim esse credebant, quam Ophitæ per *Metem* (Sophiam) et Serpentem exprimebant, desumpto iterum ex Evangelii præcepto; *estote prudentes ut serpentes*,—ob innatam hujus animalis astutiam?—VON HAMMER, *Fundgruben des Orients*, tom. vi. p. 85.
- [12] *New Curiosities of Literature*. By GEO. SOANE, London, 1849.
- [13] *Developpement des Abus introduits dans la Franc Maçonnerie*. Ecossois de Saint ANDRÉ d'Écosse, &c., &c. Paris, 1780.
- [14] London. Trübner & Co., No. 60 Paternoster Row. 1861.
- [15] 'Tota hæc humanæ vitæ fabula, quæ universitatem naturæ et generis humani historiam constituit tota prius in intellectu divino præconcepta fuit cum infinitis aliis.'—LEIBNITZ, *Theodicæa*, part 11, p. 149.
- [16] Tickner and Fields' edition of *Waverley Novels*, Boston, 1858.
- [17] *The Poetry of the East*. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, 1856.
- [18]
- Μῆνιν αἰεῖδε θεά, Πηλιάδεω, Ἀχιλῆος,  
Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἀλγε ἔθηκεν,  
Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν  
Ἑρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεύχε κῦεσσιν
- K. T. A.
- [19] 'Not too much.'

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, VOL. III, NO IV,  
APRIL 1863 \*\*\*

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