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# HARPER'S

## NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### No. XII.—MAY, 1851—VOL. II.

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

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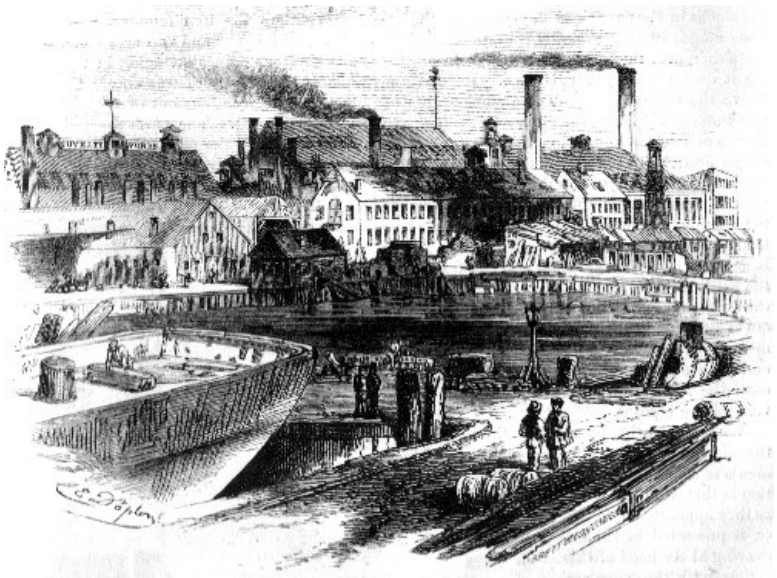
# THE NOVELTY WORKS, WITH SOME DESCRIPTION OF THE MACHINERY AND THE PROCESSES EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF MARINE STEAM-ENGINES OF THE LARGEST CLASS.

## BY JACOB ABBOTT.



**GENERAL VIEW OF THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS,
NEW YORK,
(*As seen from the East River.*)**

Perhaps no one of those vast movements which are now going forward among mankind, and which mark so strikingly the industrial power and genius of the present age, is watched with more earnest interest by thinking men, than the successive steps of the progress by which the mechanical power of steam and machinery is gradually advancing, in its contest for the dominion of the seas. There is a double interest in this conflict. In fact, the conflict itself is a double one. There is first a struggle between the mechanical power and ingenuity of man, on the one hand, and the uncontrollable and remorseless violence of ocean storms on the other; and, secondly, there is the rivalry, not unfriendly, though extremely ardent and keen, between the two most powerful commercial nations on the globe, each eager to be the first to conquer the common foe.

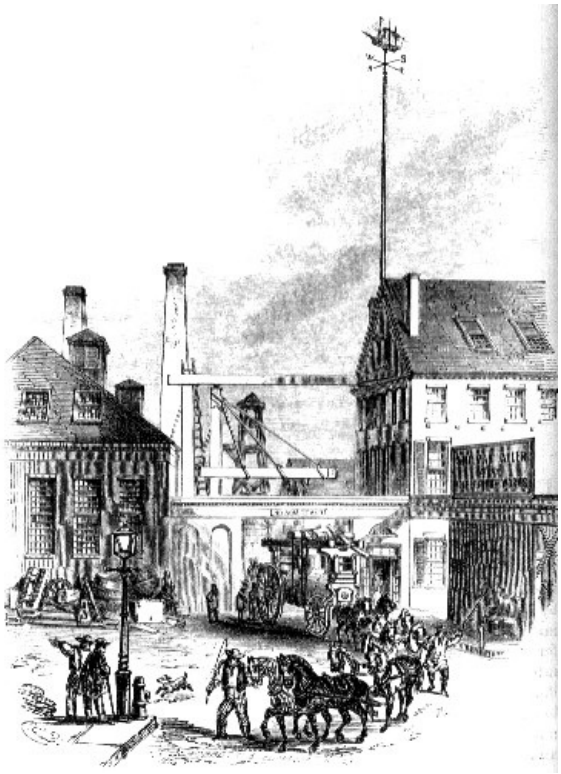
The armories in which the ordnance and ammunition for this warfare are prepared, consist, so far as this country is concerned, of certain establishments, vast in their extent and capacity, though unpretending in external appearance, which are situated in the upper part of the city of New York, on the shores of the East River. As the city of New York is sustained almost entirely by its commerce, and as this commerce is becoming every year more and more dependent for its prosperity and progress upon the power of the enormous engines by which its most important functions are now performed, the establishments where these engines are invented and made, and fitted into the ships which they are destined to propel, constitute really the heart of the metropolis; though, the visitor, who comes down for the first time by the East River, from the Sound, in the morning boat from Norwich or Fall River, is very prone to pass them carelessly by —his thoughts intent upon what he considers the superior glory and brilliancy which emanate from the hotels and theatres of Broadway. [Pg 722]

In fact, there is very little to attract the eye of the unthinking traveler to these establishments as he glides swiftly by them in the early morning. He is astonished perhaps at the multitude of steamers which he sees lining the shores in this part of the city, some drawn up into the docks for repairs; others new, and moored alongside a pier to receive their machinery; and others still upon the stocks in the capacious ship-yards, in the various stages of that skeleton condition which in the ship marks the commencement, as in animal life it does the end, of existence. Beyond and above the masts and spars and smoke-pipes of this mass of shipping, the observer sees here and there a columnar chimney, or the arms of a monstrous derrick or crane, or a steam-pipe ejecting vapor in successive puffs with the regularity of an animal pulsation. He little thinks that these are the beatings which mark the spot where the true heart of the great metropolis really lies. But it is actually so. The splendor and the fashion of the Fifth Avenue, and of Union-square, as well as the brilliancy, and the ceaseless movement and din of Broadway, are the mere incidents and ornaments of the structure, while these establishments, and others of kindred character and function, form the foundation on which the whole of the vast edifice reposes.

We select, rather by accident than otherwise, the Novelty Works as a specimen of the establishments to which we have been alluding, for description in this Number. A general view of

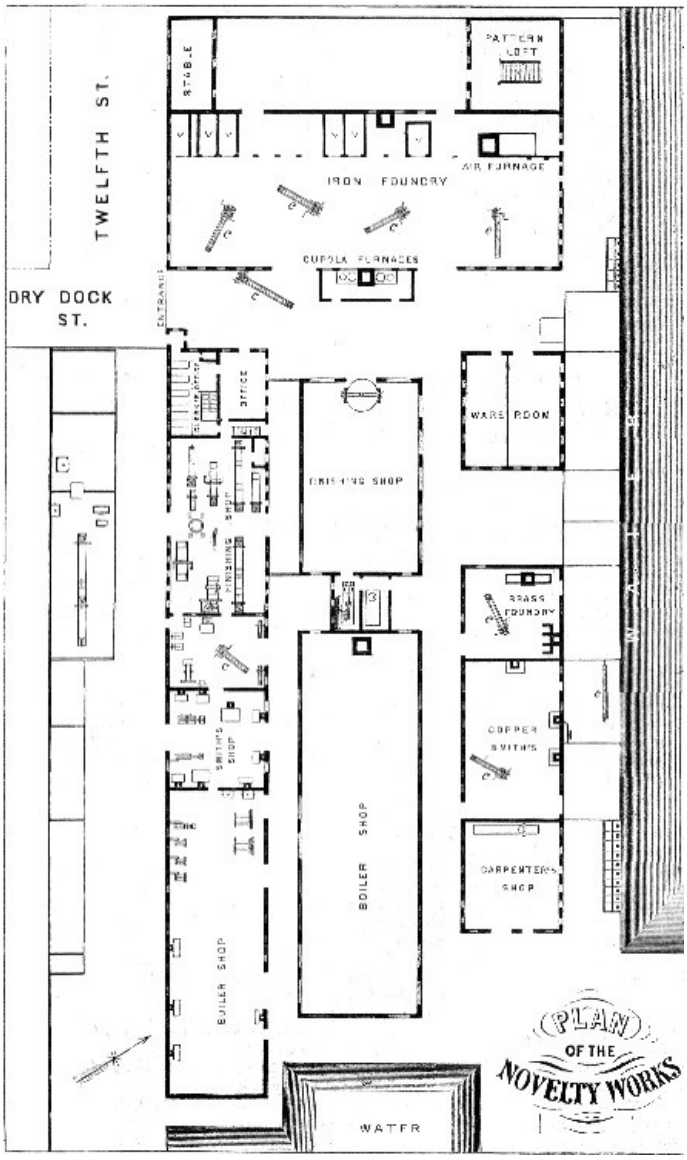
the works as they appear from the river, is presented in the engraving at the head of this article, with the docks and piers belonging to the establishment in the fore-ground.

The entrance to the inclosure is by a great gateway, through which the visitor on approaching it, will, very probably see an enormous truck or car issuing, drawn by a long team of horses, and bearing some ponderous piece of machinery suspended beneath it by means of levers and chains. On the right of the entrance gate is the porter's lodge, with entrances from it to the offices, as represented in the plan on the adjoining page Beyond the entrance, and just within the inclosure may be seen a great crane used for receiving or delivering the vast masses of metal, the shafts, the cylinders, the boilers, the vacuum pans, and other ponderous formations which are continually coming and going to and from the yard. Beyond the crane is seen the bell by which the hours of work are regulated.



**ENTRANCE TO THE NOVELTY WORKS.**

The plan upon the adjoining page will give the reader some idea of the extent of the accommodations required for the manufacture of such heavy and massive machinery. On the right of the entrance may be seen the porter's lodge, shown in perspective in the view below. Beyond it, in the yard, stands the crane, which is seen likewise in the view. Turning to the left, just beyond the crane, the visitor enters the iron foundry, a spacious inclosure, with ovens and furnaces along the sides, and enormous cranes swinging in various directions in the centre. These cranes are for hoisting the heavy castings out of the pits in which they are formed. The parts marked v v v, are ovens for drying the moulds.




Turning to the right from the foundry, and passing down through the yard, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a complicated maze of buildings, which extend in long ranges toward the water, with lanes and passages between them like the streets of a town. In these passages companies of workmen are seen, some going to and fro, drawing heavy masses of machinery upon iron trucks; others employed in hoisting some ponderous cylinder or shaft by a crane, or stacking pigs of iron in great heaps, to be ready for the furnaces which are roaring near as if eager to devour them. And all the time there issues from the open doors of the great boiler-shops and forging-shops below, an incessant clangor, produced by the blows of the sledges upon the rivets of the boilers, or of the trip-hammers at the forges. [Pg 724]

The relative positions of the various shops where the different operations are performed will be seen by examination of the plan. The motive power by which all the machinery of the establishment is driven, is furnished by a stationary engine in the very centre of the works, represented in the plan. It stands between two of the principal shops. On the right is seen the boiler, and on the left the engine—while the black square below, just within the great boiler-shop, represents the chimney. Other similar squares in different parts of the plan represent chimneys also, in the different parts of the establishment. These chimneys may be seen in perspective in the general view, at the head of this article, and may be identified with their several representations in the plan, by a careful comparison. The one belonging to the engine is the central one in the picture as well as in the plan—that is, the one from which the heaviest volume of smoke is issuing.

This central engine, since it carries all the machinery of the works, by means of which every thing is formed and fashioned, is the life and soul of the establishment—the *mother*, in fact, of all the monsters which issue from it; and it is impossible to look upon her, as she toils on industriously in her daily duty, and think of her Titanic progeny, scattered now over every ocean on the globe, without a certain feeling of respect and even of admiration.

A careful inspection of the plan will give the reader some ideas of the nature of the functions performed in these establishments, and of the general arrangements adopted in them. The magnitude and extent of them is shown by this fact, that the number of men employed at the Novelty Works is from one thousand to twelve hundred. These are all *men*, in the full vigor of life. If now we add to this number a proper estimate for the families of these men, and for the mechanics and artisans who supply their daily wants, all of whom reside in the streets surrounding the works, we shall find that the establishment represents, at a moderate

calculation, a population of *ten thousand souls*.

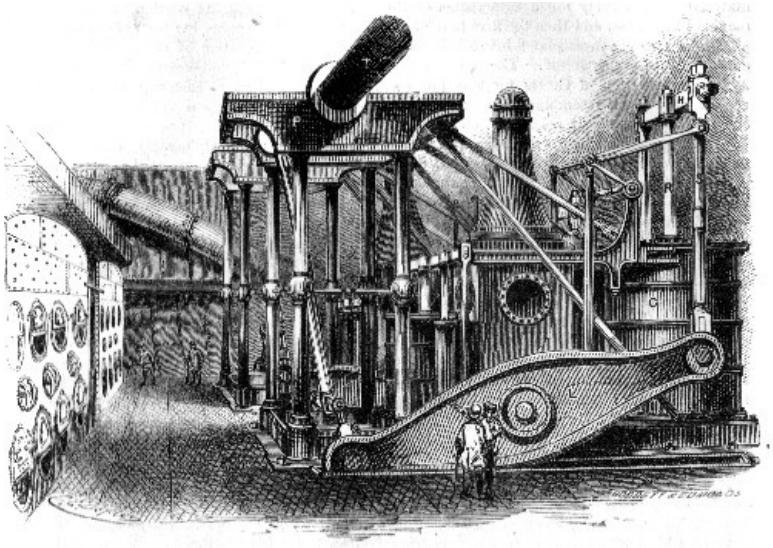
The proper regulation of the labors of so large a body of workmen as are employed in such an establishment, requires, of course, much system in the general arrangements, and very constant and careful supervision on the part of those intrusted with the charge of the various divisions of the work. The establishment forms, in fact, a regularly organized community, having, like any state or kingdom, its gradations of rank, its established usages, its written laws, its police, its finance, its records, its rewards, and its penalties. The operation of the principles of system, and of the requirements of law, leads, in such a community as this, to many very curious and striking results, some of which it would be interesting to describe, if we had space for such descriptions. But we must pass to the more immediate subject in this article, which is the structure of the engine itself, and not that of the community which produces it.

The engraving on the next page represents the interior of the engine-room of the Humboldt—a new steamer, which was lying at the dock at the time of our visit, receiving her machinery; though probably before these pages shall come under the eye of the reader, she will be steadily forcing her way over the foaming surges of the broad Atlantic. The machinery, as we saw it, was incomplete, and the parts in disorder—the various masses of which it was ultimately to be composed, resting on temporary supports, in different stages, apparently of their slow journey to the place and the connection in which they respectively belonged. The ingenious artist, however, who made the drawings, succeeded in doing, by means of his imagination, at once, what it will require the workmen several weeks to perform, with all their complicated machinery of derricks, tackles, and cranes. He put every thing in its place, and has given us a view of the whole structure as it will appear when the ship is ready for sea.

There are *two* engines and *four* boilers; thus the machinery is all double, so that if any fatal accident or damage should accrue to any part, only one half of the moving force on which the ship relies would be suspended. The heads of two of the boilers are to be seen on the left of the view. They are called the *starboard* and *larboard* boilers—those words meaning *right* and *left*. That is, the one on the right to a person standing before them in the engine room, and facing them, is the starboard, and the other the larboard boiler. It is the larboard boiler which is nearest the spectator in the engraving.

The boilers, the heads of which only are seen in the engraving, are enormous in magnitude and capacity, extending as they do far forward into the hold of the ship. In marine engines of the largest class they are sometimes thirty-six feet long and over twelve feet in diameter. There is many a farmer's dwelling house among the mountains, which is deemed by its inmates spacious and comfortable, that has less capacity. In fact, placed upon end, one of these boilers would form a tower with a very good sized room on each floor, and four stories high. The manner in which the boilers are made will be presently explained.

The steam generated in the boilers is conveyed to the engine, where it is to do its work, by what is called the steam pipe. The steam pipe of the larboard engine, that is, of the one nearest the spectator, is not represented in the engraving, as it would have intercepted too much the view of the other parts. That belonging to the starboard engine, however, may be seen passing across from the boiler to the engine, on the back side of the room. The destination of the steam is the *cylinder*. [Pg 725]

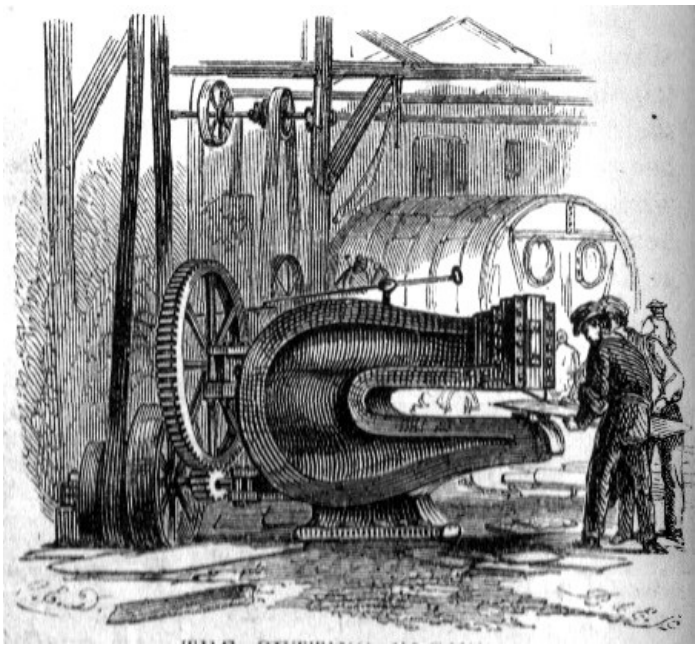


**GENERAL VIEW OF A MARINE ENGINE.**

The cylinder, marked C, is seen on the extreme right, in the view. It may be known, too, by its form, which corresponds with its name. The cylinder is the heart and soul of the engine, being the seat and centre of its power. The steam is generated in the boilers, but while it remains there it remains quiescent and inert. The action in which its mighty power is expended, and by means of which all subsequent effects are produced, is the lifting and bringing down of the enormous piston which plays within the cylinder. This piston is a massive metallic disc or plate, fitting the interior of the cylinder by its edges, and rising or falling by the expansive force of the steam, as it is admitted alternatively above and below it.

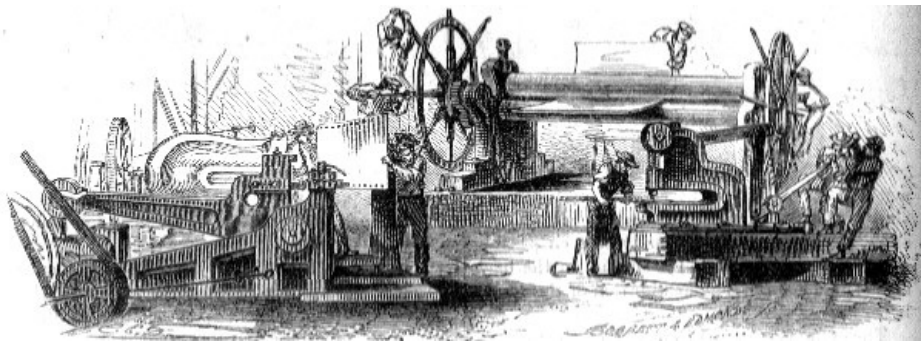
The round beam which is seen issuing from the centre of the head of the cylinder is called the piston rod. The piston itself is firmly secured to the lower end of this rod within the cylinder. Of course, when the piston is forced upward by the pressure of the steam admitted beneath it, the piston rod rises, too, with all the force of the expansion. This is, in the case of the largest marine engines, a force of about a hundred tons. That is to say, if in the place of the cross head—the beam marked H in the engraving which surmounts the piston—there were a mass of rock weighing a hundred tons, which would be, in the case of granite, a block four feet square and eighty feet high, the force of the steam beneath the piston in the cylinder would be competent to lift it.

The piston rod, rising with this immense force carries up the cross head, and with the cross head the two *side rods*, one of which is seen in full, in the engraving, and is marked S. There is a side rod on each side of the cylinders. The lower ends of these rods are firmly connected with the back ends of what are called the *side levers*. One of these side levers is seen in full view in the engraving. It is the massive flat beam, marked L, near the fore-ground of the view. It turns upon an enormous pivot which passes through the centre of it, as seen in the drawing, in such a manner that when the cylinder end is drawn up by the lifting of the cross head, the other end is borne down to the same extent, and with the same prodigious force. There is another side beam, on the other side of the cylinder, which moves isochronously with the one in view. The forward end of this other beam may be seen, though the main body of it is concealed from view. These two forward ends of the levers are connected by a heavy bar, called the *cross tail*, which passes across from one to the other. From the centre of this cross tail, a bar called the connecting rod rises to the crank, where the force exerted by the steam in the cylinders is finally expended in turning the great paddle wheels by means of the main shaft, S, which is seen resting in the pillow block, P, above. These are the essential parts of the engine, and we now proceed to consider the mode of manufacturing these several parts, somewhat in detail. [Pg 726]



**THE CUTTING ENGINE.**

The boilers are formed of wrought iron. The material is previously rolled into plates of the requisite thickness, and then the first part of the process of forming these plates into a boiler is to cut them into proper forms. The monster that fulfills the function of shears for this purpose, bears a very slight resemblance to any ordinary cutting implement It resembles, on the other hand, as represented in the adjoining engraving, an enormous letter U, standing perpendicularly upon one of its edges. Through the centre of the upper branch of it there passes a shaft or axle, which is turned by the wheels and machinery behind it, and which itself works the cutter at the outer end of it by means of an eccentric wheel. This cutter may be seen just protruding from its place, upon the plate which the workmen are holding underneath. The iron plates thus presented are sometimes nearly half an inch thick, but the monstrous jaw of the engine, though it glides up and down when there is nothing beneath it in the most gentle and quiet manner possible, cuts them through, as if they were plates of wax, and apparently without feeling the obstruction.



## THE BENDING AND PUNCHING ENGINES.

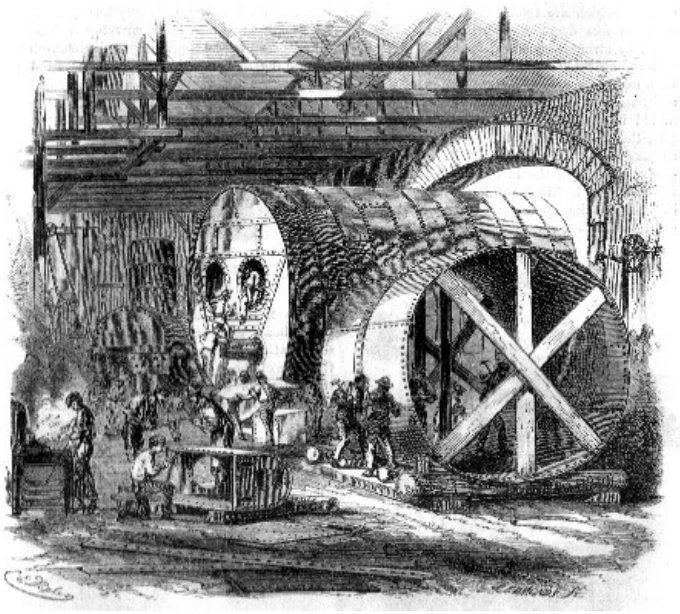
The plates, when cut, are to be bent to the proper curvature. The machine by which this bending is effected is seen above, in the back-ground. It consists of three rollers, placed in such a position in relation to each other, that the plate, in being forced through between them, is bent to any required curvature. These rollers are made to revolve by great wheels at the sides, with handles at the circumference of them, which handles act as levers, and are worked by men, as seen in the engraving.

The separate plates of which a boiler is composed are fastened together by means of massive rivets, and it is necessary, accordingly, to punch rows of holes along the edges of the plates for the insertion of the rivets. This process may be seen on the *left* in the above engraving. Two men are holding the plate which is to be punched. The punch is driven through the plate by means of the great lever, which forms the upper part of the engine. The upright part in front is driven forward by means of the cam in the large wheel behind, a part of which only is seen in the engraving. This cam raises the long arm of the lever by means of the pulley in the end of it, and so drives the point of the punch through the plate. There is a support for the plate behind it, between the plate and the man, with a small opening in it, into which the punch enters, driving before it the round button of iron which it has cut from the plate.

On the right, in the above engraving, is a punching engine worked by men, the other being driven by steam power. These machines are sufficient to make all the ordinary perforations required in boiler-plates. Larger holes, when required, have to be bored by a drill, as represented in the following engraving.

## THE BORING-ENGINE.

The view below represents the interior of one of the great boiler rooms where the boilers are put together by riveting the plates to each other at their edges. Some men stand inside, holding heavy sledges against the heads of the rivets, while others on the outside, with other sledges, beat down the part of the iron which protrudes, so as to form another head to each rivet, on the outside. This process can be seen distinctly in the boiler nearest to the observer in the view below. The planks which are seen crossing each other in the open end, are temporary braces, put in to preserve the cylindrical form of the mass, to prevent the iron from bending itself by its own weight, before the iron heads are put in. [Pg 727]



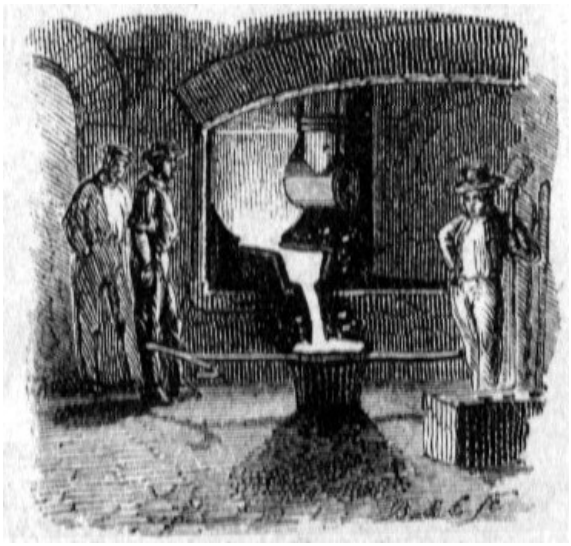
**RIVETING THE BOILERS.**

Sometimes operations must be performed upon the sides of the boiler requiring the force of machinery. To effect this purpose, shafts carried by the central engine to which we have already alluded, are attached to the walls in various parts of the room, as seen in the engraving. Connected with these shafts are various drilling and boring machines, which can at any time be set in motion, or put to rest, by being thrown in or out of gear. One of these machines is seen on the right of the boiler above referred to, and another in the left-hand corner of the room quite in the back-ground. Near the fore-ground, on the left, is seen a forge, where any small mass of iron may be heated, as occasion may require.

The semi-cylindrical piece which lies in the centre of the room, toward the fore-ground, is part of a locomotive boiler, and is of course much smaller in size than the others, though it is constructed in the same manner with the large boilers used for sea-going ships. The process of riveting, as will be seen by the engraving, is the same. One man holds up against the under side of the plate a support for the rivet, while two men with hammers form a head above—striking alternately upon the iron which protrudes.

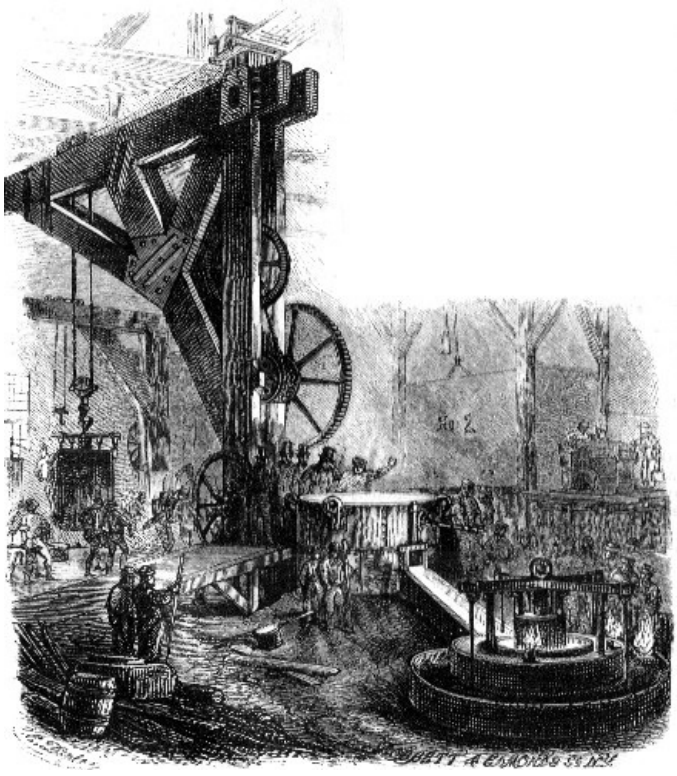
From the boiler we proceed to the cylinder, which is in fact the *heart* of the engine,—the seat and centre of its power. It is to the cylinder that the steam, quietly generated in the boiler, comes to exercise its energy, by driving, alternately up and down, the ponderous piston. The cylinder must be strong so as to resist the vast expansive force which is exercised within it. It must be stiff, so as to preserve in all circumstances its exact form. It must be substantial, so as to allow of being turned and polished on its interior surface with mathematical precision, in order that the piston in ascending and descending, may glide smoothly up and down, without looseness, and at the same time without friction. To answer these conditions it is necessary that it should be formed of cast iron. [Pg 728]

The cylinders are cast, accordingly, in the iron foundry, which, as will be seen by the plan, is on the left, as the visitor enters the works. There is a range of monstrous cranes extending through the interior of the room, as represented in the plan, one of which is exhibited conspicuously in the engraving below. At different places in the ground, beneath this foundry, for it has no floor, there have been excavated deep pits, some of which are twelve feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep, the sides of which are secured by strong inclosures, formed of plates of boiler iron riveted together. These pits are filled with moulding sand—a composition of a damp and tenacious character, used in moulding. The mould is made and lowered into one of these pits, the pit is filled up, the sand being rammed as hard as possible all around it. When all is ready, the top of the mould, with the cross by which it is to be lifted and lowered surmounting it, presents the appearance represented on the right hand lower corner of the engraving below.



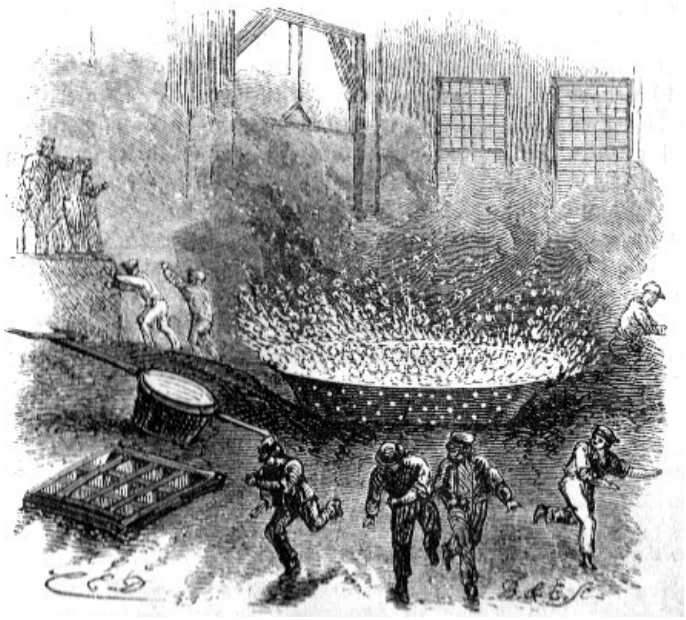
**CASTING A CYLINDER.**

A reservoir to contain the melted metal necessary for the casting is then placed in a convenient position near it, with a channel or conduit leading from it to the mould. This reservoir may be seen in the engraving near the centre of the view, at the foot of the crane. An inclined plane is then laid, as seen in the engraving, to the left of the reservoir, up which the workmen carry the molten metal in ladles, which, though they do not appear very large, it requires *five men* to carry. A party carrying such a ladle may be seen in the engraving in the back-ground on the left. These ladles are filled from the various furnaces, the iron throwing out an intense heat, and projecting the most brilliant scintillations in every direction, as it flows. In the case of the largest castings it requires sometimes four or five hours to get together, from the furnaces, a sufficient supply of metal. The largest reservoir thus filled will hold about thirty tons of iron.



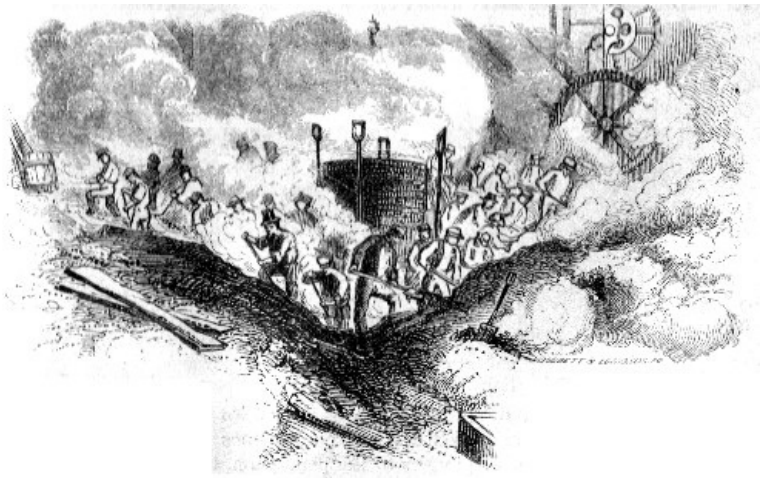
**FILLING THE LADLES.**

The flowing of the metal from the reservoir to the mould in a great casting, forms a magnificent spectacle. The vast mass of molten iron in the reservoir, the stream flowing down the conduit, [Pg 729] throwing out the most brilliant corruscations, the gaseous flames issuing from the upper portions of the mould, and the currents of melted iron which sometimes overflow and spread, like mimic streams of lava, over the ground, present in their combination quite an imposing pyrotechnic display. In fact there is a chance for the visitor, in the case of castings of a certain kind, that he may be treated to an explosion as a part of the spectacle. The imprisoned vapors and gases which are formed in the mould below, break out sometimes with considerable violence, scattering the burning and scintillating metal in every direction around.



**THE EXPLOSION.**

When the casting is completed it is of course allowed to remain undisturbed until the iron has had time to cool, and then the whole mass is to be dug out of the pit in which it is imbedded. So much heat, however, still remains in the iron and in the sand surrounding it, that the mould itself and the twenty or thirty men engaged in disinterring it, are enveloped in dense clouds of vapor which rise all around them while the operation is proceeding.



**DIGGING OUT THE CYLINDER.**

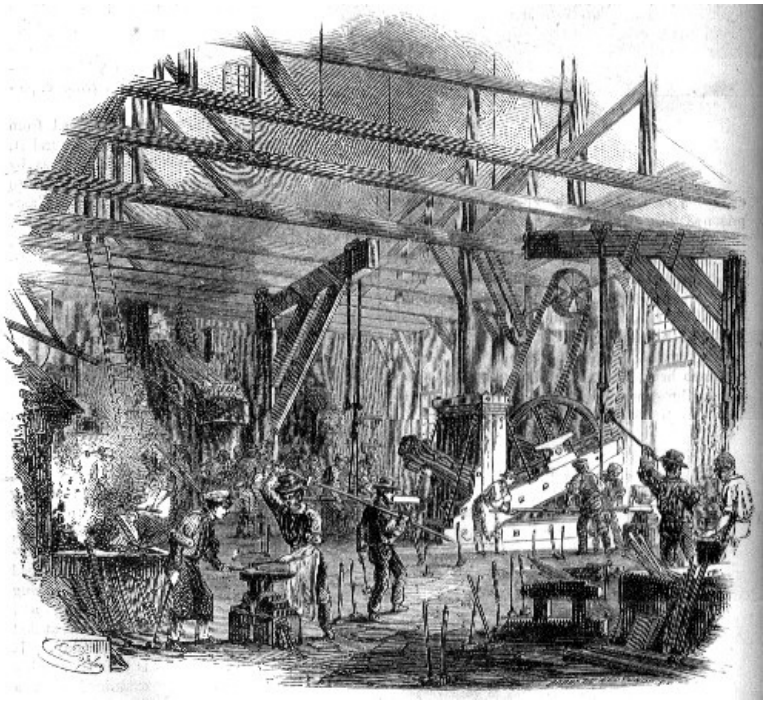
It is necessary that the sand which surrounds these moulds should be rammed down in the most compact and solid manner to sustain the sides of the mould and enable them to resist the enormous pressure to which it is subject, especially in the lower portions, while the iron continues fluid. In the case of iron, the weight of four inches in height is equivalent to the pressure of a pound upon the square inch. In a pit, therefore, eighteen feet deep, as some of the pits at this foundry are, we should have a pressure at the bottom of fifty-four pounds to the inch. Now, in the most powerful sea-going steamers, the pressure of steam at which the engines are worked, is seldom more than *eighteen* pounds to the inch; that of the Cunard line is said to be from twelve to fifteen, and that of the Collins line from fifteen to eighteen. In other words there is a pressure to be resisted at the lower ends of these long castings equal to three times that at which the most powerful low pressure engines are worked, and which sometimes results in such terrific explosions.

When the cylinder is freed from the pressure of the sand around it, in its bed, the great iron cross by which the mould was lowered into the pit, as seen in the engraving of the Casting, is once more brought down to its place, and the stirrups at the tops of the iron rods seen in the engraving below, are brought over the ends of the arms of the cross. The lower ends of these rods take hold of a frame or platform below, upon which the whole mould, together with the cylinder within it, is supported. The arm of the crane is then brought round to the spot. The hook pendant from it is attached to the ring in the centre of the cross, and by means of the wheels and machinery of the crane, the whole is slowly hoisted out, and then swung round to some convenient level, where the ponderous mass is freed from its casing of masonry, and brought out at last to open day. It is then thoroughly examined with a view to the discovery of any latent flaw or imperfection, and, if found complete in every part, is conveyed away to be the subject of a long series of finishing operations in another place,—operations many and complicated, but all essential to enable it finally to fulfill its functions.

These cylinders though very massive and ponderous are not the heaviest castings made. They are [Pg 730]

much exceeded in weight by what is called a bed plate, which is an enormous frame of iron cast in one mass, or else in two or three separate masses and then strongly bolted together, to form a foundation on which the engine is to rest in the hold of the ship. The bed plate can not be seen in the view of the engine room already given, as it lies below the floor, being underneath all the machinery. A bed plate weighs sometimes thirty-five tons—which is the weight of about five hundred men. Such a mass as this has to be transported on ways, like those used in the launching of a ship. It is drawn along upon these ways by blocks and pullies, and when brought alongside the ship is hoisted on board by means of an enormous derrick, and let down slowly to the bottom of the hold—the place where it is finally to repose, unless perchance it should at last be liberated by some disaster, from this dungeon, and sent to seek its ultimate destination in the bottom of the sea.

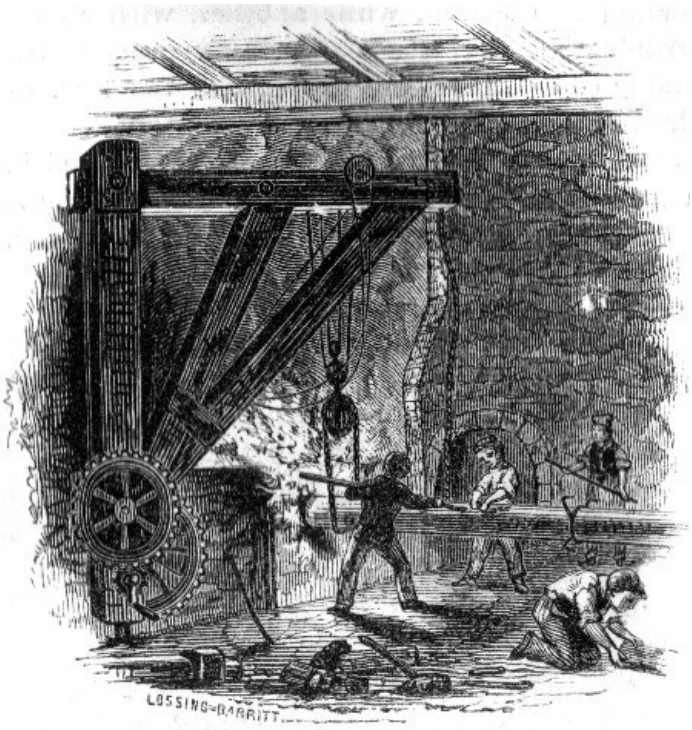
The engraving below represents the forges, where all those parts of the machinery are formed and fitted which consist of wrought iron. The room in which these forges are situated is called the smith's shop, in the plan. In the back-ground, a little to the right, is one of the trip hammers, in the act of striking. The trip-hammer is a massive hammer carried by machinery. The machinery which drives it may at any time be thrown in or out of gear, so that the blows of the hammer are always under the control of the workman. The iron bar to be forged is far too heavy to be held by hand. It is accordingly supported as seen in the engraving, by a crane; and only guided to its place upon the anvil by the workmen who have hold of it. The chain to which this bar is suspended comes down from a little truck which rests upon the top of the crane, and which may be made to traverse to and fro, thus carrying whatever is suspended from it further outward, or drawing it in, as may be required. All the cranes, both in the smith's shop and in the foundry, are fitted with the same contrivance. These trucks are moved by means of a wheel at the foot of the crane.



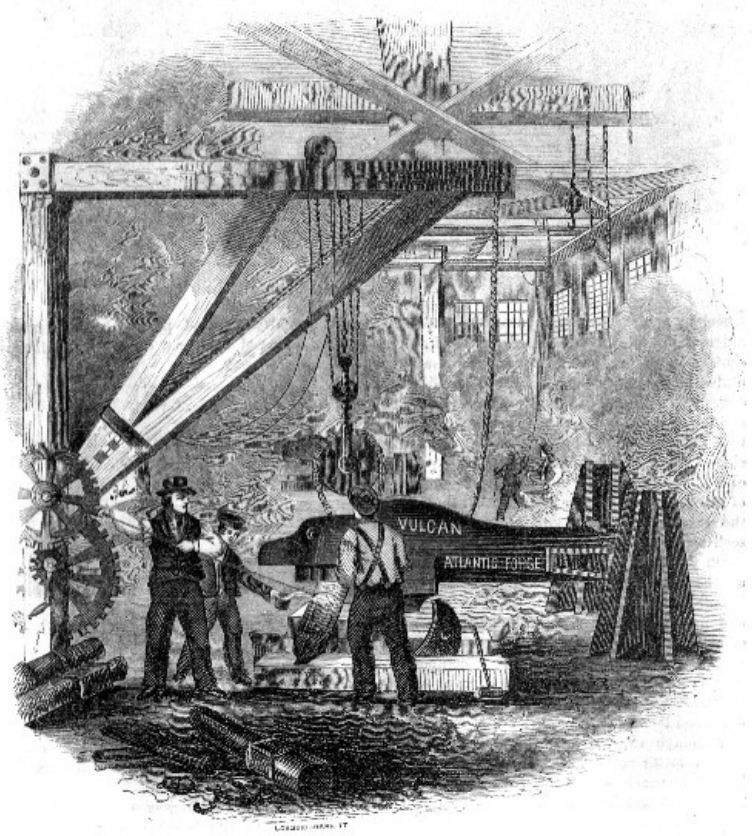
**THE FORGES.**

On the extreme right of the picture, and somewhat in the distance, may be seen another trip-hammer with a bar upon the anvil beneath it, this bar being suspended likewise from a crane. When the iron becomes too cold to yield any longer to the percussion, the hammer is stopped, the crane is swung round, and the iron is replaced in the forge to be heated anew; and at length, when heated, it is brought back again under the hammer as before. [Pg 731]

The forging of shafts requires heavier machinery even than this. The enormous mass of iron that is in this case to be forged, is bricked up in a furnace to be heated, and remains there many hours. The masonry is then broken away and the red hot beam is swung round under the hammer, as seen below. It is suspended from the crane by heavy chains, and is guided by the workmen by means of iron handles clamped to it at a distance from the heated part, as seen in the engraving in the adjoining column. The hammer is lifted by means of the cam below it, as seen in the engraving below. This cam is a projection from an axis revolving beneath the floor, and which, as it revolves, carries the cams successively against a projection upon the under side of the hammer, which is partly concealed in the engraving by the figure of the man. When the point of the cam has passed beyond the projection it allows the hammer to fall.

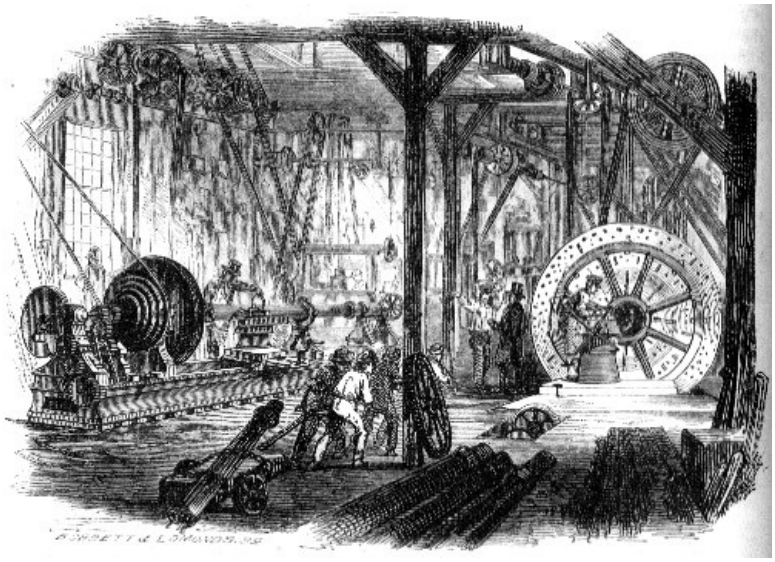



**HEATING A SHAFT.**




**FORGING A SHAFT.**

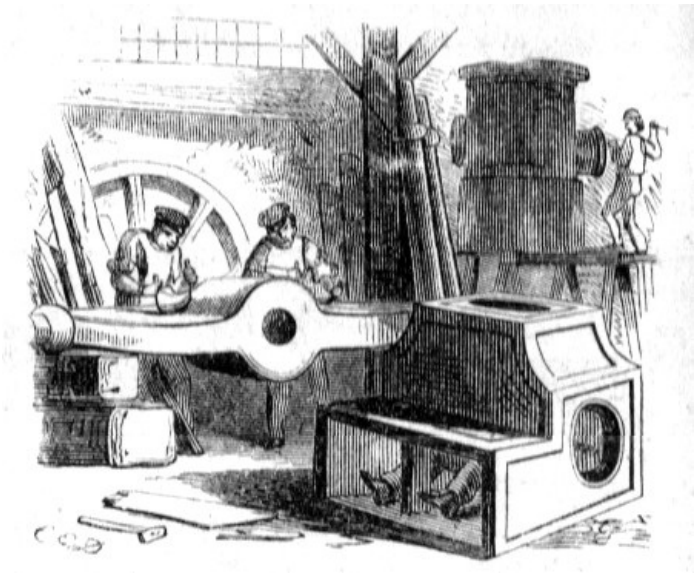
While the process of forging such a shaft is going on, one man throws water upon the work, to effect some purpose connected with the scaling of the iron, while another, with an instrument called the callipers, measures the diameter of the shaft, to regulate the size, as the forging proceeds. [Pg 732]



**THE LATHES.**

The shafts, when forged, are to be turned in a lathe, and the engine used for this purpose is represented on the left in the engraving below. The shaft itself is seen in the lathe, while the tool which cuts it as it revolves, is fixed firmly in the "rest," which slides along the side. The point of the tool is seen in the engraving, with the spiral shaving which it cuts falling down from it. The shaft is made to revolve by the band seen coming down obliquely from above, at the hither end of the engine. The wheel by which the band turns the lathe has different grooves at different distances from the centre, in order that the workmen may regulate the velocity of the rotation—as different degrees of velocity are required for the different species of work. The *rest*, to which the cutting tool is attached, is brought slowly along the side of the shaft as the shaft revolves, by means of a long screw which is concealed in the frame of the lathe, and which is turned continually by the mechanism of the small wheels which are seen at the hither end of the engine.

On the right hand of this view is represented another kind of lathe called a *face lathe*, which is employed for turning wheels, and flat plates, and interiors of cavities, and such other pieces of work as do not furnish two opposite points of support. In the fore-ground are a company of men drawing a massive piece of iron upon a truck, destined apparently to be turned in the left hand lathe.



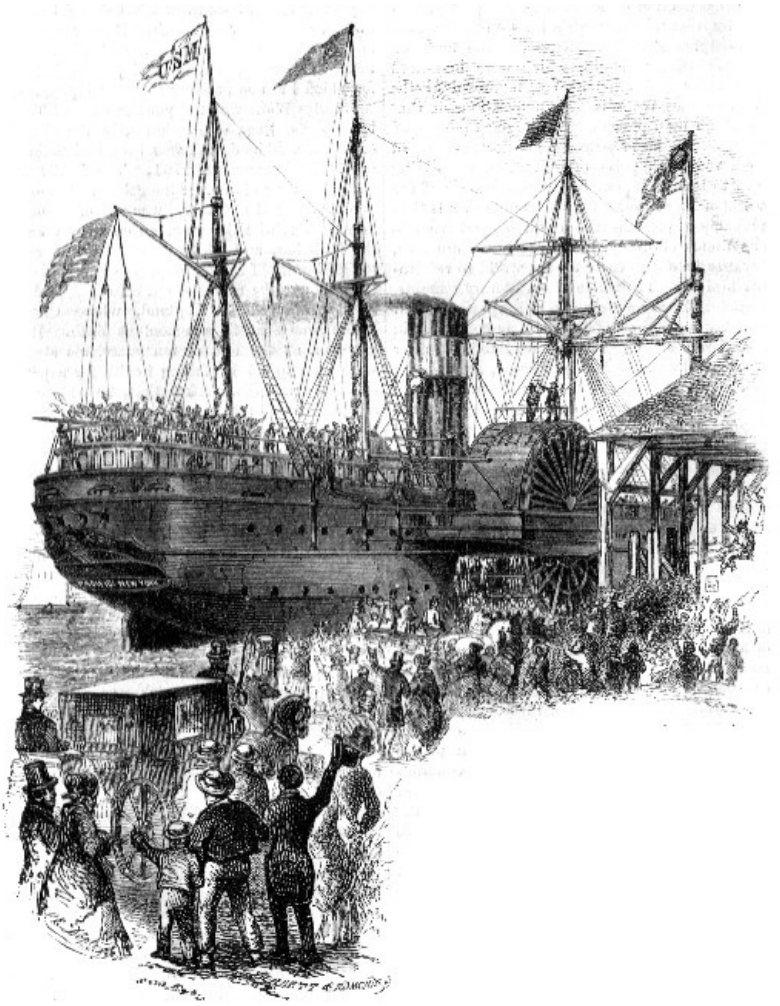
**FINISHING.**

Although thus a great part of the work in respect to all the details of the engine, is performed by machinery, much remains after all to be wrought and fashioned by hand. In passing through the establishment the visitor finds the workmen engaged in these labors, in every conceivable attitude and position. One man is filing a curved surface with a curved file, another is hidden almost wholly from view within a great misshapen box of iron: a third is mounted upon a ladder, and is slowly boring through the wall of some monstrous formation, or cutting away excrescences of iron from some massive casting with a cold chisel. In a word, the details are so endlessly varied as to excite the wonder of the beholder that any human head should have been capable of containing them all, so as to have planned and arranged the fitting of such complicated parts with any hope of their ever coming rightly together. [Pg 733]

They do come together, however, at last, and then follows the excitement of the trial. There is nothing more striking in the history of the construction of a steam engine than this, that there can be no partial or private tests of the work by the workmen in the course of its progress—but every thing remains in suspense until all is complete, and the ship and the machinery are actually ready for sea. The immense and ponderous masses which constitute the elements of the mighty

structure are hoisted slowly on board and let down into their places. Multitudes of men are incessantly employed for many weeks in arranging the limbs and members of the monster, and in screwing and bolting every thing into its place. Still nothing can be tried. The machinery is too ponderous and massive to be put in action by any power less than that of the mighty mover on which its ultimate performance is to depend; and this mover has not yet been called into being.

At length the day of trial arrives. The engineers, the workmen, the owners, and perhaps many spectators, have assembled to watch the result. The boiler is filled; the fires are lighted. Hour after hour the process goes on of raising the force and pressure of the steam. All this time, however, the machinery lies inert and lifeless. It is a powerless mass of dead and heavy brass and iron. At length an engineer, standing upon a platform, with a lever in his hand, receives the signal, opens the valve, and breathes into the monstrous body the breath of life. The ponderous piston slowly rises; the beam descends; the crank turns; the vast paddles revolve, and the monster walks away through the water with its enormous burden, having leaped suddenly, at its first breath, into the complete and full possession of its gigantic powers.



**DEPARTURE OF THE PACIFIC FOR EUROPE.**

In due time the equipment is complete, and the ship having received on board its burden of costly cargo and valuable lives, moves away from the shore, with a certain expression of calm and quiet [Pg 734] dignity in her appearance and demeanor, which almost seems to denote a consciousness on her part of the vast responsibilities which she is assuming, and of the abundant power which she possesses fully to sustain them all.

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# CHARLES WOLFE.

It is probable that to many of our readers the name which stands at the head of this sketch is unknown, and that those who recognize it will only know it as that of the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore—a lyric of such surpassing beauty, that so high a judge as Lord Byron considered it the perfection of English lyrical poetry, preferring it before Coleridge's lines on Switzerland—Campbell's Hohenlinden—and the finest of Moore's Irish melodies, which were instanced by Shelley and others. Yet, unknown as the Rev. Charles Wolfe is, it is unquestionable that he was a man possessing the highest powers of imagination, and a powerful intellect, cultivated to a very high point of perfection, and fitting him to become one of the brightest stars of the world of literature. Why he is unknown is then probably a question which will suggest itself to the minds of many, and the answer must be, because he *did* so little for the world to remember him by. The whole of his literary remains, including his sermons, and a biographical sketch, which fills one half of the book, is contained in a moderate sized octavo

volume, published after his death by the Rev. J. A. Russell, Archdeacon of Clogher, whose affection for the memory of Mr. Wolfe prompted him to edit and give to the world the fragmentary manuscripts, which are the only lasting and appreciable records of the residence of a great spirit among us. But it may be asked why, with such capabilities and powers as we have stated Mr. Wolfe to possess, he did so little? and to that interrogation many replies may be given. Mr. Wolfe died at the early age of 32, just when the powers are in their full vigor—and in the later years of his life he had devoted himself enthusiastically to the duties which devolved upon him as the curate of a large and populous parish in the north of Ireland. Neither of these reasons, however, is sufficient, for we know that the poetic intellect is precocious, and brings forth fruit early. Shelley, who died younger, left productions behind him, which will hand his name down to the latest posterity; and the comparatively voluminous writings of the witty dean, Sidney Smith, prove that a man may bear the weight of the clerical office, and take an active part in politics in addition, and yet leave enough behind him to keep his name green in the memory of the world.

The true reason why Mr. Wolfe did so little is no doubt to be found in the character of his mind, and this is easily traceable, both in the mild, child-like, almost simple, but intelligent expression of the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume to which we have adverted, and in most of the passages of his life. There was a want of strong resolution, and an absence of concentration so marked, that he seldom read completely through even those books which most deeply interested him—there was a nervous susceptibility, and an openness to new impressions, which caused him as it were to dwell upon every passage he did read, to linger over its beauties, to start objections to its theories, to argue them out, and to develop to its fullest every suggestive thought; and there was in him a spirit of good-nature trenching upon weak compliance, which put his time at the service of all who chose to thrust employment upon him. Added to this, and arising out of his want of steady resolution and earnest will, there was a habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, of which he was himself fully sensible, and which he speaks of in one of his letters, as that "fatal habit of delay and procrastination, for which I am so pre-eminently distinguished."

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackball, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, and was born in Dublin on the 13th of December, 1791. The family was not unknown to fame, for the celebrated General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was one of its members, and Lord Kilwarden, an eminent man at the Irish bar, and who was afterward elevated to the dignity of a judgeship, was another. At an early age the father of our hero died, and the family removed to England, where Charles Wolfe was sent to a school at Bath. Here, however, at the age of ten years, his studies were interrupted by failing health for a period of twelve months. After that, he was in the establishment of Dr. Evans, of Salisbury; and in 1805 we find him at Winchester school, under the superintendence of Mr. Richards, senior. Here he became conspicuous for his classical knowledge, and his great powers of versification, which gave promise of future excellence. What appears more distinctly, though, than his mental ability at this age, was the amiability of his disposition, and the tractability of his nature. His kindness, cheerfulness, and open sympathy drew to him the love of his fellows; and the esteem in which he was held by his masters may be judged from the fact, that during the whole period of his pupilage his conduct never drew down upon him punishment, or even a reprimand. His tender and affectionate disposition endeared him to his own family, with whom he was an especial favorite; and in connection with this, we may mention one circumstance strongly indicative of his yielding character. In spite of his gentle nature, he, animated no doubt by that desire for glory so common to poetical minds, and which, looking on the brighter side of war, hides its terrors and its horrors from the young and ardent, wished to enter the army; but finding that the idea gave pain to his mother, he immediately abandoned the notion, and appears from thenceforth to have looked upon the clerical office as his destined part in life. Strange transition, from the aspiration to carry [Pg 735] forth death and destruction to that of being the bearer of the glad tidings of "peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The change, however, is one which we believe to be not unfrequent. The same desire for fame urges men to the bar, the pulpit, and the tented field, and but for maternal love, Charles Wolfe, carrying with him that martial spirit which now and then breaks out in his poetry, might have been like his namesake, the General, a blood-stained hero, instead of a peaceful, loving Irish curate. So powerful are circumstances to mould man's fate—and Wolfe was of that mould on which circumstances act with peculiar force. Had he been a soldier, it may be that the occupation would have strengthened his *physique* at the expense of his mentality, and that his bodily powers, unimpaired by sedentary habits, would have carried him on to a good old age. There is food for reflection in that idea, of how every course in life has its mixed good and evil.

In 1808 the family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 Charles Wolfe became a student of Dublin University. Here his classical learning and poetical attainments soon made him conspicuous, and he carried off prizes from the most distinguished of his competitors. The Historical Society of the University, the object of which was the cultivation of history, poetry, and oratory, also afforded him scope for the display of his talents, and gave him opportunity to win several medals and prizes. Most of the few poetical efforts of Mr. Wolfe were made at this period, including the Death of Sir John Moore, and a beautiful song, connected with which is an anecdote so strikingly characteristic of the nature of the author's mind, and so indicative of his extreme sensibility, that it is worth notice.

He was particularly open to the influence of music, and one of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air "Gramachree," to which, at the request of a friend, he wrote the following song:

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee:
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

His friends asked him whether he had any real incident in his mind which suggested the stanzas; he said, "he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

In the first year of Mr. Wolfe's attendance at the university, death took his mother, to whom he was most affectionately attached—an event which for some time interrupted his studies, and when he resumed them, he did not manifest much inclination to apply himself to the exact sciences. Here, however, that kindness of disposition which made him more useful to others than to himself, and induced him to neglect his own interests, and lend himself to those of his friends with an almost fatal facility, came to his aid, and stood him in good stead. The desire to assist a less gifted acquaintance impelled him to study more strenuously than he would have done, for his own benefit, and had the effect of so drawing out his own talents for scientific pursuits, that at an examination upon the severer sciences he carried away the prize from a host of talented candidates. Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he found the benefit of his scientific acquirements; but in that capacity his amiability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

After the usual period at the university, Mr. Wolfe took a scholarship, with the highest honors, and went into residence, and in 1814 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His friends, seeing the talents he evinced for scientific pursuits, urged him to read for a fellowship, and for some time he prosecuted his studies with marked effect; but the want of the power of continuous application, and intense concentration, made him the sport of every trifling interruption, and the habit he had of throwing aside books partly read, and dwelling upon striking passages and disputable theories, impeded his progress. It is probable, however, that with his great mental facilities, a less amount of exertion would have sufficed than with less gifted students, and that despite his want of industrial energy, and his unfavorable habits of mind, he would have succeeded, but he was doomed to be disappointed in a manner which must have had a very depressing effect on a mind constituted as his was. He had formed an intimacy with a family in the vicinity of Dublin, and while his visits to the beautiful scenery in which their dwelling was situated, stimulated his poetical faculties, the charms of a daughter of the house touched the sensitive heart of the young scholar. The attachment was mutual, and ripened apace, but his [Pg 736] want of "prospects" induced the prudent parents to break off the intimacy. The expectant fellowship indeed would have afforded him sufficient means, but a barbarous statute was in force which imposed celibacy upon the fellows, and barred his hopes. If this disappointment had happened to a man of strong resolute will it would, in all likelihood, after the first shock was over, have thrown him back upon his studies more determinedly than ever, but on a nature like that of our hero, it had the contrary effect. It damped his ardor, he lost both his mistress and the chance of preferment; and, turning to religion for consolation, he was ordained in November,

1817, and shortly after was engaged in temporary duty in the North of Ireland, and finally settled as curate of Donoughmore, where he continued the greater part of the remainder of his life.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest—the strong impulse supplied by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the university had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction and even insult from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered round him and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons, which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. He lived in an old, half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot in all weathers to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician. His return to his parish after that short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers. His health, however, still continued to fail, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and to use his own words, "stripped him of his gown." Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and sea-sickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergyman, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the 32d year of his age. About a twelvemonth previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All the letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring friends.

Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindliness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self-confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interests and wishes of his fellows, which among friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

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# MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

[Pg 737]

**(*Continued from Page 478.*)**

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A REMNANT OF "FONTENOY."

There was no resisting the inquisitive curiosity of my companion. The short, dry cough, the little husky "ay," that sounded like any thing rather than assent, which followed on my replies to his questions, and, more than all, the keen, oblique glances of his shrewd gray eyes, told me that I had utterly failed in all my attempts at mystification, and that he read me through and through.

"And so," said he, at last, after a somewhat lengthy narrative of my shipwreck, "and so the

Flemish sailors wear spurs?"

"Spurs! of course not; why should they?" asked I, in some astonishment.

"Well, but don't they?" asked he again.

"No such thing; it would be absurd to suppose it."

"So I thought," rejoined he; "and when I looked at yer 'honor's' boots (it was the first time he had addressed me by this title of deference), and saw the marks on the heel for spurs, I soon knew how much of a sailor you were."

"And if not a sailor, what am I, then?" asked I; for, in the loneliness of the mountain region where we walked, I could afford to throw off my disguise without risk.

"Ye'r a French officer of dragoons, and God bless ye; but ye'r young to be at the trade. Arn't I right now?"

"Not very far from it certainly, for I am a lieutenant of hussars," said I, with a little of that pride which we of the loose pelisse always feel on the mention of our corps.

"I knew it well all along," said he, coolly; "the way you stood in the room, your step as you walked, and, above all, how ye believed me when I spoke of the spring tides, and the moon only in her second quarter, I saw you never was a sailor anyhow. And so I set a-thinking what you were. You were too silent for a peddler, and your hands were too white to be in the smuggling trade; but when I saw your boots, I had the secret at once, and knew ye were one of the French army that landed the other day at Killala."

"It was stupid enough of me not to have remembered the boots!" said I, laughing.

"Arrah, what use would it be?" replied he; "sure ye'r too straight in the back, and your walk is too reg'lar, and your toes turns in too much, for a sailor; the very way you hould a switch in your hand would betray you!"

"So it seems; then I must try some other disguise," said I, "if I'm to keep company with people as shrewd as you are."

"You needn't," said he, shaking his head, doubtfully; "any that wants to betray ye, wouldn't find it hard."

I was not much flattered by the depreciating tone in which he dismissed my efforts at personation, and walked on for some time without speaking.

"Yez came too late, four months too late," said he, with a sorrowful gesture of the hands. "When the Wexford boys was up, and the Kildare chaps, and plenty more ready to come in from the North, then, indeed, a few thousand French down here in the West would have made a differ; but what's the good in it now? The best men we had are hanged, or in jail; some are frightened; more are traitors! 'Tis too late—too late!"

"But not too late for a large force, landing in the North, to rouse the island to another effort for liberty."

"Who would be the gin'ral?" asked he, suddenly.

"Napper Tandy, your own countryman," replied I, proudly.

"I wish ye luck of him!" said he, with a bitter laugh; "'tis more like mocking us than any thing else the French does be, with the chaps they sent here to be gin'rals. Sure it isn't Napper Tandy, nor a set of young lawyers, like Tone and the rest of them, we wanted. It was men that knew how to drill and manage troops—fellows that was used to fightin'; so that when they said a thing, we might believe that they understhood it, at laste. I'm ould enough to remimber the 'Wild Geese,' as they used to call them—the fellows that ran away from this to take sarvice in France; and I remimber, too, the sort of men the French were that came over to inspect them—soldiers, real soldiers, every inch of them: and a fine sarvice it was. Volle-face!" cried he, holding himself erect, and shouldering his stick like a musket; "marche! Ha, ha! ye didn't think *that* was in me; but I was at the thrade long before you were born."

"How is this," said I, in amazement, "you were not in the French army?"

"Wasn't I, though? maybe I didn't get that stick there." And he bared his breast as he spoke, to show the cicatrix of an old flesh-wound from a Highlander's bayonet. "I was at Fontenoy!"

The last few words he uttered, with a triumphant pride, that I shall never forget. As for me, the mere name was magical. "Fontenoy" was like one of those great words which light up a whole page of history; and it almost seemed impossible that I should see before me a soldier of that glorious battle.

"Ay, faith!" he added, "'tis more than fifty, 'tis nigh sixty years now since that, and I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was in the regiment 'Tourville;' I was recruited for the 'Wellon,' but they scattered us about among the other corps afterward, because we used now and then to be fighting and quarrelin' among one an' other. Well, it was the Wellons that gained the battle; for after the English was in the village of Fontenoy, and the French was falling back upon the heights near the wood—arrah, what's the name of the wood?—sure I'll forget my own name next. Ay, to

be sure, Verzon—the 'wood of Verzon.' Major Jodillon—that's what the French called him, but his name was Joe Wellon—turned an eight-pounder short round into a little yard of a farm-house, and, making a breach for the gun, he opened a dreadful fire on the English column. It was loaded with grape, and at half-musket range, so you may think what a peppering they got. At last the column halted, and lay down; and Joe seen an officer ride off to the rear, to bring up artillery to silence our guns. A few minutes more, and it would be all over with us. So Joe shouts out as loud as he could, 'Cavalry there! tell off by threes, and prepare to charge!' I needn't tell you that the devil a horse nor a rider was within a mile of us at the time; but the English didn't know that; and, hearin' the order, up they jumps, and we heerd the word passin', 'Prepare to receive cavalry!' They formed square at once, and the same minute we plumped into them with such a charge as tore a lane right through the middle of them. Before they could recover, we opened a platoon fire on their flank; they staggered, broke, and at last fell back in disorder upon Aeth, with the whole of the French army after them. Such firin'—grape, round-shot, and musketry—I never seed afore, and we all shouting like divils, for it was more like a hunt nor any thing else; for ye see the Dutch never came up, but left the English to do all the work themselves, and that's the reason they couldn't form, for they had no supportin' colum'. [Pg 738]

"It was then I got that stick of the bayonet, for there was such runnin' that we only thought of pelting after them as hard as we could; but ye see, there's nothin' so treacherous as a Highlander. I was just behind one, and had my sword-point between his blade-hones, ready to run him through, when he turned short about, and run his bayonet into me under the short ribs, and that was all I saw of the battle; for I bled till I fainted, and never knew more of what happened. 'Tisn't by way of making little of Frenchmen I say it, for I sarved too long wid them for *that*—but sorra taste of that victory ever they'd see if it wasn't for the Wellons, and Major Joe that commanded them! The English knows it well, too! Maybe they don't do us many a spite for it to this very day!"

"And what became of you after that?"

"The same summer I came over to Scotland with the young Prince Charles, and was at the battle of Preston-pans afterward; and, what's worse, I was at Culloden! Oh, that was the terrible day! We were dead bate before we began the battle. We were on the march from one o'clock the night before, under the most dreadful rain ever ye seen! We lost our way twice; and, after four hours of hard marching, we found ourselves opposite a mill-dam we crossed early that same morning; for the guides led us all astray! Then came ordhers to wheel about face, and go back again; and back we went, cursing the blaguards that deceived us, and almost faintin' with hunger. Some of us had nothing to eat for two days, and the Prince, I seen myself, had only a brown bannock to a wooden measure of whiskey for his own breakfast. Well, it's no use talking, we were bate, and we retreated to Inverness that night, and next morning we surrendered and laid down our arms—that is, the 'Regiment du Tournay,' and the 'Voltigeurs de Metz,' the corps I was in myself."

"And did you return to France?"

"No; I made my way back to Ireland, and after loiterin' about home some time, and not liking the ways of turning to work again, I took sarvice with one Mister Brooke, of Castle Brooke, in Fermanagh, a young man that was just come of age, and as great a devil, God forgive me, as ever was spawned. He was a Protestant, but he didn't care much about one side or the other, but only wanted divarsion and his own fun out of the world; and faix he took it, too! He had plenty of money, was a fine man to look at, and had courage to face a lion!

"The first place we went to was Aix-la-Chapelle, for Mr. Brooke was named something—I forget what—to Lord Sandwich, that was going there as an embassador. It was a grand life there while it lasted. Such liveries, such coaches, such elegant dinners every day, I never saw even in Paris. But my master was soon sent away for a piece of wildness he did. There was an ould Austrian there—a Count Riedensegg was his name—and he was always plottin' and schamin' with this, that, and the other; buyin' up the sacrets of others, and gettin' at their sacret papers one way or the other; and at last he begins to thry the same game with us; and as he saw that Mr. Brooke was very fond of high play, and would bet any thing one offered him, the ould Count sends for a great gambler from Vienna, the greatest villain, they say, that ever touched a card. Ye may have heerd of him, tho' 'twas long ago that he lived, for he was well known in them times. He was the Baron von Breckendorf, and a great friend afterward of the Prince Ragint and all the other blaguards in London.

"Well, sir, the baron arrives in great state, with dispatches, they said, but sorrow other dispatch he carried nor some packs of marked cards, and a dice-box that could throw sixes whenever ye wanted; and he puts up at the Grand Hotel, with all his servants in fine liveries, and as much state as a prince. That very day Mr. Brooke dined with the count, and in the evening himself and the baron sits down to the cards; and, pretending to be only playin' for silver, they were betting a hundred guineas on every game.

"I always heerd that my master was cute with the cards, and that few was equal to him in any game with pasteboard or ivory; but, be my conscience, he met his match now, for if it was ould Nick was playin' he couldn't do the thrick nater nor the baron. He made every thing come up just like magic: if he wanted a seven of diamonds, or an ace of spades, or the knave of clubs, there it was for you. [Pg 739]

"Most gentlemen would have lost temper at seein' the luck so dead agin' them, and every thing goin' so bad, but my master only smiled, and kept muttering to himself, 'Faix, it's beautiful; by my

conscience it is elegant; I never saw any body could do it like that.' At last the baron stops and asks, 'What is it he's saying to himself?' 'I'll tell you by-and-by,' says my master, 'when we're done playing;' and so on they went, betting higher and higher, till at last the stakes wasn't very far from a thousand pounds on a single card. At the end, Mr. Brooke lost every thing, and in the last game, by way of generosity, the baron says to him, 'Double or quit?' and he tuk it.

"This time luck stood to my master, and he turned the queen of hearts; and as there was only one card could beat him, the game was all as one as his own. The baron takes up the pack, and begins to deal, 'Wait,' says my master, leaning over the table, and talking in a whisper; 'wait,' says he, 'what are ye doin' there wid your thumb?' for sure enough he had his thumb dug hard into the middle of the pack.

"'Do you mane to insult me,' says the baron, getting mighty red, and throwing down the cards on the table, 'Is that what you're at?'

"'Go on with the deal,' says Mr. Brooke, quietly; 'but listen to me,' and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'as sure as you turn the king of hearts I'll send a bullet through your skull! Go on now, and don't rise from that seat till you've finished the game.' Faix, he just did as he was bid; he turned a little two or three of diamonds, and gettin' up from the table, he left the room, and the next morning there was no more seen of him in Aix-la-Chapelle. But that wasn't the end of it, for scarce was the baron two posts on his journey, when my master sends in his name, and says he wants to speak to Count Riedensegg. There was a long time, and a great debatin', I believe, whether they'd let him in or not; for the count couldn't make if it was mischief he was after; but at last he was ushered into the bedroom where the other was in bed.

"'Count,' says he, after he fastened the door, and saw that they was alone, 'Count, you tried a dirty thrick with that dirty spalpeen of a baron—an ould blaguard that's as well known as Freney, the robber—but I forgive you for it all, for you did it in the way of business. I know well what you was afther; you wanted a peep at our dispatches—there, ye needn't look cross and angry—why wouldn't ye do it, just as the baron always took a sly glance at my cards before he played his own. Well, now, I'm just in the humor to sarve you. They're not trating me as they ought here, and I'm going away, and if you'll give me a few letthers to some of the pretty women in Vienna, Kateuka Batthyani, and Amalia Gradoffsky, and one or two men in the best set, I'll send you in return something will surprise you.'

"It was after a long time and great batin' about the bush, that the ould count came in; but the sight of a sacret cipher did the business, and he consented.

"'There it is,' says Mr. Brooke, 'there's the whole key to our correspondence, study it well, and I'll bring you a sacret dispatch in the evening—something that will surprise you.'

"'Ye will—will ye?' says the count.

"'On the honor of an Irish gentleman, I will,' says Mr. Brooke.

"The count sits down on the spot and writes the letters to all the princesses and countesses in Vienna, saying that Mr. Brooke was the elegantest, and politest, and most trusty young gentleman ever he met; and telling them to treat him with every consideration.

"'There will be another account of me,' says the master to me, 'by the post; but I'll travel faster, and give me a fair start, and I ask no more.'

"And he was as good as his word, for he started that evening for Vienna, without lave or license, and that's the way he got dismissed from his situation."

"And did he break his promise to the count, or did he really send him any intelligence?"

"He kept his word like a gentleman; he promised him something that would surprise him, and so he did. He sent him the weddin' of Ballyporeen in cipher. It took a week to make out, and I suppose they've never got to the right understandin' it yet."

"I'm curious to hear how he was received in Vienna after this," said I. "I suppose you accompanied him to that city."

"Troth I did, and a short life we led there; but here we are now, at the end of our journey. That's Father Doogan's down there, that small, low, thatched house in the hollow."

"A lonely spot, too. I don't see another near it for miles on any side."

"Nor is there. His chapel is at Murrah, about three miles off. My eyes isn't over good; but I don't think there's any smoke coming out of the chimley."

"You are right—there is not."

"He's not at home, then, and that's a bad job for us, for there's not another place to stop the night in."

"But there will be surely some one in the house."

"Most likely not; 'tis a brat of a boy from Murrah does be with him when he's at home, and I'm sure he's not there now."

This reply was not very cheering, nor was the prospect itself much brighter. The solitary cabin, to

which we were approaching, stood in a rugged glen, the sides of which were covered with a low furze, intermixed here and there with the scrub of what once had been an oak forest. A brown, mournful tint was over every thing—sky and landscape alike; and even the little stream of clear water that wound its twining course along, took the same color from the gravelly bed it flowed over. Not a cow nor sheep was to be seen, nor even a bird; all was silent and still. [Pg 740]

"There's few would like to pass their lives down there, then!" said my companion, as if speaking to himself.

"I suppose the priest, like a soldier, has no choice in these matters."

"Sometimes he has, though. Father Doogan might have had the pick of the county, they say; but he chose this little quiet spot here. He's a friar of some ordher abroad, and when he came over, two or three years ago, he could only spake a little Irish, and, I believe, less English; but there wasn't his equal, for other tongues, in all Europe. They wanted him to stop and be the head of a college somewhere in Spain, but he wouldn't. 'There was work to do in Ireland,' he said, and there he'd go, and to the wildest and laste civilized bit of it besides; and ye see that he was not far out in his choice when he took Murrah."

"Is he much liked here by the people?"

"They'd worship him, if he'd let them, that's what it is; for if he has more larnin' and knowledge in his head than ever a bishop in Ireland, there's not a child in the barony his equal for simplicity. He that knows the names of the stars, and what they do be doing, and where the world's going, and what's comin' afther her, hasn't a thought for the wickedness of this life, no more than a sucking infant! He could tell you every crop to put in your ground from this to the day of judgment, and I don't think he'd know which end of the spade goes into the ground."

While we were thus talking, we reached the door, which, as well as the windows, was closely barred and fastened. The great padlock, however, on the former, with characteristic acuteness, was locked without being hasped, so that, in a few seconds, my old guide had undone all the fastenings, and we found ourselves under shelter.

A roomy kitchen, with a few cooking utensils, formed the entrance hall; and as a small supply of turf stood in one corner, my companion at once proceeded to make a fire, congratulating me as he went on with the fact of our being housed, for a long-threatening thunder storm had already burst, and the rain was swooping along in torrents.

While he was thus busied I took a ramble through the little cabin, curious to see something of the "interior" of one whose life had already interested me. There were but two small chambers, one at either side of the kitchen. The first I entered was a bedroom, the only furniture being a common bed, or a tressel like that of an hospital, a little colored print of St. Michael adorning the wall overhead. The bed-covering was cleanly, but patched in many places, and bespeaking much poverty, and the black "soutane" of silk that hung against the wall seemed to show long years of service. The few articles of any pretension to comfort were found in the sitting-room, where a small book-shelf with some well-thumbed volumes, and a writing-table covered with papers, maps, and a few pencil-drawings, appeared. All seemed as if he had just quitted the spot a few minutes before; the pencil lay across a half-finished sketch; two or three wild plants were laid within the leaves of a little book on botany; and a chess problem, with an open book beside it, still waited for solution on a little board, whose workmanship clearly enough betrayed it to be by his own hands.

I inspected every thing with an interest inspired by all I had been hearing of the poor priest, and turned over the little volumes of his humble library to trace, if I might, some clew to his habits in his readings. They were all, however, of one cast and character—religious tracts and offices, covered with annotations and remarks, and showing, by many signs the most careful and frequent perusal. It was easy to see that his taste for drawing or for chess were the only dissipations he permitted himself to indulge. What a strange life of privation, thought I, alone and companionless as he must be! and while speculating on the sense of duty which impelled such a man to accept a post so humble and unpromising, I perceived that on the wall right opposite to me there hung a picture, covered by a little curtain of green silk.

Curious to behold the saintly effigy so carefully enshrined, I drew aside the curtain, and what was my astonishment to find a little colored sketch of a boy about twelve years old, dressed in the tawdry and much-worn uniform of a drummer. I started. Something flashed suddenly across my mind, that the features, the dress, the air, were not unknown to me. Was I awake, or were my senses misleading me? I took it down and held it to the light, and as well as my trembling hands permitted, I spelled out, at the foot of the drawing, the words "Le Petit Maurice, as I saw him last." Yes: it was my own portrait, and the words were in the writing of my dearest friend in the world, the Père Michael. Scarce knowing what I did, I ransacked books and papers on every side, to confirm my suspicions, and although his name was nowhere to be found, I had no difficulty in recognizing his hand, now so forcibly recalled to my memory.

Hastening into the kitchen, I told my guide, that I must set out to Murrah at once, that it was above all important that I should see the priest immediately. It was in vain that he told me he was unequal to the fatigue of going further, that the storm was increasing, the mountain torrents were swelling to a formidable size, that the path could not be discovered after dark; I could not brook the thought of delay, and would not listen to the detail of difficulties. "I must see him and I will," were my answers to every obstacle. If I were resolved on one side, *he* was no less obstinate [Pg 741]

on the other; and after explaining with patience all the dangers and hazards of the attempt, and still finding me unconvinced, he boldly declared that I might go alone, if I would, but that he would not leave the shelter of a roof, such a night, for any one.

There was nothing in the shape of argument I did not essay. I tried bribery, I tried menace, flattery, intimidation, all—and all with the like result. "Wherever he is to-night, he'll not leave it, that's certain," was the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe, and I retired beaten from the contest, and disheartened. Twice I left the cottage, resolved to go alone and unaccompanied, but the utter darkness of the night, the torrents of rain that beat against my face, soon showed me the impracticability of the attempt, and I retraced my steps crest-fallen and discomfited. The most intense curiosity to know how and by what chances he had come to Ireland mingled with my ardent desire to meet him. What stores of reminiscence had we to interchange! Nor was it without pride that I bethought me of the position I then held—an officer of a Hussar regiment, a soldier of more than one campaign, and high on the list for promotion. If I hoped, too, that many of the good father's prejudices against the career I followed would give way to the records of my own past life, I also felt how, in various respects, I had myself conformed to many of his notions. We should be dearer, closer friends than ever. This I knew and was sure of.

I never slept the whole night through; tired and weary as the day's journey had left me, excitement was still too strong for repose, and I walked up and down, lay for half an hour on my bed, rose to look out, and peer for coming dawn! Never did hours lag so lazily. The darkness seemed to last for an eternity, and when at last day did break, it was through the lowering gloom of skies still charged with rain, and an atmosphere loaded with vapor.

"This is a day for the chimney corner, and thankful to have it we ought to be," said my old guide, as he replenished the turf fire, at which he was preparing our breakfast. "Father Doogan will be home here afore night, I'm sure, and as we have nothing better to do, I'll tell you some of our old adventures when I lived with Mr. Brooke. 'Twill sarve to pass the time, any way."

"I'm off to Murrah, as soon as I have eaten something," replied I.

"'Tis little you know what a road it is," said he, smiling dubiously. "'Tis four mountain rivers you'd have to cross, two of them, at least, deeper than your head, and there's the pass of Barnascorny, where you'd have to turn the side of a mountain, with a precipice hundreds of feet below you, and a wind blowing that would wreck a seventy-four! There's never a man in the barony would venture over the same path, with a storm ragin' from the nor'west."

"I never heard of a man being blown away off a mountain," said I, laughing contemptuously.

"Arrah, didn't ye then? then maybe ye never tried in parts where the heaviest plows and harrows that can be laid in the thatch of a cabin are flung here and there, like straws, and the strongest timbers torn out of the walls, and scattered for miles along the coast, like the spars of a shipwreck."

"But so long as a man has hands to grip with."

"How ye talk; sure when the wind can tear the strongest trees up by the roots; when it rolls big rocks fifty and a hundred feet out of their place; when the very shingle on the mountain side is flyin' about like dust and sand, where would your grip be? It is not only on the mountains either, but down in the plains, ay, even in the narrowest glens, that the cattle lies down under shelter of the rocks; and many's the time a sheep, or even a heifer, is swept away off the cliffs into the sea."

With many an anecdote of storm and hurricane he seasoned our little meal of potatoes. Some curious enough, as illustrating the precautionary habits of a peasantry, who, on land, experience many of the vicissitudes supposed peculiar to the sea; others too miraculous for easy credence, but yet vouched for by him with every affirmative of truth. He displayed all his powers of agreeability and amusement, but his tales fell on unwilling ears, and when our meal was over I started up and began to prepare for the road.

"So you will go, will you?" said he, peevishly. "'Tis in your country to be obstinate, so I'll say nothing more; but maybe 'tis only into throubles you'd be running after all!"

"I'm determined on it," said I, "and I only ask you to tell me what road to take."

"There is only one, so there is no mistakin' it; keep to the sheep path, and never leave it except at the torrents; you must pass them how ye can, and when ye come to four big rocks in the plain leave them to your left, and keep the side of the mountain for two miles, 'till ye see the smoke of the village underneath you. Murrah is a small place, and ye'll have to look out sharp or maybe ye'll miss it."

"That's enough," said I, putting some silver in his hand as I pressed it. "We'll probably meet no more; good-by, and many thanks for your pleasant company."

"No, we're not like to meet again," said he, thoughtfully, "and that's the reason I'd like to give you a bit of advice. Hear me now," said he, drawing closer and talking in a whisper; "you can't go far in this country without being known; 'tisn't your looks alone, but your voice, and your tongue, will show what ye are. Get away out of it as fast as you can! there's thraitors in every cause, and there's chaps in Ireland would rather make money as informers than earn it by honest industry! Get over to the Scotch islands; get to Isla or Barra; get any where out of this for the time." [Pg 742]

"Thanks for the counsel," said I, somewhat coldly, "I'll have time to think over it as I go along," and with these words I set forth on my journey.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### "THE CRANAGH."

I will not weary my reader with a narrative of my mountain walk, nor the dangers and difficulties which beset me on that day of storm and hurricane. Few as were the miles to travel, what with accidents, mistakes of the path, and the halts to take shelter, I only reached Murrah as the day was declining.

The little village, which consisted of some twenty cabins, occupied a narrow gorge between two mountains, and presented an aspect of greater misery than I had ever witnessed before, not affording even the humblest specimen of a house of entertainment. From some peasants that were lounging in the street I learned that "Father Doogan" had passed through two days before in company with a naval officer, whom they believed to be French. At least, "he came from one of the ships in the Lough, and could speak no English." Since that the priest had not returned, and many thought that he had gone away forever. This story, varied in a few unimportant particulars, I heard from several; and also learned that a squadron of several sail had, for three or four days, been lying at the entrance of Lough Swilly, with, it was said, large reinforcements for the "army of independence." There was then no time to be lost: here was the very force which I had been sent to communicate with; there were the troops that should at that moment be disembarking. The success of my mission might all depend now on a little extra exertion, and so I at once engaged a guide to conduct me to the coast, and having fortified myself with a glass of mountain whiskey, I felt ready for the road. My guide could only speak a very little English; so that our way was passed in almost unbroken silence; and, as for security, he followed the least frequented paths, we scarcely met a living creature as we went. It was with a strange sense of half pride, half despondency, that I bethought me of my own position there—a Frenchman, alone, and separated from his countrymen—in a wild mountain region of Ireland, carrying about him documents that, if detected, might peril his life; involved in a cause that had for its object the independence of a nation; and that against the power of the mightiest kingdom in Europe. An hour earlier or later, an accident by the way, a swollen torrent, a chance impediment of any kind that should delay me—and what a change might that produce in the whole destiny of the world. The dispatches I carried conveyed instructions the most precise and accurate—the places for combined action of the two armies—information as to the actual state of parties, and the condition of the native forces, was contained in them. All that could instruct the newly-come generals, or encourage them to decisive measures were there; and, yet, on what narrow contingencies did their safe arrival depend! It was thus, in exaggerating to myself the part I played—in elevating my humble position into all the importance of a high trust—that I sustained my drooping spirits, and acquired energy to carry me through fatigue and exhaustion. During that night, and the greater part of the following day, we walked on, almost without halt, scarcely eating, and, except by an occasional glass of whisky, totally unrefreshed; and I am free to own, that my poor guide—a bare-legged youth of about seventeen, without any of those high-sustaining illusions which stirred within my heart—suffered far less either from hunger or weariness than *I* did. So much for motives. A shilling or two were sufficient to equalize the balance against all the weight of my heroism and patriotic ardor together!

A bright sun, and a sharp wind from the north, had succeeded to the lowering sky and heavy atmosphere of the morning, and we traveled along with light hearts and brisk steps, breasting the side of a deep ascent, from the summit of which my guide told me, I should behold the sea—the sea, not only the great plain on which I expected to see our armament, but the link which bound me to my country! Suddenly, just as I turned the angle of a cliff, it burst upon my sight—one vast mirror of golden splendor—appearing almost at my feet! In the yellow gleams of a setting sun, long columns of azure-colored light streaked its calm surface, and tinged the atmosphere with a warm and rosy hue. While I was lost in admiration of the picture, I heard the sound of voices close beneath me, and, on looking down, saw two figures who, with telescopes in hand, were steadily gazing on a little bay that extended toward the west.

At first, my attention was more occupied by the strangers than by the object of their curiosity, and I remarked that they were dressed and equipped like sportsmen, their guns and game-bags lying against the rock behind them.

"Do you still think that they are hovering about the coast, Tom?" said the elder of the two, "or are you not convinced, at last, that I am right?"

"I believe you are," replied the other; "but it certainly did not look like it yesterday evening, with their boats rowing ashore every half hour, signals flying, and blue lights burning; all seemed to threaten a landing."

"If they ever thought of it, they soon changed their minds," said the former. "The defeat of their comrades in the west, and the apathy of the peasantry here, would have cooled down warmer ardor than theirs. There they go, Tom. I only hope that they'll fall in with Warren's squadron, and French insolence receive at sea the lesson we failed to give them on land."

"Not so," rejoined the younger; "Humbert's capitulation, and the total break-up of the expedition ought to satisfy even your patriotism." [Pg 743]

"It fell far short of it, then!" cried the other. "I'd never have treated those fellows other than as bandits and freebooters. I'd have hanged them as highwaymen. There was less war than rapine; but what could you expect? I have been assured that Humbert's force consisted of little other than liberated felons and galley slaves—the refuse of the worst population of Europe!"

Distracted with the terrible tidings I had overheard—overwhelmed with the sight of the ships, now glistening like bright specks on the verge of the horizon, I forgot my own position—my safety—every thing but the insult thus cast upon my gallant comrades.

"Whoever said so was a liar, and a base coward, to boot!" cried I, springing down from the height and confronting them both where they stood. They started back, and, seizing their guns, assumed an attitude of defense, and then, quickly perceiving that I was alone—for the boy had taken to flight as fast as he could—they stood regarding me with faces of intense astonishment.

"Yes," said I, still boiling with passion, "you are two to one, on your own soil besides, the odds you are best used to; and yet I repeat it, that he who asperses the character of General Humbert's force is a liar."

"He's French."

"No, he's Irish," muttered the elder. "What signifies my country, sirs," cried I passionately, "if I demand retraction for a falsehood."

"It signifies more than you think of, young man," said the elder, calmly, and without evincing even the slightest irritation in his manner. "If you be a Frenchman born, the lenity of our government accords you the privilege of a prisoner of war. If you be only French by adoption, and a uniform, a harsher destiny awaits you."

"And who says I am a prisoner yet?" asked I, drawing myself up, and staring them steadily in the face.

"We should be worse men, and poorer patriots, than you give us credit for, or we should be able to make you so," said he quietly, "but this is no case for ill-temper on either side. The expedition has failed. Well, if you will not believe *me*, read that. There, in that paper, you will see the official account of General Humbert's surrender at Boyle. The news is already over the length and breadth of the island; even if you only landed last night, I can not conceive how you should be ignorant of it!" I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotion; and he went on: "If you be French, you have only to claim and prove your nationality, and you partake the fortunes of your countrymen."

"And if he be not," whispered the other, in a voice which, although low, I could still detect, "why should *we*, give him up?"

"Hush, Tom, be quiet," replied the elder, "let him plead for himself."

"Let me see the newspaper," said I, endeavoring to seem calm and collected; and taking it at the place he pointed out, I read the heading in capitals, "CAPITULATION OF GENERAL HUMBERT AND HIS WHOLE FORCE." I could see no more. I could not trace the details of so horrible a disaster, nor did I ask to know by what means it occurred. My attitude and air of apparent occupation, however, deceived the other; and the elder, supposing that I was engaged in considering the paragraph, said, "You'll see the government proclamation on the other side, a general amnesty to all under the rank of officers in the rebel army, who give up their arms within six days. The French to be treated as prisoners of war."

"Is he too late to regain the fleet," whispered the younger.

"Of course he is. They are already hull down; besides, who's to assist his escape, Tom? You forget the position he stands in."

"But I do not forget it," answered I, "and you need not be afraid that I will seek to compromise you, gentlemen. Tell me where to find the nearest justice of the peace, and I will go and surrender myself."

"It is your wisest and best policy," said the elder; "I am not in the commission, but a neighbor of mine is, and lives a few miles off, and if you like we'll accompany you to his house."

I accepted the offer, and soon found myself descending the steep path of the mountain in perfect good-fellowship with the two strangers. It is likely enough, that if they had taken any peculiar pains to obliterate the memory of our first meeting, or if they had displayed any extraordinary efforts of conciliation, that I should be on my guard against them; but their manner, on the contrary, was easy and unaffected in every respect. They spoke of the expedition sensibly and dispassionately, and while acknowledging that there were many things they would like to see altered in the English rule of Ireland, they were very averse from the desire of a foreign intervention to rectify them.

I avowed to them that we had been grossly deceived. That all the representations made us, depicted Ireland as a nation of soldiers, wanting only arms and military stores to rise as a vast army. That the peasantry were animated by one spirit, and the majority of the gentry willing to hazard every thing on the issue of a struggle. Our Killala experiences, of which I detailed some, heartily amused them, and it was in a merry interchange of opinions that we now walked along together.

A cluster of houses, too small to be called a village, and known as the "Cranagh," stood in a little nook of the bay; and here they lived. They were brothers; and the elder held some small appointment in the revenue, which maintained them as bachelors in this cheap country. In a low conversation that passed between them, it was agreed that they would detain me as their guest [Pg 744] for that evening, and on the morrow accompany me to the magistrate's house, about five miles distant. I was not sorry to accept their hospitable offer. I longed for a few hours of rest and respite before embarking on another sea of troubles. The failure of the expedition, and the departure of the fleet, had overwhelmed me with grief, and I was in no mood to confront new perils.

If my new acquaintances could have read my inmost thoughts, their manner toward me could not have displayed more kindness or good-breeding. Not pressing me with questions on subjects where the greatest curiosity would have been permissible, they suffered me to tell only so much as I wished of our late plans; and as if purposely to withdraw my thoughts from the unhappy theme of our defeat, led me to talk of France, and her career in Europe.

It was not without surprise that I saw how conversant the newspapers had made them with European politics, nor how widely different did events appear, when viewed from afar off, and by the lights of another and different nationality Thus all that we were doing on the Continent to propagate liberal notions, and promote the spread of freedom, seemed to their eyes but the efforts of an ambitious power to crush abroad what they had annihilated at home, and extend their own influence in disseminating doctrines, all to revert, one day or other, to some grand despotism, whenever the man arose capable to exercise it. The elder would not even concede to us that we were fit for freedom.

"You are glorious fellows at destroying an old edifice," said he; "but sorry architects when comes the question of rebuilding; and as to liberty, your highest notion of it is an occasional anarchy. Like school-boys, you will bear any tyranny for ten years, to have ten days of a 'barring out' afterward."

I was not much flattered by these opinions; and what was worse, I could not get them out of my head all night afterward. Many things I had never doubted about now kept puzzling and confounding me, and I began, for the first time, to know the misery of the struggle between implicit obedience and conviction.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I went to bed at night in all apparent health; save from the flurry and excitement of an anxious mind, I was in no respect different from my usual mood; and yet when I awoke next morning, my head was distracted with a racking pain, cramps were in all my limbs, and I could not turn or even move without intense suffering. The long exposure to rain, while my mind was in a condition of extreme excitement, had brought on an attack of fever, and before evening set in, I was raving in wild delirium. Every scene I had passed through, each eventful incident of my life, came flashing in disjointed portions through my poor brain; and I raved away of France, of Germany, of the dreadful days of terror, and the fearful orgies of the "Revolution." Scenes of strife and struggle—the terrible conflicts of the streets—all rose before me; and the names of every blood-stained hero of France now mingled with the obscure titles of Irish insurrection.

What narratives of my early life I may have given—what stories I may have revealed of my strange career, I can not tell; but the interest my kind hosts took in me grew stronger every day. There was no care nor kindness they did not lavish on me. Taking alternate nights to sit up with me, they watched beside my bed, like brothers. All that affection could give they rendered me; and even from their narrow fortunes they paid a physician, who came from a distant town to visit me. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and sit at the window, or stroll slowly in the garden, I became aware of the full extent to which their kindness had carried them, and in the precautions for secrecy, I saw the peril to which my presence exposed them. From an excess of delicacy toward me, they did not allude to the subject, nor show the slightest uneasiness about the matter; but day by day some little circumstance would occur, some slight and trivial fact reveal the state of anxiety they lived in.

They were averse, too, from all discussion of late events, and either answered my questions vaguely or with a certain reserve; and when I hinted at my hope of being soon able to appear before a magistrate and establish my claim as a French citizen, they replied that the moment was an unfavorable one; the lenity of the government had latterly been abused; their gracious intentions misstated and perverted; that, in fact, a reaction toward severity had occurred, and military law and courts-martial were summarily disposing of cases that a short time back would have received the mildest sentences of civil tribunals. It was clear, from all they said, that if the rebellion was suppressed, the insurrectionary feeling was not extinguished, and that England was the very reverse of tranquil on the subject of Ireland.

It was to no purpose that I repeated my personal indifference to all these measures of severity; that in my capacity as a Frenchman and an officer, I stood exempt from all the consequences they alluded to. Their reply was, that in times of trouble and alarm things were done which quieter periods would never have sanctioned, and that indiscreet and over-zealous men would venture on acts that neither law nor justice could substantiate. In fact, they gave me to believe, that such

was the excitement of the moment, such the embittered vengeance of those whose families or fortunes had suffered by the rebellion, that no reprisals would be thought too heavy, nor any harshness too great, for those who aided the movement.

Whatever I might have said against the injustice of this proceeding, in my secret heart I had to confess that it was only what might have been expected, and coming from a country where it was enough to call a man an aristocrat and then cry "a la lanterne," I saw nothing unreasonable in it all. [Pg 745]

My friends, advised me, therefore, instead of preferring any formal claim to immunity, to take the first occasion of escaping to America, whence I could not fail, later on, of returning to France. At first, the counsel only irritated me, but by degrees, as I came to think more calmly and seriously of the difficulties, I began to regard it in a different light; and at last I fully concurred in the wisdom of the advice, and resolved on adopting it.

To sit on the cliffs, and watch the ocean for hours, became now the practice of my life—to gaze from daybreak almost to the falling of night over the wide expanse of sea, straining my eyes at each sail, and conjecturing to what distant shore they were tending. The hopes which at first sustained, at last deserted me, as week after week passed over, and no prospect of escape appeared. The life of inactivity gradually depressed my spirits, and I fell into a low and moping condition, in which my hours rolled over without thought or notice. Still, I returned each day to my accustomed spot, a lofty peak of rock that stood over the sea, and from which the view extended for miles on every side. There, half hid in the wild heath, I used to lie for hours long, my eyes bent upon the sea, but my thoughts wandering away to a past that never was to be renewed, and a future I was never destined to experience.

Although late in the autumn, the season was mild and genial, and the sea calm and waveless, save along the shore, where, even in the stillest weather, the great breakers come tumbling in with a force, independent of storm, and listening to their booming thunder, I have dreamed away hour after hour unconsciously. It was one day, as I lay thus, that my attention was caught by the sight of three large vessels on the very verge of the horizon. Habit had now given me a certain acuteness, and I could perceive from their height and size that they were ships of war. For a while they seemed as if steering for the entrance of the "lough," but afterward they changed their course, and headed toward the west. At length they separated, and one of smaller size, and probably a frigate from her speed, shot forward beyond the rest, and, in less than half an hour, disappeared from view. The other two gradually sunk beneath the horizon, and not a sail was to be seen over the wide expanse. While speculating on what errand the squadron might be employed, I thought I could hear the deep and rolling sound of distant cannonading. My ear was too practiced in the thundering crash of the breakers along shore to confound the noises; and as I listened I fancied that I could distinguish the sound of single guns from the louder roar of a whole broadside. This could not mean saluting, nor was it likely to be a mere exercise of the fleet. They were not times when much powder was expended unprofitably. Was it then an engagement? But with what or whom? Tandy's expedition, as it was called, had long since sailed, and must ere this have been captured or safe in France. I tried a hundred conjectures to explain the mystery, which now, from the long continuance of the sounds, seemed to denote a desperately contested engagement. It was not 'till after three hours that the cannonading ceased, and then I could descry a thick dark canopy of smoke that hung hazily over one spot in the horizon, as if marking out the scene of the struggle. With what aching, torturing anxiety I burned to know what had happened, and with which side rested the victory.

Well habituated to hear of the English as victors in every naval engagement, I yet went on hoping against hope itself, that Fortune might for once have favored us; nor was it till the falling night prevented my being able to trace out distant objects, that I could leave the spot and turn homeward. With wishes so directly opposed to theirs, I did not venture to tell my two friends what I had witnessed, nor trust myself to speak on a subject where my feelings might have betrayed me into unseemly expressions of my hopes. I was glad to find that they knew nothing of the matter, and talked away indifferently of other subjects. By daybreak, the next morning, I was at my post, a sharp nor'wester blowing, and a heavy sea rolling in from the Atlantic. Instinctively carrying my eyes to the spot where I had heard the cannonnade, I could distinctly see the tops of spars, as if the upper rigging of some vessels, beyond the horizon. Gradually they rose higher and higher, till I could detect the yard-arms and cross-trees, and finally the great hulls of five vessels that were bearing toward me.

For above an hour I could see their every movement, as with all canvas spread they held on majestically toward the land, when at length a lofty promontory of the bay intervened, and they were lost to my view. I jumped to my legs at once, and set off down the cliff to reach the headland, from whence an uninterrupted prospect extended. The distance was greater than I had supposed, and in my eagerness to take a direct line to it, I got entangled in difficult gorges among the hills, and impeded by mountain torrents which often compelled me to go back a considerable distance; it was already late in the afternoon as I gained the crest of a ridge over the Bay of Lough Swilly. Beneath me lay the calm surface of the lough, landlocked and still; but further out, seaward, there was a sight that made my very limbs tremble, and sickened my heart as I beheld it. There was a large frigate, that, with studding-sails set, stood boldly up the bay, followed by a dismasted three-decker, at whose mizen floated the ensign of England over the French "tri-color." Several other vessels were grouped about the offing, all of them displaying English colors. [Pg 746]

The dreadful secret was out. There had been a tremendous sea fight, and the Hoche, of seventy-four guns, was the sad spectacle which, with shattered sides and ragged rigging, I now beheld entering the Bay. Oh, the humiliation of that sight! I can never forget it. And although on all the surrounding hills scarcely fifty country people were assembled, I felt as if the whole of Europe were spectators of our defeat. The flag I had always believed triumphant now hung ignominiously beneath the ensign of the enemy, and the decks of our noble ship were crowded with the uniforms of English sailors and marines.

The blue water surged and spouted from the shot holes as the great hull loomed heavily from side to side, and broken spars and ropes still hung over the side as she went, a perfect picture of defeat. Never was disaster more legibly written. I watched her till the anchor dropped, and then, in a burst of emotion, I turned away, unable to endure more. As I hastened homeward I met the elder of my two hosts coming to meet me, in considerable anxiety. He had heard of the capture of the Hoche, but his mind was far more intent on another and less important event. Two men had just been at his cottage with a warrant for my arrest. The document bore my name and rank, as well as a description of my appearance, and significantly alleged, that although Irish by birth, I affected a foreign accent for the sake of concealment.

"There is no chance of escape now," said my friend; "we are surrounded with spies on every hand. My advice is, therefore, to hasten to Lord Cavan's quarters—he is now at Letterkenny—and give yourself up as a prisoner. There is at least the chance of your being treated like the rest of your countrymen. I have already provided you with a horse and a guide, for I must not accompany you myself. Go, then, Maurice. We shall never see each other again; but we'll not forget you, nor do we fear that you will forget *us*. My brother could not trust himself to take leave of you, but his best wishes and prayers go with you."

Such were the last words my kind-hearted friend spoke to me; nor do I know what reply I made, as, overcome by emotion, my voice became thick and broken. I wanted to tell all my gratitude, and yet could say nothing. To this hour I know not with what impression of me he went away. I can only assert, that, in all the long career of vicissitudes of a troubled and adventurous life, these brothers have occupied the chosen spot of my affection, for every thing that was disinterested in kindness and generous in good feeling.

They have done more, for they have often reconciled me to a world of harsh injustice and illiberality, by remembering that two such exceptions existed, and that others may have experienced what fell to *my* lot.

For a mile or two my way lay through the mountains, but after reaching the high road, I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a jaunting-car, on which a gentleman was seated, with his leg supported by a cushion, and bearing all the signs of a severe injury.

"Keep the near side of the way, sir, I beg of you," cried he; "I have a broken leg, and am excessively uneasy when a horse passes close to me."

I touched my cap in salute, and immediately turned my horse's head to comply with his request.

"Did you see that, George?" cried another gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the vehicle; "did you remark that fellow's salute? My life on't he's a French soldier."

"Nonsense, man—he's the steward of a Clyde smack, or a clerk in a counting-house," said the first, in a voice which, though purposely low, my quick hearing could catch perfectly.

"Are we far from Letterkenny just now, sir?" said the other, addressing me.

"I believe about five miles," said I, with a prodigious effort to make my pronunciation pass muster.

"You're a stranger in these parts, I see, sir," rejoined he, with a cunning glance at his friend, while he added, lower, "Was I right, Hill?"

Although seeing that all concealment was now hopeless, I was in no wise disposed to plead guilty at once, and therefore, with a cut of my switch, pushed my beast into a sharp canter to get forward.

My friends, however, gave chase, and now the jaunting-car, notwithstanding the sufferings of the invalid, was clattering after me at about nine miles an hour. At first I rather enjoyed the malice of the penalty their curiosity was costing, but as I remembered that the invalid was not the chief offender, I began to feel compunction at the severity of the lesson, and drew up to a walk.

They at once shortened their pace, and came up beside me.

"A clever hack you're riding, sir," said the inquisitive man.

"Not so bad for an animal of this country," said I, superciliously.

"Oh, then, what kind of a horse are you accustomed to?" asked he, half insolently.

"The Limousin," said I, coolly, "what we always mount in our Hussar regiments in France."

"And you are a French soldier, then?" cried he, in evident astonishment at my frankness.

"At your service, sir," said I, saluting; "a Lieutenant of Hussars; and if you are tormented by any

further curiosity concerning me, I may as well relieve you by stating that I am proceeding to Lord Cavan's head-quarters, to surrender as a prisoner."

"Frank enough, that!" said he of the broken leg, laughing heartily as he spoke.

"Well, sir," said the other, "you are, as your countrymen would call it, '*bien venu*,' for we are bound in that direction ourselves, and will be happy to have your company." [Pg 747]

One piece of tact my worldly experience had profoundly impressed upon me, and that was, the necessity of always assuming an air of easy unconcern in every circumstance of doubtful issue. There was quite enough of difficulty in the present case to excite my anxiety, but I rode along beside the jaunting-car, chatting familiarly with my new acquaintances, and, I believe, without exhibiting the slightest degree of uneasiness regarding my own position.

From them I learned so much as they had heard of the late naval engagement. The report was that Bompard's fleet had fallen in with Sir John Warren's squadron, and having given orders for his fastest sailers to make the best of their way to France, had, with the Hoche, the Loire, and the Resolve, given battle to the enemy. These had all been captured, as well as four others which fled, two alone of the whole succeeding in their escape. I think now that, grievous as these tidings were, there was nothing of either boastfulness or insolence in the tone in which they were communicated to me. Every praise was accorded to Bompard for skill and bravery, and the defense was spoken of in terms of generous eulogy. The only trait of acrimony that showed itself in the recital was, a regret that a number of Irish rebels should have escaped in the Biche, one of the smaller frigates; and several emissaries of the people, who had been deputed to the admiral, were also alleged to have been on board of that vessel.

"You are sorry to have had missed your friend, the priest of Murrah," said Hill, jocularly.

"Yes, by George, that fellow should have graced a gallows if I had been lucky enough to have taken him."

"What was his crime, sir?" asked I, with seeming unconcern.

"Nothing more than exciting to rebellion a people with whom he had no tie of blood or kindred! He was a Frenchman, and devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, as they call it, from pure sympathy—"

"And a dash of popery," broke in Hill.

"It's hard to say even that; my own opinion is, that French Jacobinism cares very little for the pope. Am I right, young gentleman—you don't go very often to confession?"

"I should do so less frequently if I were to be subjected to such a system of interrogatory as yours," said I, tartly.

They both took my impertinent speech in good part, and laughed heartily at it; and thus, half amicably, half in earnest, we entered the little town of Letterkenny, just as night was falling.

"If you'll be our guest for this evening, sir," said Hill, "we shall be happy to have your company."

I accepted the invitation, and followed them into the inn.

**(*To be continued.*)**

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# THE UNNAMED SHELL.

At the corner of the boulevard Montmartre, near the angle of the faubourg, is situated a magazine of natural history, that continually draws around its windows groups of curious idlers. Open the door, walk in, and, in place of a mere merchant, you will be surprised to encounter an artist and a scholar. The man is still young, yet he has explored a portion of Southern Africa; and has joined in formidable chases of elephants, lions, and all the wild animals of those barbarous regions. He has sought his treasures of natural history in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, China, and Cochin-China; has visited Batavia, Samarang and Madura; and returned to Paris rich in knowledge and collections.

It is rarely that you will find him alone. The laboratory of the boulevard Montmartre is the rendezvous of all the scholars, travelers, naturalists, artists, and authors, who bask in the sunshine of celebrity. Temming, the old glory, yet with so much youth about him, of natural history; Wilson, collector for his brother in the immense undertaking of completing the museum of Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who bestows life and animation on the animals which he paints; Ledieu, Léon Gozlan, Biard; Delgorgue, the intrepid chaser of elephants; Lagéronière, who was for one instant on the point of becoming the king of a savage tribe, and of whom Dumas, in his "Thousand and One Phantoms," has related in so improbable a manner a fabulous episode of real adventures; Gray, whom London cites with pride among its naturalists; Mitchell, director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henry Monnier, the sparkling reflection of Molière; Alphonse Karr; Deshayes, for whom conchology and the labyrinths of its classifications have no further mysteries; De Lafresnage, chief of ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who spends his life in the

dissection of living atoms, or beings almost microscopical; Delamarre-Piquot, who travels from one world to another, to gather the alimentary substances with which he wishes to endow Europe; M. Michelin, who consecrates his rare holidays to an unrivaled collection of polypi; there they are to be found, every day, studying, admiring, copying, describing, all the strange animals that come from every quarter of the globe to this little corner of the boulevard Montmartre, thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

There may one listen to sallies of fancy, scientific discussion, episodes of likely and unlikely adventures, tales that make one burst with laughter, histories that fill the eyes with tears, real dramas that freeze the soul with horror, and of which the historian is almost always the hero. In the midst of all this noise of conversation and going and coming, the master of the establishment loses not a moment. He issues orders, he lends a helping hand; he classes, describes, and attends to strangers: and occasionally sends as presents to other museums unparalleled treasures of [Pg 748] natural history. Just let us mention, *en passant*, that the museum of Paris has been loaded for twenty years back with his precious gifts. At each step you take in the galleries, you may read his name inscribed upon numerous objects, before which the curious in such matters stop with surprise, and the learned with admiration.

One evening, he was laboring with his usual feverish activity to form collections of shells, according to their species, and after the method of Lamarck; for to popularize science is his fervent desire and constant aim. These collections would not nearly reimburse him for the trouble and cost bestowed upon them; but they would create a few conchologists the more; they would facilitate the studies of those who had already commenced their initiation into the marvels of a science so attractive, by the beautiful objects to which it consecrates itself, and this was what the enthusiastic *savant* wished above all.

"Ah!" said one of the visitors, taking up a shell, "I never see a spiral, without calling to mind a drama that was once enacted here, and which I will relate to you:

"It was eight or ten years ago, one evening, as it might be to-day. The smoke from five or six cigars filled the laboratory with its fantastic rings. A lamp, vailed under a semi-opaque shade, served only to render more visible the shadows of this strange chamber. Here and there, the glow from the hearth illuminated animals from all parts of the world, hung at random upon the walls, which they confusedly burdened. The master of the magazine took up a shell which chance placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall man, hoary with age, who was silently seated, according to his custom, a little on one side. The stranger approached the lamp, looked at the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A light crash was heard; he re-seated himself, and revived the fire of his half-extinguished cigar. Then, perceiving that every one was looking curiously at him—'I have broken it,' said he; and he threw the fragments of the shell upon the floor, and ground them beneath his heel.

"For several instants there was a profound silence, caused by the surprise of the company at this gratuitous destruction. The old man continued, with a melancholy smile, 'I will tell you, gentlemen, wherefore I broke the shell. Science, or rather its fanaticism, leads to strange weaknesses. If my folly can any where find indulgence, surely it will be among you, who are all, more or less, collectors. Perhaps, I shall even meet with some auditor not only capable of comprehending, but likewise of imitating me. This shell is a spiral that has never been either named or copied. I possess in my collection the only similar one that is known to the scientific world. I procured it, ten years ago, from this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell, my heart beat with joy,' continued the old man, with a voice that had regained all the energy of youth. 'I was poor, but I must have it at whatever price. I carried it home with me, and passed entire days in contemplating it, and examining its minutest details. Two years were necessary to make up its price—two entire years of privation. Each month, I carried the dealer small sums, often spared from my most pressing necessities. What mattered it? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show me its like. I would not permit any one to describe it. When, on rare occasions, I displayed it to some initiated ones, it was upon the condition that they would not speak of it in their faunas. A lover madly enamored, is not more jealous than I then was, than I still am, of this treasure. When the two years of which I have spoken had elapsed, and I had paid the price of my dear spiral, I came here one evening as usual. On opening, according to my custom, one of the boxes that contain the shells, I uttered a cry. I had found another spiral similar to that which I possessed! Judge of my sorrow, of my despair. My shell was no longer unique. Another collection possessed a treasure similar to mine. A cold sweat bathed my forehead. Though very poor, though I had resigned the little employment which I had held in an office, and my humble allowance was transformed into a pension more humble still, I hesitated not. I bought the shell, and carried it with me, but this time without joy. I possessed several good pictures, dear and old heirlooms belonging to my family. I sold them to pay for the shell, which I broke as soon as I had made up the price. Three years more elapsed, and poverty weighed down my old age more and more. The failure of a bank had deprived me of a little sum of money, the interest of which, added to my pension, had enabled me to live, and to augment, from time to time, my collection of a few good shells. Deprived of this enjoyment, the only one that remained to me, I had no consolation but in the possession of the treasure-hoard which I could no longer increase. My precious spiral often detained me before it for hours. One evening (never shall I forget, the sorrow the sight cost me), I beheld here—there—in that box—three spirals like mine! Maledictions hovered about my lips. I took the shells in my fingers, I slowly examined them, and returned them to my friend. 'I can not buy them,' I said. He raised his eyes, he saw my palor and my tears—my tears, gentlemen, for I wept! He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverized the three

precious shells. You saw what he did just now. God bless him for his disinterestedness, and his devotion to an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if, during my life, another possessed a spiral like mine.'

"Speaking thus, the old man rose, and left us, enveloping himself, as well as he could, in his fragmentary cloak."

One morning, three or four years ago, God separated the fanatic conchologist from the collection that was his life. They found the aged man seated before his cabinet, opposite to his unique spiral. He had died alone, with his eyes fixed upon that which had possessed his affections during so many years. His collection has now reverted to the friend who showed so much sympathy with his jealousy and insensate passion. [Pg 749]

By a strange caprice of fortune, no other spiral similar to his has since arrived in Europe. It still remains unique and nameless, as when he possessed it. For the rest, this spiral, which occupied so large a place in the existence and affections of a scientific man, has, for a common eye, nothing in its appearance to justify the intense passion that it inspired. Its rarity constitutes its value. One of our most learned conchologists is now engaged, in describing, classing, and publishing a drawing of it. We hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will give it the name of *l'hélice innominata*, the "nameless spiral."

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## THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

One day in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated among the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbors, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave any thing; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her:

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if any man had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favorable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, can not wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed toward town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was strongly suspected of having, during many years, practiced the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable), gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out

one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "traveling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a peddler, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half-naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway, and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

[Pg 750]

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and traveled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here, as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practiced eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigor of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece, entitled "The Twelve Labors of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterward the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardor of rivalship which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-colored granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's Oriental garb and long beard, he recognized the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni, could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of water-works.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost every body knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague,

and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mohammed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were [Pg 751] proceeding toward the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks—because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour!—which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskillful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:

"Some particular business calling me to Cairo. I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew any thing more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day, the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmans, directed their labors, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvelous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebeled: one of them rushed toward Belzoni,

intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defense. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labor, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved toward the bank of the Nile. [Pg 752]

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni, now become an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly among the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee; which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travelers give of it, resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendor, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban el Mouloch* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, among the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the further end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs, with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that can not be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downward, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being [Pg 753] covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterward, Belzoni traveled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then

returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren—which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans—and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinoë, the sands of Libya, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveler. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honors as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin toward Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He intrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his companion through good and evil days. Soon afterward, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English—

"*Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3d, 1823.*"

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua, on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently, the government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe!—an encouraging example to all those who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

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# PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

**(*Continued from Page 613.*)**

## PART THE SECOND—NOON.

### V.

To reason upon the effects of the discovery, or confession of our feelings, was not a process for which either of us was qualified by temperament or inclination. We did not pause to consider whether it was prudent to take our hearts and natures for granted all at once, and risk upon the strange delight of a single moment of luxurious emotion the happiness, perhaps, of a whole lifetime. We did not stop to ask if there were any obstacles in the way, any jarring chords to be attuned, any thing to be known or thought of into which our position demanded a scrutiny. We resigned ourselves at once to our impulses. We believed that we had seen enough of the world, and were strong enough in our self-sustaining power, and clear enough in our penetration, to dispense with ordinary safeguards, and act as if we were superior to them. We made our own world, and so went on as if we could control the planet in which we lived at our own will and pleasure.

I soon perceived that my attentions to Astræa had become a subject of much remark. The peering coterie about us were so vigilant in matters of that kind, that, as it appeared afterward, they had found out the fact before it had taken place. For my own part, there was nobody half so much surprised at the circumstance as I was myself. I believed that the heart, like that plant which is said to blow once and die, was incapable of a second growth of love; but I now felt the fallacy of that doctrine, and was at first humiliated by the discovery. It struck me like a great heresy against truth and purity; it seemed to lay bare before me the corruptibility and feebleness of poor human nature. To strive against it, however, was idle. The second growth was in full flower, yet with a difference from the first, which I could detect even against the grain of the passion that was subjugating me. I felt that the second growth was less simple and devotional than the first; that it had more exuberance, and was of a wilder character; that it struck not its roots so deeply, but spread its blossoms more widely; that it was less engrossing, but more agitating; that it was cultivated with greater consciousness and premeditation, risked with more caution, fed with more prudence, and tended more constantly—but all with a lesser waste of the imagination; that its delights were more fervid but less appeasing; that it looked not so much into the future with hope and promise, as it filled the present with rapture; that its memories were neither so sad nor so vivid, and that it let in caprice, and vanity, and unreasonableness, and self-love, and the world's esteem, which are all as dust in the balance, or a feather in the whirlwind, to impetuous love. I was amazed to find myself a daily waiter upon beauty. Yet so it was. The vision of Gertrude

was now gone from my path—the spectre had vanished in the broad light of the new passion. [Pg 754]

Still, while I paid my court to Astræa, it was not with any intention of publicity, but furtively, as if a private dread hung over us, or as if we thought it pleasanter to vail our feelings from observation. We understood each other in silent looks, which we supposed to be unintelligible to every body else; she seemed to avoid, designedly, all appearance of interest in me, and sometimes played the part to such admiration, as to give me not a few passing pangs of doubt and uneasiness; and I, seeing how scrupulous she was on that point, and not choosing to incur rude jests at her expense, was equally unwilling to betray a feeling which was rendered the more delicious by secrecy. We imagined ourselves secure; but neither of us could have had much worldly sagacity or we must have known that all our caution was fruitless. Basilisks' eyes were around us, and we trod a path beset with serpents. Fortunately we were both looked up to as persons who could not be approached with familiarity; and that preserved us from the open badinage to which others, in similar circumstances, might have been subjected.

Alone, and liberated from this vexatious surveillance, we gave free vent to our thoughts. The suddenness of our new confidence, and the rapidity with which we already shaped its issues, bewildered us by the intensity of the emotions that came crowding for speech and explanation. Astræa sometimes had misgivings, although she never knew how to give them a definite form. One day she said to me, "We are wrong in giving way to this feeling. It is not a love likely to procure us peace. I say this to you because I feel it—perhaps, because I know it; but I confess myself unable to argue upon a question upon which my reason, my whole being is held in suspense. I say so, simply because I ought to say so, and not because I am prepared of myself to act, or even to advise. I am like a leaf in a tempest, and can not guide myself. I yield to the irresistible power that has swept me from the firm land, and deprived me of the strength to regain it."

I fancied that this left me but one course to take, and I replied, "We have pronounced our destiny, Astræa, for good or for evil. We ought to have no choice but to abide by it. If you do not fail in your faith, mine is irrevocable."

At these words she looked gravely at me, and answered,

"My faith dies with me. It is a part of my life. It was not taken up in an hour, to be as lightly thrown aside. Without it, life would be insupportable; with it, life in any shape of seclusion, privation, banishment, contains all the blessings I covet upon earth. It was not for that, or of that I spoke. Understand me clearly, and put no construction on my words outside their plain and ordinary meaning. All I ask, all that is necessary for me is your society; to hear you speak, to drink in the words of kindness and power that flow from your lips, to be ever near you, to tend, solace, and console you. I should be content to enjoy the privilege of seeing that you were happy, without even aspiring to the higher glory of creating happiness for you. That is my nature—capable of a wider range, and a loftier flight, but happiest in its devotion. In any capacity I will serve you—and feel that the servitude of love is dominion!"

So firm and constant was the character of Astræa, tinged with a romantic inspiration, that all this homage was serious and real, and issued gravely from her heart through her lips. She meant every syllable she spoke in its true sense; and I felt that she was ready to fulfill it, and sustain it to the end. She believed that all endurances were possible for love's sake, and that she could even enact miracles of stoicism in the strength of her fidelity.

For many months our intercourse, always thus sophisticating its aims and interpretations, was carried on in secret. We had become necessary to each other; but being still shut up in our mystery, we had not made as much advance toward any definite result as one single moment of disclosure to the people we were among would have inevitably compelled us to decide upon. We were very prudent in our outward bearing, and hardly aware of the avidity with which the concealed passion was devouring our hearts.

The dwarf followed me, and hovered about me more than ever. But I learned to bear with him on account of his being in the house with Astræa. Any body who was constantly in her society, and admitted to terms of intimacy with her, was welcome to me—as relics from the altar of a saint are welcome to the devotee, or a leaf snatched, from a tree in the haunts of home is welcome to the exile. It was a pleasure when I met him even to ask for Astræa, to have an excuse for uttering her name, or to hear him speak of her, or to speak of her myself, or to talk of any thing that we had before talked of together. Such are the resources, the feints, the stratagems, the foibles of love!

## VI.

One night my indefatigable Mephistophiles took me to a tavern. He was in a vagrant mood, and I indulged him.

"Come, we shall see life to-night," he said.

"With all my heart," I replied. It was not much to my taste, but I fancied there was something unusual in his manner, and my curiosity was awakened to see what it would lead to.

We entered a bustling and brilliantly-lighted house. Numerous guests were scattered about at different tables, variously engaged in getting rid of time at the smallest possible cost of reflection. The dwarf sauntered through the room, whispered a waiter, and, beckoning me to

follow, led the way up-stairs to a lesser apartment, where we found ourselves alone.

"You will not see much life here," I observed, rather surprised at his selection of a secluded room in preference to the lively *salon* through which we had just passed. [Pg 755]

"We can make our own life," he answered, with a sarcastic twinge of the mouth, "and imagine more things in five minutes than we should see or hear below in a month."

I thought this very odd. It looked as if he had some concealed motive; but I acquiesced in his notion, and was secretly pleased, not less at the exchange of the din and riot for ease and quietness, than at the opportunity it opened to him for the free play of the humor, whatever it was, that I could plainly see was working upon him.

We drank freely—that was a great resource with him when he was in a mood of extravagance—talked rapidly about a chaos of things, laughed loudly, and in the pauses of the strange revel relapsed every now and then into silence and abstraction. During these brief and sudden intervals, the dwarf would amuse himself by drawing uncouth lines on the table, with his head hanging over them, as if his thoughts were elsewhere engaged, and the unintelligible pastime of his fingers were resorted to only to hide them.

I could not tell why it was, but I felt uneasy and restless. My companion appeared to me like a man who was mentally laboring at some revelation, yet did not know how to begin it. He was constantly talking at something that was evidently troubling his mind, yet he still evaded his own purpose, as if he did not like the task to which he had set himself. Throughout the whole time he never mentioned Astræa's name, and this circumstance gave me additional cause for suspicion.

At last, summoning up all his energy, and fixing himself with the points of his elbows on the table, and his long, wiry hands, which looked like talons, stretched up into his elfin hair at each side of his face, while his eyes, shooting out their malignant fires, were riveted upon me to scan the effect of what he was about to say, he suddenly exclaimed,

"You have been remarked in your attentions to Astræa."

The mystery was out. And what was there in it, after all? I was a free agent, and so was Astræa. Why should he make so much theatrical parade about so very simple a business?

"Well!" I exclaimed, scarcely able to repress a smile, which the exaggerated earnestness of his manner excited.

"Well! You acknowledge that it is so?"

"Acknowledge? Why should I either acknowledge or deny it? There is no treason in it; the lady is the best judge—let me add, the only judge—of any attentions I may have paid to her."

"But I say you have been remarked—it has been spoken of—it is already a common topic of conversation."

"Indeed! A common topic of conversation! Well, I have no objection, provided my good-natured friends do not say any thing injurious, or wound the lady's feelings by an improper use of my name."

He paused for a moment, and lowering his voice, then went on,

"You never said any thing of this before."

"Why should I? The inquiry was never made of me before."

"I have made no inquiry," he retorted. "I didn't ask you to confess. You have avowed it all yourself, unconsciously."

I felt that the dwarf was getting serious, and that he was likely to make me more in earnest before he was done than I had at first anticipated. I saw the necessity of showing him at once that I would not brook his interference, and I addressed him in a more deliberate tone than I had hitherto adopted.

"Allow me to ask," I demanded, "what interest you may take in this matter, and by what right you assume the office of interrogating me so authoritatively?"

"By what right?" he answered. "My right to do so is rather clearer than your right to refuse an explanation. You met her at my mother's house—you meet her there. She is under our roof, under our guardianship and protection. That gives me the right. It is not pleasant to interfere in this way; but I am called upon to do so by my position, and I delayed it in the hope that you would render it unnecessary."

"Why should you hope so? Why should you desire any explanation on the subject? The lady is her own mistress: she is under your roof, it is true; but not under your control. The same thing might happen under any other roof, and nobody would thereby acquire a right to interfere in a matter that concerns her alone. You will surely see the propriety of not suffering your curiosity to meddle any further in the affair?"

"Meddle!" he reiterated; "control! Are these the phrases with which you taunt me? But," dropping his voice again, he added, "you are right in suggesting that I have discharged my office when I demand, to what end those very marked attentions are paid to Astræa?"

"You make an unwarrantable demand, and you shall have a fitting answer to it; and my answer is, that to Astræa alone will I confide my confession, as you call it. She is old enough and wise enough to think and act for herself; nor will I consent to compromise my respect for her understanding by admitting that she requires an arbitrator—perhaps I ought to say, champion."

"Have a care," he replied, kindling up all at once into a sort of frenzy—"have a care what you say or do. You move in darkness—you tread on smothered fire."

"Do you threaten me?" said I.

"No; I do not threaten you. Look at your arm and mine—compare your muscles with my shrunken and stunted frame," he cried, with an expression of pain and bitterness; "I do not threaten you, but I warn you—mark me, I warn you! Heed my warning, I beseech, I implore you—nay, heed it for your life!"

I could not but admire the sibyl-like grandeur of his head and outstretched arms as he uttered these strange words. His voice was hoarse with some surging emotion; and if so poor a creature could have been the recipient of a supernatural inspiration, he might have sat at that moment for the portrait of one of the deformed soothsayers in a tale of magic. [Pg 756]

"Do I understand you correctly?" said I; "or are you only playing off some new freak upon me? Answer me frankly one question, and I shall be better able to comprehend the meaning of your mysterious menace. Are you—but I know it is absurd, I feel that the question is very ridiculous, only that your reply to it will, perhaps, set us both right—do you love Astræa? I really can not conceive any thing short of some such feeling to justify this violence."

"Love her? *I* love *Astræa?* If there be a mortal I hate in the core of my heart, it is Astræa. Are you satisfied?" he replied, with an expression of fiendish satisfaction in his face, as if he were glad of the excuse for giving vent to his malignity.

"Hate her?" said I, calmly; "that is unreasonable: but the whole discussion is unreasonable. I have given you my answer; none other shall you have from me. So, good-night."

"One word," he said, leaping out of his chair into the middle of the room. "One word before you go. I am a dwarf—do not delude yourself into any contempt of me on that account. I know as well as you do my disadvantages in the world; I am as conscious as you are of my physical defects and shortcomings, my distorted spine, and the parsimony of nature in all particulars when she made me. But I have passions like other men; and I pursue them like other men, only, as I am shut out from the summary and open process, I am compelled, perchance, to the choice of dark and crooked means. Perhaps, too, my passions are all the more turbulent and dangerous because they are pent up in an incapable frame, and denied the vents and appliances which men like you have at their command. Mark me! see Astræa no more. Let your last interview with her be your last forever. Enter our house no more; that interdict, at least, I have a right to pronounce. But for myself, and from myself, and apart from the privilege of my own roof, I warn you at your peril, and on my own responsibility, never to see Astræa again."

"Are you mad?" I exclaimed. "Never to see Astræa again! To forsake her society at your bidding! Wherefore do you make this monstrous demand? Do you not feel how preposterous it is to thrust yourself into a quarrel with me in a matter which not only does not concern you, but which involves the feelings, perhaps the whole future happiness, of a person whom you have just ostentatiously declared is the object of your hate?"

"I make no quarrel with you," he answered; "I will not quarrel with you. I should be mad, indeed, if I did. What! set myself against your thews and sinews? No, no—I break no bones with you—but I tell you, once again, your fate is in my hands. I am your destiny, if you will have it so. You may trample on the oracle; but you can not, with all your show of bravery and your proud pretensions, with the lady, too, in triumph on your side, escape its denunciations."

"Did you, or did you not," I inquired, bewildered by his language, and not quite satisfied that he was in possession of his senses, "did you, or did you not, observe those attentions some months ago of which you now complain for the first time?"

"I did," he answered.

"And why did you not then speak to me on the subject?"

"Because it wasn't ripe!"

"Ripe? If you have any meaning in these obscure hints, why do you not explain it for your own sake, since you can not believe that I will submit patiently to your insane threats? Again I ask you, did you, or did you not, promote these attentions by every artifice and suggestion in your power?"

"I did."

"Did you not watch them anxiously, forward them daily, and exult in their progress, until you became secretly convinced that both Astræa's feelings and mine were engaged beyond recall?"

"I did—I did—I did!" roared the dwarf.

"Did you not produce this very result yourself? Did you not seek it, urge it, fan it to its height, and even glory in the flame you had nursed so cunningly?"

"I did—I did—I did!" he shrieked, his whole body seeming to take part in the frenzy that convulsed him.

"Fiend!" I cried; "inexplicable devil! what would you have, then? What is your aim in thus coming with your curses between us?"

"You shall never know," he replied, "unless to deplore it to the last hour of your life. You can never know unless you outrage my will. I have the power to make you wretched forever, to blight and destroy you. And if you treat my warning with contempt, I will do it without fail, without mercy, without remorse. The jester who has contributed so largely to your entertainment, and furnished such a delectable theme for your secret and cowardly mockery, will shoot a bolt of a graver cast when you least expect it, and think yourself most secure. Mark me—note me well. These are not words of rage, or transient passion: remember them, be wise, and look to your safety. See Astræa no more. With this I leave you. Our next meeting must be of your making."

I was alone. Overwhelmed and awed by the demoniacal maledictions of the wretched creature whom I had hitherto so intensely despised, I knew not what to think, or how to act. He had assumed a fresh shape, more marvelous than any he had hitherto put on in the whole round of his extraordinary mummery. The raillery and tipsy recklessness which appeared constitutional in him had suddenly passed away, leaving not a solitary trace behind. Even his figure, while he had been [Pg 757] speaking, seemed to heave with a new life, and to dilate into unnatural dimensions. I was perplexed to the last extremity; not that the malice of the demon could scare me from my resolves, but that his motives were so impenetrable as to suffer no clew to escape by which I could discover the evil purpose that lay at the bottom.

It was not the machination or revenge of a disappointed suitor. He never could have aspired to a hope of Astræa, and he avowed his aversion to her. She was ignorant of all this bravado about her; and would be even more indignant to hear of it than I was to suffer it. I resolved, therefore, not to insult her by revealing it to her. Fortunately, I had made an appointment to meet her alone on the following day. That meeting would decide every thing. She might, perhaps, throw some light upon what was at present a profound mystery to me. At all events, my course was clear. Under the circumstances in which I was placed, I felt that there lay but one alternative before me.

## VII.

My resolution was taken, as I thought, very composedly. I tried to persuade myself that I was not in the least ruffled or agitated by the scene I had passed through; but I was secretly conscious, notwithstanding, of a vague dread which I endeavored in vain to stifle. The defiance which the dwarf had so insolently flung at me, the contrast he drew between his shriveled frame and my physical advantages, and the Satanic pride with which he rose superior to his wretched deformities, gave me no slight cause for uneasiness, although I could not analyze the nature of the fear that possessed me. All through the night I abandoned myself to the wildest speculations upon the unaccountable conduct and designs of my arch-enemy; but as morning advanced that oppressive train of reflections gave way to more agreeable thoughts, just as the hideous images of the night-mare vanish before the approach of day.

The prospect of meeting Astræa excluded all other considerations. As impediments to the flow of a current only serve to increase its force, so the opposition which the dwarf had thrown in my way gave an additional impetus to my feelings. The very publicity which our intercourse had attracted altered our relations to each other. It was no longer possible to indulge in the romantic dreams, secret looks, and stolen conversations with which we had hitherto pampered our imagination; it was necessary to act. I felt the responsibility that was thus cast upon me; and I confess that I was rather obliged to my villainous Mephistophiles than angry with him for having, as it were, brought all my wayward raptures to so immediate and decisive a conclusion. As to his anathemas and warnings, I treated them as so much buffoonery on the wrong side of the grotesque. In short, I was too much engrossed by the approaching interview, and too much intoxicated by the contemplation of the result to which it inevitably led, to think at all about that imp of darkness and his ludicrous fulminations. Astræa occupied brain and heart, and left no room for my tormentor.

I fancied she looked unusually happy that morning; but not so happy as I was, not so disturbed and unsettled by happiness. She was perfectly tranquil, and it was evident that nothing had transpired in the interval to awaken a suspicion of what had occurred between me and the dwarf. She observed at once that a change had taken place in my manner.

"You are in marvelously high spirits to-day," she said; "but this exuberant gayety is not quite natural to you."

"High spirits! I am not conscious of it."

"So much the worse," she replied; then, placing her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly at me, she added, "something has happened since I saw you. What is it? It would be wrong, and useless as well as wrong, to affect to deny it."

I had noticed at times in Astræa an air of solemnity, which would fall upon her face like a shadow, slowly receding again before its habitual, but always subdued brightness; and occasionally I imagined that I detected a sudden and brief sternness in her eyes, which conveyed

an impression that she was interrogating with their concentrated rays, the concealed thoughts of the person upon whom they were directed. These were some of the outward signs of that mystery of her nature which I never could penetrate. Upon this occasion a world of latent doubts and suspicions appeared to be condensed in her look. It seemed as if in that single glance she read the whole incident which, to spare her feelings, I was so unwilling to disclose.

"What do you suppose, Astræa," I inquired, "can have happened since I saw you?"

"You are not candid with me," she returned. "I ask you a question, and you answer by asking me another. If nothing has happened, you can easily satisfy me; if it be otherwise, and you are silent, I must draw my own conclusions."

"Whatever conclusions you draw, Astræa, I know you have too firm a reliance on my truth and devotion not to believe that I am actuated by the purest motives. Have I not always been sincere and frank with you?"

"Always."

"Have you not an implicit confidence in the steadfastness of my love?"

"Were it otherwise, should I be now standing here questioning you, or should there be need of questions of this kind between us? Confidence! Why am I so sensitive to the slightest fluctuations of tone and manner I observe in you, and where do I derive the intuitive perception of their meanings? Love must have confidence! But it has instincts also. I feel there is something—I am sure of it—but I will urge you no further. It is not, perhaps, for your happiness or mine that I should seek to know." [Pg 758]

"Astræa," I exclaimed, passionately, "there is nothing I would conceal from you that I think you ought to know, or that would make you happier to know; and if I have any reserve from you, it is for your sake, and you must ascribe it to the tenderness of my regard for you."

"For *my* sake?" she repeated, with a slightly terrified and curious expression.

"Now listen to me; I have something to say to you which is of more importance to us both than these wise, loving conjectures of yours. Take my arm, and let us get into the Park."

We were near one of the inclosures of the Regent's Park; and when we reached a more secluded place, I resumed:

"First of all, I should like to have your own unbiased opinion about your friends with whom you are residing. Have you observed any change in their manner toward you?"

"Change? None whatever."

"Do you think—I mean from any thing you have yourself noticed—that they have watched our actions or been inquisitive in our affairs?"

She looked inquiringly at me, and hesitated.

"I think it would be impossible to be much with them and escape their *persiflage*, let us act as we might. But beyond that sort of idle criticism which they deal out indiscriminately to every body, I have observed nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have reason to believe that my attentions to you have attracted more observation than either of us suspected; and that, in fact, they have made such remarks on us as no longer leaves our future course at our own time or option."

"You have reason to believe this?"

"The best possible reason."

"Who is your authority?"

"Will you not accept my own authority, without seeking further?"

"No. It is not a time to hold back from any false delicacy to me, or any mistaken respect for the confidence of others. Beware of such confidences, if there be any. They are not meant for your peace or mine, but to plunge us both into an abyss in which we shall be left to perish. I must know all. I am entitled to know it. If your love be a hundredth part as strong and devoted, and as prepared for sacrifice as mine, you will place a full and entire trust in me."

"And I do. You shall know all; but I must exact a solemn promise from you, before I tell you how, and in what manner, this information was communicated to me. It is impossible for me to foresee how it may affect or wound your feelings; and it is due to me, if I yield to your request against my own judgment, that you should pledge yourself, be the consequences what they may, to give me a public right to protect you against the further malignity—I can not call it by any milder term—of your enemies and mine."

She was deeply affected by this request, which was spoken in so low and tremulous a voice, so burdened with a painful earnestness, that she appeared to gather from it the final conviction that upon her answer depended the future happiness or misery of our lives. I confess, for my own part, that the pause which ensued, during which she almost unconsciously repeated to herself, "Be the consequences what they may!" was to me harrowing beyond expression. It seemed as if

there was some sinister influence at work to destroy us both; and that even the immediate prospect of our union was not sufficient to allay the terror that influence inspired, and into the causes and springs of which I now began to imagine she had a clearer insight than I had previously suspected. But I was steeped in a tumultuous passion, which would not suffer me to investigate intervening difficulties. What the source of her terror was I knew not; mine arose only from the apprehension of losing her; and to have secured her at that moment, looking as she did, in the agitation that gave such a wild lustre to her eyes, more lovely than ever, I would have cheerfully relinquished every thing else in the world. So far from being anxious to have the cause of her fears and hesitation cleared up, I was in the utmost alarm lest she should enter upon an explanation that might delay the consummation of my wishes. I sought only an affirmative reply to my request, which, come what might, would make her mine forever.

She loosened herself from my arm, and walked apart from me in silence. This action, and the sort of panic it indicated, filled me with alarm.

"Astræa, you have not answered my question. What is the reason of your silence?"

"Be the consequences what they may!" she reiterated. "I did not think of that, but it is right I should. I should have thought of it before—I did think of it; but of what avail, while I suffered myself to indulge in a dream which that thought ought to have dispelled?"

"You speak in a language that is unintelligible to me; but there is no time now for explanations. We must decide, Astræa, at once, for to-day and forever. I only ask your explicit pledge. Let us reserve explanations for hereafter."

"You say this in ignorance of what awaits you. I feel that I ought not to make any pledge until—" and she hesitated again.

"If I am satisfied to take your pledge, and all consequences with it, and to repay it with the devotion of my life, why, beloved Astræa, should you hesitate? Let the responsibility fall on me—of that another time. Every hour is precious now, and you will understand why I urge you so impatiently when I tell you that I can never again enter the house where you are now residing."

"I knew it. I saw it clearly from the first word you uttered. It was revealed to me in the very tone of your voice. Now hear me patiently. Your peace, your honor, all feelings that contribute to the respect and happiness of life, are at stake upon this moment." [Pg 759]

The determination of her manner left me no choice but to listen.

"Are you prepared to risk all other ties, obligations, and prospects, in the consummation of this one object? to hazard friends, opinion, the world—perhaps it may be, to sacrifice them for the love that has grown up between us, and which, for good or evil, must this day bind us together, or sever us for the rest of our lives?"

"What a question to put to me! The 'world!' it is ashes without you. I tell you, Astræa, that if the choice lay between the grave and the single word that would sunder us, I would die rather than utter it. I don't know what your question implies—I don't seek to know; and would prefer to remain ignorant of it, that I may the more clearly prove to you the depth of my trust and devotion, which will be satisfied with the simple pledge that makes you mine. That, at least, you have in your own power; let me answer for the rest."

"Consider well what you are saying. Is your love strong enough to bear the hazards I have pointed out? Search your own nature—look into your pride, your sensitiveness to neglect and censure, your high sense of personal dignity. I have seen how ill you can brook slight affronts—do you believe that your love will enable you to bear great ones—scorn, contumely, perhaps opprobrium? Think, think, and weigh well your decision."

"Astræa, you put me upon the rack. I have no other answer to give. For you, and for your sake, come what may, I am ready to risk all!"

"For me and for my sake, if it be necessary, to forsake the world? to relinquish friends and kindred? to dedicate yourself in solitude to her who, in solitude, would be content to find her whole world in you? To do this, without repining, without looking back with anguish and remorse upon the sacrifices you had made, without a regret or a reproach? A woman can do this. Is it so sure there lives a man equal to such trials?"

"If these sacrifices be imperative upon us, we make them together. There can be nothing for either of us to reproach the other with. And as to the solitude you speak of, my heart yearns for it. It is in that solitude we can the more fully understand and develop the profound devotion that shall have drawn us into it. I am sick of the world—weary and tired of it, and longing for the repose which you alone can consecrate. It will be no sacrifice to abandon the world for you. Sacrifice, my Astræa? it will be the crowning happiness of my life!"

"And you are confident that you can depend upon the firmness of your resolution? I do not ask this for my own sake—for I know myself, what I can suffer and outlive—but for yours."

"I solemnly and finally answer, that no earthly influence can shake my resolution."

"Then," said Astræa, placing her hand in mine, and in a grave voice, laden with emotion, "I am yours forever. Henceforth, I owe no allegiance elsewhere—here, in the sight of Heaven, I pledge my faith to you, and hold the compact as binding as if at this moment it were plighted at the

altar."

I was transported with the earnestness of these words, and covering her hand with kisses, I exclaimed—

"And I ratify it, Astræa, my own Astræa, with my whole heart. Now, who shall divide us? We are one, and no human power can part us."

I then related to her the circumstances that had taken place the preceding evening. She heard me throughout with a calmness that surprised me. I expected that the extraordinary conduct of the dwarf would have excited her indignation; but she seemed to know him better than I did, and although I could perceive a heavy flush sometimes rush into her cheeks, and a sudden pallor succeed it, the narrative of his mysterious menaces did not appear to produce half as much astonishment in her mind as it did in mine.

"We will talk of this another time," she observed; "at present we must think of ourselves. I know his character—I know the demoniac revenge he is capable of; and, for our own safety, we must avoid him."

"Revenge!" I echoed. The phrase coming from Astræa fell strangely on my ears.

"I will leave the house to-morrow; but, for your sake, I will hold no communication with you till I am beyond his reach. Once assured of that, I will write to you, and you will come to me. This is the only act I will ask to take upon my own responsibility, and I do so because it will secure our mutual safety. From that hour I shall be implicitly guided by you."

I should have been glad to have adopted a different course, and to have claimed her openly. My pride, wounded by the insolent denunciations of the dwarf, demanded a more public vindication of her independence and mine; and this stolen flight, and the necessity it imposed upon me of observing a similar caution in my own movements, looked so like fear and evasion that I submitted to it very reluctantly. The notion of concealment and secrecy galled me, and even at this moment, when my happiness was on the eve of consummation, it gave me a thrill of uneasiness that cast an oppressive shadow over the future. Astræa, however, had evidently a strong reason for insisting on privacy, and I was too anxious about hastening our union to throw any new obstacle in the way of its accomplishment.

We separated in the Park, Astræa being unwilling to suffer me to escort her any further lest we should be seen together. This little incident, trifling as it was, increased the nervous annoyance and sense of humiliation I felt at being required to act as if I had any fear of the results; nor could I comprehend why she should be so much alarmed at being seen walking with me alone, when she knew that in a few days we should be indissolubly united. But I submitted to her wishes. Passion is willful and unreasonable, and takes a wayward pleasure in shutting its eyes, and rushing onward in the dare. I stifled my vexation in the anticipation of the joy that lay before me, which would be victory enough over the impotent hatred of Mephistophiles. [Pg 760]

## VIII.

Throughout the whole of the next day I waited anxiously in the expectation of hearing from Astræa. Evening came and passed, and there was no communication. When the last post-hour was gone by, and all hope of a letter was at an end, I ventured into the streets, hoping to gather some signs of her movements from the outside of her house. The blinds were down as usual in the drawing-room windows, and there seemed to be rather an extraordinary flush of lights within, as if some commotion was going forward. I could see huge, shapeless shadows of people moving about the room, in great bustle and excitement; and it appeared to me, from the frequency and confusion of then: motions, that the ordinary family party was augmented by additional numbers. The gathering, whatever it might have been, was not for festivity; and the constant swaying backward and forward, and vehement tossing of long streaks of heads and arms on the blinds, resembled the action of a violent domestic scene, in which the angry passions were strenuously engaged. I hardly knew what to conclude from this incoherent pantomime. Either Astræa was there, in the midst of a stormy contention; or she had left the house, and they were disputing furiously over the causes of her departure.

After I had been some time watching this unintelligible phantasmagoria, and vainly endeavoring to collect a meaning for it, the hall-door opened, and in the momentary gleam of light that shot into the street I saw the dwarf issuing out, muffled to the ears in a cloak. He stood for a moment on the pavement, and adjusting his cloak more carefully about his face, and crushing his hat down over his eyes, he set off at a quick pace in an opposite direction to that part of the street where I was standing. I confess I felt ashamed of the espionage in which I was occupied, and although I followed my mercurial fiend at a safe distance, for the distinct purpose of earthing him wherever he was going, I by no means liked the office which a sort of fatality had forced upon me. But I was somewhat reconciled to it by a secret conviction that the abominable little demon had himself come out upon an equally discreditable expedition, which I soon detected from the infinite pains he took to elude observation.

Instead of keeping in the public streets, he darted down numerous dark alleys and lanes, and once with considerable difficulty I chased him through the unsavory depths of a straggling mews, where he doubled in an out with such rapidity as to render it no easy matter to keep upon his track without betraying myself. Two or three times I nearly lost sight of him; and it was not until

he emerged out of a gloomy passage, of the existence of which I was until that moment ignorant, into the street where I lived, that I had the least suspicion of the direction he was taking. It was presently evident that his object had some reference to me, for he had no sooner entered the street than he darted into the deep recess of a hall-door, where he stood for full ten minutes crouched and transfixed, looking up at my windows, which were exactly opposite to him.

Fortunately I was able to note his movements without being myself perceived, as I lurked in the shadow of the passage from whence he had just issued.

The windows of my chambers being dark, I presume he concluded that I was from home; and under that impression, no doubt, he crossed over and knocked stealthily at the door—just as one would knock who did not wish to attract the attention of the inmates, but merely to convey an intimation to the servants. I was seized with a strong impulse to rush upon him suddenly, present myself as the door opened, and confound him on the spot; but I remembered how earnestly Astræa had urged upon me the prudence of avoiding him, and I restrained myself. Stepping cautiously into a doorway, I continued to watch his further proceedings.

The door was opened by a servant, and my dwarf, burying himself up to the eyes in his cloak, so that it was impossible to distinguish his features, appeared to enter into a confidential conversation with her. It seemed to me to last a long time; but my impatience, no doubt, exaggerated its duration. At length it drew to an end, and hastily nodding to the servant, who looked after him, as I thought with much curiosity and astonishment, he dropped down the street at the same flying pace with which he had entered it. That he had come to my house for the purpose of picking up some intelligence about me was clear; upon that point I was satisfied, and the discovery only served to heighten my anxiety to find out what he was going to do next.

As he darted along I could not help admiring his wonderful agility. There was a certain sort of confident swagger about his ordinary style of walking, such as you frequently observe in small vivacious men, who strut and swing through the streets as if the great globe itself were their private property; but upon this occasion it resolved itself into the swift and impetuous flight of a meteor. He shot from one angle of a street to another something in the manner of a will-o'-the-wisp, and it was almost as difficult to fix his course and follow him up. Thus hanging closely on his footsteps, I was not a little mortified to find, after all, that the trouble I had taken led to nothing. Striking out a different, but a much shorter route, the hideous creature went back to his own house. The lights were already extinguished in the drawing-room, and the windows, even to [Pg 761] the dormitories, were in darkness. The domestics, apparently, had retired to bed; for the dwarf, hastily opening the door with a latch-key, vanished from my sight almost at the same instant that he ascended the steps. I lingered for A few moments at a distance, and then slowly returned home, congratulating myself on having detected his sinister expedition, and impatient to ascertain the substance of his conversation with the servant.

When I interrogated her on the subject, she betrayed a little fear and hesitation, but at last she told me every thing that had transpired. The strange gentleman, whom she had never seen before, and who so completely concealed his features that she should not be able to identify him again, asked her a great number of questions about my movements, and especially if I had been out during the day. He appeared surprised to learn that I had only just left home, and wanted to know whether I was expected back that night, and whether I was going out of town. It happened that I had occupied myself throughout the morning in packing my carpet-bag and portmanteau, so that I might be able to attend Astræa's expected summons at a moment's notice; and the servant, whose distrust was awakened by the urgent manner of the questioner, tried to fence off his inquiries about my traveling preparations, but his superior dexterity finally extracted the fact from her. Having obtained that significant clew to my intentions, he suddenly wished her good-night, and disappeared. The girl was so frightened by his mysterious air and abrupt interrogations, that I believe she fancied I was going to fight a duel; for about that time there had been a fatal duel, which furnished a topic of general conversation, and which, I suppose, put the sagacious suspicion into her head.

"Forewarned, forearmed," says the old proverb. I was now fairly apprised that the dwarf was upon my track, and I resolved, as a mere measure of precaution, ignorant as I was of the machinations I had to fear, that whatever course it might become necessary to adopt, should be carried out with the utmost secrecy.

The next morning came a letter from Astræa. No language can adequately depict the agitation with which I opened the envelope. I felt as if my fate was contained in the inclosure—as it was!

It consisted of only a single line, scrawled in haste over a great sheet of paper, at the top of which was an address in the country, in another hand-writing, with the following words beneath, written by Astræa:

"I am here: come to me *quickly*.—A."

The assurance which this brief intimation conveyed that Astræa had left London, relieved me of at least one source of anxiety; and all that now remained was to obey her mandate, and join her without loss of time in her retreat. I own that I felt rather like a culprit in the way in which I abandoned my chambers. Feeling assured that the dwarf, having once set himself as a spy upon my actions, would stop at no means of tracing me out of town, I determined to leave such an account of myself behind as should effectually put him upon a false scent. I accordingly informed the people of the house that I was going into Buckinghamshire for two days; and, as that was

nearly the opposite direction to the route I was really about to take—for my destination lay among the sylvan valleys of Kent—I hoped to baffle him at the start. My arrangements were speedily completed, and, having made a hasty inspection of the street before I ventured out, I sprang into a cabriolet, and drove off.

The imperceptible degrees by which men, in the pursuit of passionate ends, suffer themselves to fall into deceptions, at which their reason and their probity would revolt in calmer moments, might suggest a useful train of reflections at this point of my narrative. But the moral is obvious enough, without requiring to be formally pointed. I shall only remark, that my ruminations in the post-chaise that carried me to Astræa ran chiefly upon the self-humiliation I felt in contemplating the mystery in which I had become entangled step by step, and the sort of guiltiness which my studious evasion of the dwarf seemed to argue to my own mind. Men who act openly never have any reason to entertain a fear of others, and may look the world boldly in the face. It is only men that commit themselves to actions which will not bear the light who resort to subterfuges and concealments, and are harrowed by apprehensions. My dilemma was a singular one. There was nothing I had done which I had the slightest reason to hide or feel alarm about; yet I was taking as cautious measures to avoid publicity as if I were flying from justice, and was haunted all the time by a thrill of terror which I could not assign to any intelligible cause.

In the dusk of the evening, I had the profound happiness of reaching my destination, and all inquietude was lulled into oblivion by the music of those tones which always went direct to my heart. The past and the future were equally absorbed in the luxury of Astræa's society, and I felt that if I needed an excuse for the strange circumstances in which I was placed, I had an ample one in the devotion of such a woman. The very danger—if danger it was, with which I was as yet unacquainted—the anxiety, the concealment, the flight we had passed through to secure our union, enhanced the rapture with which we now met never to be sundered again.

That evening I related to her what had happened the night before, and she gave me an account of the manner in which she had managed to escape from the dwarf's house; for, in spite of the self-possession with which she described the incident, it more nearly resembled an escape than a departure. In fact, she had left the house in the morning, on foot, and was expected back, as [Pg 762] usual, to luncheon after her walk. But luncheon passed, and there were no tidings of her; and, at dinner-time, a brief note by the post announced her leave-taking, excusing its abruptness, on the ground of a sudden and urgent call into the country. This was, no doubt, the subject which the angry shadows on the blinds had been so vehemently discussing the night before. So violent an infraction of etiquette would have pained me seriously had it occurred under any other circumstances, or had it been inflicted upon any other persons than the members of that eccentric family. But we knew them well; how unlike they were to the rest of the world, and how slight an impression the mere breach of courtesy would make upon them, in comparison with the malicious curiosity it would awaken! They were like Bohemians in their habits and ways of thinking; and were themselves so accustomed to violate established usages, that the most extravagant irregularities could not very materially surprise them. This consideration reconciled me to a proceeding which must otherwise have been a source of regret to me, on Astræa's account; besides, I was by no means unwilling to accept the sacrifice she had thus made of her own independence as an additional proof of her attachment.

But what was the cause of all these stratagems and concealments? I should learn that the next day. I saw that Astræa was suffering under a despondency natural enough to her novel situation, and I patiently waited her own time for disclosures which I now began to look forward to with nervous apprehensions.

The house in which I found her lay buried in the foliage of a secluded valley. It was in the cottage style, covered with creepers that dropped in at the windows, and filled the rooms with scent; and it belonged to people in an humble rank of life, who had known Astræa from her infancy, and were devoted to her interest. Under the shelter of their roof, she was secure. The place was extremely picturesque on a small scale—a green glen, where the surrounding heights were broken into a variety of forms, and where the eye, on whatever spot it rested, caught some point of beauty. An impetuous little stream rushed from the jaws of a ravine that formed a sort of vista at one extremity, and, brawling away through the wooded depths of the valley, tossed itself into the air over a group of artificial rooks at the foot of the tiny lawn. Dark trees filled the openings in the hills, and the sward round their roots was dotted with clusters of wild flowers, like a garden. A rustic bridge spanned the water, and graceful willows dipped their tresses into the spray. Aquatic plants clung about the rocks—parasite tendrils climbed the ancient wood; and there was altogether a feeling of solitude and repose in the scene, that rendered it the most fitting seclusion on earth to ripen into a new life of love two ardent hearts like ours.

With what anxiety I looked forward to the next day, when Astræa and I, liberated from all eyes, should wander about these lonely paths! It came at last, and with it brought my doom!

**(*To be continued.*)**

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## STORY OF SILVER-VOICE AND HER SISTER ZOE.

The phenomena of memory are singular objects of study. I have often thought that a certain class

of ideas and observations could be so arranged as to form an orderly, connected chain, one link of which would bring home all the others, however deeply sunken in the mind. But experience teaches me that this is not the case. During my residence in the East, though I kept a careful journal of every thing that seemed interesting at the time, a thousand circumstances came to my notice which I did not set down; and when I have endeavored to recall them, many have stubbornly refused to appear when wanted. But suddenly, when I at least expect it, I now and then find myself irresistibly carried back to old times. Forms that had faded into distance—thoughts that had seemed dissolved into nothing—scenes and impressions which I had in vain sought to revive—obtrude themselves irresistibly on my notice. In general, the unexpected visitants are welcome; the fireside is rendered brighter and more cheerful by them; and their presence sends a glow through this northern atmosphere, which allows autumn to steal on unperceived.

I was prevented last night from sleeping by the perpetual recurrence in my reveries of the name of Lady Silver-Voice. I had forgotten her existence, as one is apt to forget a beautiful thing amidst the material cares of this life. Let me endeavor to tell her story as simply as it was told to me.

But first, how I came to see her—for I have had that privilege. It was one evening in winter-time, that, after a prolonged illness, I was taking a stroll on the roof of a palace-like mansion in Cairo. The sun had set *for me*; it had gone down behind the interminable sea of houses. But I could still see it shining on the forest of minarets that rose through the moist, balmy air, and on the vast dome of the mosque that now towers above the citadel. The terrace-roof on which I was, though commanded at a distance by much more lofty buildings, was far raised above the humble dwellings near at hand, so that I could look down and observe the movements of my neighbors, who were most varied in race and costume—Turks and Maltese, Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Copts—to say nothing of "Jews and poultry," which my servant, who brought me a pipe, added to the enumeration.

I passed some time in examining the movements of these various personages, who all come out upon their terraces to enjoy the evening air; and though I did not observe any thing very characteristic, any thing which would necessarily go down in my journal, I was sufficiently interested not to notice the flight of time, and to allow complete darkness to gather round me [Pg 763] while I still leaned over the parapet. Suddenly I was aroused from my contemplations by a snatch of a strange song sung in the most marvelously-sweet voice I had ever heard. I started, not exactly like a guilty thing, but transfixed, as it were, by an almost painful shaft of delight. The voice swelled up on the night air, until, in spite of its divine sweetness, it became almost a cry of sorrow, and then ceased, leaving a thrill running through my frame that gradually seemed to shrink back to my heart, and expire there in a feeling of mingled joy and pain. Perhaps the state of my health rendered me peculiarly susceptible of strong emotions: I am afraid I wept. The darkness, however, prevented this weakness from being witnessed by Ali, who came to announce that my dinner was ready. I went down the winding staircase to the vast lonely hall, where I usually ate alone—the master of the house being absent on a journey; but though my appetite was that of a convalescent, I am sure I did not enliven the meal for myself by my usual humorous observations: to the officer, for example, that I was doubtful whether the beef was camel, or the mutton was donkey. Ali seemed rather surprised, especially when I asked him, abruptly, who it was that sang so sweetly in the neighborhood.

He did not know! My curiosity was unsatisfied; but, perhaps, I went to bed that night with a fuller gush of happiness at my heart than if I had heard this prosy fellow's account of the matter. It is a frequent subject of meditation with me, whether or not I am constituted as other men are. Are others played upon in this way by some slight occurrence—by meeting with a face seen before only in a dream, by a peculiar smile, by a gesture, by a sigh, by a voice singing in the darkness? If not, who will understand the delicious watchful hours I passed that night, or the dreams, spangled with bright eyes, fairy forms, purple clouds, golden gleams, and buzzing with sweeter warblings than ever rolled in a nightingale's throat, that lured me on until morning?

Naturally, the first inquiries I made were about the voice; but I did not that day meet with any success. When evening approached, I again went up to the terrace; and, not to lengthen the story, I did see, just as the sun went down upon a low house not very far off, but looking into another street, a little fairy figure walking up and down, and leading a child by the hand. A kind of instinct told me that the voice was embodied before me; and, presently, all doubt was set at rest. The same silver tones rose upon the air; and this time I recognized that the song was in the Greek language. I remained looking intently in that direction, until the form faded into a mere shadow; and then, as darkness increased, seemed to multiply before my aching eyes, and assume all sorts of fantastical shapes. Every now and then, a couplet, or a stanza, came sweeping up. It was evident the lady, whoever she might be, was not singing merely to amuse the child. The notes were sometimes lively, but, in general, sad and plaintive. I listened long after the last quaver had died away; and was rather sulky when Ali came with the persevering joke that "the camel was getting cold!"

Next day I suddenly remembered that an old Greek priest had frequently invited me to go to his house; and reproaching myself with the want of politeness I had hitherto exhibited, I ordered my donkey to be saddled, and started off. The ride was only of a few streets; it seemed to me quite a journey. On arriving, the worthy *papa* was fortunately at home, and by himself. He was delighted with my visit; and, after a small altercation with his servant, succeeded in getting me some coffee and a pipe. I admired the art with which I wound toward my query. The old gentleman suspected nothing; but when I casually asked if he knew who it was among his countrymen who sang like an

angel, he quickly replied, "It must be Silver-Voice, as she is called among the Moslem!"

I overturned my pipe on the mat in my eagerness to turn round and listen. Excellent old man! instead of clapping his hands for the servant, he went down upon his knees to collect the scattered tobacco, and replace it in the bowl, and silenced my excuse with as mild an "It is no matter, my son!" as ever passed the lips of one of our species. He grew before my eyes in that humble posture; and when he returned to his seat, seemed fifty times as venerable as before. The same spirit would have led him to wash the feet of the poor.

He then told me the story of Silver-Voice and her sister:

"Many years ago, a Greek merchant was walking through the slave-market, when he beheld for sale a little girl, so beautiful, and yet so sad, that though he was on the way to conclude a bargain for fifty thousand ardebs of beans, he could not prevail on himself to pass indifferently on.

"'Of what country?' he inquired.

"'A Candiote,' replied the slave-dealer. She was from his own beloved island.

"'How much?'

"'Five thousand piastres.'

"'I will pay the price.' The bargain was concluded on the spot. Another merchant got the beans; but Kariades took home the Silver-Voice to his house.

"The girl followed him silently, hanging down her head, and refusing to answer the questions he put in his kind, bluff way. Some great sorrow evidently weighed upon her, and she refused to be comforted. When, however, Kariades presented her to his wife, and said, 'This shall be our daughter,' the child opened her mouth and cried, 'Wherefore, oh father, didst thou not come to the slave-market one short hour before?' He asked her meaning, and she explained that her sister had been separated from her, and sold to a Turk; 'and,' cried she, 'I will not live unless Zoë be [Pg 764] brought back to my side.' Kariades smiled as he replied, 'I went forth, this day to buy beans, and I have come back with a daughter. Must I needs go and fetch another?' 'You must!' said the girl, resolutely.

"From that hour forth she was the queen in the house. Kariades returned to the slave-market, but, strange to say, could find no clew to the fate of Zoë, although he offered double her price to the dealer. It was believed that she had been bought by a stranger merely passing through Cairo, and making no stay; for the public crier was employed to go about the streets and proclaim that whoever would produce the girl should receive whatever he demanded. All was in vain. Time passed on; and the active grief of the Silver-Voice sobered down into steadfast melancholy. She continued living as the daughter or rather as the mistress of the house, knowing no want but that of her sister, and enchanting every one with the magnificence of her singing, until she reached the age of sixteen years.

"One day Kariades said to her, 'My child, I must seek a husband for thee among the merchants of my people.' But she firmly refused, declaring that there could be no joy for her unless she knew that her sister was not living in wretched thralldom in the house of some cruel Turk.

"'But,' said he, 'what if death have overtaken her?'

"'We promised, as we lay folded in each other's arms the night before we were parted, to be happy or sorrowful together—to laugh at the same time, to weep at the same time—and if one died, the other was never to cease grieving. I remember that, as they were dragging Zoë away, she turned her pale face, all sparkling with tears, toward me, and cried, *forever*!'

"'Meaning that you were parted forever?'

"'No; but that we were to be faithful to our vow forever. I never shall forget the agonizing expression of that face. How can I? I see it every night in my dreams; and painful though it be, I rush into sleep as eagerly to behold it as if I were going into Paradise. No: I will never marry while that face threatens to interpose between my husband and me.'

"'Then this vision torments thee?'

"'Ah, father!' and she shuddered, and bent her head.

"It was evident that her mind was weakened by too much contemplation of one idea.

"Kariades yielded before a will stronger than his own, and nothing more was said either about marriage or the lost Zoë for nearly a year. At the end of this time, Silver-Voice appeared before the good old man, and said, 'Father, give me money; I have thought of a means by which I may find my sister Zoë.' He looked sadly at her, but gave her what she required. Next day she disappeared, and was not heard of for several weeks. Then she returned, consoled her adopted parents by her presence for a while, and again departed without giving the least indication of how she employed her time. Nor did they ask her, confident that all she did was prompted by that most powerful of all loves—the love of a sister supplying a mother's place. "The truth was, that she had hired a number of houses in various parts of Cairo, and visited them alternately, in order to pass the evenings singing on the terrace. Despite the failure of the researches made by Kariades, she remained persuaded that Zoë was in Cairo, and hoped that the echoes of her magnificent voice might at length go as messengers into the depths of every harem, and make

known her presence. The whole city was by turns rendered happy by the Silver-Voice; but as it was heard now in the Citadel, now near the Bisket-el-Fil, anon at the Bab Zuweileh, men began to think strange things. It was curious, indeed, to hear the speculations of the gossiping Turks about this ubiquitous voice. I remember laughing much at the wise arguments by which one of them, who had heard the fable of Memnon's statue, demonstrated to me that the sound came from no human organ at all, but was produced by the rays of the setting sun striking in some peculiar way upon the minarets.

"A whole year passed in this manner without bringing any thing new; but the beautiful patience of the Silver-Voice was at length after a fashion rewarded. Better had it been, perhaps, for her, had her soul been wafted away in some sad song. She was standing one evening, long after the sun had set, filling the air with her plaintive notes, and calling, as usual, upon her sister; suddenly there rose a cry—a piercing, terrible cry, such as no mortal ever utters but when the sanctuary of life is invaded. At that awful sound the Silver-Voice was struck dumb. She stood listening like a gazelle when it hears the howl of a wolf afar off upon the desert. The wild accents seemed to hang for a moment over her, and then fell into her ear, moulding, as they fell, into the words, "My sister!" How it came to pass she could not tell: over the parapet, along a crumbling wall, across a ruined house, she passed as if by magic, until she fell like a moonbeam through an open window, and saw upon a rich couch the form of an expiring woman lying. It was her sister Zoë. The blow had been too well aimed: it had gone to her heart, and the life-blood bubbled rapidly forth between her white fingers, which she pressed, to her side. One eloquent glance, in which eyes mingled with eyes, while lips hung upon lips, was exchanged. There was not time, neither was there need, to tell their stories in any other way. The dying woman made one effort, pointed to a cradle that stood under a cloud of gauze curtains in a corner, then smiled a long, impassioned smile of recognition, of gratitude, and of love, seemed to wander a little back in memory, murmured some pleasant sounds, and was still.

"The Silver-Voice rose solemnly, and casting her eyes about, beheld a man crouching in a corner [Pg 765] weeping. 'It is all over!' she said. 'All over!' he replied, looking up. But I will not weary you with the scene in which the wretched man—a Greek renegade—related how he had bought Zoë—how he had loved her, and made her his wife—how they had traveled in far countries—how he was jealous, ever, as he acknowledged, without cause—and how, in a fit of madness, he had slain the mother of his child. When he had finished, he led the bewildered Silver-Voice to the cradle, and thrusting aside the curtains, disclosed the miniature counterpart of Zoë, sleeping as if it had been lulled into deeper slumber by its mother's death-cries. Then, stealing toward the corpse with the step of one about to commit a new crime, he snatched a hasty kiss, and rushed away. What became of him was never known. Silver-Voice performed the last duties for poor Zoë, and took the child under her care. Since that time she has almost always continued to live in the house from the roof of which she heard her sister's cry; and though apparently rational in every thing else, never fails to go up each evening and sing the song she used to sing of old, though in a more plaintive and despairing tone. If asked wherefore she acts in this wise, her reply is, that she is seeking for her sister Zoë, and nobody attempts to contradict the harmless delusion. Several years have now passed away since this event, and the child has become a handsome boy. You may see them both at the church to-morrow."

I thanked the worthy *papa* for his story more warmly, perhaps, than he expected. He had been as much pleased by narrating as I had been by listening; but he was not very particular about the quality of his facts, and unintentionally made me do penance for the excessive pleasure I had experienced by giving me an account—two hours long, and with equal unction—of a tremendous controversy then raging as to the proper form of electing the sub-patriarch of Cairo. It would have been ungrateful to interrupt him, although there seemed no end to his garrulity. Fortunately, two or three people at length came in; I compromised my dignity as a heretic by kissing his hand, and escaped, to turn over this curious story in my mind. Next day I went to the Greek church, and saw a melancholy-looking face through the bars of the cage-like gallery in which the women sit. I am quite certain it was that of Lady Silver-Voice, but no one whom I asked seemed to know her. The boy did not show himself. It was my intention to go another Sunday, and observe more accurately, for I really felt a deep interest in this unfortunate lady. But other thoughts and occupations came upon me, and it was only by an accident that, as I have said, these circumstances recurred last night to my mind.

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# THE CROCODILE BATTERY.

In the summer of 1846, when every body in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a small stream in one of the northwestern provinces of India. Here I first became acquainted, with the Mugger, or Indian crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. I always felt more or less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrained from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles were in this stage of development when,

one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning, *mososaurians, hylæsaurians,* and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed toward him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see! so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother, when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half-a-dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a Mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure. [Pg 766]

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favorite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and had got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make rapid progress toward me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succor her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterward assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbor, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom), with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The syce, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run—as is the custom in the East—alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Toward evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill"—

"I am in no humor for jesting. Your syce is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten!—by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nulla about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in pulling water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and

with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nulla. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran toward it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to soothe and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags (stumps of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me—"The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the Muggers?"

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighborhood of the nulla. He had on several occasions carried off goats, sheep, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not being enough of water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud. [Pg 767]

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two Strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across, from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and, as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that, if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across, in a zig-zag direction, down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from the reel, when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual, he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them, and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell—I groaned with disappointment—presently, my brother came along with them, and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but, with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Every thing being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wires. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got

the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Every thing being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped about a week afterward, when we received the mortifying announcement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection, that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very *likely* he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate. [Pg 768]

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whisky. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall laid down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive, and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem—a companion picture to Hall; who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank, on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labor, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for, as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving—so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires; in another instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock, then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank, but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighborhood again.

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## A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

When we picture to ourselves a person lying in a state of profound sleep—the body slightly curved upon itself; the limbs relaxed; the head reclining on its pillow; and eyelids closed—it is wonderful to think what strange and startling imagery may be passing through the brain of that apparently unconscious being. The events of his whole life may hurry past him in dim obscurity; he may be revisited by the dead; he may be transported into regions he never before beheld; and

his ideas visibly assuming phantasmal shapes, may hover round him like shadows reflected from another and more spiritual state of existence.

Let us draw the curtains gently aside, and study the physiognomy of sleep.

The countenance may, occasionally, be observed lighted up, as it were, from within by a passing dream—its expression is frequently one of peculiar mildness and benignity; the breathing may be slow, but it is calm and uniform: the pulse not so rapid as in the waking state, but soft and regular; the composure of the whole body may continue trance-like and perfect. There is, indeed, no sign of innocence more touching than the smile of a sleeping infant. But, suddenly, this state of tranquillity may be disturbed; the dreamer changes his position and become restless; he moans grievously—perhaps sobs—and tears may be observed glimmering underneath his eyelids; his whole body now seems to be shaken by some inward convulsion; but, presently, the strife abates; the storm-cloud gradually passes; he stretches his limbs, opens his eyes, and, as he awakes, daylight, in an instant, dispels the vision, perhaps leaving not behind the faintest trace or recollection of a single incident which occurred in this mysterious state.

But what are dreams? Whence come they? What do they portend? Not man only, but all animals, it is presumed, dream, more or less, when they are asleep. Horses neigh, and sometimes kick violently; cows, when suckling their young calves, often utter piteous lowings; dogs bark in [Pg 769] suppressed tones, and, from the motions of their paws, appear to fancy themselves in the field of the chase; even frogs, particularly during summer, croak loudly and discordantly until midnight, and then retire, and become silent. Birds also dream; and will sometimes, when frightened, fall from their roosting-perch, or flutter about their cage, in evident alarm. A bullfinch, says Bechstein, belonging to a lady, was subject to very frightful dreams, which made it drop off its perch; but no sooner did it hear the voice of its affectionate mistress than it became immediately tranquil, and reascended its perch to sleep again. It is pretty certain that parrots dream. It is, indeed, a curious circumstance that the best way of teaching this bird to talk is to cover the cage over so as to darken it, and while he is going to sleep pronounce, audibly and slowly, the word he is to learn; if the winged pupil be a clever one, he will, upon the repetition of the lesson, in a morning or two, begin to repeat it.

Upon the same principle, school-boys commit their tasks to memory by reading them over the last thing before they go to bed. It is to be remembered that during sleep the mind may not be wholly under eclipse; for, although some of its faculties—such as perception, comparison, judgment, and especially the will, may be suspended—others (for example, memory and imagination), are often more active than in the waking state. But some persons, it is said, never dream. We are assured by Locke that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, yet could not recollect ever having dreamed until his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of having ever dreamed. Dr. Eliotson also relates, apparently upon good authority, the case of a man who never dreamed until after he had a fever, in his fortieth year; and we ourselves know several persons who are not conscious of ever dreaming. Nevertheless, many contend that in all such cases dreams really occur, but that they escape the recollection; for they contend that it is impossible that the mind can, being an independent principle, ever be in a state of absolute rest. This is arguing within a very narrow circle. We must not forget that the intimate alliance of the mind with the body, subjects it to its general laws; the "heat-oppressed brain" requires rest to renew its energies, and the mind, of which it is the organ, in the mean time, may, as in profound sleep, remain perfectly quiescent. The lids of the outward senses are closed; a vail is drawn over the immaterial principle of our nature; and mind and body alike, for a period, lie in a state of utter unconsciousness.

Here, however, it may fairly be asked, how happens it that the same person will at one time remember, and, at another, forget his dreams? This circumstance may, we conceive, thus be explained:

Those dreams which occur in very deep sleep, and in the early part of the night, are not so likely to be remembered as those which happen toward morning, when the sleep is less profound; hence the popular notion that our morning dreams—which are always best remembered—are likely to prove true. Then, again, the imagery of some dreams is more striking, and actually makes a deeper impression than the incidents of other dreams. We are told by Sir Humphrey Davy, that, on one occasion, a dream was so strongly impressed upon his eye, that even after he had risen and walked out, he could not be persuaded of its unreal nature, until his friends convinced him of its impossibility. The effect of some dreams upon children is very remarkable; they are, it is believed, more liable to dreams of terror than grown persons, which may be accounted for by their being more subject to a variety of internal complaints, such as teething, convulsions, derangement of the bowels, &c.; added to which, their reasoning faculties are not as yet sufficiently developed to correct such erroneous impressions. Hence, sometimes, children appear, when they awake, bewildered and distressed, and remain for a considerable period in a state of agitation almost resembling delirium. The incidents which are conceived in dreams are indeed not unfrequently confounded by adults with real events; hence, we often hear people, in alluding to some doubtful circumstance, exclaim, "Well! if it be not true, I certainly must have dreamed it." We confess we have ourselves been puzzled in this way; the spell may be broken; but the impression made by the delusion still clings to us; its shadow is still thrown across our path.

The question therefore recurs, What are Dreams? Whence do they arise? We believe that the ideas and emotions which take place in the dreaming state may be ascribed to a twofold origin.

They may arise from certain bodily sensations, which may suggest particular trains of thought and feeling; or they may be derived from the operations or activity of the thinking principle itself; in which case they are purely mental. The celebrated Dr. James Gregory—whose premature death was a great loss to science—states, that having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground warm under him. He likewise, on another occasion, dreamed of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from intense frost; and found, when he awoke, that he had thrown off the bed-clothes in his sleep, and exposed himself to cold. He had been reading, a few days before, a very particular account of this colony. The eminent metaphysician, Dr. Reid, relates of himself that the dressing of a blister, which he had applied to his head, becoming ruffled, so as to produce pain, he dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him. These were dreams suggested by sensations which, were conveyed from the surface of the body, through the nerves, until corresponding impression was produced on the [Pg 770] mind. Upon the same principle, very strong impressions received during the day may modify and very materially influence the character of our dreams at night. Dr. Beattie states that once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, he passed a night of dreams which were so terrible, that he found it expedient to keep himself awake, that he might no longer be tormented with them. "Had I been superstitious," he observes, "I should have thought that some disaster was impending; but it occurred to me that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the cause of all these horrors." Other and less obvious causes are in constant operation. A change in the weather—in the electrical state of the atmosphere—and its barometrical pressure—the temperature of the bedroom—arrangements of the bed-furniture—the adjustment of the bed-clothes—nay, the position of the sleeper, particularly if he cramp a foot or benumb an arm, will at once affect the entire concatenation and issue of his dreams.

Furthermore, impressions may be made on the mind during sleep, by speaking gently to a person, or even whispering in the ear. We ourselves, when in Italy, could on one occasion trace the origin of a very remarkable dream to our having heard, in an obscure and half-conscious manner, during sleep, the noise of people in the streets, on All Souls'-night, invoking alms for the dead. Dr. Beattie knew a man in whom any kind of dream could be produced if his friends, gently addressing him, afforded the subject-matter for his ideas. Equally curious is the circumstance that dreams may be produced by whispering in the ear. A case of this description is recorded by Dr. Abercrombie:

"An officer, whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him, was so remarkable, that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of swimming. They then suggested to him that he was being pursued by a shark, and entreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence, that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course, awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds, that the most remarkable circumstance connected with this case was, that after these and a variety of other pranks had been played upon him, "he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

It appears, also—and the fact is very remarkable—that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same description of dream in a number of individuals at the same time. Hence different people will sometimes have the same dream. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared, which curious circumstance was explained by the discovery, that they had all been exposed to the influence of a deleterious gas, which was generated in the monastery. The effect of music, also, in exciting delightful dreams, has often been attested. A French philosopher whose experiments are reported by Magendie, according to the airs which he had arranged should be played while he was asleep, could have the character of his dreams directed at pleasure. "There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne—in his usual quaint style—"to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."

The influences of the day's occurrences, and the thoughts which have occupied the mind during the day, have been said to give a corresponding tone and coloring to our dreams at night. Thus the lover dreams of his mistress; the miser of his gold; the merchant of his speculations; the man of science of his discoveries. The poets of all ages and nations adopt this view. Virgil describes Dido forsaken by Æneas, wandering alone on a desert shore in pursuit of the Tyrians. Milton represents Eve relating to Adam the dreams which were very naturally the repetition of her waking thoughts. Petrarch invokes the beauty of Laura. Eloisa, separated from Abelard, is again happy in his company, even amid the "dreary wastes" and "low-browed rocks."

There can be no doubt that the dreams of many persons are very greatly influenced by the reflections and emotions they have experienced the preceding day; but this is by no means

invariably the case. We have known persons whose dreams refer habitually to events which occurred to them, perhaps, twenty years ago, and upon whom recent events seem to possess no such influence. We have often been told by ladies happily and affectionately married, that while they were engaged, although their thoughts were naturally much set on their engagement, they never dreamed of their lovers. So, also, the father of a family, habitually impressed with a sense of his responsibility and affection toward his offspring, will sometimes dream often enough of his neighbor's children, but seldom or, perhaps, never, of his own. Try to dream on a given subject— [Pg 771] resolve and fix the attention upon it—going to sleep, and no sooner are our eyelids closed, than fantastic fancy will conjure up the most opposite and incongruous imagery. We have heard this dream-problem explained by referring it to a principle of *antagonism*, which, waking or sleeping, may be observed in the animal economy. If a limb become fatigued by remaining too long in one position, it will be relieved by being thrown into the very opposite condition; if the eye fatigue itself by gazing intently on the disc of any bright color, and the eyelids close, the very opposite, or antagonistic color will be depicted upon the retina: in like manner, when our waking thoughts —in connection with the nerve matter, which is their material instrument—have exhausted their energy, we can easily conceive how the very opposite condition will be produced. Hence the most unconnected and preposterous train of imagery may arise from the very earnestness with which we desire a contrary effect. We dream of events which do not concern us, instead of those in which we are most deeply interested; we dream of persons to whom we are indifferent, instead of those to whom we are attached. But, in the midst of all this curious and perplexing contrariety, it is remarkable—and may be esteemed a proof of the immateriality of the mind—that we always preserve the consciousness of our own identity. No man dreams that he is a woman, or any other person than himself; we have heard of persons who have dreamed they were dead, and in a spiritual state; but the spirit was still their own—they maintained their identity. Sir Thomas Lawrence once made an interesting observation on this subject to Mrs. Butler—then Miss Fanny Kemble: he pointed out, in conversation, that he never heard of any lady who ever dreamed that she was younger than she really was. We retain in our dreams even the identity of our age. It has been said—we think by Sir Thomas Browne—that some persons of virtuous and honorable principles will commit, as they fancy, actions in their dreams which they would shudder at in their waking moments; but we can not believe that the identity of moral goodness can be so perverted in the dreaming state. We can, however, readily conceive that, when the mind is oppressed, or disturbed by the recollection of some event it dreads to dwell upon, it may be disturbed by the most terrific and ghastly images. A guilty conscience, too, will unquestionably produce restlessness, agitation, and awe-inspiring dreams. Hence Manfred, in pacing restlessly his lonely Gothic gallery at midnight, pictures to himself the terrors of sleep:

> "The lamp must be replenished; even then
> It will not burn so long as I must watch.
> My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
> *But a continuance of enduring thought,*
> *Which then I can resist not. In my heart*
> *There is a vigil; and these eyes*
> *But close to look within.*"

Contrition and remorse oppose his rest. If we remember right, it was Bishop Newton who remarked, that the sleep of innocence differed essentially from the sleep of guilt.

The assistance supposed to be sometimes furnished in sleep toward the solution of problems which puzzled the waking sense, opens up a curious subject of investigation. Cases of the kind have been recorded upon undoubted authority. Hence some philosophers, like Sir Thomas Browne and Addison, have been induced to suppose that the soul in this state is partially disengaged from the encumbrance of the body, and therefore more intelligent, which is a mere fancy—a poetical fiction. Surely it is absurd to suppose that the soul, which we invest with such high and perfect attributes, should commit such frivolous and irrational acts as these which take place so constantly in our dreams. "Methinks," observed Locke, "every drowsy nod shakes this doctrine." All we remark, is, that some of the ordinary mental faculties act in such cases with increased energy. But beyond this we can not go. We are informed by Cabains, that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him, that he had been assisted in his dreams on the issue of many affairs in which he was engaged. So, also, Condillac, while writing his "Cours d'Etudes," states that he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retire to bed: and that on waking, he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. Condorcet, upon leaving his deep and complicated calculations unfinished, after having retired to rest, often found their results unfolded to him in his dreams. Voltaire assures us that he, like La Fontaine, composed verses frequently in his sleep, which he remembered on awaking. Doctor Johnson states that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. Coleridge, in a dream, composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which was suggested to him by a passage he was reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" when he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines which have been so much admired.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the human mind is the extreme lightning-like rapidity of its thoughts, even in our waking hours; but the transactions which appear to take place in our dreams are accomplished with still more incalculable rapidity; the relations of space, the duration of time, appear to be alike annihilated; we are transported in an instant to the most distant regions of the earth, and the events of ages are condensed into the span of a few seconds.

The accidental jarring of a door, or any noise, will, at the same moment, it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. Hence some persons—Lord Brougham in particular—have supposed that all our dreams take place in the transition or interval between sleep and [Pg 772] waking. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. The same want of any notion of the duration of time occurs, more or less, in all dreams; hence our ignorance when we awake of the length of the night. A friend of Doctor Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening with the fright, discovered he had not been ten minutes asleep. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage—remained some days in Calcutta—returned home—then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataracts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and to crown the whole, had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of a single hour, or even a few minutes. In one of the dreams which Mr. De Quincey describes—when under the influence of opium—"The sense of Space and in the end of Time were," he states, "both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to a sense of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of Time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium, passed in that time; or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience." One of the miracles of Mohammed appears to be illustrative of the same phenomenon. We read, in the Koran, that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed, one morning, out of his bed to give him a sight of all things in the Seven Heavens and in Paradise; and, after holding ninety thousand spiritual conferences, he was brought back again to his bed; all which was transacted in so small a space of time that Mohammed, upon his return, found his bed still warm.

Are dreams so much varied as is generally supposed? Or, taking into consideration our different mental and physical constitutions, is there not rather a remarkable sameness in them? It is certainly a very unusual circumstance to hear of any dream that does violence to the common experience of mankind. One class of dreams, which may be termed Retrospective, is of frequent occurrence. These are characterized by the revival of associations long since forgotten. The faculty of Memory appears to be preternaturally exalted; the vail is withdrawn which obscured the vista of our past life; and the minutest events of childhood pass in vivid review before us. There can be no doubt that something analogous to this occurs in drowning; when, after the alarm and struggle for life has subsided, sensations and visions supervene with indescribable rapidity. The same very remarkable phenomenon takes place also sometimes in hanging; but is by no means uniformly produced. "Of all whom I have seen restored from drowning," observes Dr. Lettsom, "I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed under water until the time they were restored." Persons must not, therefore, be deceived by imagining that an Elysium is to be found at the bottom of a garden-well, or a canal, or a river.

But to return—it is not only the very early incidents of childhood which may thus be recalled by our dreams, but recent events, which in our waking hours had escaped the memory, are sometimes suddenly recalled. In his "Notes to Waverley," Sir Walter Scott relates the following anecdote: "A gentleman connected with a Bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a check for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavors to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep and dreamed he was at his Bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six-pound check arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance." We read of another gentleman, a solicitor, who, on one occasion, lost a very important document connected with the conveyance of some property; the most anxious search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement the son of this gentleman then went to bed, under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that, at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client; and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way related.

There is another class of dreams which would appear to be much more extraordinary than these of a Retrospective Character, to wit: those in which the dreamer appears to take cognizance of incidents which are occurring at a distance, which may be designated Dreams of Coincidence. In the "Memoirs of Margaret de Valois" we read, that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of Jarnac, thrown from his horse, [Pg 773] and the Prince de Condé dead—events which happened exactly at that moment. Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the co-existence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story: Miss M., a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason

could do, felt a certain conviction that, when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him forever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterward, but, not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly afterward received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision. It is certainly very natural to suppose that there must be some mysterious connection between such a dream and the event which appears to have simultaneously taken place—but, upon reflecting further upon the subject, we shall find that the co-existence is purely accidental. If, as Sir Walter Scott observed, any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chance to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and time of the apparition, the circumstance is conceived to be supernatural, although the coincidence is one which must frequently occur, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events. Such a concatenation, therefore, must often take place when it is considered "of what stuff dreams are made," and how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind when awake. When a soldier is exposed to death in battle; when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea; when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm which, when waking, it had shuddered to anticipate. Considering the many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chance would warrant us to expect.

In addition to these, we sometimes hear of dreams which appear to reveal the secrets of futurity; and which may be designated PROPHETIC Dreams—unvailing, as they are supposed to do, the destiny which awaits particular individuals. The prophetic dream of Cromwell, that he should live to be the greatest man in England, has often been referred to as an example of special revelation; but surely there can be nothing very wonderful in the occurrence—for, after all, if we could only penetrate into the thoughts, hopes, and designs which inflamed the ambition of such men as Ireton, Lambert, and the like, we should find both their waking and sleeping visions equally suggestive of self-aggrandizement. The Protector himself was not the only usurper, in those troubled times, who dreamed of being "every inch a king;" but we want the data to compute the probabilities which the laws of chance would give in favor of such a prophecy or dream being fulfilled. The prophetic dream refers generally to some event which, in the course of nature, is likely to happen: is it, then, wonderful that it should occur? It would be curious to know how often Napoleon dreamed that he was the Emperor of the civilized world, or confined as a prisoner of war; how many thrones he imagined himself to have ascended or abdicated; how often he accomplished the rebuilding of Jerusalem. A few years ago, some very cruel murders were perpetrated in Edinburgh, by men named Burke and Hare, who sold the bodies of their victims to the Anatomical Schools. We had ourselves an interview with Burke, after his condemnation, when he told us that many months before he was apprehended and convicted, he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; then he imagined himself going to be executed, and his chief anxiety was, how he should comport himself on the scaffold before the assembled multitude, whose faces he beheld gazing up and fixed upon him. His dream was, in every respect, verified; but who, for an instant, would suppose there could have been any thing preternatural, or prophetic, in such a vision? For the most part, dreams of this description are supposed to portend the illness, or the time of the death, of particular individuals; and these, too, upon the simple doctrine of chance, turn out, perhaps, to be as often wrong as right. It may be true, that Lord Lyttleton died at the exact hour which he said had been predicted to him in a dream; but Voltaire outlived a similar prophecy for many years. It must, however, be conceded, that persons in ill-health may have their death expedited by believing in such fatal predictions. Tell a timorous man that he will die; and the sentence, if pronounced with sufficient solemnity, and the semblance of [Pg 774] its fore-knowledge, will, under certain circumstances, execute itself. But, on the other hand, the self-sustaining power of the will, with a corresponding concentration of nervous energy, will sometimes triumph over the presence of disease, and for awhile ward off even the hand of death. The anecdote is told of Muley Moloch, who, being informed that his army was likely to be defeated, sprang from his sick bed in great excitement, led his men on to victory, and, on returning to his tent, lay down and almost instantly expired.

But again it may be asked—what then do dreams portend? Do they admit of any rational interpretation? This branch of the art of divination, which was called formerly by the name of "Oneiromancy," has been practiced in all ages; and there is, perhaps, not a village in Great Britain, or on the great continent of Europe, India, or America, in which some fortune-telling old woman will not be found who professes to be an oracle in propounding their mystical signification. The magicians of old were supposed to be skillful interpreters of dreams, which, like the wiseacres of Christendom, they viewed under very contradictory aspects.

From one of the most ancient Arabic manuscripts on the subject, we learn that if you see an angel, it is a good sign; but if you dream that you converse with one, it forebodes evil—to dream

you bathe in a clear fountain denotes joy—but if it be muddy, an enemy will bring against you some false accusation. To dream of carrying any weight upon the back denotes servitude, if you are rich—honor if you are poor. There is not an object in nature—not an event that can occur in life—that our modern fortune-tellers have not converted, when seen in a dream, into some sign ominous of good or of evil; and many even well-educated persons are in the habit of fostering their credulity by attaching an undue importance to their dreams. It is a curious circumstance, however, which militates against this mystic art, that the same sign in different countries carries with it a very contrary signification. The peasant girl in England thinks, if she dream of a rose, that it is a sure sign of happiness; but the *paysanne* in Normandy believes that it portends vexation and disappointment. The Englishman conceives that to dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity; but in Switzerland, the same vision is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity.

The domestic superstitions which are connected with dreams, are sometimes favored by, and perhaps dependent upon a certain morbid condition or irritability of the nervous system, which suggests the dread of some impending calamity, a painful and indefinite sense of apprehension for which no ostensible reason can be assigned. Strange as it might appear, the influence of our dreams upon our waking state is very remarkable; we may awaken refreshed from a dream which has made us, in our sleep, superlatively happy; or we may rise with melancholic feelings after suffering intense affliction in some dream, and the details of both dreams may alike be forgotten. We can not, after being so much disturbed, at once regain our composure; the billows continue heaving after the tempest has subsided; the troubled nerves continue to vibrate after the causes that disturbed them have ceased to act; the impression still remains, and checkers the happiness of the future day. Even men of strong mind, who do not believe in the interpretation of dreams, may be so affected. When Henry the Fourth of France was once told by an astrologer that he would be assassinated, he smiled at the prediction, and did not believe it; but he confessed that it often haunted him afterward, and although he placed no faith in it, still it sometimes depressed his spirits, and he often expressed a wish that he had never heard it. In like manner, dreams, which persons do not believe in, will unconsciously affect the tenor of their thoughts and feelings.

There are many persons who appear to have habitually the most extraordinary dreams, and there is scarcely a family circle that assemble round the domestic hearth, in which some one or other of the party is not able to relate some very wonderful story. We have, ourselves, a *répertoire*, from which we could select a host of such narrations; but we have preferred, at the risk of being thought recapitulative, to dwell upon those which have been recorded upon unimpeachable authority. The dreams which men like Locke, Reid, Gregory, Abercrombie, Macnish, &c., have attested, come with a weight of evidence before us which the dreams of persons unknown in the scientific or literary world would not possess. The impressions produced by dreams are so fugitive—so easy is it for persons unintentionally to deceive themselves in recalling their dreams' experience—that Epictetus, long ago, advised young men not to entertain any company by relating their dreams, as they could only, he affirmed, be interesting to themselves, and perhaps would, after all their pains, be disbelieved by their auditors. Nevertheless, it would be well for all persons to study, whether waking or dreaming, the phenomena of their own minds. The ingenious naturalist, Doctor Fleming, suggests that persons should, in contra-distinction to a "Diary," keep a "Nocturnal," in which they should register their dreams. Doubtless such a journal might turn out to be a very amusing psychological record.

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# A FAIR IN MUNICH.

I wonder when there is not a fair in Munich. This, however, was *Die Drei Könige Dult*, or the Fair of the Three Kings. By way of amusement, I thought I would go to it; but as I could not very well go alone, I invited Madame Thekla to accompany me, with which she was very well pleased, as I promised to treat her to the shows. As far as buying and selling, and the crowds of peasants, and townspeople, and students, and soldiers, go, it was like any other fair. At a little distance from [Pg 775] the long array of booths, stood the shows—and thither we bent our steps.

The first thing we came upon was a small ladder-wagon, covered with an arched awning; and, bound to one side of the wagon, were tall poles, from which floated a series of ghastly pictures—hideous raw-head-and-bloody-bone pictures! There were murders, executions, be-headings in German fashion; the criminal extended on a horrid sort of rack, and his head being chopped off by a grim executioner, with a sword, while a priest stood by in his long robes; there were houses on fire; drownings, miraculous escapes; there were tall, smirking hussars, and weeping ladies in white—heroes and heroines in these bloody histories!

The subjects, the hideous drawing, the hard outlines, the goggle-eyes, the blood, the knives, the very fire, made you feel sick. A considerable crowd was collected, and listened breathlessly to the sounds of an organ, to which two Tyrolians sang their appalling tragedies. They sang in such clear, sweet, mountain tones, that you were strangely fascinated. Mournfully sang they, in a monotonous chaunt, of blood, and crime, and terror, till you felt your blood creep; and, by a frightful fascination, your eyes gloated on the disgusting pictures.

What a terribly immoral influence must such exhibitions have upon such an uneducated crowd as surrounded these sirens! Why should not a *paternal* government, which guards its people from

immoral books and disgusting newspapers, not guard them equally from such a disgusting sight and sound as this Tyrolian exhibition? These Tyrolians sold printed histories of the fearful crimes and calamities which were depicted on their banners. These histories are very exciting and romantic reading, as you may believe when I give some of their titles:—"The History of the Great and Terrible Monster, who cruelly murdered his Beloved, his Child, his Father, his Mother, his two Sisters, and his Brother, on the 8th of July, 1850." "Heroic Self-sacrifice of a Bohemian Hussar Officer, and the Punishment of his Murderers." "A true and dreadful History which occurred on the 14th of March, 1850, in Schopka, near Milineck, in Bohemia." "The Might of Mutual Love: a highly remarkable event, which occurred at Thoulon, in the year 1849." "The Cursed Mill: a Warning from Real Life." "The Temptation; the Deed; the Consequences!"

If you care to know any thing of the style of these remarkable productions, I will give you a specimen. One begins thus:—"In Ross-dorf, in Hanover, lived the criminal Peter Natzer. He was by trade a glazier, his father having followed the same calling. Peter was five-and-twenty years old, and was, from his earliest youth, addicted to every species of crime. He had a sweetheart, named Lucie Braun, a poor girl, &c., &c."

Again:—"Silent sat the miller, Leverm, in his garden; thoughtfully gazed he into the distant valley. He was scarcely thirty years of age, but heavy cares had bowed him, and robbed him of his fresh, youthful bloom. Beside him sat his wife, who cast many an anxious but affectionate glance on her husband. How tender and lovely was this young wife! The inhabitants of the neighborhood called her 'The Rose of the Valley.'" In this way begins a most awful tragedy.

Of course we did not read these things in the fair. It was enough for us, there, to listen to the mournful chant of the mountaineers, till our blood was frozen in our veins. I took home with me these printed histories, as many another simple soul did; and now, after I have read them, and been filled with horror and disgust by them, I have put them away from me as unholy things. But think of the effect they will have in many a lonely village, this winter—in many a desolate farm-house or cottage—on the wide plain, or among the mountains! These papers are productive seeds of murder and crime; of that one may be certain.

The next wonder that stopped us in the fair, was a little fat man, who was shouting away at the top of his voice, while he briskly sharpened a knife on a long, rough board, which was smeared over with a black ointment. He was a vender of magical strop-salve! something in the fashion of Mechi. "Ladies and gentlemen;" shouted he, "witness my wonderful invention! The dullest knife, stick-knife, bread-knife, clasp-knife, table-knife, carving-knife, shaving-knife, (*rasier-messer*) pen-knife, pruning-knife, though dull as this knife—*though dull as this knife*!" and here he began hacking away upon the edge of a big knife with a strong piece of broken pitcher. "Yes, though dull, dull, dull as this knife!—when subjected to my wonderful salve," and here he smeared it with his black ointment, "will cut a hair, or the most delicate shaving of paper—as it now does!" and with that he severed paper shavings as if they had been nothing. If it was really the *same knife*, his was a wonderful invention, and beat Mechi hollow.

Next, I had my fortune told at three different places, for six kreutzers, or two-pence each, and as I was promised pretty much the same fortune by all, I suppose I ought to believe in the truth of it. They foretold me lots of trouble in the way of love-crosses, false friends, and unkind relations, and such small trifles; but were equally liberal of rich lovers, and plenty of them, plenty of money, and a good husband to crown all, and good children to be the *props* of my old age; so I think I had, after all, a good sixpenny-worth.

Next we came upon a little caravan, on the steps of which vociferated a most picturesque Tyrolian, in broad-brimmed sugar-loafed hat, adorned with chamois hair, and eagles' feathers; in broad-ribbed stockings, and with a broad, gayly-embroidened band round his waist, which half covered his chest. He assured the crowd below that there was not in the whole of Bavaria, any [Pg 776] thing half as interesting, half as extraordinary, half as astounding as the singularly gifted, singularly beautiful, singularly intellectual being within; a being from another quarter of the globe, a being adapted to an entirely different mode of existence to ours; a being who could see in the dark, a being who only lived upon raw meat! A wonderful Albino who could speak the German tongue!

Of course we must see the Albino; so in we went, and some way or other I felt an unusual shock. There he sat, in a black velvet dress spangled with silver, the light coming in from the top of the caravan, and his transparent complexion, his burning, fiery eyes, like carbuncles, his long waves of white, silky hair, and his long, curling, snow-white, silky beard, gave him the appearance of some enchanted dwarf—some cobold or gnome out of a subterranean palace.

But I had not much time to lose myself in dreams about enchanted dwarfs or gnomes, for there was something else burning in the caravan besides the Albino's eyes, and that was Madame Thekla's grand silk cloak! She had come out with me in all her grandeur; and now, while we stood enchanted before the Albino, her fine silk cloak was singeing at a little iron stove that stood behind the door. Poor Madame Thekla! Out we rushed, and she revenged herself by vociferating to the crowd outside, as the Tyrolian had done just before, and by exhibiting her unlucky cloak in a sort of savage despair.

An hour afterward, we again passed the caravan, and the Tyrolian in the ribbed stockings was again holding forth on the steps, when, at sight of us, he interrupted his oration, and politely invited us to re-enter, and complete, *free of cost*, our inspection of the Albino. But Madame Thekla, pointing with stern dignity to her cloak, declined, and marched on.

After this we went to the *wäffeln*-booths, were we ate hot-baked *wäffeln*, a kind of gofre cake; and then, resisting a wonderful elephant show, we hastened to the monkey theatre, the poor elephant's rival exhibition; the "Grand Monkey Theatre from Paris," in which forty-two apes and poodles, the property of M. Le Cerf, would exhibit the most wonderful and artistic feats.

We had to wait some time till the four o'clock performance was over, which unfortunately had begun before we arrived; and while Madame Thekla and I stood impatiently waiting in the cold, up there came a merry-faced lad of about ten, and began, in great glee, to describe to us the glorious things that were performed by those "dear little monkeys and dogs." He was quite eloquent in his delight; and, "Oh!" said he, "if I had but another *sechser* (twopenny-piece), wouldn't I see it again!" "There is another *sechser*, then!" said I, and put one into his fat little hand. What an astonished, bright face looked up into mine; and he seized my hand in both his, and shook it almost off. And away he ran up the steps for his ticket, flying down again to us, and keeping as close to us as possible, talking all the time, and fairly dancing for joy.

"You've quite bewitched that little fellow," said Madame Thekla; and I seemed to have bewitched all the little lads in the fair, for, by a strangely-mysterious power, they were drawn toward us in crowds, from all hands—little fellows in blouses, little fellows in little green and brown surtouts, little fellows in old-fashioned and, in England, almost forgotten, buttoned-up suits—and all crept bashfully toward us! Oh, the wonderful magic of a twopenny-piece! Heaven only knows how the news of this munificent gift of a *sechser* had so swiftly spread through the fair! One little lad actually had the bravery to say to me that "children were admitted at half-price!" And was I not a cold-hearted wretch to reply, "Oh, indeed!" just as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to me, though, in truth, it was not; but I felt rather appalled at the sight of such a crowd of little eager heads, well knowing that my purse was not full to overflowing, even with twopenny-pieces!

At length we were seated in the little theatre; and, after a fearful charivari from the orchestra, the curtain drew up, and we beheld, seated at a long table, a company of monkeys! It was a *table d'hôte*. A dandified young fellow—perhaps Monsieur Le Cerf himself—in the most elegant of cravats, the most elegant white wristbands, the most elegant ring, and the most elegant moustache, performed the part of host; the waiter and waitress were monkeys. The waiter—a most drunken, good-for-nothing waiter he seemed—a fat, big ape—drank behind the backs of the guests the very wine he was serving them with; he seemed so very tipsy, that he could hardly walk; he staggered backward and forward, and leaned against the wall for support, as he emptied the bottle he was bringing for the company. But the little waitress! She was a little darling; the tiniest of little monkeys, and she came skipping on the stage in a little broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright-colored little dress, with the daintiest of little white muslin aprons on; she looked just like a little fairy. Every body was enchanted with her. Even Monsieur Le Cerf himself caressed her, and gave her not only, every now and then, a nut, but a kiss. She behaved beautifully. But as to the guests! They quarreled, and even fought—Monsieur Le Cerf said it was about paying the bill.

I can't pretend to tell you half the clever things the monkeys did in the way of swinging, dancing, firing off muskets, riding on a pony, &c. Wonderful things, too, were performed by the dogs, splendid spaniels and setters. One large black-and-tan creature walked on his fore-legs, in the style of what children call "playing at a wheelbarrow," only he himself, poor wretch, had to wheel the barrow. He walked demurely round and round the stage, carrying his two unlucky hind-legs up in the air; then he walked on three legs, and then, the most difficult task of all for a dog, as we were assured, upon two legs on the same side. Another beautiful white spaniel came walking in most grandly on her hind legs, as *Madame de Pompadour*, in a long-trained dress which was borne by a tiny monkey in livery, bearing a little lantern in his hand. [Pg 777]

The finale was the besieging of a fortress; and to see some twenty milk-white spaniels rushing up and down the stairs of the burning fortress, illumined by brilliant rose-colored, green, and blue lights, was very curious indeed. If I could have forgotten the terrible training through which these poor creatures must have gone, I should have enjoyed it much more. But I did not wonder, after seeing all their feats, that our little friend had been so enchanted. He sat behind us in the half-price seats, but for all that we continued to exchange many smiling glances during the performance. I only wished I could have seen a whole row of little fellows all equally delighted and surprised by their good fortune.

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# THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

Captain Marmaduke Smith, is—judging from his present mundane, matter-of-fact character, about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time of his life a victim to the "tender passion." A revelation he volunteered to two or three cronies at the club the other evening undeceived us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat dull spirited and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a melancholy barrel-organ had been droning dreadfully for some time beneath the windows; and to crown all, Mr. Tape, who has a quick eye for the sentimental, had discovered, and read aloud, a common, but sad story of madness and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so surprising that tender recollections should have revived with unusual force in the veteran's memory.

"You would hardly believe it, Tape," said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emitting a sound somewhat resembling a sigh, as he re-lighted the cigar which had gone out during Mr. Tape's reading—"you would hardly believe it, perhaps; but I was woman-witched once myself!"

"Never!" exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. "A man of your strength of mind, captain? I can't believe it; it's impossible!"

"It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and, to own the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it myself. Fortunately, I took the disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of these complaints is apt to be so fatal then, I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming hand at hooking a gudgeon was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I *must* say."

"Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?" asked Tape. "The husband, I remember, was remarkably fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties."

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr. Tape, as if he suspected some lurking irony beneath the bland innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance, Mr. Smith—blowing at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush which, to my extreme astonishment, I observed stealing over his unaccustomed features—said, gravely, almost solemnly: "You, Mr. Tape are a married man, and the father of a family, and your own experience, therefore, in the female line must be ample for a lifetime; but you, sir," continued the captain, patronizingly, addressing another of his auditors, "are, I believe, as yet 'unattached,' in a legal sense, and may therefore derive profit, as well as instruction, from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is sometimes entrapped and bamboozled by womankind. Mr. Tape, oblige me by touching the bell."

The instant the captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his accustomed calmness: but toward the close he became so exceeding discursive and excited, and it was with so much difficulty we drew from him many little particulars it was essential to hear, that I have been compelled, from regard to brevity as well as strict decorum, to soften down and render in my own words some of the chief incidents of his mishap.

Just previous to the winter campaign which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr. Smith, in the zealous exercise of his perilous vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with strict orders to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and to report as speedily as possible upon various military details, which it was desirable the British general should be made acquainted with. Mr. Smith, from the first moment the pleasant proposition was hinted to him, had manifested considerable reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillipon, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long before been much too near catching him, to render a possibly still more intimate acquaintance with so sharp a practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urgent, and no one, it Was agreed, so competent as himself to the duty—indeed upon this point Mr. Smith remarked that the most flattering unanimity of opinion was exhibited by all the gentlemen likely, should he decline the honor, to be selected in his place—he finally consented and in due time found himself fairly within the walls of the devoted city. "It was an uncomfortable business," the captain said, "very much so—and in more ways than one. It took a long time to accomplish; and what was worse than [Pg 778] all, rations were miserably short. The French garrison were living upon salted horse-flesh, and you may guess, therefore, at the condition of the civilians' victualing department. Wine was, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by an Andalusian woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favorable disposition toward the British were well known to me, though successfully concealed from Napoleon's soldiers, many of whom—sous-officiers chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played, when I had a choice, with a smart, goodish-looking sous-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a glib-tongued chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and something over, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that I was content he should generally win. I soon reckoned Master Victor up; but there was an old, wiry *gredin* of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day especially I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wildfire. A look, Mr. Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterward by a halter, or by half-a-dozen bullets through one's body, is apt to excite an unpleasant sensation."

"I should think so. I wouldn't be in such a predicament for the creation."

"It's a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr. Tape," replied the veteran, with a grim smile. "Well, the gray-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation, my answers to which so operated upon him, that I felt quite certain when he shook hands with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and sauntered carelessly out of the place,-that he was gone to report his surmises, and would be probably back again in two twos with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. He had put me so smartly through my facings, that although it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honor I perspired to the very tips of my fingers And toes. The chance of escape was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumor had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, and might therefore be already hastening in his seven-league boots,

toward Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and keen eyes watched with sharpened eagerness for indications of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. I jumped up as soon as the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the place approached, and said, hastily, 'I have heard all, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French dogs: this way.' I followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess, a French officer's uniform, complete. 'On with it!' she exclaimed, as she left the room. 'I know the word and countersign.' I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was togged off beautifully in a lieutenant's uniform, and walking at a smart pace toward one of the gates. I was within twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but Sous-lieutenant Victor! He stared, but either did not for the moment recognize me, or else doubted the evidence of his own senses. I quickened my steps—the guard challenged—I gave the words, 'Napoleon, Austerlitz!'—passed on; and as soon as a turn of the road hid me from view, increased my pace to a run. My horse, I should have stated, had been left in sure hands at about two miles' distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not gone more than five or six hundred yards, when a hubbub of shouts, and musket-shots in my rear, announced that I was pursued. I glanced round; and I assure you, gentlemen, I have seen in my life many pleasanter prospects than met my view—Richmond Hill, for instance, on a fine summer day. Between twenty and thirty voltigeurs, headed by my friend Victor, who had armed himself, like the others, with a musket, were in full pursuit; and once, I was quite satisfied, within gun-shot, my business would be very effectually; and speedily settled.

"I ran on with eager desperation: and though gradually neared by my friends, gained the hut where I had left the horse in safety. The voltigeurs were thrown out for a few minutes They knew, however, that I had not passed the thickish clumps of trees which partially concealed the cottage; and they extended themselves in a semi-circle to inclose, and thus make sure of their prey. Juan Sanchez, luckily for himself, was not at home; but my horse, as I have stated, was safe, and in prime condition for a race. I saddled, bridled, and brought him out, still concealed by the trees and hut from the French, whose exulting shouts, as they gradually closed upon the spot, grew momently louder and fiercer. The sole desperate chance left was to dash right through them; and I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, that I was confoundedly frightened, and that but for the certainty of being instantly sacrificed, without benefit of clergy, I should have surrendered at once. There was, however, no time for shilly-shallying. I took another pull at the saddle-girths, mounted, drove the only spur I had time to strap on sharply into the animal's flank, and in an instant broke cover in full and near view of the expecting and impatient voltigeurs; and a very brilliant reception they gave me—quite a stunner in fact! It's a very grand thing, no doubt, to be the exclusive object of attention to twenty or thirty gallant men, but so little selfish, gentlemen, have I been from my youth up ward in the article of 'glory,' that I assure you I should have been [Pg 779] remarkably well-pleased to have had a few companions—the more the merrier—to share the monopoly which I engrossed as I came suddenly in sight. The flashes, reports, bullets, *sacrés*, which in an instant gleamed in my eyes, and roared and sang about my ears were deafening. How they all contrived to miss me I can't imagine, but miss me they did; and I had passed them about sixty paces, when who should start up over a hedge, a few yards in advance, but my domino-player, Sous-lieutenant Victor! In an instant his musket was raised within two or three feet of my face. Flash! bang! I felt a blow as if from a thrust of red-hot steel; and for a moment made sure that my head was off. With difficulty I kept my seat. The horse dashed on, and I was speedily beyond the chance of capture or pursuit. I drew bridle at the first village I reached, and found that Victor's bullet had gone clean through both cheeks. The marks, you see, are still plain enough."

This was quite true. On slightly separating the gray hairs of the captain's whiskers, the places where the ball had made its entrance and exit were distinctly visible.

"A narrow escape," I remarked.

"Yes, rather; but a miss is as good as a mile. The effusion of blood nearly choked me; and it was astonishing how much wine and spirits it required to wash the taste out of my mouth. I found," continued Mr. Smith, "on arriving at head-quarters, that Ciudad Rodrigo had fallen as reported, and that Lord Wellington was hurrying on to storm Badajoz before the echo of his guns should have reached Massena or Soult in the fool's paradise where they were both slumbering. I was of course for some time on the sick-list, and consequently only assisted at the assault of Badajoz as a distant spectator—a part I always preferred when I had a choice. It was an awful, terrible business," added Mr. Smith, with unusual solemnity. "I am not much of a philosopher that I know of, nor, except in service hours, particularly given to religion, but I remember, when the roar and tumult of the fierce hurricane broke upon the calm and silence of the night, and a storm of hell-fire seemed to burst from and encircle the devoted city, wondering what the stars, which were shining brightly overhead, thought of the strife and dim they looked so calmly down upon. It was gallantly done, however," the veteran added, in a brisker tone, "and read well in the Gazette; and that perhaps is the chief thing."

"But what," I asked, "has all this to do with the charming Coralie and your love-adventure?"

"Every thing to do with it, as you will immediately find. I remained in Badajoz a considerable time after the departure of the army, and was a more frequent visitor than ever at the house of the excellent dame who had so opportunely aided my escape. She was a kind-hearted soul with all her vindictiveness; and now that the French were no longer riding rough-shod over the city, spoke of those who were lurking about in concealment—of whom there were believed to be not a

few, with sorrow and compassion. At length the wound I had received at Lieutenant Victor's hands was thoroughly healed, and I was thinking of departure, when the Andalusian dame introduced me in her taciturn, expressive way to a charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband, a Spaniard, had been slain during the assault or sack of the city. The intimacy thus begun soon kindled on my part, into an intense admiration. Coralie was gentle, artless, confiding as she was beautiful, and moreover—as Jeannette, her sprightly, black-eyed maid informed me in confidence—extremely rich. Here, gentlemen, was a combination of charms to which only a heart of stone could remain insensible, and mine at the time was not only young, but particularly sensitive and tender, owing in some degree, I daresay, to the low diet to which I had been so long confined; for nothing, in my opinion, takes the sense and pluck out of a man so quickly as that. At all events I soon surrendered at discretion, and was coyly accepted by the blushing lady. 'There was only one obstacle,' she timidly observed, 'to our happiness. The relatives of her late husband, by law her guardians, were prejudiced, mercenary wretches, anxious to marry her to an old hunks of a Spaniard, so that the property of her late husband, chiefly consisting of precious stones—he had been a lapidary—might not pass into the hands of foreigners.' I can scarcely believe it now," added Mr. Smith, with great heat; "but if I didn't swallow all this stuff like sack and sugar, I'm a Dutchman! The thought of it, old as I am, sets my very blood on fire.

"At length," continued Mr. Marmaduke Smith, as soon as he had partially recovered his equanimity—"at length it was agreed, after all sorts of schemes had been canvassed and rejected, that the fair widow should be smuggled out of Badajoz as luggage in a large chest, which Jeannette and the Andalusian landlady—I forget that woman's name—undertook to have properly prepared. The marriage ceremony was to be performed by a priest at a village about twelve English miles off, with whom Coralie undertook to communicate. 'I trust,' said that lady, 'to the honor of a British officer'—I had not then received my commission, but no matter—'that he, that you, Captain Smith, will respect the sanctity of my concealment till we arrive in the presence of the reverend gentleman who,' she added, with a smile like a sunset, 'will, I trust, unite our destinies forever.' She placed, as she spoke, her charming little hand in mine, and I, you will hardly credit it, tumbled down on my knees, and vowed to religiously respect the dear angel's slightest wish! Mr. Tape, for mercy's sake, pass the wine, or the bare recollection will choke me!"

I must now, for the reasons previously stated, Continue the narrative in my own words Every [Pg 780]
thing was speedily arranged for flight. Mr. Smith found no difficulty in procuring from the Spanish commandant an order which would enable him to pass his luggage through the barrier unsearched; Jeannette was punctual at the rendezvous, and pointed exultingly to a large chest, which she whispered contained the trembling Coralie. The chinks were sufficiently wide to admit of the requisite quantity of air; it locked inside, and when a kind of sail-cloth was thrown loosely over it, there was nothing very unusual in its appearance. Tenderly, tremulously did the rejoicing lover assist the precious load into the hired bullock-cart, and off they started, Mr. Smith and Jeannette walking by the side of the richly-freighted vehicle.

Mr. Smith trod on air, but the cart, which had to be dragged over some of the worst roads in the world, mocked his impatience by its marvelously slow progress, and when they halted at noon to give the oxen water, they were still three good miles from their destination.

"Do you think?" said Mr. Smith, in a whisper to Jeannette, holding up a full pint flask, which he had just drawn from his pocket, and pointing toward the chest, "do you think?—Brandy and water —eh?"

Jeannette nodded, and the gallant Smith gently approached, tapped at the lid, and in a soft low whisper proffered the cordial. The lid was, with the slightest possible delay, just sufficiently raised to admit the flask, and instantly reclosed and locked. In about ten minutes the flask was returned as silently as it had been received. The enamored soldier raised it to his lips, made a profound inclination toward his concealed fiancée, and said, gently, "A votre santé, charmante Coralie!" The benignant and joyous expression of Mr. Smith's face, as he vainly elevated the angle of the flask in expectation of the anticipated draught, assumed an exceedingly puzzled and bewildered expression. He peered into the opaque tin vessel; pushed his little finger into its neck to remove the loose cork or other substance that impeded the genial flow; then shook it, and listened curiously for a splash or gurgle. Not a sound! Coralie had drained it to the last drop! Mr. Smith looked with comical earnestness at Jeannette, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Madame is thirsty," she said, as soon as she could catch sufficient breath: "it must be so hot in there."

"A full pint!" said the captain, still in blank astonishment, "and strong—very!"

The approach of the carter interrupted what he further might have had to say, and in a few minutes the journey was resumed. The captain fell into a reverie which was not broken till the cart again stopped. The chest was then glided gently to the ground: the driver, who had been previously paid, turned the heads of his team toward Badajoz, and with a brief salutation departed homeward.

Jeanette was stooping over the chest, conversing in a low tone with her mistress, and Captain Smith surveyed the position in which he found himself with some astonishment. No house, much less a church or village was visible, and not a human being was to be seen.

"Captain Smith," said Jeannette, approaching the puzzled warrior with some hesitation, "a slight

contretemps has occurred. The friends who were to have met us here, and helped to convey our precious charge to a place of safety, are not, as you perceive, arrived: perhaps they do not think it prudent to venture quite so far."

"It is quite apparent they are not here," observed Mr. Smith; "but why not have proceeded in the cart?"

"What, captain! Betray your and madame's secret to yonder Spanish boor. How you talk!"

"Well, but my good girl, what *is* to be done? Will madame get out and walk?"

"Impossible—impossible!" ejaculated the amiable damsel. "We should be both recognized, dragged back to that hateful Badajoz, and madame would be shut up in a convent for life. It is but about a quarter of a mile," added Jeannette, in an insinuating, caressing tone, "and madame is not so *very* heavy."

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, taken completely aback by this extraordinary proposal. "You can't mean that I should take that infer—that chest upon my shoulders!"

"Mon Dieu! what else *can* be done?" replied Jeannette, with pathetic earnestness: "unless you are determined to sacrifice my dear mistress—she whom you pretended to so love—you hard-hearted, faithless man!"

Partially moved by the damsel's tearful vehemence, Mr. Smith reluctantly approached, and gently lifted one end of the chest, as an experiment.

"There are a great many valuables there besides madame," said Jeannette, in reply to the captain's look, "and silver coin is, you know, very heavy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the perplexed lover. "It is deucedly unfortunate—still—Don't you think," he added earnestly, after again essaying the weight of the precious burden, "that if madame were to wrap herself well up in this sail-cloth, we might reach your friend the priest's house without detection?"

"Oh, no—no—no!" rejoined the girl. "Mon Dieu! how can you think of exposing madame to such hazard?"

"How far do you say it is?" asked Captain Smith, after a rather sullen pause.

"Only just over the fields yonder—half-a-mile perhaps."

Mr. Smith still hesitated, but finally the tears and entreaties of the attendant, his regard for the lady and her fortune, the necessity of the position, in short, determined him to undertake the task. A belt was passed tightly round the chest, by means of which he could keep it on his back; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the charming load was fairly hoisted, and on the captain manfully staggered, Jeannette bringing up the rear. [Pg 781]

Valiantly did Mr. Smith, though perspiring in every pore of his body, and dry as a cartouch-box—for madame had emptied the only flask he had—toil on under a burden which seemed to grind his shoulder-blades to powder. He declares he must have lost a stone of flesh at least before, after numerous restings, he arrived, at the end of about an hour, at the door of a small house, which Jeannette announced to be the private residence of the priest. The door was quickly opened by a smart lad, who seemed to have been expecting them; the chest was deposited on the floor, and Jeannette instantly vanished. The lad, with considerate intelligence, handed Mr. Smith a draught of wine. It was scarcely swallowed when the key turned in the lock, the eager lover, greatly revived by the wine, sprang forward with extended arms, and received in his enthusiastic embrace—whom do you think?

"Coralie, half-stifled for want of air, and nearly dead with fright," suggested Mr. Tape.

"That rascally Sous-lieutenant Victor! half-drunk with brandy-and-water," roared Captain Smith, who had by this time worked himself into a state of great excitement. "At the same moment in ran Jeannette, and, I could hardly believe my eyes, that Jezebel Coralie, followed by half-a-dozen French voltigeurs, screaming with laughter! I saw I was done," continued Mr. Smith, "but not for the moment precisely how, and but for his comrades, I should have settled old and new scores with Master Victor very quickly. As it was, they had some difficulty in getting him out of my clutches, for I was, as you may suppose, awfully savage. An hour or so afterward, when philosophy, a pipe, and some very capital wine—they were not bad fellows those voltigeurs—had exercised their soothing influence, I was informed of the exact motives and particulars of the trick which had been played me. Coralie was Victor Dufour's wife. He had been wounded at the assault of Badajoz, and successfully concealed in that Andalusian woman's house; and as the best, perhaps only mode of saving him from a Spanish prison, or worse, the scheme of which I had been the victim, was concocted. Had not Dufour wounded me, they would, I was assured, have thrown themselves upon my honor and generosity—which honor and generosity, by-the-by, would never have got Coralie's husband upon my back, I'll be sworn!"

"You will forgive us, mon cher capitaine?" said that lady, with one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed me a cup of wine. "In love and war, you know, every thing is fair."

"A soldier, gentlemen, is not made of adamant. I was, I confess, softened; and by the time the party broke up, we were all the best friends in the world."

"And so that fat, jolly looking Madame Dufour we saw in Paris, is the beautiful Coralie that bewitched Captain Smith?" said Mr. Tape thoughtfully—"Well!"

"She was younger forty years ago, Mr. Tape, than when you saw her. Beautiful Coralies are rare, I fancy, at her present age, and very fortunately, too, in my opinion," continued Captain Smith; "for what, I should like to know, would become of the peace and comfort of society, if a woman of sixty could bewitch a man as easily as she does at sixteen?"

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# THE CHAMPION.

## A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

The clang of arms and the inspiriting sounds of martial music resounded through the court-yard of the palace of Navarre. The chivalry of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in an agony of tears.

"Be comforted, my beloved," he said to her; "I shall return to you with added laurels to my kingly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking."

"Alas! it is not so with me," said Nuna, sadly. "A presentiment of approaching evil weighs heavily on my heart."

"You shudder at the thought if our separation, Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well-nigh twenty years."

"You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which has made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?"

"In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so: and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me, and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you farewell, or my nobles will wax impatient. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sésé, who will attend to your behests. One word more. I intrust to your safe keeping my beautiful steed, Ilderim. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moor. See that he is carefully tended in my absence, I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes. And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me, and supplicate Heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms." [Pg 782]

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife; and mounting his war charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court-yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the court-yard of the palace at Navarre.

"Pedro Sésé, Pedro Sésé!" he cried; "my noble Arab El Toro lies dead in a cleft of the rocks: I have returned to seek another steed for the chase: such a boar hunt has not been among the forests of Navarre since the Pyrenees echoed to the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ilderim, Pedro, my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt of to-day!"

"Don Garcia," replied the master of the horse, "black Ilderim is only for the king's mounting: I dare not saddle him for any other."

"But the Infante commands it—the king that is to be."

"Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia: it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon."

"What! darest thou compare me with the base-born Ramiro? Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen."

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and his petition: "Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me dishonored by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre? who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and order the false Pedro Sésé that he give me forth black Ilderim."

"Pedro Sésé has faithfully discharged his duty to my lord the king, who enjoined on him and on

me the safe keeping of his favorite horse," said Dona Nuna. "The royal stables are open; take, my son, any other steed, but leave black Ilderim till thy father's return."

"Nay, by Heaven and by the saints, I will have Ilderim to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!"

The headstrong youth returned to the court-yard, and again demanded the steed: again the master of the horse refused. Don Garcia, pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the hunt, he urged his horse into the *despoblado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first, she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate dispatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect: she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sésé; and, protected by a small escort under his command, bade adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey toward the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarra, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching: the united banner of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increased speed. They moved briskly forward; and the advancing knights who formed the king's body-guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

"On the peril of your allegiance!" he shouted, rather than spoke, "seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched that I am—to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance. See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sésé remain your prisoners."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her life-long dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the veriest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt? Unhappy wife; still more unhappy mother! In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Najarra she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery. Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had seen herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her husband, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses, when he met her so unexpectedly traveling under the escort of Pedro Sésé.

But short space was left to Nuna for these agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the [Pg 783] punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loop-hole for escape—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should adventure his life in her defense. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days—would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived, and had well-nigh passed. Garcia, unopposed, bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ilderim, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The discrowned queen, in conformity with custom, was placed within sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one, and no champion stood forth in defense of her purity and truth? She was about to resign herself hopelessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approaching at a rapid pace; and a knight, in complete armor, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in behalf of the falsely-accused, but stainless and guiltless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device nor emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet or on his

shield! but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds, the preliminary arrangements were complete; and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

"She is innocent! She is innocent!" shouted the multitude.

"God be praised! though I have lost a son," was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

"I am prepared, in defense of the much-injured lady, to do combat to the death," said the stranger knight. "Base and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so lightly."

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of Heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword—urged him to confess his villainy. On the other hand, apprehension of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

"Remount, miscreant! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat," exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself between the opponents.

"In the name of Heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife," he exclaimed, addressing them; "brothers are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro—forbear. Garcia—the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make the only atonement in your power, by a full confession."

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators. "Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well-born! The step-son has proved the true son! Praise be to the Virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her!" And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured; nor could she withhold it, even for a moment, when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sésé, to intrust him with Sancho's favorite charger, black Ilderim.

Nuna turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

"Ramiro," she softly said, as she unclasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son, "child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not borne for thee a mother's pains; how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men; even at the risk of thy own young life."

"I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light," rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. "I remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy, innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and, struck by the resemblance I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and, for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and in which my affections expanded, and for the care you have bestowed on [Pg 784] my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions of a noble and generous heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, for such a friend no sacrifice can be too great."

Nuna turned to the king; and, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. "I have brought you kingdoms as my dower," she said, "but I have not, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being their ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shown himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which insure the happiness of a people when possessed by their rulers. Invest him then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon; receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Sésé; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted."

The king raised his hand in assent; and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—"Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!"

# THE FARM-LABORER.—THE SON.

## BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It has been told that Susan Banks found herself well placed, after the death of her insane aunt obliged her to look for a home and a maintenance. As I am not telling her story, I will pass over the account of the efforts she made to be a schoolmistress, and the instruction she had as a dressmaker. She was in poor health (reduced by hunger) and in debt £3 to her uncle, and nervous and anxious, when she heard that a lady from the North, then visiting in the neighborhood, wanted just such a maid as Susan thought she could become with a little teaching. She obtained the place, took pains to learn to wait at table, &c., and within a year had paid her debt to her uncle, and spared £2 besides to her family; and all this, though her box had had but few clothes in it when she went to her new home.

At the end of a year, her employer, Miss Foote, began to think of cultivating the small portion of land about the house which had hitherto been let off for grazing, and which was deteriorating in quality from the mismanagement of the tenant. Not approving of the methods of tillage in the neighborhood, and knowing that there were no spare hands there, Miss Foote wrote to a parish officer in Susan's and her own native county, to ask if a laborer of good character and sound qualifications could be sent to her by the parish, on her engaging to pay him twelve shillings a week for a year and a half, while her experiment of cultivation was under trial; and longer, if it should be found to answer. This was all she could undertake, as she could not afford to carry on the scheme at a loss. The answer was some time in coming. When it came, it told that pauper laborers could not be recommended; but a better sort of laborer might be sent, and his place in the parish would be filled, only too easily, by some of the young men from the workhouse. The proposal was to send the very best man of his class known to the parish officers. He and his wife had money enough in the savings' bank to pay their journey, and they were willing to make the venture. The man's name was Harry Banks. Miss Foote took the letter into the kitchen, and read it to Susan and her fellow-servant. When Susan heard the name, she started as if she had been shot, and screamed out, "Why, that's my brother!" Thus far, far away from home, she was to have a brother and his wife beside her, living in the pretty little cottage which was building behind the oak copse for the new laborer. Miss Foote inquired about the wife, but could learn little. Susan told nothing but that she was a respectable woman, but so old, and otherwise unsuitable, that it was a vexation to the family that Harry had made such a marriage. Harry never seemed to see a single fault in her; but his father and mother did not like Dinah at all.

When Miss Foote afterward came to know the whole, she thought this marriage the most terribly significant part of the whole family history of the Bankses. At thirty years of age Harry was a pattern of a farm-laborer; yet he had no prospect in life but of earning a precarious nine shillings a week, till he should be too old to earn so much. He worked for a rich, close-fisted Dissenting gentleman, who had always pious sayings on his lips and at the point of his pen, but never took off his eye for an instant from his money gains and savings. His wife was like him, and their servants grew like them—even the warm-hearted, impetuous Harry, and much more Dinah, their worn out maid-of-all-work. Dinah always said that the register of her birth was unfortunately lost, and she could not tell precisely how old she was; and she called herself "upwards o' forty." Most people supposed her about sixty when she married. She used to tell Harry that she was the prettiest girl in the city when she was young, and Harry did not ask how long ago that was, nor look too much at the little wizened face, not more marked by small-pox than by signs of over-exhausting toil. Whatever might be her age, she was worn out by excessive work. When Harry's father heard that she and Harry were going before the registrar to be married, he kindly and seriously asked Harry if he had considered what he was about; and Harry's reply was enough to make any heart ache.

"Yes, father, I have. I'm not so very much set on it; but I think it will be most comfortable. You see, there's no use in people like us thinking of having children. Children would only starve us [Pg 785] downright, and bring us to the Union. You see, none of us are married, nor likely to be, except me with Dinah. She's clean and tidy, you see, and she has some wages laid by, and so have I; and so nobody need find fault. And I shall be more comfortable like, with somebody to do for me at home; and—"

And he was going on to tell how Dinah would cook his dinner and mend his clothes, but his father could not bear to hear him, and finished off with saying that it was his own affair, and he wished them well.

It was within a year after their marriage that Harry was engaged, by Miss Foote. In great glee he made haste to prepare himself for his important new place in every way he could think of. He learned to trim a vine, not knowing that the place he was going to was too far north for vine-growing. He made interest with a butcher to learn how to kill a pig. He made a little collection of superior cabbage and turnip seeds, seed potatoes, &c., thus proving to Miss Foote at the outset that he had plenty of energy and quickness. She found, too, that he had courage. His employers, vexed to lose two servants whom they had trained to excessive economy, as well as hard work, did every thing that was possible, while there was any chance of success, to frighten them from moving northward. They told Dinah, with mournful countenances, that they should certainly die—that it was all the same as being transported—that it was cruelty in the parish officers to let them be tempted. Dinah repeated all this to Harry; and it staggered him at first; but he presently remembered that Susan wrote that her health had improved; and her letters had not only

contained post-office orders, but plain signs that she was very happy. Harry determined to proceed; and when he had once made up his mind, his employers showed themselves very kind—helping their preparations, and having them to dinner on the last day.

By their own account their journey must have been a curious affair. Their heads were so full of notions of thieves and sharpers, that they did every thing in the slyest way, and wrapped themselves in mystery, and pretended to despise their boxes, while in one continued agony about them. When met by a kind gentleman who was to see them through London, Dinah pretended not to be the right person, lest the gentleman should not be the right; so that it was lucky they did lose his help altogether. Miss Foote was disagreeably impressed by their account of their great slyness, and not less by the suspicious temper—natural, perhaps, to Dinah, but not at all so to Harry—in which they began their new mode of life. Dinah was no servant of hers; so she had nothing to do with Dinah's ways, but to check the jealousy and suspicion she showed of her young sister-in-law and the young cook. On occasion of leaving home for some weeks, the lady took the opportunity of intimating to the people at the cottage that there was a perfect understanding between the girls and herself, as perfect a confidence as there can be between mother and daughters; that their acquaintances came by her permission, and so forth. Harry promised to be attentive and sociable with his sister, and not to grow hot with the cook about how to feed the fowls and manage the churn. That was the time when Dinah left off peeping through the laurels to see who went to the back door, and looking mysterious and sympathetic when holding forth to Miss Foote about young people. Still it was long before she left off locking her door and hiding the key, if she turned her back for a minute, and taking every body she did not know for a thief. She was left to her own notions; but with Harry a serious remonstrance was necessary, more than once, within the first year of his new service. Miss Foote was as much annoyed as amused with his higgling ways, all in zeal for her interests. She feared that she should have the reputation in the neighborhood of being a perfect miser, so wonderful were Harry's stories of the bargains he attempted to drive. She told him she hoped he would never succeed in any one such bargain as the many he told her of; and she laid her positive commands upon him never, in her name, to beat down the seller of any article she sent him to buy. As she supposed, she found he had caught up the trick from example, and had not the knowledge whereby to remedy it. When she told him it was not the way of the place to cheat in making charges he shook his head, and very nearly put his tongue in his cheek; but when she explained to him how prices came to be, and how an article can not properly be bought for less than it took to make or grow it, he was convinced at once, and his higgling method was softened down into a mere excessive strictness and vigilance in buying and selling transactions. There never was any real meanness about the man. In a few months he sent his father ten shillings; in a few months more he sent him £1. A small anecdote will show better than this, that money is not naturally the first object with him. When his employer kills a pig he is allowed to take a quarter at wholesale price, and Dinah cures the ham so well that by selling it they get their bacon for next to nothing. One autumn, when two pigs were killed, there was such a scramble for them, and so many neighbors would be "hurt in their feelings" if they could not have a portion, that Miss Foote found herself left with two gammons, but no ham. Harry heard this in the kitchen. He kept silence till his ham was finely cured, and then, touching his hat as if asking a favor, he told his employer that she had done good things for him, and he had never been able to do any for her, and he should be much pleased if she would take the ham for what he gave for it. Though not agreeing to this exactly, Miss Foote found herself obliged to take the ham very cheap.

Another small incident showed the same gentlemanly spirit. At the time when his whole soul was [Pg 786] engrossed with the desire to make "the experiment" answer, he had a request to present, as often during a whole winter as he could edge it in. There was a certain long, ugly hedge, pernicious in every way, which divided the field from a neighbor's. The hedge belonged to the neighbor; and it appeared that he would be heartily glad to give it away to any body who would take it down and put up some fence which would cover less ground and harbor less vermin. Harry was so eager to be allowed to remove the hedge, that Miss Foote at last told him that she should never have dreamed of his undertaking such a job in addition to his regular work; but that he might please himself. She would put up a new fence if he chose to make way for it. He did it with no help but in felling some pollards. One afternoon, when wheeling up hill an enormous load of wood from the hedge, he heard himself laughed at from the next field. Now, no man winces more under a laugh than Harry; yet he bore it well this time. Some men called out mockingly that he was doing horse's work and man's work at once, and they would not do that to please any body. "No," said Harry, turning full round toward them, "nor, I neither. Miss Foote never asked me to do this. I do it to please myself."

No man, I have said, winces under a laugh more than Harry; and his only suffering worth mentioning, since he came to his new place, has been from this dislike of ridicule. When the cottage was ready, Miss Foote proposed a house-warming, and invited herself and her two maids there to tea. It was a particularly pleasant evening, with a fine fire, and plenty of light, and good tea and cake, and all the five in capital spirits. Harry was made to take the arm-chair by his own fireside; and when he began to crack his jokes it appeared that he had his own notions of the ridiculous. He quizzed his nearest neighbor, an old man, who had married a comparatively young woman, and whose children were forever playing about Miss Foote's gate. When Harry joked about that unequal match, Miss Foote could not laugh. She thought his own infinitely worse. And the poor fellow soon saw that others were quizzing him, much more severely than he had quizzed the old man. He looks grave about Dinah now, and has left off talking of his own prudence in making such a marriage. He has also told his sister that when Dinah dies he shall not marry again. It is very painful; and yet Dinah is improved beyond all that could have been anticipated.

She has put off her false front, and lets her grizzled hair appear. She no longer scans Miss Foote's face to make out what it would be most acceptable that she should say, but rattles away about her affairs with a sort of youthful glee. She no longer speaks in a whining tone, but lets her voice take its own way. One day she leaned on her rake (when she was trimming her own flower-bed), and told Miss Foote, without any canting whatever, that she had quite changed her mind about the maids since she came. She was looking too far then, and so did not see what they were; but she found in time that there was no slyness or pretense, but that they were really good faithful girls, working for their employer's good, and with no plots of their own. Old as Dinah seemed to be, there appears to be a chance of her growing ingenuous and agreeable before she dies. The gentry who come to the house observe that they never saw two people so altered as Harry and Dinah; that they seem to have got new faces, a new gait—a new mind.

Harry had other ridicule to wince about. The neighbors laughed at him and his employer about their whole plan; they had never heard of keeping cows on less than three acres per cow, or, at least, five acres for two; they had never seen such deep digging; they had never known any body take the trouble to remove stones, or do any thing but bury them out of sight; they had never seen a currycomb used to a cow; they had never known a hardworking man so poor-spirited as to be a water-drinker. The milk must cost Miss Foote 6*d.* a quart; the cow would die; Harry would wear himself out; and so forth. One day, the first winter, the cow was very ill. Between the fear of the experiment being given up, and love for the creature, and dread of the neighbors, Harry was wretched. The tears streamed down his face as he waited on the sick beast. She got well, however; and now Harry meets ridicule with a bolder face. A temperance society having been set up in the place, he has joined it, though far above all temptation to drink. He finds it a convenience, when pressed to drink, to cut the matter short by saying that he is a pledged member—and a curious temperance preacher he is. When told lately that his cows would rot under his method of treatment, his answer was: "No, it isn't they that will rot. I'll tell you who 'tis that will rot; 'tis them that put filthy spirits into their stomachs to turn their brains, that will rot, and not my cows, that drink sweet water."

There is a grave side to Harry's lot now, happy as he is. He looks serious and hurt at times, though his health has much strengthened, his earnings are sure, his wages are raised, his Sunday dress is like that of a gentleman, there is meat on his table daily, and he has had the comfort of assisting his parents. Notwithstanding all this, a cloud comes over his face at times. As his sister says, "he feels the *injury* of his want of education." His mind is opening very rapidly. At any spare quarter of an hour he lectures Miss Foote on industry, temperance, duty to parents, and other good topics. The moral discoveries he has made are wonderful to him. He has attended church all his life; but truths come with new force into his mind when they enter through the spirit of hope and the medium of success. He says "it was wonderful the ideas that come into a man's mind when he sets himself a-thinking over his work, and there is no care to take up his thoughts." Hence the brightened countenance which the neighbors remark on: but hence, too, the bitter regret at his wasted years of school life—at "the *injury* of his want of education." What might he not hope to be and do now, Susan says, if he had but the knowledge that every man may be said to have the right to be possessed of? Yet, the good fellow has raised his family to a point of comfort. A gentleman who heard of his merits, as a first-rate laborer, wrote to the same parish officers, to inquire if there were any brothers. There was Tom; and Tom is now in a happy situation, highly esteemed by his employer, and earning 14*s.* a week. The employer, finding that Tom sadly missed intercourse with his family, and knowing that he could neither read nor write letters, sent for the sister, Lizzy, to be under-nursemaid in the family. In another way Harry has done a deeper and wider good. Miss Foote's friends tell her that his example is beginning to *tell* in the neighborhood; his example, not only of strenuous and skillful labor, but by integrity, temperance, and disinterested attachment to his employer. [Pg 787]

All this is well—very pleasant to contemplate—but a disturbing question arises in the midst of it: What can society say to these excellent young men in excuse for their deprivation of family life? And again, what is at best their prospect for old age?

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**(From Bentley's Miscellany.)**

# A CHAPTER ON WOLVES.

## BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I beard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunter's fire;
Where'er we flew, they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun.
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood
At daybreak winding through the wood,

And through the night had heard their feet,
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!
*Mazeppa.*

A peculiar interest attaches to the wolf, from the close analogy which in all its essential features it presents to the faithful companion of man. So close indeed is the analogy, that some of the ablest zoologists, the celebrated John Hunter included, have entertained the opinion that dogs, in all their varieties, and wolves, have descended from a common stock. With the exception of an obliquity in the position of the eyes, there is no appreciable anatomical difference between these animals. The question is one of difficulty; but we believe we are correct in stating that the majority of the highest authorities agree in the belief that these animals are not derived from a common parent, but were originally distinct, and will ever so continue. There are several species of wild dogs known, quite distinct from the wolf; and although the opportunities have been numerous for dogs resuming their pristine form, by long continuance in a savage state, no instance has ever occurred of their becoming wolves, however much they might degenerate from the domestic breed. The honest and intelligent shepherd-dog was regarded by Buffon as the "*fons et origo*," from which all other dogs, great and small, have sprung; and he drew up a kind of genealogical table, showing how climate, food, education, and intermixture of breeds gave rise to the varieties. At Katmandoo there are many plants found in a wild state, which man has carried with him in his migrations, and wild animals, which may present the typical forms whence some of our domestic races have been derived; among these is a wild dog, which Mr. Hodgson considers to be the primitive species of the whole canine race. By Professor Kretchner, the jackal was regarded as the type of the dogs of ancient Egypt, an idea supported by the representations on the walls of the temples. This question, however, of the origin of the canine race, is so thoroughly obscured by the mists of countless ages, as to be incapable of direct proof. Philosophers may indulge themselves with speculations; but in the absence of that keystone, proof, the matter must rest on the basis of theory alone.

The following are some of the chief differences between wolves, wild dogs, and domestic dogs. The ears of the wild animals are always pricked, the lop or drooping ear being essentially a mark of civilization; with very rare exceptions, their tails hang more or less and are bushy, the honest cock of the tail so characteristic of a respectable dog, being wanting. This is certainly the rule; but, curious enough, the Zoological Gardens contain at the present moment, a Portuguese female wolf which carries her tail as erect and with as bold an air as any dog. Wolves and wild dogs growl, howl, yelp, and cry most discordantly, but with one exception, do not bark; that exception being the wild hunting-dog of South Africa, which, according to Mr. Cumming, has three distinct cries; one is peculiarly soft and melodious, but distinguishable at a great distance: this is analogous to the trumpet-call, "halt and rally," of cavalry, serving to collect the scattered pack when broken in hot chase. A second cry, which has been compared to the chattering of monkeys, is emitted at night when the dogs are excited; and the third note is described as a sharp, angry bark, usually uttered when they behold an object they can not make out, but which differs from the true, well-known bark of the domestic dog.

The common or European wolf is found from Egypt to Lapland, and is most probably the variety that formerly haunted these islands. The wolves of Russia are large and fierce, and have a peculiarly savage aspect. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian in form, but are lighter in color, and in winter, totally white. Those of France are browner and smaller than either of these, and the Alpine wolves are smaller still. Wolves are very numerous in the northern regions of America; "their foot-marks," says Sir John Richardson, "may be seen by the side of every stream, and a traveler can rarely pass the night in these wilds without hearing them howling around him."[1] These wolves burrow, and bring forth their young in earths with several outlets, like those of a fox. Sir John saw none with the gaunt appearance, the long jaw and tapering nose, long legs and slender feet, of the Pyrenean wolves. [Pg 788]

India, too, is infested with wolves, which are smaller than the European. There is a remarkably fine animal at the Zoological Gardens, born of a European father and Indian mother, which, in size and other respects, so closely partakes of the characteristics of his sire, that he might well pass for pure blood.

Among the ancients, wolves gave rise to many superstitious fictions. For instance, it was said that they possessed "an evil eye," and that, if they looked on a man before he saw them, he would forthwith lose his voice. Again, we find the Roman witches, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, employing the wolf in their incantations:

"Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris."

HOR. *Sat.* viii. lib. i.

There was a myth prevalent among the ancients, that in Arcadia there lived a certain family of the Antæi, of which one was ever obliged to be transformed into a wolf. The members of the family cast lots, and all accompanied the luckless wight on whom the lot fell, to a pool of water.

This he swam over, and having entered into the wilderness on the other side, was forthwith in form, a wolf, and for nine years kept company with wolves: at the expiration of that period he again swam across the pool, and was restored to his natural shape, only that the addition of nine years was placed upon his features. It was also imagined that the tail of the wolf contained a hair, which acted as a love philtre and excited the tender passion. The myth of Romulus and Remus having been suckled by a wolf, arose from the simple circumstance of their nurse having been named Lupa—an explanation which sadly does away with the garland of romance that so long surrounded the story of the founders of Rome. The figure of the wolf at one time formed a standard for the Roman legions, as saith Pliny, "Caius Marius, in his second consulship, ordained that the legions of Roman soldiers only should have the egle for their standard, and no other signe, for before time the egle marched foremost indeed, but in a ranke of foure others, to wit, wolves, minotaures, horses, and bores."[2]

The dried snout of a wolf held, in the estimation of the ancients, the same rank that a horseshoe does now with the credulous. It was nailed upon the gates of country farms, as a counter-charm against the evil eye, and was supposed to be a powerful antidote to incantations and witchcraft. New-married ladies were wont, upon their wedding-day, to anoint the side-posts of their husbands' houses with wolves' grease, to defeat all demoniac arts. These animals bore, however, but a bad character when alive; for, exclusive of their depredations, it was imagined that if horses chanced to tread in the foot-tracks of wolves, their feet were immediately benumbed; but Pliny also says, "Verily, the great master teeth and grinders of a wolf being hanged about an horse necke, cause him that he shall never tire and be weary, be he put to never so much running in any race whatsoever." When a territory was much infested with wolves, the following ceremony was performed with much solemnity and deep subsequent carousal: A wolf would be caught alive, and his legs carefully broken. He was then dragged around the confines of the farm, being bled with a knife from time to time, so that the blood might sprinkle the ground. Being generally dead when the journey had been completed, he was buried in the very spot whence he had started on his painful race.

There was scarcely a filthy thing upon the earth, or under the earth, which the ancients did not in some way use medicinally; and we find Paulus Ægineta recommends the dry and pounded liver of a wolf, steeped in sweet wine, as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, &c.

Our English word *wolf* is derived from the Saxon *wulf* and from the same root, the German *wolf*, the Swedish *ulf*, and Danish *ulv* are probably derived. Wolves were at one time a great scourge to this country, the dense forests which formerly covered the land favoring their safety and their increase. Edgar applied himself seriously to rid his subjects of this pest, by commuting the punishment of certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales by commuting a tax of gold and silver imposed on the Princes of Cambria by Ethelstan, into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads, which Jenaf, Prince of North Wales, paid so punctually, that by the fourth year the breed was extinct. Not so, however, in England, for like ill weeds, they increased and multiplied here, rendering necessary the appointment, in the reign of the first Edward, of a *wolf-hunter* general, in the person of one Peter Corbet; and his majesty thought it not beneath his dignity to issue a mandamus, bearing date May 14th, 1281, to all bailiffs, &c., to aid and assist the said Peter in the destruction of wolves in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, and Stafford; and Camden informs us that in Derby, lands were held at Wormhill by the duty of hunting and taking the wolves that [Pg 789] infested that county. In the reign of Athelstan, these pests had so abounded in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton in that county, "to defend passengers from the wolves that they should not be devoured by them." Our Saxon ancestors also called January, when wolves pair, *wolf-moneth*; and an outlaw was termed *wolfshed*, being out of the protection of the law, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast.

A curious notice of the existence of wolves and foxes in Scotland is afforded in Bellenden's translation of Boetius.[3] "The wolffis are right noisome to tame beastial in all parts of Scotland, except one part thereof, named Glenmorris, in which the tame beastial gets little damage of wild beastial, especially of tods (foxes); for each house nurses a young tod certain days, and mengis (mixes) the flesh thereof, after it be slain, with such meat as they give to their fowls or other small beasts, and so many as eat of this meat are preserved two months after from any damage of tods; for tods will eat no flesh that gusts of their own kind." The last wolf killed in Scotland is said to have fallen by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron, about 1680; and singular to say, the skin of this venerable quadruped may yet be in existence: in a catalogue of Mr. Donnovan's sale of the London Museum, in April, 1818, there occurs the following item, "Lot 832. Wolf, a noble animal in a large glass case. The last wolf killed in Scotland, by Sir E. Cameron." It would be interesting to know what became of this lot.

The pairing time is January, when after many battles with rivals, the strongest males attach themselves to the females. The female wolf prepares a warm nest for her young, of soft moss and her own hair, carefully blended together. The cubs are watched by the parents with tender solicitude, are gradually accustomed to flesh, and when sufficiently strong their education begins, and they are taken to join in the chase; not the least curious part is the discipline by which they are inured to suffering and taught to bear pain without complaint; their parents are said to bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, punishing them if they utter a cry, until they have learned to be mute. To this quality Macaulay alludes when speaking of a wolf in his "Prophecy of Capys:"

"When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds."

It is curious to observe the cunning acquired by wolves in well inhabited districts, where they are eagerly sought for destruction; they then never quit cover to windward: they trot along just within the edges of the wood until they meet the wind from the open country, and are assured by their keen scent that no danger awaits them in that quarter—then they advance, keeping under cover of hedgerows as much as possible, moving in single file and treading in each other's track; narrow roads they bound across, without leaving a footprint. When a wolf contemplates a visit to a farmyard, he first carefully reconnoitres the ground, listening, snuffing up the air, and smelling the earth; he then springs over the threshold without touching it and seizes on his prey. In retreat his head is low, turned obliquely, with one ear forward the other back, and the eyes glaring. He trots crouching, his brush obliterating the track of his feet till at some distance from the scene of his depredation, then feeling himself secure, he waves his tail erect in triumph, and boldly pushes on to cover.

In northern India, wolves together with jackals and pariah dogs, prowl about the dwellings of Europeans. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates a curious accident which befell a servant who was sleeping in a verandah with his head near the outer lattice: a wolf thrust his jaws between the bamboo, seized the man by the head, and endeavored to drag him through; the man's shrieks awakened the whole neighborhood, and assistance came, but though the wolf was struck at by many, he escaped. Wolves have even been known to attack sentries when single, as in the last campaign of the French armies in the vicinity of Vienna, when several of the videttes were carried off by them. During the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, wolves of the Siberian race followed the troops to the borders of the Rhine; specimens of these wolves shot in the vicinity, and easily distinguishable from the native breed, are still preserved in the museums of Neuwied, Frankfort, and Cassel.

Captain Lyon[4] relates the following singular instance of the cunning of a wolf which had been caught in a trap, and, being to all appearance dead, was dragged on board ship: "The eyes, however, were observed to wink whenever an object was placed near them, some precautions were, therefore, considered necessary, and the legs being tied the animal was hoisted up with his head downward. He then, to our surprise, made a vigorous spring at those near him, and afterward repeatedly turned himself upward so as to reach the rope by which he was suspended, endeavoring to gnaw it asunder, and making angry snaps at the persons who prevented him. Several heavy blows were struck on the back of his neck, and a bayonet was thrust through him, yet above a quarter of an hour elapsed before he died."

Hearne, in his journey to the Northern Ocean, says, that the wolves always burrow under ground at the breeding season, and though it is natural to suppose them very fierce at those times, yet he has frequently seen the Indians go to their dens, take out the cubs and play with them. These they never hurt, and always scrupulously put them in the den again, although they occasionally painted their faces with vermilion and red ochre, in strange and grotesque patterns. [Pg 790]

This statement is supported by incidents which have occurred in this metropolis; there was a bitch wolf in the Tower Menagerie, which, though excessively fond of her cubs, suffered the keepers to handle them, and even remove them from the den, without evincing the slightest symptom either of anger or alarm; and a still more remarkable instance is related from observation, by Mr. Bell: "There was a wolf at the Zoological Gardens (says that able naturalist) which would always come to the front bars of the den as soon as I or any other person whom she knew, approached; she had pups, too, and so eager, in fact, was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled."

During the last year, 8807 wolves' skins were imported by the Hudson's Bay Company from their settlements; of which 8784 came from the York Fort and Mackenzie River stations; we recently had the opportunity of examining the stock, and found it principally composed of white wolves' skins from the Churchill River, with black and gray skins of every shade. The most valuable are from animals killed in the depth of winter, and of these, the white skins, which are beautifully soft and fine, are worth about thirty shillings apiece, and are exported to Hungary, where they are in great favor with the nobles as trimming for pelisses and hussar jackets; the gray wolves' skins are worth from three shillings and sixpence upward, and are principally exported to America and the North of Europe, to be used as cloak-linings.

Colonel H. Smith mentions a curious instance of the treacherous ferocity of the wolf. A butcher at New York had brought up, and believed he had tamed, a wolf, which he kept for above two years chained up in the slaughterhouse, where it lived in a complete superabundance of blood and offal. One night, having occasion for some implement which he believed was accessible in the dark, he went into this little Smithfield without thinking of the wolf. He was clad in a thick frieze coat, and while stooping to grope for what he wanted, he heard the chain rattle, and in a moment was struck down by the animal springing upon him. Fortunately, a favorite cattle-dog had accompanied his master, and rushed forward to defend him: the wolf had hold of the man's collar, and being obliged to turn in his own defense, the butcher had time to draw a large knife, with which he ripped his assailant open. The same able writer relates an incident which occurred to an English gentleman, holding a high public situation in the peninsula, during a wolf-hunt in

the mountains, near Madrid. The sportsmen were placed in ambush, and the country-people drove the game toward them; presently an animal came bounding upward toward this gentleman, so large that he took it, while driving through the high grass and bushes, for a donkey; it was a wolf, however, whose glaring eyes meant mischief, but, scared by the click of the rifle, he turned and made his escape, though a bullet whistled after him; at the close of the hunt seven were found slain, and so large were they that this gentleman, though of uncommon strength, could not lift one entirely from the ground.

The wolf of America is at times remarkable for cowardice, though bold enough when pressed by hunger, or with other wolves. Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that this animal, when trapped, is silent, subdued, and unresisting. He was present when a fine young wolf, about fifteen months old, was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The animal offered no resistance, but, crouching down in the supplicating manner of a dog, suffered himself to be knocked on the head. An old hunter told Mr. Taylor that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap, and compelled it by a few blows to lie down by his side, while he reset his trap.

The Esquimaux wolf-trap is made of strong slabs of ice, long and so narrow, that a fox can with difficulty turn himself in it, and a wolf must actually remain in the position in which he is taken. The door is a heavy portcullis of ice, sliding in two well-secured grooves of the same substance, and is kept up by a line which, passing over the top of the trap, is carried through a hole at the farthest extremity. To the end of the line is fastened a small hoop of whale-bone, and to this any kind of flesh bait is attached. From the slab which terminates the trap, a projection of ice, or a peg of bone or wood, points inward near the bottom, and under this the hoop is slightly hooked; the slightest pull at the bait liberates it, the door falls in an instant, and the wolf is speared where he lies.

Sir John Richardson states that, when near the Copper Mines River in North America, he had more than once an opportunity of seeing a single wolf in pursuit of a reindeer, and especially on Point Lake, when covered with ice, when a fine buck reindeer was overtaken by a large white wolf, and disabled by a bite in the flank. An Indian, who was concealed, ran in and cut the deer's throat with his knife, the wolf at once relinquishing his prey and sneaking off. In the chase the poor deer urged its flight by great bounds, which for a time exceeded the speed of the wolf; but it stopped so frequently to gaze on its relentless enemy, that the latter, toiling on at a long gallop (so admirably described by Byron), with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, gradually came up. After each hasty look, the deer redoubled its efforts to escape, but, either exhausted by fatigue or enervated by fear, it became, just before it was overtaken, scarcely able to keep its feet.

Captain Lyon gives some interesting illustrations of the habits of the wolves of Melville Peninsula, which were sadly destructive to his dogs. "A fine dog was lost in the afternoon. It had strayed to [Pg 791] the hummocks ahead, without its master; and Mr. Elder, who was near the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack, and devour it, in an incredibly short space of time: before he could reach the place, the carcass was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen among the hummocks, or lying quietly, at no great distance, in wait for the dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack a single unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them, without a stick in their hands. The animals, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious."[5] Another time, when pressed by hunger, the wolves broke into a snow-hut, in which were a couple of newly-purchased Esquimaux dogs, and carried the poor animals off, but not without some difficulty; for even the ceiling of the hut was next morning found sprinkled with blood and hair. When the alarm was given, and the wolves were fired at, one of them was observed carrying a dead dog in his mouth, clear of the ground, and going, with ease, at a canter, notwithstanding the animal was of his own weight. It was curious to observe the fear these dogs seemed, at times, to entertain of wolves.

During Sir John Richardson's residence at Cumberland-house, in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling round the fort, was wounded by a musket-ball, and driven off, but returned after dark, while the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog from among fifty others, that had not the courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. The same writer says, that he has frequently observed an Indian dog, after being worsted in combat with a black wolf, retreat into a corner, and howl, at intervals, for an hour together; these Indian dogs, also, howl piteously when apprehensive of punishment, and throw themselves into attitudes strongly resembling those of a wolf when caught in a trap.

Foxes are frequently taken in the pitfalls set for wolves, and seem to possess more cunning. An odd incident is related by Mr. Lloyd: A fox was lying at the bottom of a pitfall, apparently helpless, when a very stout peasant, having placed a ladder, began to descend with cautious and creaking steps to destroy the vermin. Reynard, however, thought he might benefit by the ladder, as well as his corpulent visitor, and, just as the latter reached the ground, jumped, first, on his stern, then, on his shoulder, skipped out of the pit, and was off in a moment, leaving the man staring and swearing at his impudent escape!

Captain Lyon mentions an instance of the sagacity of the fox: he had caught and tamed one of these animals, which he kept on deck, in a small hutch, with a scope of chain. Finding himself repeatedly drawn out of his hutch by this, the sagacious little fellow, whenever he retreated within his castle, took the chain in his mouth, and drew it so completely in after him, that no one, who valued his fingers, would endeavor to take hold of the end attached to the staple.

Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious contest that took place in the vicinity of Uddeholm. A peasant had just got into bed, when his ears were assailed by a tremendous uproar in his cattle-shed. On hearing this noise, he jumped up, and, though almost in a state of nudity, rushed into the building to see what was the matter: here he found an immense wolf, which he gallantly seized by the ears, and called out most lustily for assistance. His wife—the gallant Trulla—came to his aid, armed with a hatchet, with which she severely wounded the wolf's head; but it was not until she had driven the handle of the hatchet down the animal's throat, that she succeeded in dispatching him. During the conflict, the man's hands and wrists were bitten through and through; and, when seen by Mr. Lloyd, the wounds were not healed.

Like dogs, wolves are capable of strong attachment; but such instances are comparatively rare: the most striking, perhaps, was that recorded by M. Frederick Cuvier, as having come under his notice at the Ménagerie du Roi at Paris. The wolf in question was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with persons he was in the habit of seeing, and, in particular, followed his master every where, evincing chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing, in any respect, from that of the most thoroughly-domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the menagerie, where he was confined in a den. Here he became disconsolate, pined, and would scarcely take food; at length, he was reconciled to his new situation, recovered his health, became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten "auld lang syne," when, after the lapse of eighteen months, his old master returned. At the first sound of his voice—that well-known, much-loved voice—the wolf, which had not perceived him in a crowd of persons, exhibited the most lively joy, and, being set at liberty, lavished upon him the most affectionate caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done. With some difficulty, he was enticed to his den. But a second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow to the former; which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed away, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again appeared—and again the long-lost, but well-remembered voice, was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was at liberty. Rushing to his master, he placed his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of the most lively joy, and menacing the keepers who offered to remove [Pg 792] him. A third separation, however, took place, but it was too much for the poor creature's temper: he became gloomy, refused his food, and, for some time, it was feared he would die. Time, however, which blunts the grief of wolves, as well as of men, brought comfort to his wounded heart, and his health gradually returned; but, looking upon mankind as false deceivers, he no longer permitted the caresses of any but his keepers, manifesting to all strangers the savageness and moroseness of his species.

Another instance of the attachment of wolves is mentioned by Mr. Lloyd, in his work on the Sports of the North. Mr. Greiff, who had studied the habits of wild animals, for which his position, as *ofüerjäg mästare*, afforded peculiar facilities, says: "I reared up two young wolves until they were full-grown: they were male and female. The latter became so tame, that she played with me, and licked my hands, and I had her often with me in the sledge, in winter. Once, when I was absent, she got loose from the chain, and was away three days. When I returned home, I went out on a hill, and called, 'where's my Tussa?' as she was named, when she immediately came home, and fondled with me, like the most friendly dog."

Between the dog and the wolf there is a natural enmity, and those animals seldom encounter each other on at all equal terms without a combat taking place. Should the wolf prove victorious, he devours his adversary, but if the contrary be the case, the dog leaves untouched the carcass of his antagonist.

The wolf feeds on the rat, hare, fox, badger, roebuck, stag, reindeer and elk; likewise upon blackcock and capercali. He is possessed of great strength, especially in the muscles of the neck and jaws, is said always to seize his prey by the throat, and when it happens to be a large animal, as the elk, he is often dragged for a considerable distance.

After a deep fall of snow the wolf is unusually ferocious; if he besmears himself with the blood of a victim, or is so wounded that blood flows, it is positively asserted that his companions will instantly kill and devour him.

In the year 1799 a peasant at Frederickshall in Norway was looking out of his cottage window, when he espied a large wolf enter his premises and seize one of his goats. At this time he had a child of eighteen months old in his arms; he incautiously laid her down in a small porch fronting the house, and, catching hold of a stick, the nearest weapon at hand, attacked the wolf, which was in the act of carrying off the goat. The wolf dropped this, and getting sight of the child, in the twinkling of an eye seized it, threw it across his shoulders, and was off like lightning. He made good his escape, and not a vestige was ever seen of the child.

Wolves are found all over Scandinavia, but are most common in the Midland and Northern Provinces of Sweden. Like "Elia," they are very partial to young pig, a failing taken advantage of by sportsmen thus: they sew up in a sack a small porker, leaving only his snout free, and place him in a sledge, to the back of which is fastened by a rope about fifty feet long, a small bundle of straw, covered with black sheep skin; this, when the sledge is in motion, dangles about like a young pig.

During a very severe winter a party started in the vicinity of Forsbacka, well provided with guns, &c. On reaching a likely spot they pinched the pig, which squealed lustily, and, as they anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about the sledge. When these had

approached within range the party opened fire on them, and shot several; all that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions, but the blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves only served to make them more savage than before, and, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge, apparently determined on making an instant attack. To preserve the party, therefore, the pig was thrown to the wolves, which had for a moment the effect of diverting their attention. While this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the wolves, struggled and plunged so violently that he broke the shafts to pieces, galloped off, and made good his escape. The pig was devoured, and the wolves again threatened to attack the sportsmen. The captain and his friends finding matters had become serious, turned the sledge bottom up and took shelter beneath it, in which position they remained many hours, the wolves making repeated attempts to get at them by tearing the sledge with their teeth, but at length the party were relieved by friends from then perilous position.

Lieutenant Oldenburg once witnessed a curious occurrence. He was standing near the margin of a large lake which at that time was frozen over. At some little distance from the land a small aperture had been made for the purpose of procuring water, and at this hole a pig was drinking. While looking toward the horizon, the lieutenant saw a mere speck or ball, as it were, rapidly moving along the ice: presently this took the form of a large wolf, which was making for the pig at top speed. Lieutenant Oldenburg now seized his gun, and ran to the assistance of the pig; but before he got up to the spot the wolf had closed with the porker, which, though of large size, he tumbled over and over in a trice. His attention was so much occupied, that Lieutenant Oldenburg was able to approach within a few paces and dispatch him with a shot. A piece as large as a man's foot had been torn out of the pig's hind quarters; and he was so terribly frightened that he followed the lieutenant home like a dog, and would not quit his heels for a moment.

Mr. Lloyd mentions an incident that befell him, in consequence of swine mistaking his dogs for wolves, to which they bear the most instinctive antipathy. One day, in the depth of winter, [Pg 793] accompanied by his Irish servant, he struck into the forest, in the vicinity of Carlstadt, for the purpose of shooting capercali. Toward evening they came to a small hamlet, situated in the recesses of the forest. Here an old sow with her litter were feeding; and immediately on seeing the two valuable pointers which accompanied the sportsman, she made a determined and most ferocious dash at them. The servant had a light spear in his hand, similar to that used by our lancers. This Mr. Lloyd seized, and directing Paddy to throw the dogs over a fence, received the charge of the pig with a heavy blow across the snout with the butt end of the spear. Nothing daunted, she made her next attack upon him; and, in self-defense, he was obliged to give her a home thrust with the blade of the spear. These attacks she repeated three several times, always getting the spear up to the hilt in her head or neck. Then, and not before, did she slowly retreat, bleeding at all points. The peasants, supposing Mr. Lloyd to be the aggressor, assumed a very hostile aspect, and it was only by showing a bold bearing, and menacing them with his gun, that he escaped in safety.

A poor soldier was one day, in the depth of winter, crossing the large lake called Storsyön, and was attacked by a drove of wolves. His only weapon was a sword, with which he defended himself so gallantly, that he killed and wounded several wolves, and succeeded in driving off the remainder. After a time, he was again attacked by the same drove, but was now unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation in the same manner as before, for having neglected to wipe the blood from his sword after the former encounter, it had become firmly frozen to the scabbard. The ferocious beasts therefore, quickly closed with him, killed and devoured him. If we remember aright, Captain Kincaid, the present gallant Exon of the Yeoman Guard, nearly lost his life at Waterloo, from a somewhat similar cause. He had been skirmishing all the earlier part of the day with the Rifles, when a sudden charge of French cavalry placed him in great danger. He essayed to draw his sabre, tugged and tugged, but the trusty steel had become firmly rusted to the scabbard; and we believe that he owed his life to an accidental diversion of the attention of the attacking troopers.

Closely resembling in many respects the wolf, the jackal is widely spread over India, Asia, and Africa. These animals hunt in packs, and there are few sounds more startling to the unaccustomed ear, than a chorus of their cries. "We hardly know," says Captain Beechey, "a sound which partakes less of harmony than that which is at present in question; and, indeed, the sudden burst of the answering long protracted scream, succeeding immediately to the opening note, is scarcely less impressive than the roll of the thunder clap immediately after a flash of lightning. The effect of this music is very much increased when the first note is heard in the distance, a circumstance which often occurs, and the answering yell bursts out from several points at once, within a few yards or feet of the place where the auditors are sleeping."

Poultry and the smaller animals, together with dead bodies, are the ordinary food of jackals, but when rendered bold by hanger, they will occasionally attack the larger quadrupeds and even man.

A bold, undaunted presence and defiant aspect, generally proves the best protection when an unarmed man is threatened by these or other animals, but artifice is sometimes necessary. A ludicrous instance is related by an old quartermaster (whom we knew some years ago), in a small volume of memoirs. At Christmas, 1826, he was sent up the country to a mission, about thirty-two miles from San Francisco. He and the others erected a tent; after which they all lay down on the ground. "I slept like a top," says he, "till four the next morning, at which time I was awakened by the man whose duty it was to officiate as cook for the day, who told me if I would go up the

village and get a light, he would have a good breakfast ready for the lads by the time they awoke. I must describe my dress, for that very dress saved my life. Over the rest of my clothing, as a seaman, I had a huge frock made from the skin of a reindeer. It was long enough, when let down, to cover my feet well, and turned up at foot, buttoning all round the skirt. At the top was a hood, made from the skin, taken off the head of a bear, ears and all. In front was a square lappel, which, in the day, hung loosely over the breast, but at night, buttoned just behind the ears, leaving only the mouth, nose, and eyes free for respiration, so that one, with such a dress, might lie down any where and sleep, warm and comfortable. Mr. S—— had given eight dollars for it in Kamtschatka, and, on our return to more genial climes, forgot the future, and gave it to me. Fancy, then, my figure thus accoutred, issuing from under the canvas tent, with a lantern in my hand. I had not advanced twenty yards, when first only two or three, and then an immense number of jackals surrounded me. I was at first disposed to think but lightly of them: but seeing their numbers increase so rapidly, I grew alarmed, and probably gave way to fear sooner than I ought. A few shots from the tent would probably have sent them away with speed, but no one saw me. Every moment they drew closer and closer in a complete round, and seemed to look at me with determined hunger. For some moments I remained in a most dreadful state of alarm. It just then occurred to me that I once heard of a boy who had driven back a bull out of a field by walking backward on his hands and feet. Fortunate thought! I caught at the idea; in a moment I was on all fours, with my head as near the earth as I could keep it, and commenced cutting all the capers of which I was capable. The jackals, who no doubt had never seen so strange an [Pg 794] animal, first stopped, then retreated, and, as I drew near the tent, flew in all directions. The men awoke just in time to see my danger, and have a hearty laugh at me and the jackals."

Our old friend was more fortunate than a certain youth who attempted to rob an orchard by deluding a fierce bulldog with this approach *à posteriori,* but who, to his sorrow, found the dog too knowing, for he carried to his dying day the marks of the guardian's teeth in that spot where honor has its seat.

The same quartermaster told us a quaint story of a fright another of the crew received from these jackals.

While at San Francisco the ship's crew were laying in a store of provisions; a large tent was erected on shore for salting the meat; the cooper lived in it, and hung up his hammock at one end. The beef which had been killed during the day was also hung up all around, in readiness for salting. One night a large pack of jackals came down from the woods, and being attracted by the smell of the meat, soon got into the tent, and pulling at one of the sides of beef, brought it down with a crash, which woke the old cooper, who was a remarkably stout, and rather nervous man. Finding himself thus surrounded in the dead of the night by wild beasts, whose forms and size, dimly seen, were magnified by his fears, he fired off his musket, and clasping his arms, in an agony of terror, round a quarter of beef which hung close to his hammock, was found perfectly senseless by an officer who came to see the cause of the alarm. Some difficulty was experienced in getting him to relinquish his hold of the beef—which he stuck to like a Briton—and it was several days before his nerves recovered from the shock of the fright.

The wolf and the jackal tribes are by no means without their use in the economy of nature, though from their predatory habits they are justly regarded as pests in the countries they infest: that they will disturb the dead and rifle the graves is true, but they also clear away offal, and with vultures, are the scavengers of hot countries; they follow on the track of herds, and put a speedy end to the weak, the wounded, and the dying; they are the most useful, though most disgusting of camp followers, and after a battle, when thousands of corpses of men and horses are collected within a limited space, they are of essential service—

> I stood in a swampy-field of battle,
> With bones and skulls I made a rattle
> To frighten the wolf and carrion crow
> And the homeless dog—but they would not go;
> So off I flew—for how could I bear
> To see them gorge their dainty fare.
>
> COLERIDGE.

Revolting and heart-sickening though such scenes may be, the evil is less than would result from the undisturbed decay of the dead: were that to take place, the air would hang heavy with pestilence, and the winds of heaven laden with noisome exhalations would carry death and desolation far and near, rendering still more terrible the horrors and calamities of war.

## FOOTNOTES:

[1] Fauna Boreali Americana, p. 62.

[2] Holland's Plinie's Naturall Historie, ed. 1635

[3] Edit, Edin. 1541, quoted from Magazine of Natural History.

[4] Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

[5] Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

# A SPECIMEN OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

Among the French prisoners taken at the battle of Vitebsk, during Napoleon's disastrous retreat in Prussia, was a French general, who was accompanied by: his wife and daughter. Being badly wounded, he was removed to the military hospital, but the ladies were received into the private house of Madame Strognof, whose husband held, at that time, a subordinate appointment under the Russian Government.

A certain Botwinko was then procureur at Vitebsk. Without the procureur's sanction nothing can be done in his department; for he represents the emperor himself, and is usually called "the eye of His Majesty." His salary is only about twenty-five pounds a year; but he makes, usually, a good income by receiving bribes. Among other duties, he had to visit the hospitals daily, and to report upon the condition of the prisoner patients. He paid great attention to the unhappy general, who required every consolation; for, despite his own deplorable condition, it was decreed that he should outlive his wife. That lady caught a contagious fever, which was raging at that time at Vitebsk, and died in a few hours. This event so distressed the general that he soon departed this world, with the only consolation, that Procureur Botwinko, a married but childless man, would adopt his daughter. This promise was actually fulfilled, and the little orphan was taken from Madame Strognof, and established under the procureur's roof. Her parents' property, consisting of a carriage, horses, jewelry, and no small sum of ready money, was also taken possession of by Botwinko in quality of guardian to the little orphan.

As the girl, whom they called "Sophie," grew up, she became very engaging, and was kindly treated by Mr. and Madame Botwinko. She never lost an opportunity, when any visitors were in the procureur's house, of praising her protectors for their kindness to her; and this, connected with other circumstances, contributed to the promotion of Mr. Botwinko, who obtained the more profitable situation of procureur-general at Vilna, the capital of Lithuania.

Removal from their old connections, and from those who knew all the circumstances of little Sophie's history, produced a change in the treatment of the new procureur-general and his wife toward the child. Their kindness rapidly diminished. Sophie was not allowed to appear in the drawing-rooms, in their new residence at Vilna. They incessantly found fault with her; and, ultimately, she was not only sent to the kitchen under the control of the cook, but, on the census of the population being taken, in 1816, her name was inscribed on the books as that of a serf.

As the poor girl grew up she became used to the duties imposed upon her. Associating constantly [Pg 795] with the servants, they considered her their equal, and taunted her when, relying on her infantine recollections, she laid claim to noble descent, by calling her in derision "Mademoiselle French General." She knew full well that she was entitled to better treatment, and that, in the absence of paternal authority, she had the right of disposing of herself according to her own will. A strong inducement to alter her condition was presented in the person of a young clerk in a government office, whose duty sometimes brought him with papers to the procureur for signature. While Botwinko was engaged with his breakfast and the perusal of the papers, this clerk was sometimes kept dangling for hours in the ante-chamber. After a time, these hours were agreeably spent in the society of Sophie, to whom he eventually made a proposal of marriage. She consented, but, unwilling to leave her guardian like a fugitive, she apprised him of her determination, and humbly requested an account of the property which she had been informed he had taken charge of at her parents' death.

The procureur-general at first excused himself from giving her an immediate answer. The next day he presented himself at the police office, the whole of whose functionaries were under his control. What he said or did is not known, but the result was that Sophie was taken into custody by the police, and committed to jail.

Many months elapsed before her fate was known at home. It was stated that she absconded. The clerk, banished the procureur's house, could not discover the cause of the girl's disappearance; and as all Russian criminal proceedings are conducted with great secrecy, he only ascertained by a mere accident that the girl had been sentenced, by a superior court, to receive a certain number of lashes by the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. The crime of which they accused her was that of attempting to poison her master and mistress.

Alarmed at this information, the young man, without waiting for more particulars, addressed a petition to the war governor of Vilna—the old General Korsakof—whose power in that province was almost omnipotent, and, if not misdirected, was very often beneficial to the inhabitants. The petitioner requested the general's interference, and an investigation of the case, assuring him that the girl was innocent, and that the legal authorities who condemned her had been corrupted.

The general was accustomed to decide every case *en militaire*. He had received from the police court an unfavorable opinion of the petitioner's character, which was described as "restless;" and was, moreover, rather offended at his authority having been appealed to by a subordinate. He therefore settled the business summarily, by sending the young petitioner to the military service for life, in virtue of the vagrant act.

Still the young man's petition produced a good effect: the poor girl was not flogged, lest that might have provoked some disturbance in the town. She was merely dressed in convict's apparel, and sent off to Siberia.

The transport of Russian convicts costs the government but very little. They go on foot, sleep in *étapes* or barracks, and the daily allowance for their subsistence amounts only to five kopecks—equal to a halfpenny in English money. This they, as well as the poor old soldiers who escort them, have to eke out by charity. For that purpose, the most attractive person among each party of exiles is delegated—box in hand, but with an armed soldier behind—to beg alms of the benevolent; and Sophie was appointed to be the suppliant for the rest of her wretched companions.

The road from Vilna to Siberia passes through Vitebsk. The convicts had not been long in the town before Sophie encountered Madame Strognof, who recognized the girl from her very great likeness to her mother, who had died in that lady's house. When she learned that Sophie had been living with the Botwinkos, she had no longer a doubt.

The girl asserted her innocence of the pretended crime for which she was on her way to Siberia, with tearful energy, and the good Madame S. believed her; but her husband, who was at that time the Vice-Governor of Vitebsk, to disabuse his wife's romantic dreams, as he called them, sent for the officer escorting the prisoners, and showed her the list of prisoners, which contained a full record, not only of the crime imputed to the orphan girl, but also of the punishment to which she had been condemned.

In the face of an official document which appeared to be regular, and which detailed the girl's presumed offense with circumstantial consistency, Madame Strognof began to waver in her belief of Sophie's protestations; but the unfortunate girl asserted her innocence so strongly and incessantly, that the vice-governor himself was at length induced to look into the facts. The first suspicion that entered his mind was derived from the circumstance of the document stating that the culprit had been punished with the knout, while it was evident from her appearance, that that dreadful torture had not been inflicted. He caused a medical man to examine her, who testified that not a scar appeared; yet the knout always leaves ineffaceable traces for life.

In consequence of this discrepancy, Sophie was allowed to remain for some time at Vitebsk under the plea of illness; which, at the request of the vice-governor, was readily certified by an official surgeon. After some delay, a memorial was forwarded by the unfortunate sufferer to the late Emperor Alexander, in consequence of which a court-messenger was sent immediately to Vilna. This gentleman brought back to St. Petersburgh an enormous volume, containing the so-called depositions, taken at the pseudo trial. After careful inspection of them, the emperor decided that [Pg 796] they proved the legality of the proceedings. So artfully were these infamous depositions framed; that, among them, appeared the formula of a chemical analysis of the poison which the girl was accused of administering, and a full confession; to which the culprit's signature was forged.

The answer, therefore, from the throne was not only unfavorable; but the authorities of Vitebsk were reprimanded for allowing the girl to importune his majesty without sufficient grounds.

Notwithstanding, Madame Strognof was not discouraged; and, to the great alarm of her husband, had another petition drawn up and forwarded with a suitable memorial to the Princess Maria Fedorowna, the emperor's mother, who was known to all the country as a pious and charitable lady. This petition, presented to his majesty by his own mother, had so great an influence over him, that he ordered the girl to be brought to St. Petersburgh. He felt convinced that some unaccountable mystery was involved in the case.

In due time Sophie arrived at St. Petersburgh, and underwent a rigid examination. She asseverated with the most earnest truthfulness, that all the depositions were fictitious; that the chemical analysis was a wicked invention; and that the signature to her fabricated confession was a forgery. She also denied that any trial had taken place, or that she had been examined in any court whatever. Upon this, the emperor appointed Mr. Getzewicz, the Governor of Minsk—who was known as a most trust-worthy man—to go personally to Vilna; to investigate the case; and to report the result. For this purpose the papers and the girl were forwarded back to Vilna.

The mission of Mr. Getzewicz was by no means an easy or a pleasant one: he had to contend with a swarm of official insects; which, like Canadian musquitoes when disturbed, attack the new comer from every side. However, Mr. Getzewicz stood his ground firmly. He soon discovered that the secretary of the police court who had drawn up the depositions was a convict, sentenced for life to Siberia for having been associated with highway robbers. He had escaped and was retained in his situation by merely changing his Christian name, and by being reported "dead" by Mr. Botwinko. The components of the rest of the court were no less suspicious. In Russia, the police and sheriff's courts, and even the provincial senate itself, are the asylums for military veterans; who, during their long service, had never been trained up to the law. The secretaries draw documents for them, which they sign—very often without reading; that task being tiresome, and often incomprehensible to them.

The court which had promoted and confirmed Sophie's prosecution, consisted of illiterate, worn-out officers, who had no scruple in committing the procureur-general's victim for trial to the First Criminal Court (Sond Grodoski).

But how was the deception carried on before the higher tribunals? This would puzzle the most ingenious rascality to guess. But Botwinko was a genius in his way: he actually brought before that court, as well as before the highest criminal tribunal, another young woman; who represented herself to be the girl in question, and confessed her supposed guilt with all the desired particulars. The extraordinary intrigue was the more easily accomplished from the

secrecy with which criminal investigations in Russia are conducted. Whenever the culprit acknowledges his crime, the sentence follows without further inquiry; and, the jail being under the control of the police-office, and the judges of the criminal courts not knowing the prisoners personally, they were obliged to receive in this instance the confessions of any girl whom the police thought proper to send to them.

When the trial was over, the procureur paid his hireling well, dismissed her, and drew forth his victim from her cell; substituted her for the wretch who had stood at the bar, and sent her to Siberia. Villainy, however, be it ever so cunning, seldom half does its work of deception. If Botwinko had had the whole sentence carried into effect, and poor Sophie knouted, he would not, perhaps, have been discovered by his colleague at Vitebsk; and he might have lived a respected public officer to this day; for of such characters does the Russian system admit the prosperous existence. As it was, however, on the report of Mr. Getzewicz, Botwinko, the secretary of police, and many of his superiors, were thrown into prison.

The end of this dreadful story is melancholy; for in the end guilt triumphed. The procureur-general, having several partners in his guilty practices, had, if one may so abuse the expression, many friends. At first they tried most ingeniously to bribe Mr. Getzewicz, and to induce him to give up further proceedings; but, finding him inflexible, they put a stop to all that business by administering poison to the unfortunate Sophie. They even threatened the Governor of Minsk himself, in an anonymous letter, to do the same for him.

That threat, it seems, produced the desired effect on the honest but weak-minded man. Seeing with what desperate people he had to contend—so much so, that his own life was in danger—he sent his final report to the (at that time) lingering Emperor Alexander, with request for further instructions. In the mean time he retired to his own residence at Minsk, leaving the illustrious Vilna officials in their own prison.

Shortly afterward, the emperor died at Taganrog. His second brother, the present emperor, Nicholas I.—greeted, on his accession to the throne, with a formidable insurrection at St Petersburgh, and with alarming conspiracies and political intrigues in the army—had no time to direct his attention to so trifling an affair as that of our heroine. Political prisoners were to be [Pg 797] punished first, in order to spread terror among those who were not discovered as yet. The stability of the throne would not allow him to alarm the administrative servants and other criminals who never thought of subverting Romanoff's dynasty. Hence, with the exception of the political offenders, all others, whose actions were pending in different courts of justice, but not yet adjudicated, were amnestied by the emperor, on the occasion of his coronation, in 1826, at Moscow.

Thus, the procureur and his associates were released from prison, losing nothing but their former situations. The procureur, having scraped together a fortune by his bribes and graspings, did not care much at becoming an independent gentleman.

What became of Sophie's lover—the unfortunate clerk, who was sent to the army, for his honest but untimely application—could not be learned. He may now think that his punishment was deserved, and that the girl was really guilty; but it is more than probable that he will never again interfere to restrain the grossest injustice.

And here ends our melancholy tale, which the censorship of the press in Russia prevented from ever before being publicly related. Corroboration can, however, be derived from the inhabitants of Vilna, who lived there from 1816 to 1826; from the archives of criminal courts of that place, where M. Getzewicz's correspondence is preserved; from the list of all the crown servants of Russia, sent every year to the State Secretary of the Home Department at St. Petersburgh; in which, for 1825 and 1826, Procureur Botwinko was reported to be imprisoned at Vilna for the above case, and that the Strapchy of Oszmiana was acting in his stead as procureur *pro tem.*

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## NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.—A SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the autumn of 1804, the court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the Empire, with the consent of all the orders of the state. The senate by a decree had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may easily be imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangement of the imperial household. Under the republican *régime*, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the state, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles: it could not, however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affectation in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the republic with that of the old monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But

this was not fated to last long: it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility, sprung from the feudal system, and dating, as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change, the movement at the château was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest: it was that of the dignitary who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. "To recall," observes Alison, "as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion, the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the West, the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose."

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invitation—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Châteaubriand somewhere says—"It is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel." Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it the air of an *imprévu*. It was on the road some distance from Fontainebleau that the emperor met the Pope: the potentate alighted from his horse, the pontiff from his traveling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given. How Italian the artifice!

They had not ridden long together when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the château at a gallop, and with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute, he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon precedes the report. [Pg 798]

This time, however, he seemed fitful and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window-frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and after a short pause stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpiece, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks; on his shoulders he had a camail, or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Lawrence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognize at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm-chair, he turned his eyes toward the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other Italian was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fullness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity, which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well-proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet; he was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude, and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forward, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance,* he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

"I repeat, holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*, nor do I like word-spinners or idea-mongers. I assure you, that in spite of my old republicans I will go to mass."

These words he tossed off toward the Pope, as if he were giving him a dash of the incense-box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the republican *régime*, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downward, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, "I must submit to listen to all the profane things which it may please him to say to me."

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eying him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

"One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to Heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air."

Pius smiled, and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

"Yes," continued Bonaparte with increasing energy, "you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome; the road is open to you; no one detains you."

Pius sighed, slightly raised his right hand, and looked upward without uttering a word; then slowly inclining his head downward, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking, but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression. [Pg 799]

"Holy father," said he, "if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken the conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It can not be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories."

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but slightly inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; while Bonaparte, putting his foot on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued, "It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church: it has a prodigious vitality. Voltaire did it some damage in his time, but I shall let loose upon him some unfrocked Oratorians: you'll be pleased, if I mistake not, at the result. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by-and-by, if you wish it." Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued, "For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuilleries: I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the real capital of the world? As for me, I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms." And saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, "*Com-me-di-an-te!*"

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire. He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Every thing around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bombshell which explodes, "Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off on me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I

play is that of master and author; while for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—*fear!* Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I salute you, France would laugh and scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly among us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill-humor with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you flit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drape yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose on me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your robe as Charles XII. did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!"

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude, the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, "*Tra-je-di-an-te!*"

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his whole person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed toward the old man, as if with some fell purpose. But he [Pg 800] stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllables which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. "Hapless existence!" he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued, "'tis but too true; comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and how petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivelers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—be the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down"—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—"ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my inmost thoughts to you. Plans I have, enough and to spare, for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put in execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories: with me reflection precedes decision, and execution instantly follows: the shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already rife—they are never wanting in France—but I shall still them to silence while I live; and when I am gone—no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My Iliad I compose in action; every day adds an episode."

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time unaffected and natural. He made no effort to pose, nor did he seek to exalt and idealize himself, as he did afterward in the conversations at St. Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, or to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from any thing of this sort: in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause he advanced a step or two toward the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling, with an expression half-serious, half-ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial, as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

"Birth is every thing: those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless, have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-

place. I have made mine as a cannon-ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way. Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulets; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Raguedeau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and faith he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things? a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough: then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms, in colors, in phrases. I am an artist in [Pg 801] battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it can not be called dear. But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing; 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force. Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see all dynasties date from mine, 'parvenu' though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands."

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinizing glance of Bonaparte; a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.

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**[From Fraser's Magazine.]**

# GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter.

*Ecclesiæ Græcæ Monumenta.*

Dim voices haunt me from the past—for the dream of life is dreamed, and may now be revealed; the dreamer is loitering on the Bier Path leading to the green grass mounds, whence mouldering hands seem to point upward and say, "Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us."

I have no happy childhood to recall; for I began to think so early, that pain and thought are linked together. I had a father, and a sister two years my senior; and our home was a small cottage, surrounded by a flower-garden, on the outskirts of a town, where the chime of church-bells was distinctly heard. These are sweet, romantic associations; but "garden flowers," and "silvery chimes," and "childhood's home," are words which awaken no answering chord in my heart—for Reality was stern, and Fancy wove no fabric of fairy texture wherewith to cover the naked truth.

My mother died when I was born; and my father was a thin, pale man, always wrapped in flannels about the head and throat, and moving slowly with the aid of a stick. He never breakfasted with us—we were kept in the kitchen, to save firing—but he came down late in the forenoon, and when it was warm and sunshiny he would take a gentle stroll into the fields, never townward. We dined at a late hour, and there were always delicacies for my father; and after dinner he sat over his wine, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers, till it was time to go to bed. He took little notice of Gabrielle or me, except to command silence, or to send us for any thing he wanted. There were two parlors in the cottage, one at each side of the door; the furniture was scanty and mean, and the parlor on the left-hand side never had a fire in it, for my father always inhabited the other. It was bitter cold for Gabrielle and me in this left-hand room during the winter, for we were often turned in there to amuse ourselves; our sole domestic—an ancient Irish servitor, retained by my father solely on account of her culinary accomplishments—never admitted us poor shivering girls into the kitchen when she was cooking, for, said Nelly,

"If I am teased or narvous I shall, maybe, spoil the dinner, and then our Lady save us from the masther's growl."

No one ever came near us—we seemed utterly neglected, and our very existence unknown. The house was redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the garden where we played was a wilderness of weeds, among which roses bloomed in summer, and Gabrielle and I watched for their coming with delight: those summer roses, on the great tangled bushes, were surely more beautiful to us than to other and more fortunate children—we gathered and preserved each leaf as it fell, and never was fragrance so delicious!

Now it may naturally be supposed, that from ignorance our impressions were not painful; but from the time when I first began to notice and comprehend, I also began to bitterly feel our condition, and Gabrielle felt it far more than I did. We knew that we were half-starved, half-clad, neglected, unloved creatures, and that our parent was a personification of Selfishness. We saw other children prettily dressed, walking past with their mothers or nurses—or trotting to school, healthful and happy; and our hearts yearned to be like them—yearned for a mother's kiss! Gabrielle was habitually silent and proud, though often passionate when we were at play together; but the outburst was soon over, and she hugged me again directly. I early learned to dislike all ugly things from gazing on her—her beauty was of a kind to dazzle a child—she was so brilliantly fair and colorless, with clustering golden hair falling to her waist, and large soft blue eyes, which always made me think of heaven and the angels; for, thanks to His mercy, I knew of them when I was yet a child.

Of course we were unacquainted with our father's history as we afterward heard it. He was of a decayed but noble family, and—alas! it is a commonplace tale—he had ruined his fortunes and [Pg 802] broken his wife's heart by gambling. Worse even than this, he was irretrievably disgraced and lost to society, having been detected as a cheat; and broken down in every sense of the word, with a trifling annuity only to subsist on, he lived, as I remember him, pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all save Self. And, oh! God grant there be none—poor or rich, high or low—who can repeat the sacred name of "father" as I do, without an emotion of tenderness, without the slightest gossamer thread of love or respect twined around the memory to bind the parental benediction thereto.

Nelly had followed our deceased mother from her native isle, for she too was Irish, and clung to our father, ministering to his habits and tastes, a good deal, I believe, for our sakes, and to keep near us. She was a coarse woman; and, unlike her race in general, exhibited but few outward demonstrations of attachment. When her work was done in the evening she sometimes taught us the alphabet and to spell words of three letters; the rest we mastered for ourselves, and taught each other, and so in process of time we were able to read. The like with writing: Nelly pointed out the rudiments, and Gabrielle, endowed with magical powers of swift perception, speedily wrought out lessons both for herself and me. The only books in the house were a cookery-book; a spelling-book which Nelly borrowed; a great huge History of England, which formed her usual footstool; and an ancient, equally large Bible, full of quaint pictures. Would that I had the latter blessed volume bound in gold now, and set with diamonds! A new epoch opened in my life. I had already thought, now I understood; and the light divine dawned on my soul as Nelly, the humble instrument of grace, in simple words explained all that was wanting: for our faith is very simple, notwithstanding the ineffable glories of Jesus and redemption. I dreamed by night of Jesus and of angels, and of shepherds watching their flocks "all seated on the ground;" and I used to ask Nelly if she did not think an angel must be just like Gabrielle, with shining wings, certainly? But Nelly would say that Miss Gabrielle was too proud for an angel, and never likely to become one unless she liked her Bible better; and it was too true that my darling sister had not the same love for holy things that I had then. She liked to read of Queen Bess and Bluff King Hal; but when we found our way to a church, and heard the chanting, her emotions far surpassed mine, and she sobbed outright. At length Gabrielle, who had been pondering many days without speaking, confided to me her determination to ask our father to send us to school.

"Why should I not ask him, Ruth?" she said. "I wonder we never thought of it before—only he is always poorly, or smoking, or drinking."

I observed her beautiful lip curl as she spoke in a contemptuous tone, and I thought that Jesus taught *not so*; but I feared to speak—so I wept, and knelt down alone and prayed for my sister.

Gabrielle did ask him, and my father laid down his paper, and took the cigar from his mouth, gazing in dull amazement at the speaker, but I saw his gaze become more earnest and observant as he said,

"Why, girl, how old are you?"

"I was thirteen last month," replied Gabrielle.

"You are a monstrous tall girl of your age, then, I declare: and you have learned to read from Nelly, haven't you?"

"Yes, we have," was the quiet reply; "but we wish to learn something more than that."

"Then you must go to some charity school, miss, for I have no money to pay for such nonsense; you can read, and write, and sew, and what more would you have? Pass the claret nearer, and reach me those cigars; and take yourselves off, for my head is splitting."

I must draw a vail over Gabrielle's passion when we were alone.

"It is not for myself only that I sorrow," she exclaimed, as her sobs subsided; "but you, poor, little, delicate thing, with your lameness, what is to become of you in the big world if you are left alone? You can not be a servant; and what are we to do without education? for Nelly has told me our father's income dies with him."

Her expressions were incoherent; and when I tried to comfort her, by assurances that the blessed Saviour cared for the fatherless, she turned away and left me. So ended the first and last application to our parent.

When I remember Gabrielle's career from that period to her sixteenth year I much marvel at the precocity of intellect she exhibited, and the powers of mind with which she was endowed. We had no money to procure books—no means to purchase even the common necessaries of clothing, which too often made us ashamed to appear in church. But suddenly Gabrielle seemed to become a woman, and I her trusting child. She was silent and cold; but not sullen or cold to me, though her mouth became compressed as if from bitter thought, and never lost that expression again, save when she smiled. Oh, that sunny smile of radiant beauty! I see it now—I see it now! I tried to win her, by coaxing and fondling, to read the Holy Book; but Gabrielle said we were outcasts, and deserted by God. When I heard that my wan cheeks burned with indignation, and I exclaimed, "You are wicked to say so;" but Gabrielle was not angry, for tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on me, whispering,

"Poor little cripple—sweet, gentle, loving sister—the angels that whisper these good things to you pass me over. I hear them not, Ruth."

"Sister, sister, they speak and you will not hear: do you think the stupid, lame Ruth is favored beyond the clever, the beautiful, the noble Gabrielle?" [Pg 803]

Then with an outburst of passionate love she would take me in her arms, and weep long and bitterly. I knew that I could not enter into the depths of her feelings, but I comprehended her haughty bearing and scornful glances; for the neighbors looked at us pitifully, and Gabrielle writhed beneath it: child as she was, there was something awful and grand in her lonely majesty of demeanor. Her self-denying, constant devotion toward me—often ailing and pining as I was—I repaid by an affection which I am sure is quite different from that entertained by sisters happily placed for each other: Gabrielle was as mother and sister, and friend and nurse, and playmate, all in one to me. She and the bright young roses in our neglected garden, were the only two beautiful creations I had ever seen. It was well for me, in my childish simplicity, that I knew not the wreck of mind—the waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation—of which Gabrielle was the victim; but she knew it, brooded over it, and the festering poison of hatred and contempt changed her innocent, affectionate nature, toward all created things, except her own and only sister.

We never wearied of listening to Nelly's accounts of the former grandeur of our maternal ancestors, intermixed with wild legends of chivalrous love and gallant daring. She told us, too, of our ancient blood on the father's side, and that we were the great-grandchildren of a belted earl. Gabrielle's pale cheeks flushed not—her eyes were downcast; but I knew the sufferings of the proud, beautiful girl. I too, humble as I was, felt what we were—what we ought to have been, and the blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens mounted to my throbbing temples.

Gabrielle was a lady—a lady in each action, word, and look; poorly and insufficiently clad, her tall, graceful form bore the unmistakable mark of hereditary breeding, which neither poverty nor neglect could eradicate. It was not her exceeding loveliness which alone attracted observation, but it was a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow—it was Nature's stamp on one of her most peerless and exquisite productions. One evening, when we had been listening to Nelly's discourse by the kitchen fire, a sudden and a new thought took hold of my imagination, nor could I rest until I had imparted it to Gabrielle. It was this—that she might marry some great, rich man, and so release us from want and privation; for, of course, my home would always be with her!

Gabrielle looked gravely on my upturned face an I knelt beside her, and confided this "new plan."

"Ruth," she said, "you are a wise and a singular child, and you deserve to be trusted. I mean to become a rich man's wife if I have the opportunity; but how it is to be brought about, your good book, perhaps, may tell."

"Oh, darling," I cried, "do not smile so scornfully when you speak of that blessed, dear book; it would comfort and lead you, indeed it would, if you would but open and read its pages."

"Well, well, Parson Ruth," she cried, laughing, "that will do. When the rich man comes down from the clouds to make me his bride, I promise you I'll have a book bound in gold like that; and you shall be educated, my darling Ruth, as the daughters of the De Courcys ought to be, and you shall forget that we have no father, no mother."

"Forget our father?" said I. "Never, never!"

Gabrielle was terribly shaken and agitated: little more than a child in years, injustice and sorrow had taught her the emotions of age, yet she was a guileless child in the world's ways, as events soon proved.

We used to ramble out into the adjacent meadows, and doubtless our roamings would have extended far and wide, had not my lameness precluded much walking, and Gabrielle never had a thought of leaving me. So we were contented to saunter by a shining stream that meandered amid the rich pasture-land near our home; this stream was frequented by those fortunate anglers only who obtained permission from the lady of the manor to fish in it, and this permit was not lavishly bestowed, consequently our favorite haunt was usually a solitary one. But soon after Gabrielle had completed her sixteenth year we noted a sickly youth, who patiently pursued his quiet sport by the hour together, and never looked round as we passed and repassed him. Some trifling "chance" (as it is called) led to his thanking Gabrielle for assisting to disentangle his line, which had caught amid the willow-branches overhanging the water; the same "chance" caused him to observe his beautiful assistant, and I saw his start of surprise and admiration. He was a silly-looking lad, we thought, dressed like a gentleman, and behaving as one; and he was never absent now from the meadows when we were there. He always bowed, and often addressed some passing observation to us, but timidly and respectfully, for Gabrielle was a girl to command both homage and respect. She pitied the lonely, pale young man, who seemed so pleased to find any one to speak to, and exhibited such extraordinary patience and perseverance, for he never caught a fish that we saw. Through the medium of a gossip of Nelly, who was kitchen-maid at the principal inn, we ascertained that our new acquaintance was staying there for his health's benefit, and for the purpose of angling; that his name was Erminstoun, only son of the rich Mr. Erminstoun, banker, of T——. Nelly's gossip had a sister who lived at Erminstoun Hall, so there was no doubt about the correctness of the information, both as regarded Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's identity, and the enormous wealth of which it was said his father was possessed. The informant added, that poor Mr. Thomas was a *leetle* soft maybe, but the idol of his parent; and that he squandered "money like nothing," "being a generous, open-handed, good young gentleman." [Pg 804]

I observed a great change in Gabrielle's manner, after hearing this, toward her admirer—for so he must be termed—as admiration was so evident in each word and look: by-and-by Gabrielle went out alone—there was no one to question or rebuke her; and in six weeks from the day that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun first saw her she became his wife. Yes, startling as it appears, it all seemed very natural and simple of accomplishment then; early one brilliant summer morning, Gabrielle woke me, and bade me rise directly, as she wished to confide something of great importance, which was about to take place in a few hours. Pale, but composed, she proceeded to array herself and me in plain white robes, and straw bonnets; new and purely white, yet perfectly simple and inexpensive, though far better than the habiliments we had been accustomed to wear. Gabrielle took them from a box, which must have come when I was sleeping; and when our toilet was completed, I compared her in my own mind to one of those young maidens whom I had seen in the church, when bands of fair creatures were assembled for confirmation. She looked not like *a bride*—there was no blushing, no trembling; but a calm self-possession, and determination of purpose, which awed me.

"My wise little sister Ruth," she said, "I am going to be married this morning to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, at —— church. You are my bridemaid, and the clerk gives me away. I shall not come back here any more, for a chaise and four waits in Yarrow Wood to convey us away directly after our marriage. You will come home, darling, and take off your marriage apparel to appear before *him*; and as I do not often dine with him, and he never asks for me, I shall not be missed. So say nothing—Nelly's tongue is tied—fear not her. Be patient, beloved one, till you hear from me: bright days are coming, Ruth, and we do not part for long."

Here she wept, oh, so bitterly, I thought she would die. Amazed and trembling, I ventured to ask if she loved Mr. Thomas Erminstoun better than me, for jealousy rankled, and at fourteen I knew nothing of *love*.

"Love *him*!" she cried vehemently, clasping her hands wildly; "I love only you on earth, my Ruth, my sister. He is a fool; and I marry him to save you and myself from degradation and misery. He buys me with his wealth. I am little more than sixteen"—she hung down her lovely head, poor thing—"but I am old in sorrow; I am hardened in sin, for I am about to commit a great sin. I vow to love, where I despise; to obey, when I mean to rule; and to honor, when I hold the imbecile youth in utter contempt!"

Vain were supplications and prayers to wait. Gabrielle led me away to the meadows, where a fly was in waiting, which conveyed us to the church. I saw her married; I signed something in a great book; I felt her warm tears and embraces, and I knew that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun kissed me too, as he disappeared with Gabrielle, and the clerk placed me in the fly alone, which put me down in the same place, in the quiet meadows by the shining water. I sat down and wept till I became exhausted. Was this all a dream? Had Gabrielle really gone? My child-sister married? Become rich and great? But I treasured her words, hurried home, and put on my old dark dress; and Nelly said not a word. Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's gold had secured her silence; and she was to "know nothing," but to take care of me for the present.

Ere my father retired to rest that night, a letter was brought addressed to him. I never knew the contents, but it was from Gabrielle and Gabrielle's husband. I did not see him again for some days, and then he never looked at me; and strange, strange it seemed, Gabrielle had disappeared like a snow wreath, in silence, in mystery; and I exclaimed in agony, "Was there ever any thing like this in the world before?"

My father made himself acquainted with the position of the young man whom his daughter had

gone off with, and also of the legality of their marriage; that ascertained satisfactorily, he sank into the same hopeless slothfulness and indolence as heretofore, dozing life away, and considering he had achieved a prodigious labor in making the necessary inquiries.

Very soon after this I had my first letter—doubly dear and interesting because it was from Gabrielle. The inn servant brought it under pretext of visiting Nelly, so my father knew nothing about it. Ah, that first letter! shall I ever forget how I bathed it my with tears, and covered it with kisses? It was short, and merely said they were in lodgings for the present, because Mr. Erminstoun had not yet forgiven his son: not a word about her happiness; not a word of her husband; but she concluded by saying, "that very soon she hoped to send for her darling Ruth—never to be parted more."

I know that my guardian angel whispered the thoughts that now came into my head as I read and pondered; because I had prayed to be led as a sheep by the shepherd, being but a simple, weakly child. I determined on two things—to show the letter I had received from Gabrielle to my father, for conscience loudly whispered concealment was wrong; and never to quit him, because the time might come when he, perhaps, would require, or be glad of my attendance. I felt quite happy after forming these resolutions on my knees; and I wrote to Gabrielle telling her of them. I know not if my father observed what I said, but he took no notice, for he was half asleep and smoking; so I left the letter beside him, as I ever did afterward, for I often heard from my beloved sister: and oh! but it *was* hard to resist her entreaties that I would come to her—that it was for my sake as well as her own she had taken so bold a step; and that now she had a pleasant home for me, [Pg 805] and I refused. It was hard to refuse; but God was with me, or I never could have had strength of myself to persevere in duty, and "*deny myself*." When Gabrielle found arguments and entreaties vain, she gave way to bursts of anguish that nearly overcame me; but when "I was weak, then I was strong," and I clasped my precious Bible, and told her I *dared* not leave my father.

Then came presents of books, and all kinds of beautiful and useful things, to add to my comfort or improvement. Gabrielle told me they were settled in a pretty cottage near the Hall, and that Mr. Erminstoun had forgiven his son. Mr. Erminstoun was a widower, and had five daughters by a former marriage—Gabrielle's husband being the only child of his second union: the Misses Erminstoun were all flourishing in single blessedness, and were known throughout the country-side as the "proud Miss Erminstouns." These ladies were tall, and what some folks call "dashing women;" wearing high feathers, bright colors, and riding hither and thither in showy equipages, or going to church on the Sabbath with a footman following their solemn and majestic approach to the house of prayer, carrying the richly-emblazoned books of these "miserable sinners."

How I pined to hear from Gabrielle that she was happy, and cherished by her new connections; that she was humbled also, in some measure—abashed at the bold step she had taken. So young—so fair—so determined. I trembled, girl as I was, when I thought that God's wrath might fall on her dear head, and chasten her rebellious spirit.

Six months subsequent to Gabrielle's departure our father died, after but a few days' severe suffering. Dying, he took my hand and murmured, "Good child!" and those precious words fell as a blessing on my soul; and I know he listened to the prayers which God put into my heart to make for his departing spirit. I mourned for the dead, because he was my father and I his child....

Nelly accompanied me to my sister's home; and fairyland seemed opening to my view when I embraced Gabrielle once more. What a pleasant home it was!—a cottage not much larger than the one I had left—but how different! Elegance and comfort were combined; and when I saw the rare exotics in the tasteful conservatory I remembered the roses in our wilderness. Ah, I doubt if we ever valued flowers as we did those precious dewy buds. Wood End Cottage stood on the brow of a hill, commanding a fair prospect of sylvan quietude; the old Parsonage was adjacent, inhabited by a bachelor curate, "poor and pious," the church tower peeping forth from a clump of trees. The peal of soft bells in that mouldering tower seemed to me like unearthly music: my heart thrilled as I heard their singular, melancholy chime. There were fine monuments within the church, and it had a superb painted window, on which the sun always cast its last gleams during the hours of summer-evening service.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, was paler and thinner than when I had seen him last, and I was shocked and alarmed at his appearance. His love for Gabrielle amounted to idolatry; and for her sake he loved and cherished me. She was colder and haughtier in manner than ever, receiving passively all the devoted tenderness lavished by her husband: this pained me sadly; for though he was assuredly simple, there was an earnest truthfulness and kindliness about him, which won on the affections amazingly. He would speak to me of Gabrielle by the hour together, with ever-increasing delight; we both marveled at her surpassing beauty, which each week became more angelic and pure in character.

On me alone all my sister's caresses were bestowed; all the pent-up love of a passionate nature found vent in my arms, which were twined around her with strange enthusiastic love; therefore it was, her faults occasioned me such agony—for I could not but see them—and I alone, of all the world, knew her noble nature—knew what she "might have been." I told her that I expected to have found her cheerful, now she had a happy home of her own.

"Happy! cheerful!" she cried, sadly. "A childhood such as mine was, flings dark shadows over all futurity, Ruth."

"Oh, speak not so, beloved," I replied; "have you not a good husband, your error mercifully

forgiven? are you not surrounded by blessings?"

"And dependent," she answered, bitterly

"But dependent on your husband, as the Bible says every woman should be."

"And my husband is utterly dependent on his father, Ruth; he has neither ability nor health to help himself, and on his father he depends for our bread. I have but exchanged one bondage for another; and all my hope is now centred in you, dearest, to educate you—to render you independent of this cold, hard world."

"Why, Gabrielle," I said, "you are not seventeen yet—it is not too late, is it, for you also to be educated?"

"Too late, too late," answered Gabrielle, mournfully. "Listen, wise Ruth, I shall be a mother soon; and to my child, if it is spared, and to you, I devote myself. You have seen the Misses Erminstoun—you have seen vulgarity, insolence, and absurd pretension; they have taunted me with my ignorance, and I will not change it now. The blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens has made me a lady; and all the wealth of the Indies can not make them so. No, Ruth, I will remain in ignorance, and yet tower above them, high as the clouds above the dull earth, in innate superiority and power of mind!"

"Oh, my sister," I urged timidly, "it is not well to think highly of one's self—the Bible teaches not so." [Pg 806]

"Ruth! Ruth!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "it is not that I think highly of myself, as you well know; you well know with what anguish I have deplored our wants; it is pretension I despise, and rise above; talent, and learning, and virtue, and nobleness, that I revere, and could worship!"

"But, beloved," I urged, "people may be very kind and good, without being so mighty clever."

"The Erminstouns female are not kind, are not good," she haughtily replied: "the Erminstouns male are fools! Ruth, I have changed one bondage for another, and the sins of the father fall on the innocent child. I have changed starvation, and cold, and degradation, for hateful dependence on the vulgar and despised. Woe is me, woe is me! If I can but save you, my sister, and make you independent, I can bear my lot."

My education commenced, and they called me a "wise child:" every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss Erminstouns," who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with unutterable scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I prayed Gabrielle to *try* and win their love; to read her Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath;" but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and liked not to read of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and instructor in Mr. Dacre, the "poor, pious curate;" he was a college friend of my brother-in-law, and a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas's life a very precarious one, from the way in which he spoke to him on religious subjects, and the anxiety he evinced as to his spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used also to call me his "wise little friend;" and we were wont to speak of passages in the book I loved best. What thought I of him? Why, sometimes in my own mind I would compare him to an apostle—St. Paul, for instance, sincere, learned, and inspired; but then St. Paul haunted my day-dreams as a reverend gentleman with a beard and flowing robes, while Mr. Dacre was young, handsome, and excessively neat in his ecclesiastical costume and appointments generally. Mr. Dacre had serious dark eyes—solemn eyes they were, in my estimation, but the very sweetest smile in the world; and one of the Misses Erminstoun seemed to think so too: but people said that the pious young minister was vowed to celibacy.

There was also another frequent visitor at Erminstoun Hall, who not seldom found his way to Wood End Cottage; and this was no less a personage than Lord Treherne, who resided at Treherne Abbey in princely magnificence, and had lately become a widower. This nobleman was upward of sixty, stately, cold, and reserved in manner, and rarely warmed into a smile, except in contemplation of woman's beauty; of which, indeed, he was an enthusiastic admirer. The late Lady Treherne had presented her lord with no family; and the disappointment was bitterly felt by Lord Treherne, who most ardently desired an heir to succeed to his ancient title and immense possessions. It was rumored abroad that the eldest Miss Erminstoun was likely to become the favored lady on whom his lordship's second choice might fall: she was still a handsome woman, and as cold and haughty as Lord Treherne himself; but, notwithstanding her smiles and encouragement, the ancient cavalier in search of a bride did not propose. Nay, on the contrary, he evinced considerable interest in Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's failing health; he was the poor young gentleman's godfather, and it seemed not improbable that, in the event of his lordship dying childless, his godson might inherit a desirable fortune. Rare fruits and flowers arrived in profusion from the Abbey; and my lord showed great interest in my progress, while Gabrielle treated him with far more freedom than she did any one else, and seemed pleased and gratified by his fatherly attentions.

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle became the mother of as lovely a babe as ever entered this world of woe; and it was a fair and touching sight to behold the young mother caressing her infant daughter. I have often wondered that I felt no pangs of jealousy, for the beauteous stranger more than divided my sister's love for me—she engaged it nearly all: and there was something fearful and sublime in the exceeding idolatry of Gabrielle for her sweet baby. Self was immolated altogether; and when she hung over the baby's couch each night, watching its happy,

peaceful slumbers, it was difficult to say which of the twain was the more beautiful. Repose marked the countenance of each—Gabrielle's was imbued with the heavenly repose of parental love.

In less than twelve months after its birth, that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity; and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Sad scenes followed this solemn event; the Misses Erminstoun wished to take her child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as "he had already so expensive an establishment to keep up; and now poor Thomas was gone, there was really no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm-house."

All this came about in a few months, from one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudged her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child?" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet! though it was as soft and musical as the old church bells.

We left Wood End Cottage, and found refuge in a retired farm-house, as Mr. Erminstoun proposed; but we were together: and there were many who cried "shame" on the rich banker, for [Pg 807] thus casting off his daughter-in-law and his grandchild. Small was the pittance he allowed for our subsistence; and the Misses Erminstoun never noticed Gabrielle on her refusal to part with the child. "She was not fit," they bruited about, "to bring up their poor brother's daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for kindness lavished; she had a cold heart and repellant manner, which had steeled their sympathies toward her." They thought themselves ill-used at Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses Erminstoun regarded Gabrielle and her poor little daughter as mere interlopers, who were robbing them of their father's money.

Well might Gabrielle say—"I have changed one bondage for another!" but I never heard her repeat that now. She was silent, even to me. No murmur escaped her lips; and what she felt or suffered I knew not. Little Ella was a pale flower, like her mother; but as similar to the parent rose as an opening rosebud.

"What could I do?" were the words I was continually repeating to myself. "I must not be an added burden to Mr. Erminstoun. I have already profited by my sister's union with his son, by having gratefully received instruction in various branches of learning, and can I not do something for myself?" What this *something* was to be, I could not define. My lameness precluded active employment, and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts and wishes to Mr. Dacre, who often visited us, speaking words of balm and consolation to the afflicted. Gabrielle listened to his words, as she never had done to mine; and he could reprove, admonish, exhort, or cheer, when all human hope seemed deserting us. For where were we to look for a shelter, should it please Mr. Erminstoun to withdraw his allowance, to force Gabrielle to abandon her child to have it from want? I verily believe, had it not been for that precious babe, she would have begged her bread, and suffered me to do so, rather than be dependent on the scantily-doled-out bounty of Mr. Erminstoun.

During the twelve months that elapsed after her husband's death there was a "great calm" over Gabrielle—a tranquillity, like that exhibited by an individual walking in sleep. I had expected despair and passion when her lofty spirit was thus trampled to the dust; but no, as I have said, she was strangely tranquil—strangely silent. There was no resignation—that is quite another thing; and, except when my sister listened to Mr. Dacre, she never read her Bible, or suffered me to read it to her: but his deep, full, rich voice, inexpressibly touching and sweet in all its modulations, ever won her rapt, undivided attention. She attended the church where he officiated; and though the Erminstouns had a sumptuously-decorated pew there, it was not to that the young widow resorted; she sat amid the poor in the aisle, beneath a magnificent monument of the Treherne family, where the glorious sunset rays, streaming through the illuminated window, fell full upon her clustering golden hair and downcast eyes.

There was pride in this, not humility; and Gabrielle deceived herself, as, with a quiet grace peculiarly her own, she glided to her lowly seat, rejecting Lord Treherne's proffered accommodation, as he courteously stood with his pew door open, bowing to the fair creature as if she had been a queen. The five Misses Erminstoun knelt on their velvet cushions, arrayed in feathers and finery, and strong in riches and worldly advantages; but my pale sister, in her coarsely-fashioned mourning-garb, seated on a bench, and kneeling on the stone, might have been taken for the regal lady, and they her plebeian attendants.

Spiteful glances they cast toward Gabrielle, many a time and oft, when my Lord Treherne so pointedly paid his respectful devoirs; and there was as much pride and haughtiness in Gabrielle's heart as in theirs. Poor thing! she said truly, that "early shadows had darkened her soul," and what had she left but *pride*? Not an iota of woman's besetting littleness had my sister—noble, generous, self-denying, devoted where she loved; her sweetness had been poisoned, nor had she sought that fountain of living water which alone can purify such bitterness. Gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, Gabrielle's pride wrought her misery. Lord Treherne never came in person to our humble home—he had but once paid his respects to Gabrielle since her widowhood; but the rarest exotics continued to decorate our poor room, constantly replenished from Treherne Abbey, and sent, with his lordship's card, by a confidential domestic. He was always at church now, and people remarked "how pious my lord had latterly become." I

was far too young and inexperienced then to understand or appreciate this delicacy and propriety on Lord Treherne's part. But Mr. Dacre understood it; nor would *he* have intruded on our privacy, save in his ministerial capacity, and for the purpose of aiding and assisting me in the studies I endeavored to pursue. There was a "halo of sanctity" around Mr. Dacre, which effectually precluded any approach to freedom or frivolous conversation, in any society wherein he might be placed. He gave the tone to that society, and the gay and dashing Misses Erminstoun became subdued in his presence; while Lord Treherne, with excellent taste, not only showed the outward respect due to Mr. Dacre's sacred and high office, but the regard which his personal qualities deserved.

I have often looked back on that time immediately after my brother-in-law's decease, with wonder at our serenity—nay, almost contentment and happiness; despite the anguish and humiliation I knew Gabrielle must endure, her smile was ever beautiful and sweet, and illumined our poor home with the sunshine of heaven. [Pg 808]

Our baby was, I think I may say, almost equally dear to us both—it had two mothers, Gabrielle said; and what with nursing the darling little thing, and learning my lessons, and Mr. Dacre's visits, time flew rapidly.

On the appearance of each fresh token of Lord Treherne's remembrance, I observed an expression flit across my sister's face which I could not define; it was of triumph and agony combined, and she always flew to her baby, clasping it convulsively to her bosom, and whispering words of strange import. On Mr. Dacre's expressive, serious countenance, also, I noticed passing clouds, as Gabrielle bestowed enthusiastic admiration on the superb exotics. Why this was I could by no means satisfactorily decide, as Mr. Dacre, so kind and generous, must approve the disinterested delicacy exhibited by Lord Treherne, in his offerings to the fatherless and widow. But the disinterestedness of my lord's attentions was a myth which I soon discarded: for in twelve months subsequent to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's decease, a letter from Treherne Abbey was brought to Gabrielle, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Trehernes, and signed by the present representative of that noble race. We were seated at our fireside, busy with domestic needlework, and I saw Gabrielle's hands tremble as she opened it, while that strange, wild expression of triumph and pain, flitted more than once over her face as she perused the missive. She silently gave it to me, and with amazement I read its contents—such an idea had never once entered my simple brain. Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline her ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most munificent settlements should be made. I laughed heartily as I read his lordship's rhapsodies, becoming a young lover; and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, "What a pity, dearest, that we can not have such a noble father for our little Ella!" the possibility of Gabrielle's marrying a man of nearly seventy never entered into my calculations for a moment. Therefore my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered,

"Why can not Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth?"

"Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

"But I mean to marry him, Ruth: could you doubt it? Could I have lived on as I have done without prophetic hope to support me? Think you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth and power? Oh, Ruth, were I alone, it might be different." She spoke in a tone of suppressed anguish and passionate regret. "But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub, "for her sake I would *immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice*. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has power to save and to bless! *She* must not be doomed to poverty or dependence. No, no! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

"And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

"Name them not, Ruth; name them not, if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do?"

Alas! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so. But Blanche Erminstoun will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half-smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good-evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires heroic self-command to descend to the commonplaces of this workaday world; but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when premature sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies.

I read my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and I inwardly murmured, "Alas for woman's love, it is cast aside!"

My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one (Gabrielle had stipulated for this), his lordship's chaplain performing the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away, and she was clad in muslin; now she was arrayed in satin and glittering gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of the bridegroom, gave her lily hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was forsworn; but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own; while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the Continent, where we remained for the six following years, Gabrielle and myself receiving instructions in every accomplishment suitable to our position. It was charming to witness with what celerity my beautiful sister acquired every thing she undertook, for she was as anxious as her lord to adorn the high station to which she now belonged. Wherever we went the fame of Lady Treherne's beauty went with us, while her fascination of manner and high-bred elegance perfectly satisfied her fastidious husband that he had made a wise and prudent choice. There was one drawback to his lordship's perfect [Pg 809] contentment, and this was the absence of the much-wished-for heir, for Gabrielle presented no children to her husband; and our little Ella, a fairy child, of brilliant gifts and almost superhuman loveliness, became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to her doting mother's. It was settled ere we returned to England, that Ella was to drop the name of Erminstoun, and as Lord Treherne's acknowledged heiress, legal forms were to be immediately adopted in order to ratify the change of name to that of the family appellation of the Trehernes.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle kneel beside her aged husband, and thank him fondly for this proof of regard; triumph sparkled in her eyes, and Lord Treherne laid his hand on her fair head, blessing her as he did so. She had made him a good wife, in every sense of the term: he had never forgot that her blood equaled his own. But Gabrielle did, for that very reason; her gratitude made her humble toward him, because he was humble toward her: nor did Lord Treherne ever cease to think that Gabrielle had conferred a favor in marrying him.

A succession of *fêtes* and entertainments were given at Treherne Abbey after our return, and Gabrielle was the star on whom all gazed with delighted admiration. All the country families flocked to pay their homage, but the Erminstouns came not until Lady Treherne extended a hand of welcome to her first husband's family; she was too exalted, both in station and mind, to cherish the pitiful remembrances of their former unkindness. There were but two Misses Erminstoun now, the others were well married (according to the world's notion, that is); and the youngest, who had not given up hopes of yet becoming Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into a nun-like damsel, something between a Sister of Charity and a Quakeress in exterior: perhaps Mr. Dacre read the interior too well; and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the poor, and attendance on the charity-schools, and regular loud devotions at church, Mr. Dacre remained obdurate and wedded to celibacy. It might be that he disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, but I think he was at one time vulnerable on that point.

How delighted I was to see him once more, to hear him call me his "wise little friend," with his former sweet smile and affectionate manner; six years had changed him—he looked rather careworn, and well he might, for he was a true worker in the Lord's vineyard: nor was his mission confined to the poor; the rich and noble also felt his influence. Lord and Lady Treherne greeted him as an old and valued friend; nor could I detect the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost faded away. She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella, with her winning, gentle ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that she loved him very much indeed: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell her those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart misgives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came not frequently to Treherne, but he was a quick observer, and he saw we had set up an idol for ourselves in this child, he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yes, *shivered* with dismay, at the bare suggestion he hinted at—that God was a "jealous God," and permitted no idolatrous worship to pass unreproved.

Poor young mother, how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness!

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother sat by her coffin four days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her, there way an alarming expression in her eyes if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died; she was hopeful to the last: it was impossible, she said, that her child could die; her faculties could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender, sympathizing heart; nerved by strength from above he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the benumbed mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and then words were spoken far too solemn and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the

judgment day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was; and, prostrate beside her dead child, cried, "I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature; deal with me as thou seest best." Pride abased, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me; and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated between life and death, I knew that, she was an altered being, and that this bitter, affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy-throne, forever crying,

"Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou, alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!"

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that the mother was about to rejoin her child in the [Pg 810] mansions of the blessed. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were as pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle was hastening they would be reunited in glory—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr. Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him—indeed, he could scarcely bear me to be out of his sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine.

He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in His merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before—of God's ways in bringing us to Himself, chastening pride and self-reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne, with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his "wise little Ruth," as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the Abbey came into the possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End Cottage was vacant, and I purchased it; and assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly, and, I humbly trust, not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End church to the memory of Gabrielle, and Ella his adopted daughter: the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side-by-side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed, as if weary—weary.

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt: dim voices haunt me from the past: my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where "Ruth the cripple" reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, "dust to dust."

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## THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
  Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labor lost—
  The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
  In every yet discovered land;
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
  Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth.
  In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
  Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
  A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
  Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
  By age or ailment made forlorn:
And none shall thrust them from the door,
  Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere;

Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced;
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few—
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

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## A NIGHT WITH AN EARTHQUAKE.[6]

The sound had not quite died away, when the feet I stood on seemed suddenly seized with the cramp. Cup and coffee-pot dropped as dead from Don Marzio's hand as the ball from St. Francis's palm. There was a rush as if of many waters, and for about ten seconds my head was overwhelmed by awful dizziness, which numbed and paralyzed all sensation. Don Marzio, in form an athlete, in heart a lion, but a man of sudden, sanguine temperament, bustled up and darted [Pg 811] out of the room with the ease of a man never burdened with a wife, with kith or kin. Donna Betta, a portly matron, also rose instinctively; but I—I never could account for the odd freak—laid hold of her arm, bidding her stay. The roar of eight hundred houses—or how many more can there be in Aquila?—all reeling and quaking, the yells of ten thousand voices in sudden agony, had wholly subsided ere I allowed the poor woman calmly and majestically to waddle up to her good man in the garden. That, I suppose, was my notion of an orderly retreat. Rosalbina had flown from a window into the lawn, like a bird. Thank God, we found ourselves all in the open air under the broad canopy of heaven. We began to count heads. Yes, there we all stood—cook, laundry-maid, dairy-maids, stable-boys, all as obedient to the awful summons as the best disciplined troops at the first roll of the drum.

It was February, as I have twice observed; and we were in the heart of the highest Apennines. The day was rather fine, but pinching cold; and when the fever of the first terror abated, the lady and young lady began to shiver in every limb. No one dared to break silence; but Don Marzio's eye wandered significantly enough from one to another countenance in that awe-stricken group. There was no mistaking his appeal. Yet, one after another, his menials and laborers returned his gaze with well-acted perplexity. No one so dull of apprehension as those who will not understand. My good friends, I was three-and-twenty. I had had my trials, and could boast of pretty narrow escapes. I may have been reckless, perhaps, in my day. I smiled dimly, nodded to the old gentleman, clapped my hands cheerily, and the next moment was once more where no man in Aquila would at that moment have liked to be for the world—under a roof. I made a huge armful of cloaks and blankets, snapped up every rag with all the haste of a marauding party, and moved toward the door, tottering under the encumbrance. But now the dreadful crisis was at hand.

Earthquakes, it is well known, proceed by action and re-action. The second shock, I was aware, must be imminent. I had just touched the threshold, and stood under the porch, when that curious spasmodic sensation once more stiffened every muscle in my limbs. Presently I felt myself lifted up from the ground. I was now under the portico, and was hurled against the pillar on my right; the rebound again drove me to the post on the opposite side; and after being thus repeatedly tossed and buffeted from right to left like a shuttlecock, I was thrust down, outward, on the ground on my head, with all that bundle of rags, having tumbled head-long the whole range of the four marble steps of entrance. The harm, however, was not so great as the fright; and, thanks to my gallant devotion, the whole party were wrapped and blanketed, till they looked like a party of wild Indians; we stood now on comparatively firm ground, and had leisure to look about us. Don Marzio's garden was open and spacious, being bounded on three sides by the half-

crumbling wall of the town. On the fourth side was the house—a good, substantial fabric, but now miserably shaky and rickety. Close by the house was the chapel of the Ursuline convent, and above that its slender spire rose chaste and stainless, "pointing the way to heaven." Any rational being might have deemed himself sufficiently removed from brick and mortar, and, in so far, out of harm's way. Not so Don Marzio. He pointed to the shadow of that spire, which, in the pale wintry sunset, stretched all the way across his garden, and by a strange perversion of judgment, he contended that so far as the shadow extended, there might also the body that cast it reach in its fall, for fall it obviously must; and as the danger was pressing, he deemed it unwise to discuss which of the four cardinal points the tower might feel a leaning toward, whenever, under the impulse of the subterranean scourge, it would "look around and choose its ground." Don Marzio was gifted with animal courage, and even nerve, proportionate to the might of his stalwart frame. But then his was merely a combative spirit. Thews and sinews were of no avail in the case. The garden was no breathing ground for him, and he resolved upon prompt emigration.

The people of Aquila, as indeed you may well know, of most towns in Southern Italy, have the habit of—consequently a peculiar talent for—earthquakes. They know how to deal with them, and are seldom caught unprepared. Two hundred yards outside the town gate, there is half a square mile of table-land on the summit of a hill—a market-place in days of ease, a harbor of refuge in the urgency of peril. From the first dropping of the earth-ball from the hand of their guardian saint, the most far-sighted among the inhabitants had been busy pitching their tents. The whole population—those, that is, who had escaped unscathed by flying tiles and chimney-pots—were now swarming there, pulling, pushing, hauling, and hammering away for very life: with women fainting, children screeching, Capuchins preaching. It was like a little rehearsal of doomsday. Don Marzio, a prudent housekeeper, had the latch-key of a private door at the back of the garden. He threw it open—not without a misgiving at the moss-grown wall overhead. That night the very stars did not seem to him sufficiently firm-nailed to the firmament! His family and dependents trooped after him, eager to follow. Rosalbina looked back—at one who was left behind. Don Marzio felt he owed me at least one word of leave-taking. He hemmed twice, came back two steps, and gave me a feverish shake of the hand.

"I am heartily sorry for you, my boy," he cried. "A *fuoruscito*, as I may say, a bird-in-the-bush—you dare not show your nose outside the door. You would not compromise yourself alone, you know, but all of us and our friends; we must leave you—safe enough here, I dare say," with a stolen glance at the Ursuline spire, "but—you see—imperative duties—head of a family—take care of the females—and so, God bless you!" [Pg 812]

With this he left me there, under the deadly shade of the steeple—deadlier to him than the upas-tree; ordered his little household band out, and away they filed, one by one, the head of the family manfully closing the rear....

I was alone—alone with the earthquake.... There was a wood-cellar in one of the out-houses, access to which was easy and safe. One of my host's domestics had slipped flint and steel into my hands. In less than half-an-hour's time, a cheerful fire was crackling before me. I drew forth an old lumbering arm-chair from the wood-cellar, together with my provision of fuel. I shrouded myself in the ample folds of one of Don Marzio's riding-cloaks; I sat with folded arms, my eyes riveted on the rising blaze, summoning all my spirits round my heart, and bidding it to bear up. The sun had long set, and the last gleam of a sickly twilight rapidly faded. A keen, damp, north-east wind swept over the earth; thin, black, ragged clouds flitted before it, like uneasy ghosts. A stray star twinkled here and there in the firmament, and the sickle-shaped moon hung in the west. But the light of those pale luminaries was wan and fitful. They seemed to be aware of the hopelessness of their struggle, and to mourn in anticipation of the moment when they should faint in fight, and unrelieved darkness should lord it over the fields of the heavens.

The town of Aquila, or the Eagle, as the natives name it, is perched, eagle-like, on the brow of an abrupt cliff in the bosom of the loftiest Apennines. Monte Reale, Monte Velino, and the giant of the whole chain, the "Gran Sasso d'Italia," look down upon it from their exalted thrones. Within the shelter of that massive armor, the town might well seem invulnerable to time and man. But now, as I gazed despondingly round, the very hills everlasting seemed rocking from their foundation, and their crests nodding to destruction. Which of those mighty peaks was to open the fire of hell's artillery upon us? Was not Etna once as still and dark as yonder great rock? and yet it now glares by night with its ominous beacon, and cities and kingdoms have been swept away at its base.

Two hours passed away in gloomy meditation. The whole town was a desert. The camp meeting of the unhoused Aquilani was held somewhere in the distance: its confused murmur reached me not. Only my neighbors, the Ursuline nuns, were up and awake. With shrinking delicacy, dreading the look and touch of the profane even more than the walls of their prison-house, they had stood their ground with the heroism of true faith, and reared their temporary asylum under their vine-canopied bowers, within the shade of the cloisters. A high garden-wall alone separated me from the holy virgins. They were watching and kneeling. Every note from their silver voices sank deep in my heart, and impressed me with something of that pious confidence, of that imploring fervor, with which they addressed their guardian angels and saints. Two hours had passed. The awfulness of prevailing tranquillity, the genial warmth of my fire, and the sweet monotony of that low, mournful chanting, were by degrees gliding into my troubled senses, and lulling them into a treacherous security. "Just so," I reasoned, "shock and countershock. The terrible scourge has by this time exhausted its strength. It was only a farce, after all. Much ado about nothing. The people of this town have become so familiar with the earthquake that they make a carnival of it.

By this time they are perhaps feasting and rioting under their booths. Ho! am I the only craven here? And had I not my desire? Am I not now on speaking terms with an earthquake?"

Again my words conjured up the waking enemy. A low, hollow, rumbling noise, as if from many hundred miles' distance, was heard coming rapidly onward along the whole line of the Apennines. It reached us, it seemed to stop underneath our feet, and suddenly changing its horizontal for a vertical direction, it burst upward. The whole earth heaved with a sudden pang; it then gave a backward bound, even as a vessel shipping a sea. The motion then became undulatory, and spread far and wide as the report of a cannon, awakening every echo in the mountain. There was a rattle and clatter in the town, as if of a thousand wagons shooting down paving stones. The Ursuline steeple waved in the air like a reed vexed by the blast. The chair I stood on was all but capsized, and the fire at my feet was overthrown. The very vault of heaven swung to and fro, ebbing and heaving with the general convulsion. The doleful psalmody in the neighboring ground broke abruptly. The chorus of many feminine voices sent forth but one rending shriek. The clamor of thousands of the town-folk from their encampment gave its wakeful response. Then the dead silence of consternation ensued. I picked up every stick and brand that had been scattered about, steadied myself in my chair, and hung down my head. "These black hounds," I mused, "hunt in couples. Now for the repercussion."

I had not many minutes to wait. Again the iron-hoofed steeds and heavy wheels of the state chariot of the prince of darkness were heard tramping and rattling in their course. Once more the subterranean avalanche gathered and burst. Once more the ground beneath throbbed and heaved as if with rending travail. Once more heaven and earth seemed to yearn to each other; and the embers of my watch-fire were cast upward and strewn asunder. It was an awful long winter night. The same sable clouds rioting in the sky, the same cruel wind moaning angrily [Pg 813] through the chinks and crevices of many a shattered edifice. Solitude, the chillness of night, and the vagueness, even more than the inevitableness, of the danger, wrought fearfully on my exhausted frame. Stupor and lethargy soon followed these brief moments of speechless excitement. Bewildered imagination peopled the air with vague, unutterable terrors. Legions of phantoms sported on those misshapen clouds. The clash of a thousand swords was borne on the wind. Tongues of living flame danced and quivered in every direction. The firmament seemed all burning with them. I saw myself alone, helpless, hopeless, the miserable butt of all the rage of warring elements. It was an uncomfortable night. Ten and twelve times was the dreadful visitation reproduced between sunset and sunrise, and every shock found me more utterly unnerved; and the sullen, silent resignation with which I recomposed and trimmed my fire had something in it consummately abject, by the side of the doleful accents with which the poor half-hoarse nuns, my neighbors, called on their blessed Virgin for protection.

The breaking morn found me utterly prostrated; and when Don Marzio's servants had so far recovered from their panic as to intrude upon my solitude, and offer their services for the erection of my tent in the garden, I had hardly breath enough left to welcome them. Under that tent I passed days and nights during all the remainder of February. The shocks, though diminished in strength, almost nightly roused us from our rest. But the people of Aquila soon learned to despise them. By one, by two, by three they sought the threshold of their dismantled homes. Last of all, Don Marzio folded his tent. His fears having, finally, so far given way, as to allow him to think of something beside himself, he exerted himself to free me from confinement. He furnished me with faithful guides, by whose aid I reached the sea-coast. Here a Maltese vessel was waiting to waft me to a land of freedom and security. I can tell you, my friends, that from that time I was cured forever of all curiosity about earthquakes.

### FOOTNOTES:

[6] From a work entitled "Scenes of Italian Life," by L. Mariotti, just published in London.

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# A PLEA FOR BRITISH REPTILES.

What the flourishing tradesman writes with pride over his shop, we might in most cases write over our storehouse of antipathies—established in 1720, or 1751. For what good reason we, in 1851, should shudder at the contact of a spider, or loathe toads, it would be hard to say. Our forefathers in their ignorance did certainly traduce the characters of many innocent and interesting animals, and many of us now believe some portions of their scandal. To be a reptile, for example, is perhaps the greatest disgrace that can attach to any animal in our eyes. Reptile passes for about the worst name you can call a man. This is unjust—at any rate, in England. We have no thought of patting crocodiles under the chin, or of embracing boa constrictors; but for our English reptiles we claim good words and good-will. We beg to introduce here, formally, our unappreciated friends to any of our human friends who may not yet have cultivated their acquaintance.

The Common Lizard—surely you know the Common Lizard, if not by his name of state—*Zootoca vivipara*. He wears a brilliant jacket, and you have made friends with him, as a nimble, graceful fellow; as a bit of midsummer. His very name reminds you of a warm bank in the country, and a sunny day. Is he a reptile? Certainly; suppose we stop two minutes to remember what a reptile is.

The heart of a reptile has three cavities; that is to say, it is not completely double, like our own. It sends only a small part of the blood which comes into it for renovation into the air-chambers—the lungs; while the remainder circulates again unpurified. That change made in the blood by contact with the oxygen of air, is chiefly the cause of heat in animals. Aëration, therefore, being in reptiles very partial, the amount of heat evolved is small; reptiles are therefore called cold-blooded. They are unable to raise their heat above the temperature of the surrounding air. Fishes are cold-blooded, through deficient aëration in another way; in them, all the blood passes from the heart into the place where air shall come in contact with it; but, then there is a limitation to the store of air supplied, which can be no more than the quantity extracted from the water. The temperature of water is maintained below the surface, and we know how that of the air varies, since a certain quantity of heat is necessary to the vital processes; reptiles, depending upon air for heat, hybernate or become torpid when the temperature falls below a certain point. The rapidity of all their vital actions will depend upon the state of the thermometer; they digest faster in the heat of summer than in the milder warmth of spring. Their secretions (as the poison of the adder) are in hot weather more copious, and in winter are not formed at all. The reptiles breathe, in all cases, by lungs; but we must except here those called *Batrachians*, as frogs or newts, which breathe, in the first stage, by gills, and afterward by gills and lungs, or by lungs only. The *Batrachians*, again, are the only exception to another great characteristic of the reptile class, the hard, dry covering of plates or scales. The reptiles all produce their young from eggs, or are "oviparous"—some hatch their eggs within the body, and produce their young alive, or are "ovo-viviparous." These are the characters belonging to all members of the reptile-class. The class is subdivided into orders somewhat thus: 1. The *Testudinate* (tortoises and turtles). 2. *Enaliosaurian* (all fossil, the *Ichthyosaurus* and his like). 3. *Loricate* (crocodiles and alligators). 4. *Saurian* (lizards). 5. *Ophidian* (serpents); and the last order, *Batrachian* (frogs, toads, &c.); which is, by some, parted from the reptiles, and established as another class.

Now we have in England no tortoises or turtles, and no crocodiles: and the fossil order is, in all places, extinct; so our reptiles can belong only to the three last-named orders, Lizards, Serpents, and Batrachians. [Pg 814]

Thus we come back, then, to our Lizards, of which we have among us but two genera, a single species of each. These are the Common Lizard, well known to us all, and the Sand Lizard, known only to some of us who happen to live upon the southern coast. The species of lizard so extremely common in this country, has not been found in countries farther south, and is, in fact, peculiar to our latitude. We, therefore, may love him as a sympathetic friend. The sand lizard (*Lacerta agilis*) is found as far north as the country of Linnæus, and as far south as the northern part of France; in England, however, it seems to be rare, and has been detected only in Dorsetshire—chiefly near Poole, or in some other southern counties. It frequents sandy heaths, and is of a brown sandy color, marked and dotted; but there is a green variety said to be found among the verdure of marshy places. It is larger than our common lizard, averaging seven inches long, is very timid, and when made a prisoner pines and dies. Its female lays eggs, like a turtle, in the sand, covers them over, and leaves them to be hatched by the summer sun. This kind of lizard, therefore, is oviparous. The eggs of our common lizard are hatched also by the sun; for, reptiles having no heat of their own, can not provide that which is necessary to the development of an embryo; but in this case the sun hatches them within the parent's body. The female of this lizard stretches herself out upon a sunny bank, and lets the bright rays fall upon her body while she lies inactive. At this period, she will not move for any thing less than a real cause of alarm. She is not sunning herself lazily, however, but fulfilling an ordinance of God. The eggs break as the young lizards—three to six—are born. This lizard is, therefore, ovo-viviparous. The little ones begin at once to run about, and soon dart after insects, their proper food; but they accompany the mother with some instinct of affection for a little time. These lizards are very various in size and color; difference in these respects does not denote difference in kind. The little scales which cover them are arranged in a peculiar manner on the head, under the neck, &c.; and some differences of arrangement, in such respects, are characteristic. The best distinction between the only two species of lizard known in this country has been pointed out by Mr. Bell. In the hind legs, under each thigh, there is a row of openings, each opening upon a single scale. In sand lizards, the opening is obviously smaller than the scale; in our common lizards, the opening is so comparatively large that the scale seems to be the mere edge of a tube around it.

These are our lizards, then, our Saurian reptiles; and they do not merit any hate. Suffer an introduction now to English Snakes.

The first snake, the Blindworm, is not a snake, nor yet a worm. It is a half-way animal—between a lizard and a snake. The lizards shade off so insensibly into the snakes, even the boa preserving rudimentary hind legs, that some naturalists counsel their union into a single class of Squamate, or scaled reptiles. By a milder process of arrangement, all those animals which dwell upon the frontier ground between Lizards or Saurians, and Ophidians or Snakes, are to be called Saurophidian. The blindworm then, is Saurophidian; it is quite as much a lizard as a snake. Snakes have the bones of their head all movable, so that their jaws can be dilated, until, like carpet-bags, they swallow any thing. The lizard has its jaws fixed; so has the blindworm. Snakes have a long tongue, split for some distance, and made double-forked; the blindworm's tongue has nothing but a little notch upon the tip. It has a smooth round muzzle, with which it can easily wind its way under dry soil to hybernate; or else it takes a winter nap in any large heap of dead leaves. It comes out early in the spring; for it can bear more cold than reptiles generally like, and it is found all over Europe, from Sweden to the south of Italy. It feeds upon worms, slugs, and insects. Like the snakes, it gets a new coat as it grows, and takes the old one off, by hooking it to

some fixed point, and crawling from it, so that the cast skin is dragged backward, and turned inside out. The slow-worm is of a dark gray color, silvery, and about a foot long on the average. It is ovo-viviparous. It is extremely gentle; very rarely thinks of biting those who handle it, and, when it does bite, inflicts no wound with its little teeth. Of course it has no fangs and is not poisonous. Shrinking with fear when taken, it contracts its body and so stiffens it that it will break if we strike or bend it. Therefore it bears the name Linnæus gave it—*Anguis fragilis*.

We have found nothing yet to shudder at among our reptiles. "O! but," you say perhaps, "that was not a real snake." Well, here is our real snake. *Natrix torquata*—our common Ringed Snake; he is very common. He may be three or four feet long, and brownish-gray above, with a green tinge, yellow marks upon the neck, and rows of black spots down the back and sides, alternating, like London lamp-posts, with each other. You will find him any where in England, almost any where in Europe, below the latitude of Scotland. You will find him most frequently in a moist place, or near water, for he is rather proud of himself as a swimmer. He has a handsome coat, and gets a new one two, three, four, or five times in a season, if his growth require it. When the new coat is quite hard and fit for use under the old, he strips the old one off among the thorn-bushes. He and his lady hybernate. The lady leaves her sixteen or twenty eggs, all glued together, for the sun to vivify. The snake's tongue, as we have said, is forked, the jaws dilatable; he prefers frogs for his dinner, but is satisfied with mice, or little birds, or lizards. He swallows his prey whole. Catching [Pg 815] it first, as Mrs. Glasse would say, between his teeth, which are in double rows upon each jaw, and directed backward that they may act more effectually, he first brings the victim to a suitable position—head first he prefers, then, leaving one set of teeth, say the lower, fixed, he advances the upper jaw, fixes its teeth into the skin, and leaves them there while he moves forward, the lower jaw, and so continues till the bird or frog is worked into his throat; it is then swallowed by the agency of other muscles. This power of moving each jaw freely and in independence of the other, is peculiar to Ophidian reptiles. The frog may reach the stomach both alive and active, so that, if afterward, the snake gapes, as he is apt to do, a frog has been seen to leap out again. The processes of life are so slow in reptiles, that one meal will not be digested by the snake for many days. He is unable to digest vegetable matter. Our snake is very harmless, and if kept and fed, will quickly learn to recognize its patron, will feed out of his hand, and nestle up his sleeve; but he shows a dread of strangers.

We have Adders? Yes, we have a Viper—*Pelias Berus* is the name he goes by, and his fangs are undeniable. This is the only native reptile that can, in any degree whatever, hurt a man. It is common in England, and, unlike the snake, prefers a dry place to a moist one. "Adder" and "viper" are two words applied to the same thing—adder being derived from the Saxon word for "nether," and viper from viviper; because this reptile, like our common lizard, hatches her eggs within the body, or is viviparous. Our viper is found all over Europe; not in Ireland. As for Ireland, it is an old boast with the Irish that Saint Patrick banned away all reptiles. The paucity of reptiles in Ireland is remarkable, but they are not altogether absent. Our common lizard has a large Irish connection, and frogs were introduced into Ireland years ago. Their spawn was taken over, put into water, throve, and thereafter frogs have multiplied. An attempt was also made to introduce our common snake, but the country-people, with great horror, killed the inlopers; a reward even was offered for one that was known to remain uncaptured. Ireland is free from adders.

The most ready distinction between a common snake and an adder, to unfamiliar eyes, is founded on the difference of marking. While the snake has separate alternate spots, the adder has, down its back, a chain of dark spots, irregularly square, and joined to one another. Adders are generally brown, but differ very much in color. They have on their upper jaw, instead of their lower, a row of teeth, the well-known fangs. These are long, curved teeth, fixed into a movable piece of bone, and hollow. The hollow is not made out of the substance of the tooth; it is as if a broad flat tooth had been bent round upon itself to form a tube. The tube is open below and behind, in the curve, by a little slit. Above, it is open, and rests upon a tiny bag connected with a gland that corresponds to a gland in man for the secretion of saliva; but which, in the present case, secretes a poison. The fang, when out of use, is bent and hidden in a fleshy case; in feeding, it is rarely used. The viper catches for himself his birds or mice, after the manner of a harmless serpent. But, when hurt or angered, he throws back his neck, drops his fang ready for service, bites, and withdraws his head immediately. The fang in penetrating, of necessity, was pressed upon the little bag of poison at its root, and forced a drop along the tube into the wound. After a few bites, the bag becomes exhausted, and the adder must wait for a fresh secretion. The poison has no taste or smell, and may be swallowed with impunity, if there be no raw surface in the mouth, or sore upon the throat, or in the stomach. It is only through a wound that it can act like poison. The bite of an adder in this country never yet proved fatal; but, according to the health of the person bitten, and according to the greater or less heat of the weather (for in very hot weather a more active poison is secreted), the wound made will be more or less severe. It is advisable to get out of an adder's way.

All the remaining reptiles in this country are two species of Frog, two species of Toad, and four Newts. They are not only most absolutely harmless, but, the frogs, at any rate, and toads, are ministers to man; and they belong to a class of animals more interesting than any other, perhaps, in the whole range of natural history. We are all well acquainted with the common frog, whose grander name is *Rana temporaria.* We see it—and it is to be feared some of us kill it—in our gardens, among strawberry-beds and damp vegetation. But, whereas frogs feed upon those slugs and insects which are in the habit of pasturing upon our plants, and are themselves indebted to us for not a grain of vegetable matter, we ought by all means to be grateful to them. So industrious are frogs in slug-hunting, that it would be quite worth while to introduce them as sub-

gardeners upon our flower-beds. In catching insects, the frog suddenly darts out his tongue, which, at the hinder part, is loose, and covered with a gummy matter. The insect is caught, and the tongue returned with wonderful rapidity. The frog, when it is first hatched, has the constitution of a fish: it is purely aquatic; has a fish's heart, a fish's circulation, and a fish's gills. The tadpole swims as a fish does—by the movement, side-ways, of its tail. For the unassisted eye, and still more for the microscope, what spectacle can be more marvelous than the gradual process of change by which this tiny fish becomes a reptile? Legs bud; the fish-like gills dwindle by a vital process of absorption; the fish-like air-bladder becomes transmuted, as by a miracle, into the celled structure of lungs; the tail grows daily shorter, not broken off, but absorbed; the [Pg 816] heart adds to its cells; the fish becomes a reptile as the tadpole changes to a frog. The same process we observe in toads; and it is also the same in our newts, excepting that in newts the tail remains. There is no parallel in nature to this marvelous and instructive metamorphosis.

The perfectly-formed frog does not live of necessity in water, or near it, but requires damp air occasionally. It breathes by lungs, as we have said; but, as it has no ribs, there is no chest to heave mechanically. The frog's air has to be swallowed, to be gulped down into the lungs. That is not possible unless the mouth is shut; and, therefore, as we might suffocate a man by keeping his mouth shut, so we should suffocate a frog by keeping his mouth open. Yet we should not suffocate him instantly; we should disable the lungs; but, in this class of animals the whole skin is a breathing surface. A frog has lived a month after his lungs had been extracted. All respiratory surfaces, like the inside of our own lungs, can act only when they are relaxed and moist. That is the reason why a frog's skin is always moist, and why a frog requires moist air. It does not need this constantly, because, when moisture is abundant, there is a bag in which it stores up superfluity of water, to be used in any day of need. It is this water—pure and clear—which frogs or toads expel when they are alarmed by being handled. Is not enough said here, to rescue frogs from our contempt? We may add, that they are capable of understanding kindness—can be tamed. Frogs hybernate under the mud of ponds, where they lie close together, in a stratum, till the spring awakens them to a renewal of their lives and loves. They lay a vast number of eggs, at the bottom of the water; and the multitudes of young frogs that swarm upon the shore when their transformation is; complete, has given rise to many legends of a shower of frogs. These multitudes provide food for many animals, serpents, as we have seen, birds, fish. And the survivors are our friends.

The other species of frog found in this country is the Edible Frog (*Rana esculenta*). It has for a long time had a colony in Foulmire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, although properly belonging to a continental race. It differs from our common frog in wanting a dark mark that runs from eye to shoulder, and in having, instead of it, a light mark—a streak—from head to tail along the centre of the back. The male is a more portentous croaker than our own familiar musicians, by virtue of an air-bladder on each cheek, into which air is forced, and in which it vibrates powerfully during the act of croaking. This kind of frog is always in or near the water, and being very timid, plunges out of sight if any one approaches.

These are our frogs; as for our two Toads, they are by no means less innocent. They are the Common Toad, by style and title *Bufo vulgaris,* and a variety of the Natter Jack Toad, to be found on Blackheath, and in many places about London, and elsewhere. The toad undergoes transformations like the frog. It is slower in its movements, and less handsome in appearance: similar in structure. There is a somewhat unpleasant secretion from its skin, a product of respiration. There is nothing about it in the faintest degree poisonous. It is remarkably sensible of kindness; more so than the frog. Examples of tame toads are not uncommon. Stories are told of the discovery of toads alive, in blocks of marble, where no air could be; but, there has been difficulty, hitherto, in finding one such example free from the possibility of error. It may be found, however, that toads can remain for a series of years torpid. It has been proved that snails, after apparent death of fifteen years, have become active on applying moisture. A proof equally distinct is at present wanting in the case of toads. The toad, like other reptiles, will occasionally cast its skin. The old skin splits along the back, and gradually parts, until it comes off on each side, with a little muscular exertion on the toad's part. Then, having rolled his jacket up into a ball, he eats it!

No reptiles remain now to be mentioned, but four species of Newt. These little creatures are abundant in our ponds and ditches, and some are most falsely accused of being poisonous. They are utterly harmless. Their transformations, their habits, their changes of skin, their laying of eggs, can easily be watched by any who will keep them in a miniature pond. A large pan of water, with sand and stones at the bottom, decayed vegetable matter for food, and a few living water-plants, extracted from their native place, will keep a dozen newts in comfort. The water-plants are needed, because a newt prefers to lay her egg upon a leaf. She stands upon it, curls it up with her hind legs, and puts an egg between the fold, where it remains glued. These being our reptiles, are they proper objects of abhorrence? At this season they are all finishing their winter nap. In a few weeks they will come among us, and then, when

> "the songs, the stirring air,
> The life re-orient out of dust,
> Cry through the sense to hearten trust
> In that which made the world so fair"—

may we not permit our hearts to be admonished by the reptiles also?

**[From Leigh Hunt's Journal.]**

# A DREAM, AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

They stood by her bedside—the father and mother of the maiden—and watched her slumbers. For she had returned weary from Seville, after a long absence from this her Lisbon home. They had not gazed on that fair innocent face for many a month past; and *they*, too, smiled, and pressed each the other's hand as they marked a radiant smile playing round the mouth of the sleeper. It was a smile brimful of happiness—the welling-up of a heart at perfect peace. And it brought [Pg 817] gladness to the hearts of the parents, who-would fain have kissed the cheek of their gentle girl, but refrained, lest it should break the spell—lest even a father's and a mother's kiss should dull the blessedness of the dreamer. So sleep on, Luise! and smile ever as thou sleepest—though it be the sleep of death.

These people were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the things of home and heart. Luise, the first-born, had been staying with a Spanish relative, who had taken charge of her education, and had now come back to her native Lisbon "for good." Three younger children there were—blithe, affectionate prattlers—whose glee at the recovery of Luise had been so exuberant, so boisterous, that they were now sent to play in the neighboring vineyards, that they might not disturb their tired sister's repose.

Long played that smile upon her face; and never were the two gazers tired of gazing, and of smiling as they gazed. Luise, they thought, had seemed a little sad as well as weary when she alighted at the dear familiar door. But this smile was so full of joy unspeakable, so fraught with beatific meaning, so reflective of beatific vision, that it laughed their fears away, and spoke volumes where the seeming sorrow had not spoken even words.

The shrill song of a mule-driver passing by the window aroused the sleeper. The smile vanished, and as she started up and looked hastily and inquiringly around, a shade of mingled disappointment and bewilderment gathered darkly on her brow.

"You must turn and go to sleep again, my child," whispered the mother. "I wish Pedro were not so proud of his voice, and then you might still be dreaming of pleasant things."

"I *was* dreaming, then?" said Luise, somewhat sadly. "I thought it was real, and it made me *so* happy! Ah, if I could dream it again, and again—three times running, you know—till it became true!"

"What was it, Luise?" asked her father. "We must know what merry thought made you so joyful. It will be a dream worth knowing, and, therefore, worth telling."

"Not at present," interrupted his wife. "Let her get some more rest; and then, when she is thoroughly refreshed after such a tedious journey, she will make us all happy with realities as well as dreams."

"And are dreams never realities?" asked the girl, with a sigh.

"Child! child! if we're going to be philosophical, and all that, we shall never get you to sleep again. Don't talk any more, my Luise; but close your eyes, and see if *you* can't realize a dream; that will be the best answer to your question."

"I can't go to sleep again," she answered. "See, I'm quite awake, and it's no use trying. And with the sun so high too! No; you shall send me to bed an hour or two earlier to-night, and to-morrow morning will find me as brisk as a bee. I've so much to hear, and so much to tell, that to sleep again before dusk is out of the question."

So she arose; and they went all three and sat down in the little garden. Luise eyed eagerly every flower and every fruit-tree, and had something to say about every change since she had been there last. But ever and anon she would look earnestly into the faces of her parents—and never without something like a tear in her large lustrous eyes.

Of course, they questioned her upon this. And she, who had never concealed a thought or a wish from *them*, told them in her own frank, artless way, why she looked sorrowful when she first saw them, after a prolonged separation, and how it was that, in her sleep, thoughts had visited her which were messengers of peace and gladness—whose message it had saddened her to find, on waking, but airy and unreal.

At Seville she had been as happy as kindness and care could make one so far from and so fond of home. But a childish fancy, she said, had troubled her—childish she knew, and a thing to be ashamed of, but haunting her none the less—visiting her sleeping and waking hours; a feeling it was of dejection at the idea of her parents growing old, and of change and chance breaking up the wonted calm of her little household circle. That the march of Time should be so irresistible, that his flight could not be stayed or slackened by pope or kaiser, that his decrees should be so immutable, his destiny so inexorable, and that the youngest must soon cease to be young, and the middle-aged become old—or die! this was the thought that preyed on her very soul. She could not endure the conviction that her own father must one day walk with a less elastic step, and smile on her with eyes ever loving indeed, but more and more dimmed with age—and that her own mother must one day move to and fro with tottering gait, and speak with the tremulous accents of those old people who, it seemed to Luise, could never have been children at all. It was a weak,

fantastic thought, this; but she could not master it, nor escape its presence.

And when she met them on the threshold of the beloved home—ah, the absentee's rapid glance saw a wrinkle on her father's cheek that was new to her, and it saw a clustering of gray hairs on her mother's brow, where all had been raven black when Luise departed for Seville. Poor Luise! The sorrows of her young heart were enlarged. Time had not been absent with the pensive absentee.

True, he had stolen no charm from her little playmates. Carlos was a brighter boy than ever; and as for that merry Zingara-like Isabel, and the yet merrier Manuel—they were not a whit changed, unless for the better, in look, and manner, and love. Still the too-sensitive Luise was hurt at the thought that they could not always be children—that Time was bent on effacing her earliest and dearest impressions, removing from her home that ideal of family relationship to which all her affections clung with passionate entreaty. Whatever the future might; have to reveal of [Pg 818] enjoyment and endearment, the past could never be lived over again; the past could never be identified with things present and things to come; and it was to the past that her heart was betrothed—a past that had gone the way of all living, and left her as it were widowed and not to be comforted.

"And now I will tell you my dream," said poor foolish Luise; "and you will see why I looked happy in sleeping, and sorry in waking. I thought I was sitting here in the garden—crying over what I have been telling you—and suddenly an angel stood before me, and bade me weep not. Strange as was his form, and sunny in its exceeding brightness, I was not frightened; for his words were very, very gentle, and his look too full of kindness to give me one thrill of alarm. And he said that what I had longed for so much should be granted; that my father and mother should *not* grow old, nor Carlos cease to be the boy he now is, nor Isabel grow up into a sedate woman, nor Manuel lose the gay childishness for which we all pet him, nor I feel myself forsaking the old familiar past, and launching into dim troublous seas of perpetual change. He promised that we should one and all be freed from the great law of time; and that as we are this day parents and children, so we should continue forever—while vicissitude and decay must still have sway in the great world at large. Can you wonder that I smiled? Or that it pained me when I awoke, and found that the bright angel and the sweet promise were only—a dream?"...

There was no lack of conversation that evening in that Lisbon cottage. All loved Luise; and she, in the midst of so many artless tokens of affection and of triumph at her return, forgot all the morbid fancies that had given rise to her dream, and was as light-hearted, and as light-footed, as in days of yore. All gave themselves up to the reality of present gladness; every voice trembled with the music of joy; every eye looked and reflected love. There was no happier homestead that evening in Lisbon, nor in the world.

But ere many hours, Lisbon itself was tossing and heaving with the throes of dissolution. The sea arose tumultuously against the tottering city; the ground breathed fire, and quaked, and burst asunder; the houses reeled and fell, and thousands of inhabitants perished in the fall. Among them, at one dire swoop, the tenants of that happy cottage home. Together did these mortals put on immortality.

And thus was the dream fulfilled.

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# THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO$^{S}$ MORE.[7]

## LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

This morn, hinting to Bess that she was lacing herselfe too straightlie, she brisklie replyed, "One w$^{d}$ think 'twere as great meritt to have a thick waiste as to be one of y$^{e}$ earlie Christians!"

These humourous retorts are ever at her tongue's end; and, albeit, as Jacky one day angrilie remarked, when she had beene teazing him, "Bess, thy witt is stupidnesse;" yet, for one who talks soe much at random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. Father sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie to Erasmus, "Her wit has a fine subtletie that eludes you almoste before you have time to recognize it for what it really is." To which, Erasmus readilie assented, adding, that it had y$^{e}$ rare meritt of playing less on persons than things, and never on bodilie defects.

Hum!—I wonder if they ever sayd as much in favour of me. I know, indeede, Erasmus calls me a forward girl. Alas! that may be taken in two senses.

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Grievous work, overnighte, with y$^{e}$ churning. Nought w$^{d}$ persuade Gillian but that y$^{e}$ creame was bewitched by Gammer Gurney, who was dissatisfyde last Friday with her dole, and hobbled away

mumping and cursing. At alle events, ye butter wd not come; but mother was resolute not to have soe much goode creame wasted; soe sent for Bess and me, Daisy and Mercy Giggs, and insisted on our churning in turn till ye butter came, if we sate up all nighte for't. 'Twas a hard saying; and mighte have hampered her like as Jephtha his rash vow: howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a frolick, and sang Chevy Chase from end to end, to beguile time; ne'erthelesse, the butter wd not come; soe then we grew sober, and, at ye instance of sweete Mercy, chaunted ye 119th Psalme; and, by the time we had attayned to "Lucerna pedibus," I hearde ye buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earneste. 'Twas neare midnighte, however; and Daisy had fallen asleep on ye dresser. Gillian will ne'er be convinced but that our Latin brake the spell.

Erasmus went to Richmond this morning with Polus (for so he Latinizes Reginald Pole, after his usual fashion), and some other of his friends. On his return, he made us laugh at ye following. They had clomb ye hill, and were admiring ye prospect, when Pole, casting his eyes aloft, and beginning to make sundrie gesticulations, exclaimed, "What is it I beholde? May heaven avert ye omen!" with such-like exclamations, which raised ye curiositie of alle. "Don't you beholde," cries he, "that enormous dragon flying through ye sky? his horns of fire? his curly tail?"

"No," says Erasmus, "nothing like it. The sky is as cleare as unwritten paper."

Howbeit, he continued to affirme and to stare, untill at lengthe, one after another, by dint of strayning theire eyes and theire imaginations, did admitt, first, that they saw something; nexte, that it mighte be a dragon; and last, that it was. Of course, on theire passage homeward, they cd talk of little else—some made serious reflections; others, philosophical! speculations; and Pole waggishly triumphed in having beene ye firste to discerne the spectacle. [Pg 819]

"And you trulie believe there was a signe in ye heavens?" we inquired of Erasmus.

"What know I?" returned he, smiling; "you know, Constantine saw a cross. Why shoulde Polus not see a dragon? We must judge by the event. Perhaps its mission may be to fly away with *him*. He swore to ye curly tail."

How difficulte it is to discerne ye supernatural from ye incredible! We laughe at Gillian's faith in our Latin; Erasmus laughs at Polus his dragon. Have we a righte to believe noughte but what we can see or prove? Nay, that will never doe. Father says a capacitie for reasoning increaseth a capacitie for believing. He believes there is such a thing as witchcraft, though not that poore olde Gammer Gurney is a witch; he believes that saints can work miracles, though not in alle ye marvels reported of ye Canterbury shrine.

Had I beene justice of ye peace, like ye king's grandmother, I wd have beene very jealous of accusations of witchcraft; and have taken infinite payns to sift out ye causes of malice, jealousie, &c., which mighte have wroughte with ye poore olde women's enemies. Holie Writ sayth, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" but, questionlesse, manie have suffered hurte that were noe witches; and for my part, I have alwaies helde ducking to be a very uncertayn as well as very cruel teste.

I cannot helpe smiling, whenever I think of my rencounter with William this morning. Mr. Gunnell had set me Homer's tiresome list of ships; and, because of ye excessive heate within doors, I took my book into ye nuttery, to be beyonde ye wrath of far-darting Phoebus Apollo, where I clomb into my favourite filbert seat. Anon comes William through ye trees without seeing me; and seats him at the foot of my filbert; then, out with his tablets, and, in a posture I sd have called studdied, had he known anie one within sighte, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe mind to be interrupted, I lett him be, thinking he wd soon exhauste ye vein; but a caterpillar dropping from ye leaves on to my page, I was fayn for mirthe sake, to shake it down on his tablets. As ill luck wd have it, however, ye little reptile onlie fell among his curls; which soe took me at vantage, that I could not helpe hastilie crying, "I beg your pardon." 'Twas worth a world to see his start! "What!" cries he, looking up, "are there indeede Hamadryads?" and would have gallanted a little, but I bade him hold down his head, while that with a twig I switched off ye caterpillar. Neither could forbeare laughing; and then he sued me to step downe, but I was minded to abide where I was. Howbeit, after a minute's pause, he sayd, in a grave, kind tone, "Come, little wife;" and taking mine arm steadilie in his hand, I lost my balance and was faine to come down whether or noe. We walked for some time, *juxta fluvium*; and he talked not badlie of his travels, inasmuch as I founde there was really more in him than one wd think.

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—Was there ever anie-thing soe perverse, unluckie, and downright disagreeable? We hurried our afternoone tasks, to goe on ye water with my father; and, meaning to give Mr. Gunnel my Latin traduction, which is in a book like unto this, I never knew he had my journalle instead, untill that he burst out a laughing. "Soe this is ye famous *libellus*," quoth he,... I never waited for another word, but snatcht it out of his hand; which he, for soe strict a man, bore well enow. I do not

believe he c$^{d}$ have read a dozen lines, and they were toward y$^{e}$ beginning; but I s$^{d}$ hugelie like to know which dozen lines they were.

Hum! I have a mind never to write another word. That will be punishing myselfe, though, insteade of Gunnel. And he bade me not take it to heart like y$^{e}$ late Bishop of Durham, to whom a like accident befel, which soe annoyed him that he died of chagrin. I will never again, howbeit, write aniething savouring ever soe little of levitie or absurditie. The saints keepe me to it! And, to know it from my exercise book, I will henceforthe bind a blue ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit y$^{e}$ sayd ribbon in soe close a knot, that it shall be worth noe one else's payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire securitie, I will carry the same in my pouch, which will hold bigger matters than this.

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This daye, at dinner, Mr. Clement took y$^{e}$ Pistoller's place at y$^{e}$ reading-desk; and insteade of continuing y$^{e}$ subject in hand, read a paraphrase of y$^{e}$ 103rde Psalm; ye faithfullenesse and elegant turne of which, Erasmus highlie commended, though he took exceptions to y$^{e}$ phrase "renewing thy youth like that of y$^{e}$ Phoenix," whose fabulous story he believed to have been unknown to y$^{e}$ Psalmist, and, therefore, however poeticall, was unfitt to be introduced. A deepe blush on sweet Mercy's face ledd to y$^{e}$ detection of y$^{e}$ paraphrast, and drew on her some deserved commendations. Erasmus, turning to my father, exclaymed with animation, "I woulde call this house the academy of Plato, were it not injustice to compare it to a place where the usuall disputations concerning figures and numbers were onlie oocasionallie intersperst with disquisitions concerning y$^{e}$ moral virtues." Then, in a graver mood, he added, "One mighte envie you, but that your precious privileges are bound up with soe paynfulle anxieties. How manie pledges have you given to fortune!"

"If my children are to die out of y$^{e}$ course of nature, before theire parents," father firmly replyed, "I w$^{d}$ rather they died well-instructed than ignorant."

"You remind me," rejoyns Erasmus, "of Phocion; whose wife, when he was aboute to drink y$^{e}$ fatal cup, exclaimed, 'Ah, my husband! you die innocent.' 'And woulde you, my wife,' he returned, 'have me die guilty?'" [Pg 820]

Awhile after, Gonellus askt leave to see Erasmus his signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupyde in carving a crane, handed it soe negligentlie that it felle to y$^{e}$ ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made, when 'twas picked out from y$^{e}$ rushes! And yet, ours are renewed almoste daylie, which manie think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his faire, womanlike hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on; which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice. Indeede, these Dutchmen are scrupulouslie cleane, though mother calls 'em swinish, because they will eat raw sallets; though, for that matter, father loves cresses and ramps. She alsoe mislikes Erasmus for eating cheese and butter together with his manchet; or what he calls *boetram*; and for being, generallie, daintie at his sizes, which she sayth is an ill example to soe manie young people, and becometh not one with soe little money in's purse: howbeit, I think 'tis not nicetie, but a weak stomach, which makes him loathe our salt-meat commons from Michaelmasse to Easter, and eschew fish of y$^{e}$ coarser sort. He cannot breakfaste on colde milk like father, but liketh furmity a little spiced. At dinner, he pecks at, rather than eats, ruffs and reeves, lapwings, or anie smalle birds it may chance; but affects sweets and subtilties, and loves a cup of wine or ale, stirred with rosemary. Father never toucheth the wine-cup but to grace a guest, and loves water from the spring. We growing girls eat more than either; and father says he loves to see us slice away at the cob-loaf; it does him goode. What a kind father he is! I wish my step-mother were as kind. I hate alle sneaping and snubbing, flowting, fleering, pinching, nipping, and such-like; it onlie creates resentment insteade of penitence, and lowers y$^{e}$ minde of either partie. Gillian throws a rolling-pin at y$^{e}$ turnspit's head, and we call it low-life; but we looke for such unmannerlinesse in the kitchen. A whip is onlie fit for Tisiphone.

As we rose from table, I noted Argus pearcht on y$^{e}$ window-sill, eagerlie watching for his dinner, which he looketh for as punctuallie as if he c$^{d}$ tell the diall; and to please the good, patient bird, till the scullion broughte him his mess of garden-stuff, I fetched him some pulse, which he took from mine hand, taking good heede not to hurt me with his sharp beak. While I was feeding him, Erasmus came up, and asked me concerning Mercy Giggs; and I tolde him how that she was a friendlesse orphan, to whom deare father afforded protection and the run of y$^{e}$ house; and tolde him of her gratitude, her meekness, her patience, her docilitie, her aptitude for alle goode works and alms-deeds; and how, in her little chamber, she improved eache spare moment in y$^{e}$ way of studdy and prayer. He repeated "Friendlesse? she cannot be called friendlesse, who hath More for her protector, and his children for companions;' and then woulde heare more of her parents' sad story. Alsoe, would hear somewhat of Rupert Allington, and how father gained his law-suit. Alsoe, of Daisy, whose name he tooke to be y$^{e}$ true abbreviation for Margaret, but I tolde him how that my step-sister, and Mercy, and I, being all three of a name, and I being alwaies called Meg, we had in sport given one the significative of her characteristic virtue, and the other that of

y^e French Marguerite, which may indeed be rendered either pearl or daisy. And Chaucer, speaking of our English daisy, saith

"Si douce est la Marguerite."

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Since y^e little wisdom I have capacitie to acquire, soe oft gives me y^e headache to distraction, I marvel not at Jupiter's payn in his head, when the goddess of wisdom sprang therefrom full growne.

This morn, to quiet y^e payn brought on by too busie application, Mr. Gunnell would have me close my book and ramble forth with Cecy into y^e fields. We strolled towards Walham Greene; and she was seeking for shepherd's purses and shepherd's needles, when she came running back to me, looking rather pale. I askt what had scared her, and she made answer that Gammer Gurney was coming along y^e hedge. I bade her set aside her fears; and anon we come up with Gammer, who was puling at y^e purple blossoms of y^e deadly night-shade. I sayd, "Gammer, to what purpose gather that weed? knowest not 'tis evill?"

She sayth, mumbling, "What God hath created, that call not thou evill."

"Well, but," quo' I, "'tis poison."

"Aye, and medicine, too," returns Gammer, "I wonder what we poor souls might come to, if we tooke nowt for our ails and aches but what we could buy o' the potticary. We've got noe Dr. Clement, we poor folks, to be our leech o' the household."

"But hast no feare," quo' I, "of an overdose?"

"There's manie a doctor," sayth she, with an unpleasant leer, "that hath given that at first. In time he gets his hand in; and I've had a plenty o' practice—thanks to self and sister."

"I knew not," quoth I, "that thou hadst a sister."

"How should ye, mistress," returns she, shortlie, "when ye never comes nigh us? We've grubbed on together this many a year."

"'Tis soe far," I returned, half ashamed.

"Why, soe it be," answers Gammer; "far from neighbours, far from church, and far from priest; howbeit, my old legs carries me to *your* house o' Fridays; but I know not whether I shall e'er come agayn—the rye bread was soe hard last time; it may serve for young teeth, and for them as has got none; but mine, you see, are onlie on the *goe*;" and she opened her mouth with a ghastly smile. "'Tis not," she added, "that I'm ungratefulle; but thou sees, mistress, I really *can't* eat crusts." [Pg 821]

After a moment, I asked, "Where lies your dwelling?"

"Out by yonder," quoth she, pointing to a shapeless mass like a huge bird's nest in y^e corner of the field. "There bides poor Joan and I. Wilt come and looke within, mistress, and see how a Christian can die?"

I mutelie complyed, in spite of Cecy's pulling at my skirts. Arrived at y^e wretched abode, which had a hole for its chimney, and another for door at once and window, I found, sitting in a corner, propped on a heap of rushes, dried leaves, and olde rags, an aged sick woman, who seemed to have but a little while to live. A mug of water stoode within her reach; I saw none other sustenance; but, in her visage, oh, such peace!... Whispers Gammer with an awfulle look, "She sees 'em now!"

"Sees who?" quoth I.

"Why, angels in two long rows, afore y^e throne of God, a bending of themselves, this way, with theire faces to th' earth, and arms stretched out afore 'em."

"Hath she seen a priest?" quoth I.

"Lord love ye," returns Gammer, "what coulde a priest doe for her? She's is in heaven alreadie. I doubte if she can heare me." And then, in a loud, distinct voyce, quite free from her usuall mumping, she beganne to recite in *English*, "Blessed is every one that feareth y^e Lord, and walketh in his ways," etc.; which y^e dying woman hearde, although alreadie speechlesse; and reaching out her feeble arm unto her sister's neck, she dragged it down till their faces touched; and then, looking up, pointed at somewhat she aimed to make her see ... and we alle looked up, but saw noughte. Howbeit, she pointed up three severall times, and lay, as it were, transfigured before us, a gazing at some transporting sighte, and ever and anon turning on her sister looks of love; and, the while we stoode thus agaze, her spiritt passed away without even a thrill or a shudder. Cecy and I beganne to weepe; and, after a while, soe did Gammer; then, putting us forthe, she sayd, "Goe, children, goe; 'tis noe goode crying; and yet I'm thankfulle to ye for your teares."

I sayd, "Is there aught we can doe for thee?"

She made answer, "Perhaps you can give me tuppence, mistress, to lay on her poor eyelids and keep 'em down. Bless 'ee, bless 'ee! You're like ye good Samaritan—he pulled out two-pence. And maybe, if I come to 'ee to-morrow, you'll give me a lapfulle of rosemarie, to lay on her poor corpse.... I know you've plenty. God be with 'ee, children; and be sure ye mind how a Christian can die."

Soe we left, and came home sober enow. Cecy sayth, "To die is not soe fearfulle, Meg, as I thoughte, but shoulde *you* fancy dying without a priest? I shoulde not; and yet Gammer sayd she wanted not one. Howbeit, for certayn, Gammer Gurney is noe witch, or she woulde not so prayse God."

To conclude, father, on hearing alle, hath given Gammer more than enow for her present needes; and Cecy and I are ye almoners of his mercy.

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June 24.

Yesternighte, being St. John's Eve, we went into town to see ye mustering of ye watch. Mr. Rastall had secured us a window opposite ye King's Head, in Chepe, where theire Mys. went in state to see the show. The streets were a marvell to see, being like unto a continuation of fayr bowres or arbours, garlanded acrosse and over ye doors with greene birch, long fennel, orpin, St. John's wort, white lilies, and such like; with innumerable candles intersperst, the which, being lit up as soon as 'twas dusk, made the whole look like enchanted land; while at ye same time, the leaping over bon-fires commenced, and produced shouts of laughter. The youths woulde have father goe downe and joyn 'em; Rupert, speciallie, begged him hard, but he put him off with, "Sirrah, you goosecap, dost think 'twoulde befitt ye Judge of the Sheriffs' Court?"

At length, to ye sound of trumpets, came marching up Cheapside two thousand of the watch, in white fustian, with the City badge; and seven hundred cressett bearers, eache with his fellow to supplie him with oyl, and making, with theire flaring lights, the night as cleare as daye. After 'em, the morris-dancers and City waites; the Lord Mayor on horseback, very fine, with his giants and pageants: and the Sheriff and his watch, and *his* giants and pageants. The streets very uproarious on our way back to the barge, but the homeward passage delicious; the nighte ayre cool; and the stars shining brightly. Father and Erasmus had some astronomick talk; howbeit, methoughte Erasmus less familiar with ye heavenlie bodies than father is. Afterwards, they spake of ye King, but not over-freelie, by reason of ye bargemen overhearing. Thence, to ye ever-vext question of Martin Luther, of whome Erasmus spake in terms of earneste, yet qualifyde prayse.

"If Luther be innocent," quoth he, "I woulde not run him down by a wicked faction; if he be in error, I woulde rather have him reclaymed than destroyed; for this is most agreeable to the doctrine of our deare Lord and Master, who woulde not bruise ye broken reede, nor quenche ye smoaking flax." And much more to same purpose.

We younger folks felle to choosing our favourite mottoes and devices, in which ye elders at length joyned us. Mother's was loyal—"Cleave to ye crown though it hang on a bush." Erasmus's pithie—"Festina lente." William sayd he was indebted for his to St. Paul—"I seeke not yours, but you." For me, I quoted one I had seene in an olde countrie church, "Mieux être que paroitre," which pleased father and Erasmus much.

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[Pg 822]

Poor Erasmus caughte colde on ye water last nighte, and keeps house to-daye, taking warm possets. 'Tis my week of housekeeping under mother's guidance, and I never had more pleasure in it: delighting to suit his taste in sweete things, which, methinks, all men like. I have enow of time left for studdy, when alle's done.

He hathe beene the best part of the morning in our academia, looking over books and manuscripts, taking notes of some, discoursing with Mr. Gunnell and others; and, in some sorte, interrupting our morning's work; but how pleasantlie! Besides, as father sayth, "varietie is not always interruption. That which occasionallie lets and hinders our accustomed studdies, may prove to ye ingenious noe less profitable than theire studdies themselves."

They beganne with discussing ye pronunciation of Latin and Greek, on which Erasmus differeth much from us, though he holds to our pronunciation of ye *theta*. Thence, to ye absurde partie of the Ciceronians now in Italie, who will admit noe author save Tully to be read nor quoted, nor anie word not in his writings to be used. Thence, to ye Latinitie of ye Fathers, of whose style he spake slightlie enow, but rated Jerome above Augustine. At length, to his Greek and Latin Testament, of late issued from ye presse, and ye incredible labour it hath cost him to make it as perfect as possible: on this subject he soe warmed, that Bess and I listened with suspended breath. "May it please God," sayth he, knitting ferventlie his hands, "to make it a blessing to all

Christendom! I look for noe other reward. Scholars and believers yet unborn, may have reason to thank, and yet may forget Erasmus." He then went on to explain to Gunnell what he had much felt in want of, and hoped some scholar might yet undertake; to wit, a sort of Index Bibliorum, showing in how manie passages of holy writ occurreth anie given word, etc.; and he e'en proposed it to Gunnell, saying 'twas onlie y$^{e}$ work of patience and industry, and mighte be layd aside, and resumed as occasion offered, and completed at leisure, to y$^{e}$ great thankfullenesse of scholars. But Gunnell onlie smiled and shooke his head. Howbeit, Erasmus set forth his scheme soe playnlie, that I, having a pen in hand, did privilie note down alle y$^{e}$ heads of y$^{e}$ same, thinking, if none else w$^{d}$ undertake it, why s$^{d}$ not I? since leisure and industrie were alone required, and since 'twoulde be soe acceptable to manie, 'speciallie to Erasmus.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[7] Continued from the April Number.

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# THE STOLEN FRUIT.—A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S CHILDHOOD.

On the 15th of August, 1777, two little girls of seven or eight years old were playing in a garden near Ajaccio in Corsica. After running up and down among the trees and flowers, one of them stopped the other at the entrance to a dark grotto under a rock.

"Eliza," she said, "don't go any further: it frightens me to look into that black cave."

"Nonsense! 'Tis only Napoleon's Grotto."

"This garden belongs to your uncle Fesch: has he given this dark hole to Napoleon?"

"No, Panoria; my great-uncle has not given him this grotto. But as he often comes and spends hours in it by himself, we all call it *Napoleon's Grotto*."

"And what can he be doing there?"

"Talking to himself."

"What about?"

"Oh, I don't know: a variety of things. But come, help me to gather a large bunch of flowers."

"Just now, when we were on the lower walk, you told me not to pull any, although there was abundance of sweet ones."

"Yes; but that was in my uncle the canon's garden.

"And are his flowers more sacred than those of uncle Fesch?"

"They are indeed, Panoria."

"And why?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but when any one wants to prevent our playing, they say, 'That will give your uncle the canon a headache!' When we are not to touch something, 'tis always, 'That belongs to the canon!' If we want to eat some fine fruit, 'Don't touch that; 'tis for your uncle the canon!' And even when we are praised or rewarded, 'tis always because the canon is pleased with us!"

"Is it because he is archdeacon of Ajaccio that people are so much afraid of him?"

"Oh, no, Panoria; but because he is our tutor. Papa is not rich enough to pay for masters to teach us, and he has not time to look after our education himself; so our uncle the canon teaches us every thing. He is not unkind, but he is very strict. If we don't know our lessons, he slaps us smartly."

"And don't you call that unkind, Eliza?"

"Not exactly. Do you never get a whipping yourself, Panoria?"

"No, indeed, Eliza. It is the Corsican fashion to beat children; but our family is Greek, and mamma says Greeks must not be beaten."

"Then I'm sure, Panoria, I wish I were a Greek; for 'tis very unpleasant to be slapped!"

"I dare say your brother Napoleon does not like it either."

"He is the only one of my brothers who does not cry or complain when he is punished. If you heard what a noise Joseph and Lucien make, you would fancy that uncle was flaying them alive!"

"But about Napoleon. What can he be talking about alone in the grotto?"

"Hush! Here he is! Let us hide ourselves behind this lilac-tree, and you'll hear."

"I see Severia coming to call us."

"Ah! it will take her an hour to gather ripe fruit for uncle the canon. We shall have time enough. Come!"

And the little girls, gliding between the rock and the overhanging shrubs, took up their position in perfect concealment.

The boy who advanced toward the grotto differed from the generality of children of his age in the size of his head, the massive form of his noble brow, and the fixed *examining* expression of his eyes. He walked slowly—looking at the bright blue sea—and unconscious that his proceedings were closely watched by two pair of little bright black eyes. [Pg 823]

"Here I am my own master!" he said as he entered the grotto. "No one commands me here!" And seating himself royally on a bench within the dark entrance, he continued, "This is my birthday. I am eight years old to-day. I wish I lived among the Spartans, then I should be beyond the control of women; but now I have to obey such a number of people—old Severia among the rest. Ah, if I were the master!"

"Well, and if you were the master, what would you do?" cried Eliza, thrusting forward her pretty little head.

"First of all, I'd teach you not to come listening at doors," replied Napoleon, disconcerted at being overheard.

"But, brother, there's no door that I can see."

"No matter, you have been eaves-dropping all the same."

"Eliza!—Panoria!" cried a loud voice. "Where can these children have gone to?"

The young ladies came out of their leafy lurking-place in time to meet the little Bonapartes' nurse, Severia—a tall old woman, who carried on her arm a basket filled with the most luscious tempting pears, grapes, and figs.

"A pear, Severia!" cried Napoleon, darting forward, and thrusting his hand into the basket.

"The saints forbid, child!" exclaimed Severia. "They are for your uncle the canon!"

"Ah!" said Napoleon, drawing back his hand as quickly as if a wasp had stung him.

Panoria burst out laughing.

"I never saw such people!" she said, as soon as her mirth allowed her to speak. "My uncle the canon seems the bugbear of the whole family. Is Severia afraid of him, too?"

"Not more than I am," said Napoleon, boldly.

"And yet you were afraid to take a pear?"

"Because I did not wish to do it, Panoria."

"Did not *dare* do it, Napoleon!"

"Did not *wish* to do it, Panoria."

"And if you wished it, would you do it?"

"Certainly I would."

"I think you are a boaster, Napoleon; and in your uncle's presence would be just as great a coward as Eliza or Pauline?"

"Come, children, follow me," said Severia, walking on.

"You think I am a coward?" whispered Eliza to her little friend. "Come into the house, and see if I don't eat as much of uncle's fruit as I please. Mamma is gone out to pay a visit, and will not be home until to-morrow."

"Then I'll help you," said Panoria. And the little girls, fixing their wistful eyes on the tempting fruit, followed Severia to the house.

Napoleon remained some time longer in his grotto; and when supper-time approached, he went into the house. Feeling very thirsty, he entered the dining-room, in which was a large cupboard, where fresh water was usually kept. Just as he was going in, he heard a noise: the cupboard doors were quickly shut, and he caught a glimpse of a white frock disappearing through the open window. Instead, however, of looking after the fugitive, he went quietly to get a glass of water in the cupboard. Then, to his dismay, he saw his uncle's basket of fruit half empty! While, forgetting his thirst, he looked with astonishment at the fruit, considering who could have been the hardy thief, a voice behind him roused him from his reverie.

"What are you doing there, Napoleon? You know you are not permitted to help yourself to

supper."

This was uncle the canon himself—a short, stout old man with a bald head, whose otherwise ordinary features were lighted up with the eagle glance which afterward distinguished his grand-nephew.

"I was not taking any thing, uncle," replied Napoleon. And then suddenly the idea occurring to him that he might be accused of having taken the fruit, the blood rushed hotly to his cheeks.

His confusion was so evident, that the canon said, "I hope you are not telling a falsehood, Napoleon?"

"I never tell falsehoods," said the boy, proudly.

"What were you doing?"

"I was thirsty; I came to get some water."

"No harm in that—and then, my boy?"

"That was all, uncle."

"Have you drunk the water?"

"No, uncle; not yet."

The archdeacon shook his head. "You came to drink, and you did not drink; that does not hang well together. Napoleon, take care. If you frankly confess your fault, whatever it may be, you shall be forgiven; but if you tell a lie, and persist in it, I warn you that I shall punish you severely."

The entrance of M. Bonaparte, M. Fesch, and Joseph, Napoleon's eldest brother, interrupted the conversation; and for some minutes the elder gentlemen spoke to each other on political subjects; when a sudden exclamation from Severia, as she opened the cupboard, attracted the attention of all.

"Santa Madona! who has taken the fruit?"

"This is the mystery discovered!" said the canon, turning toward Napoleon. "So you stole the fruit?"

"I never touched it," replied the boy.

"Call in the other children," said the archdeacon.

In a few minutes five beautiful children, three boys and two girls, formed a group round their father, who, looking at each one in turn, asked, "Which of you has taken the fruit that was gathered in your uncle the canon's garden?"

"I did not!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried they all. But Eliza's voice was lower and less assured than those of the others. [Pg 824]

"And you, Napoleon?"

"I have said, papa, that I did not do it."

"That's a falsehood!" exclaimed Severia, who, being an old domestic, took great liberties.

"If you were not a woman!" said Napoleon, shaking his small clenched hand at her.

"Silence! Napoleon," said his father, sternly.

"It must have been you, Napoleon," said Severia; "for after putting the fruit into the cupboard, I never left the ante-room, and not a soul passed through except the archdeacon and yourself. If he has not taken them—"

"I wish truly I had," said the old gentleman, "and then I should not have the grief of seeing one of my children persist in a lie."

"Uncle, I am not guilty," repeated Napoleon firmly.

"Do not be obstinate, but confess," said his father.

"Yes," added the canon; "'tis the only way to escape punishment."

"But I never touched the fruit—indeed, I did not."

"Napoleon," said his uncle, "I can not believe you. I shall give you five minutes; and if, at the end of that time, you do not confess, and ask for pardon, I shall whip you."

"A whip is for horses and dogs, not for children!" said the boy.

"A whip is for disobedient, lying children," replied his father.

"Then 'tis unjust to give it me, for I am neither a liar nor disobedient." So saying, Napoleon crossed his arms on his chest, and settled himself in a firm attitude.

Meantime his brothers and his sister Pauline came close to him, and whispered good-natured entreaties that he would confess.

"But how can I, when I have not done wrong?"

"So you are still obstinate?" said his uncle. And taking him by the arm, he led him into the next room. Presently the sound of sharp repeated blows was heard, but not a cry or complaint from the little sufferer.

Madame Bonaparte was away from home, and in the evening her husband went to meet her, accompanied by Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza. M. Fesch and the canon were also about to depart, and in passing through the ante-room, they saw Napoleon standing, pale and grave, but proud, and firm-looking as before.

"Well, my child," said his father, "I hope you will now ask your uncle's pardon?"

"I did not touch the fruit, papa."

"Still obstinate! As the rod will not do, I shall try another method. Your mother, brothers, Eliza, and I, will be away for three days, and during that time you shall have nothing but bread and water, unless you ask your uncle's forgiveness."

"But, papa, won't you let him have some cheese with his bread?" whispered little Pauline.

"Yes, but not *broccio*."

"Ah do, papa, please let him have *broccio* 'tis the nicest cheese in Corsica!"

"That's the reason he does not deserve it," said his father, looking at the boy with an anxious expression, as if he hoped to see some sign of penitence on his face. But none such appearing, he proceeded toward the carriage.

Joseph and Lucien took a kind leave of their brother, but Eliza seemed unwilling and afraid to go near or look at him.

The three days passed on, heavily enough for poor Napoleon, who was in disgrace, and living on bread, water, and cheese, which was not *broccio*. At length the party returned, and little Panoria, who was watching for her friend Eliza, came with them into the house.

"Good-morning, uncle," said Madame Bonaparte to the archdeacon, "how are you? And where are Napoleon and Pauline?"

"Here I am, mamma," said the latter throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

"And Napoleon?"

"He is here," said the canon.

"Has he confessed?" asked his father.

"No," replied the uncle. "I never before witnessed such obstinacy."

"What has he done?" asked his mother.

The canon, in reply, related the story of the fruit; but before he could finish it, Panoria exclaimed —

"Of course, poor fellow, he would not confess what he never did!"

"And who did take the fruit?" asked the canon.

"I and Eliza," replied the little girl without hesitation.

There was a universal exclamation.

"My poor child," said the archdeacon, embracing Napoleon tenderly, "why did you not undeceive us?"

"I suspected it was Eliza," replied Napoleon; "but I was not sure. At all events, I would not have told, for Panoria's sake, who is not a liar."

The reader may imagine how Napoleon was caressed and rewarded to make him amends for the pain he had unjustly suffered. As to Eliza, she was severely and rightly punished: first for her gluttony; and then for what was much worse—her cowardice and deceit in allowing her innocent brother to suffer for her fault.

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## WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS.

I have seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance—Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted: Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with, a

deliberate step—Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity, and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on every thing that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered [Pg 825] lion—Wilberforce is like a bee: Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humor in his countenance, but in general he is *grave*, his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered—Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is "rapid productiveness." A man might be in Chalmers's company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality. Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent. Chalmers knows how to vail himself in a decent cloud—Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers, and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity: both appear to hold self in little reputation: above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge him to be their *only Saviour*.—*Hanna's Memoirs of Chalmers.*

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# MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

**(*Continued from page 698.*)**

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Dale had been more than a quarter of an hour conversing with Mrs. Avenel, and had seemingly made little progress in the object of his diplomatic mission, for now, slowly drawing on his gloves, he said,

"I grieve to think, Mrs. Avenel, that you should have so hardened your heart—yes—you must pardon me—it is my vocation to speak stern truths. You can not say that I have not kept faith with you, but I must now invite you to remember that I specially reserved to myself the right of exercising a discretion to act as I judged best, for the child's interests, on any future occasion; and it was upon this understanding that you gave me the promise, which you would now evade, of providing for him when he came into manhood."

"I say I will provide for him. I say that you may 'prentice him in any distant town, and by-and-by we will stock a shop for him. What would you have more, sir, from folks like us, who have kept shop ourselves? It ain't reasonable what you ask, sir?"

"My dear friend," said the Parson, "what I ask of you at present is but to see him—to receive him kindly—to listen to his conversation—to judge for yourselves. We can have but a common object—that your grandson should succeed in life, and do you credit. Now, I doubt very much whether we can effect this by making him a small shopkeeper."

"And has Jane Fairfield, who married a common carpenter, brought him up to despise small shopkeepers?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, angrily.

"Heaven forbid! Some of the first men in England have been the sons of small shopkeepers. But is it a crime in them, or their parents, if their talents have lifted them into such rank or renown as the haughtiest duke might envy? England were not England if a man must rest where his father began."

"Good!" said, or rather grunted, an approving voice, but neither Mrs. Avenel nor the Parson heard it.

"All very fine," said Mrs. Avenel, bluntly. "But to send a boy like that to the university—where's the money to come from?"

"My dear Mrs. Avenel," said the Parson, coaxingly, "the cost need not be great at a small college at Cambridge; and if you will pay half the expense, I will pay the other half. I have no children of my own, and can afford it."

"That's very handsome in you, sir," said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat touched, yet still not graciously. "But the money is not the only point."

"Once at Cambridge," continued Mr. Dale, speaking rapidly, "at Cambridge, where the studies are mathematical—that is, of a nature for which he has shown so great an aptitude—and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself; if he does, he will obtain, on leaving, what is called a fellowship—that is a collegiate dignity accompanied by an income on which he could maintain himself until he made his way in life. Come, Mrs. Avenel, you are well off; you have no relations nearer to you in want of your aid. Your son, I hear, has been very fortunate."

"Sir," said Mrs. Avenel, interrupting the Parson, "it is not because my son Richard is an honor to us, and is a good son, and has made his fortin, that we are to rob him of what we have to leave, and give it to a boy whom we know nothing about, and who, in spite of what you say, can't bring

upon us any credit at all."

"Why? I don' see that."

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, fiercely—"why? you know why. No, I don't want him to rise in life: I don't want folks to be speiring and asking about him. I think it is a very wicked thing to have put fine notions in his head, and I am sure my daughter Fairfield could not have done it herself. And now, to ask me to rob Richard, and bring out a great boy—who's been a gardener, or plowman, or such like—to disgrace a gentleman who keeps his carriage, as my son Richard does —I would have you to know, sir, no! I won't do it, and there's an end to the matter."

During the last two or three minutes, and just before that approving "good" had responded to the Parson's popular sentiment, a door communicating with an inner room had been gently opened, and stood ajar; but this incident neither party had even noticed. But now the door was thrown boldly open, and the traveler whom the Parson had met at the inn walked up to Mr. Dale, and [Pg 826] said, "No! that's not the end of the matter. You say the boy's a 'cute clever lad?"

"Richard, have you been listening?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, I guess, yes—the last few minutes."

"And what have you heard?"

"Why, that this reverend gentleman thinks so highly of my sister Fairfield's boy that he offers to pay half of his keep at college. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, and there's my hand, if you'll take it."

The Parson jumped up, overjoyed, and, with a triumphant glance toward Mrs. Avenel, shook hands heartily with Mr. Richard.

"Now," said the latter, "just put on your hat, sir, and take a stroll with me, and we'll discuss the thing business-like. Women don't understand business; never talk to women on business."

With these words, Mr. Richard drew out a cigar-case, selected a cigar, which he applied to the candle, and walked into the hall.

Mrs. Avenel caught hold of the Parson. "Sir, you'll be on your guard with Richard. Remember your promise."

"He does not know all, then?"

"He? No! And you see he did not overhear more than what he says. I'm sure you're a gentleman, and won't go agin your word."

"My word was conditional; but I will promise you never to break the silence without more reason than I think there is here for it. Indeed, Mr. Richard Avenel seems to save all necessity for that."

"Are you coming, sir?" cried Richard, as he opened the street door.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Parson joined Mr. Richard Avenel on the road. It was a fine night, and the moon clear and shining.

"So, then," said Mr. Richard thoughtfully, "poor Jane, who was always the drudge of the family, has contrived to bring up her son well; and the boy is really what you say, eh?—could make a figure at college?"

"I am sure of it," said the Parson, hooking himself on to the arm which Mr. Avenel proffered.

"I should like to see him," said Richard. "Has he any manner? Is he genteel? or a mere country lout?"

"Indeed he speaks with so much propriety, and has so much modest dignity, I might say, about him, that there's many a rich gentleman who would be proud of such a son."

"It is odd," observed Richard, "what difference there is in families. There's Jane now—who can't read nor write, and was just fit to be a workman's wife—had not a thought above her station; and when I think of my poor sister Nora—you would not believe it, sir, but *she* was the most elegant creature in the world—yes, even as a child (she was but a child when I went off to America). And often, as I was getting on in life, often I used to say to myself, 'My little Nora shall be a lady after all.' Poor thing—but she died young."

Richard's voice grew husky.

The Parson kindly pressed the arm on which he leaned, and said, after a pause,

"Nothing refines us like education, sir. I believe your sister Nora had received much instruction, and had the talents to profit by it; it is the same with your nephew."

"I'll see him," said Richard, stamping his foot firmly on the ground, "and if I like him, I'll be as good as a father to him. Look you, Mr. —— what's your name, sir?"

"Dale."

"Mr. Dale, look you, I'm a single man. Perhaps I may marry some day; perhaps I shan't. I'm not going to throw myself away. If I can get a lady of quality, why—but that's neither here nor there; meanwhile, I should be glad of a nephew whom I need not be ashamed of. You see, sir, I'm a new man, the builder of my own fortunes; and, though I have picked up a little education—I don't well know how—as I scrambled on, still, now I come back to the old country I'm well aware that I am not exactly a match for those d——d aristocrats; don't show so well in a drawing-room as I could wish. I could be a Parliament man if I liked, but I might make a goose of myself; so, all things considered, if I can get a sort of junior partner to do the polite work, and show off the goods, I think the house of Avenel & Co. might become a pretty considerable honor to the Britishers. You understand me, sir?"

"Oh, very well," answered Mr. Dale smiling, though rather gravely.

"Now," continued the New Man, "I'm not ashamed to have risen in life by my own merits; and I don't disguise what I've been. And, when I'm in my own grand house, I'm fond of saying, 'I landed at New York with £10 in my purse, and here I am!' But it would not do to have the old folks with me. People take you with all your faults, if you're rich; but they won't swallow your family into the bargain. So if I don't have my own father and mother, whom I love dearly, and should like to see sitting at table, with my servants behind their chairs, I could still less have sister Jane. I recollect her very well, and she can't have got genteeler as she's grown older. Therefore I beg you'll not set her on coming after me; it won't do by any manner of means. Don't say a word about me to her. But send the boy down here to his grandfather, and I'll see him quietly, you understand."

"Yes, but it will be hard to separate her from the boy."

"Stuff! all boys are separated from their parents when they go into the world. So that's settled! Now, just tell me. I know the old folks always snubbed Jane—that is, mother did. My poor dear father never snubbed any of us. Perhaps mother has not behaved altogether well to Jane. But we [Pg 827] must not blame her for that; you see this is how it happened. There were a good many of us, while father and mother kept shop in the High-street, so we were all to be provided for anyhow; and Jane, being very useful and handy at work, got a place when she was a little girl, and had no time for learning. Afterward my father made a lucky hit, in getting my Lord Lansmere's custom after an election, in which he did a great deal for the Blues (for he was a famous electioneerer, my poor father). My Lady stood godmother to Nora; and then most of my brothers and sisters died off, and father retired from business; and when he took Jane from service, she was so common-like that mother could not help contrasting her with Nora. You see Jane was their child when they were poor little shop-people, with their heads scarce above water; and Nora was their child when they were well off, and had retired from trade, and lived genteel: so that makes a great difference. And mother did not quite look on her as her own child. But it was Jane's own fault; for mother would have made it up with her if she had married the son of our neighbor the great linendraper, as she might have done; but she would take Mark Fairfield, a common carpenter. Parents like best those of their children who succeed best in life. Natural. Why, they did not care for me till I came back the man I am. But to return to Jane: I'm afraid they've neglected her. How is she off?"

"She earns her livelihood, and is poor, but contented."

"Ah, just be good enough to give her this," (and Richard took a bank-note of £50 from his pocket-book). "You can say the old folks sent it to her; or that it is a present from Dick, without telling her he had come back from America."

"My dear sir," said the Parson, "I am more and more thankful to have made your acquaintance. This is a very liberal gift of yours; but your best plan will be to send it through your mother. For, though I don't want to betray any confidence you place in me, I should not know what to answer if Mrs. Fairfield began to question me about her brother. I never had but one secret to keep, and I hope I shall never have another. A secret is very like a lie!"

"You had a secret, then," said Richard, as he took back the bank-note. He had learned, perhaps, in America, to be a very inquisitive man. He added point-blank, "Pray what was it?"

"Why, what it would not be if I told you," said the Parson, with a forced laugh—"a secret!"

"Well, I guess we're in a land of liberty—do as you like. Now, I dare say you think me a very odd fellow to come out of my shell to you in this off-hand way. But I liked the look of you, even when we were at the inn together. And just now I was uncommonly pleased to find that, though you are a Parson, you don't want to keep a man's nose down to a shop-board, if he has any thing in him. You're not one of the aristocrats—"

"Indeed," said the Parson, with imprudent warmth, "it is not the character of the aristocracy of this country to keep people down. They make way among themselves for any man, whatever his birth, who has the talent and energy to aspire to their level. That's the especial boast of the British constitution, sir!"

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said Mr. Richard, looking sourly at the Parson. "I dare say those are the opinions in which you have brought up the lad. Just keep him yourself, and let the aristocracy provide for him!"

The Parson's generous and patriotic warmth evaporated at once, at this sudden inlet of cold air into the conversation. He perceived that he had made a terrible blunder; and, as it was not his

business at that moment to vindicate the British constitution, but to serve Leonard Fairfield, he abandoned the cause of the aristocracy with the most poltroon and scandalous abruptness. Catching at the arm which Mr. Avenel had withdrawn from him, he exclaimed:

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I have never attempted to influence your nephew's political opinions. On the contrary, if, at his age, he can be said to have formed any opinion, I am greatly afraid—that is, I think his opinions are by no means sound—that is, constitutional. I mean, I mean —" And the poor Parson, anxious to select a word that would not offend his listener, stopped short in lamentable confusion of idea.

Mr. Avenel enjoyed his distress for a moment, with a saturnine smile, and then said,

"Well, I calculate he's a Radical. Natural enough, if he has not got a sixpence to lose—all come right by-and-by. I'm not a Radical—at least not a destructive—much too clever a man for that, I hope. But I wish to see things very different from what they are. Don't fancy that I want the common people, who've got nothing, to pretend to dictate to their betters, because I hate to see a parcel of fellows, who are called lords and squires, trying to rule the roast. I think, sir, that it is men like me who ought to be at the top of the tree! and that's the long and short of it. What do you say?"

"I've not the least objection," said the crest-fallen Parson, basely. But, to do him justice, I must add that he did not the least know what he was saying!

## CHAPTER XV.

Unconscious of the change in his fate which the diplomacy of the Parson sought to effect, Leonard Fairfield was enjoying the first virgin sweetness of fame; for the principal town in his neighborhood had followed the then growing fashion of the age, and set up a Mechanics' Institute; and some worthy persons interested in the formation of that provincial Athenæum had [Pg 828] offered a prize for the best Essay on the Diffusion of Knowledge—a very trite subject, on which persons seem to think they can never say too much, and on which there is, nevertheless, a great deal yet to be said. This prize Leonard Fairfield had recently won. His Essay had been publicly complimented by a full meeting of the Institute; it had been printed at the expense of the Society, and had been rewarded by a silver medal—delineative of Apollo crowning Merit (poor Merit had not a rag to his back; but Merit, left only to the care of Apollo, never is too good a customer to the tailor!) And the County Gazette had declared that Britain had produced another prodigy in the person of Dr. Riccabocca's self-educated gardener.

Attention was now directed to Leonard's mechanical contrivances. The Squire, ever eagerly bent on improvements, had brought an engineer to inspect the lad's system of irrigation, and the engineer had been greatly struck by the simple means by which a very considerable technical difficulty had been overcome. The neighboring farmers now called Leonard "*Mr.* Fairfield," and invited him on equal terms to their houses. Mr. Stirn had met him on the high road, touched his hat, and hoped that "he bore no malice." All this, I say, was the first sweetness of fame; and if Leonard Fairfield comes to be a great man, he will never find such sweets in the after fruit. It was this success which had determined the Parson on the step which he had just taken, and which he had long before anxiously meditated. For, during the last year or so, he had renewed his old intimacy with the widow and the boy; and he had noticed, with great hope and great fear, the rapid growth of an intellect, which now stood out from the lowly circumstances that surrounded it in bold and unharmonizing relief.

It was the evening after his return home that the Parson strolled up to the Casino. He put Leonard Fairfield's Prize Essay in his pocket. For he felt that he could not let the young man go forth into the world without a preparatory lecture, and he intended to scourge poor Merit with the very laurel wreath which it had received from Apollo. But in this he wanted Riccabocca's assistance: or rather, he feared that, if he did not get the Philosopher on his side, the Philosopher might undo all the work of the Parson.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A sweet sound came through the orange boughs, and floated to the ears of the Parson, as he wound slowly up the gentle ascent—so sweet, so silvery, he paused in delight—unaware, wretched man! that he was thereby conniving at Papistical errors. Soft it came, and sweet: softer and sweeter—"Ave Maria!" Violante was chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin Mother. The Parson at last distinguished the sense of the words, and shook his head with the pious shake of an orthodox Protestant. He broke from the spell resolutely, and walked on with a sturdy step. Gaining the terrace, he found the little family seated under an awning. Mrs. Riccabocca knitting; the Signor with his arms folded on his breast: the book he had been reading a few moments before had fallen on the ground, and his dark eyes were soft and dreamy. Violante had finished her hymn, and seated herself on the ground between the two, pillowing her head on her step-mother's lap, but with her hand resting on her father's knee, and her gaze fixed fondly on his face.

"Good evening," said Mr. Dale. Violante stole up to him, and, pulling him so as to bring his ear nearer to her lip, whispered, "Talk to papa, do—and cheerfully; he is sad."

She escaped from him, as she said this, and appeared to busy herself with watering the flowers

arranged on stands round the awning. But she kept her swimming, lustrous eyes wistfully on her father.

"How fares it with you, my dear friend?"' said the Parson, kindly, as he rested his hand on the Italian's shoulder. "You must not let him get out of spirits, Mrs. Riccabocca."

"I am very ungrateful to her if I ever am so," said the poor Italian, with all his natural gallantry. Many a good wife, who thinks it is a reproach to her if her husband is ever "out of spirits," might have turned peevishly from that speech more elegant than sincere, and so have made bad worse. But Mrs. Riccabocca took her husband's proffered hand affectionately, and said with great *naiveté*—

"You see I am so stupid, Mr. Dale; I never knew I was so stupid till I married. But I am very glad you are come. You can get on some learned subject together, and then he will not miss so much his—"

"His what?" asked Riccabocca inquisitively.

"His country. Do you think that I can not sometimes read your thoughts?"

"Very often. But you did not read them just then. The tongue touches where the tooth aches, but the best dentist can not guess at the tooth unless one opens one's mouth.—*Basta!* Can we offer you some wine of our own making, Mr. Dale? it is pure."

"I'd rather have some tea," quoth the Parson hastily.

Mrs. Riccabocca, too pleased to be in her natural element of domestic use, hurried into the house to prepare our national beverage. And the Parson, sliding into her chair, said:

"But you are dejected, then? Fie! If there's a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness."

"I don't dispute it," said Riccabocca, with a heavy sigh. "But though it is said by some Greek, who, I think, is quoted by your favorite Seneca, that a wise man carries his country with him at the soles of his feet, he can't carry also the sunshine."

"I tell you what it is," said the Parson, bluntly. "You would have a much keener sense of happiness if you had much less esteem for philosophy." [Pg 829]

"*Cospetto!*" said the Doctor, rousing himself. "Just explain, will you?"

"Does not the search after wisdom induce desires not satisfied in this small circle to which your life is confined? It is not so much your country for which you yearn, as it is for space to your intellect, employment for your thoughts, career for your aspirations."

"You have guessed at the tooth which aches," said Riccabocca, with admiration.

"Easy to do that," answered the Parson. "Our wisdom teeth come last, and give us the most pain. And if you would just starve the mind a little, and nourish the heart more, you would be less of a philosopher, and more of a—" The Parson had the word "Christian" at the tip of his tongue: he suppressed a word that, so spoken, would have been exceedingly irritating, and substituted, with inelegant antithesis, "and more of a happy man!"

"I do all I can with my heart," quoth the Doctor.

"Not you! For a man with such a heart as yours should never feel the want of the sunshine. My friend, we live in an age of over mental cultivation. We neglect too much the simple, healthful outer life, in which there is so much positive joy. In turning to the world within us, we grow blind to this beautiful world without; in studying ourselves as men, we almost forget to look up to heaven, and warm to the smile of God."

The philosopher mechanically shrugged his shoulders, as he always did when another man moralized—especially if the moralizer were a priest; but there was no irony in his smile, as he answered thoughtfully;

"There is some truth in what you say. I own that we live too much as if we were all brain. Knowledge has its penalties and pains, as well as its prizes."

"That is just what I want you to say to Leonard."

"How have you settled the object of your journey?"

"I will tell you as we walk down to him after tea. At present, I am rather too much occupied with you."

"Me? The tree is formed—try only to bend the young twig!"

"Trees are trees, and twigs twigs," said the Parson, dogmatically; "but man is always growing till he falls into the grave. I think I have heard you say that you once had a narrow escape of a prison?"

"Very narrow."

"Just suppose that you were now in that prison, and that a fairy conjured up the prospect of this

quiet home in a safe land; that you saw the orange-trees in flower, felt the evening breeze on your cheek; beheld your child gay or sad, as you smiled or knit your brow; that within this phantom home was a woman, not, indeed all your young romance might have dreamed of, but faithful and true, every beat of her heart all your own—would you not cry from the depth of the dungeon, 'O fairy! such a change were a paradise.' Ungrateful man! you want interchange for your mind, and your heart should suffice for all!"

Riccabocca was touched and silent.

"Come hither, my child," said Mr. Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. "Come hither," he said, opening his arms.

Violante bounded forward, and nestled to the good man's heart.

"Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart—tell me, Violante, though you are all alone, with the flowers below and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?"

"Happiness!" answered Violante, half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.

"Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?"

"Oh, no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is so still—so still—and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!"

"O, friend," said the Parson, "this is the true sympathy between life and nature, and thus we should feel ever, did we take more care to preserve the health and innocence of a child. We are told that we must become as children to enter into the kingdom of heaven; methinks we should also become as children to know what delight there is in our heritage of earth!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

The maid-servant (for Jackeymo was in the fields) brought the table under the awning, and, with the English luxury of tea, there were other drinks as cheap and as grateful on summer evenings—drinks which Jackeymo had retained and taught from the customs of the south—unebriate liquors, pressed from cooling fruits, sweetened with honey, and deliciously iced; ice should cost nothing in a country in which one is frozen up half the year! And Jackeymo, too, had added to our good, solid, heavy English bread, preparations of wheat much lighter, and more propitious to digestion—with those crisp *grissins*, which seem to enjoy being eaten, they make so pleasant a noise between one's teeth.

The Parson esteemed it a little treat to drink tea with the Riccaboccas. There was something of elegance and grace in that homely meal, at the poor exile's table, which pleased the eye as well as taste. And the very utensils, plain Wedgewood though they were, had a classical simplicity, which made Mrs. Hazeldean's old India delf, and Mrs. Dale's best Worcester china, look tawdry and barbarous in comparison. For it was Flaxman who gave designs to Wedgewood, and the most truly refined of all our manufactures in porcelain (if we do not look to the mere material) is in the reach of the most thrifty. [Pg 830]

The little banquet was at first rather a silent one; but Riccabocca threw off his gloom, and became gay and animated. Then poor Mrs. Riccabocca smiled, and pressed the *grissins;* and Violante, forgetting all her stateliness, laughed and played tricks on the Parson, stealing away his cup of warm tea when his head was turned, and substituting iced cherry-juice. Then the Parson got up and ran after Violante, making angry faces, and Violante dodged beautifully, till the Parson, fairly tired out, was too glad to cry "Peace," and come back to the cherry-juice. Thus time rolled on, till they heard afar the stroke of the distant church-clock, and Mr. Dale started up and cried, "But we shall be too late for Leonard. Come, naughty little girl, get your father his hat."

"And umbrella!" said Riccabocca, looking up at the cloudless moonlit sky.

"Umbrella against the stars?" asked the Parson, laughing.

"The stars are no friends of mine," said Riccabocca, "and one never knows what may happen!"

The Philosopher and the Parson walked on amicably.

"You have done me good," said Riccabocca, "but I hope I am not always so unreasonably melancholic as you seem to suspect. The evenings will sometimes appear long, and dull too, to a man whose thoughts on the past are almost his sole companions."

"Sole companions?—your child?"

"She is so young."

"Your wife?"

"She is so—," the bland Italian appeared to check some disparaging adjective, and mildly added, "so good, I allow; but you must own that we can not have much in common."

"I own nothing of the sort. You have your house and your interests, your happiness and your lives, in common. We men are so exacting, we expect to find ideal nymphs and goddesses when

we condescend to marry a mortal; and if we did, our chickens would be boiled to rags, and our mutton come up as cold as a stone."

"Per Bacco, you are an oracle," said Riccabocca, laughing. "But I am not so skeptical as you are. I honor the fair sex too much. There are a great many women who realize the ideal of men to be found in—the poets!"

"There's my dear Mrs. Dale," resumed the Parson, not heeding this sarcastic compliment to the sex, but sinking his voice into a whisper, and looking round cautiously—"there's my dear Mrs. Dale, the best woman in the world—an angel I would say, if the word was not profane; BUT—"

"What's the BUT" asked the Doctor demurely.

"BUT I too might say that 'we have not much in common,' if I were only to compare mind to mind, and, when my poor Carry says something less profound than Madame de Stael might have said, smile on her in contempt from the elevation of logic and Latin. Yet, when I remember all the little sorrows and joys that we have shared together, and feel how solitary I should have been without her—oh, then, I am instantly aware that there is between us in common something infinitely closer and better than if the same course of study had given us the same equality of ideas; and I was forced to brace myself for a combat of intellect, as I am when I fall in with a tiresome sage like yourself. I don't pretend to say that Mrs. Riccabocca is a Mrs. Dale," added the Parson, with lofty candor—"there is but one Mrs. Dale in the world; but still, you have drawn a prize in the wheel matrimonial! Think of Socrates, and yet he was content even with his—Xantippe!"

Dr. Riccabocca called to mind Mrs. Dale's "little tempers," and inly rejoiced that no second Mrs. Dale had existed to fall to his own lot. His placid Jemima gained by the contrast. Nevertheless, he had the ill grace to reply, "Socrates was a man beyond all imitation!—Yet I believe that even he spent very few of his evenings at home. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, we are nearly at Mrs. Fairfield's cottage, and you have not yet told me what you have settled as to Leonard."

The Parson halted, took Riccabocca by the button, and informed him, in very few words, that Leonard was to go to Lansmere to see some relations there, who had the fortune, if they had the will, to give full career to his abilities.

"The great thing, in the mean while," said the Parson, "would be to enlighten him a little as to what he calls—enlightenment."

"Ah!" said Riccabocca, diverted, and rubbing his hands, "I shall listen with interest to what you say on that subject."

"And must aid me; for the first step in this modern march of enlightenment is to leave the poor Parson behind; and if one calls out, 'Hold! and look at the sign-post,' the traveler hurries on the faster, saying to himself, 'Pooh, pooh!—that is only the cry of the Parson!' But my gentleman, when he doubts me, will listen to you—you're a philosopher!"

"We philosophers are of some use now and then, even to Parsons!"

"If you were not so conceited a set of deluded poor creatures already, I would say 'Yes,'" replied the Parson generously; and, taking hold of Riccabocca's umbrella, he applied the brass handle thereof, by way of a knocker, to the cottage door.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

[Pg 831]

Certainly it is a glorious fever that desire To Know! And there are few sights in the moral world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being, toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.

So there sits Leonard, the self-taught, in the little cottage alone; for, though scarcely past the hour in which great folks dine, it is the hour in which small folks go to bed, and Mrs. Fairfield has retired to rest, while Leonard has settled to his books. He had placed his table under the lattice, and from time to time he looked up and enjoyed the stillness of the moon. Well for him that, in reparation for those hours stolen from night, the hardy physical labor commenced with dawn. Students would not be the sad dyspeptics they are, if they worked as many hours in the open air as my scholar-peasant. But even in him you could see that the mind had begun a little to affect the frame. They who task the intellect must pay the penalty with the body. Ill, believe me, would this work-day world get on if all within it were hard-reading, studious animals, playing the deuce with the ganglionic apparatus.

Leonard started as he heard the knock at the door; the Parson's well-known voice reassured him. In some surprise, he admitted his visitors.

"We are come to talk to you, Leonard," said Mr. Dale, "but I fear we shall disturb Mrs. Fairfield."

"Oh, no, sir! the door to the staircase is shut, and she sleeps soundly."

"Why, this is a French book—do you read French, Leonard?" asked Riccabocca.

"I have not found French difficult, sir. Once over the grammar, and the language is so clear; it seems the very language for reasoning."

"True. Voltaire said justly, 'Whatever is obscure is not French,'" observed Riccabocca.

"I wish I could say the same of English," muttered the Parson.

"But what is this?—Latin too?—Virgil?"

"Yes, sir. But I find I make little way there without a master. I fear I must give it up" (and Leonard sighed).

The two gentlemen exchanged looks and seated themselves. The young peasant remained standing modestly, and in his air and mien there was something that touched the heart while it pleased the eye. He was no longer the timid boy who had sunk from the frown of Mr. Stirn, nor that rude personation of simple physical strength, roused to undisciplined bravery, which had received its downfall on the village-green of Hazeldean. The power of thought was on his brow—somewhat unquiet still, but mild and earnest. The features had attained that refinement which is often attributed to race, but comes, in truth, from elegance of idea, whether caught from our parents or learned from books. In his rich brown hair, thrown carelessly from his temples, and curling almost to the shoulders in his large blue eye, which was deepened to the hue of the violet by the long dark lash—in that firmness of lip which comes from the grapple with difficulties, there was considerable beauty, but no longer the beauty of the mere peasant. And yet there was still about the whole countenance that expression of goodness and purity which a painter would give to his ideal of the peasant lover—such as Tasso would have placed in the *Aminta*, or Fletcher have admitted to the side of the Faithful Shepherdess.

"You must draw a chair here, and sit down between us, Leonard," said the Parson.

"If any one," said Riccabocca "has a right to sit, it is the one who is to hear the sermon; and if any one ought to stand, it is the one who is about to preach it."

"Don't be frightened, Leonard," said the Parson, graciously; "it is only a criticism, not a sermon," and he pulled out Leonard's Prize Essay.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Parson.—"You take for your motto this aphorism[8]—'*Knowledge is Power*.—Bacon.'"

Riccabocca.—"Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said any thing so pert and so shallow."

Leonard (astonished).—"Do you mean to say, sir, that that aphorism is not in Lord Bacon! Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favor of popular education."

Riccabocca.—"Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar—viz., quote second-hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined, in what it might be mistaken. And, pray, do you think so sensible a man would ever have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject, if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, 'Knowledge is power?' Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon from the first page of his writings to the last."

Parson (candidly).—"Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon's, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his authority."

Leonard (recovering his surprise).—"But why so?" [Pg 832]

Parson.—"Because it either says a great deal too much, or just—nothing at all."

Leonard.—"At least, sir, it seems to me undeniable."

Parson.—"Well, grant that it is undeniable. Does it prove much in favor of knowledge? Pray, is not ignorance power too?"

Riccabocca.—"And a power that has had much the best end of the quarter-staff."

Parson.—"All evil is power, and does its power make it any thing the better?"

Riccabocca.—"Fanaticism is power—and a power that has often swept away knowledge like a whirlwind. The Mussulman burns the library of a world—and forces the Koran and the sword from the schools of Byzantium to the colleges of Hindostan."

Parson (bearing on with a new column of illustration).—"Hunger is power. The barbarians, starved out of their energy by their own swarming population, swept into Italy and annihilated letters. The Romans, however degraded, had more knowledge, at least, than the Gaul and the Visigoth."

Riccabocca (bringing up the reserve).—"And even in Greece, when Greek met Greek, the Athenians—our masters in all knowledge—were beat by the Spartans, who held learning in contempt."

Parson.—"Wherefore you see, Leonard, that though knowledge be power, it is only *one* of the powers of the world; that there are others as strong, and often much stronger; and the assertion either means but a barren truism, not worth so frequent a repetition, or it means something that

you would find it very difficult to prove."

LEONARD.—"One nation may be beaten by another that has more physical strength and more military discipline; which last, permit me to say, sir, is a species of knowledge—"

RICCABOCCA.—"Yes; but your knowledge-mongers at present call upon us to discard military discipline, and the qualities that produce it, from the list of the useful arts. And in your own essay, you insist upon knowledge as the great disbander of armies, and the foe of all military discipline."

PARSON.—"Let the young man proceed. Nations, you say, may be beaten by other nations less learned and civilized?"

LEONARD.—"But knowledge elevates a class. I invite my own humble order to knowledge, because knowledge will lift them into power."

RICCABOCCA.—"What do you say to that, Mr. Dale?"

PARSON.—"In the first place, is it true that the class which has the most knowledge gets the most power? I suppose philosophers, like my friend Dr. Riccabocca, think they have the most knowledge. And pray, in what age have philosophers governed the world? Are they not always grumbling that nobody attends to them?"

"Per Bacco," said Riccabocca, "if people had attended to us, it would have been a droll sort of world by this time!"

PARSON.—"Very likely. But, as a general rule, those have the most knowledge who give themselves up to it the most. Let us put out of the question philosophers (who are often but ingenious lunatics), and speak only of erudite scholars, men of letters and practical science, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges. I fancy any member of Parliament would tell us that there is no class of men which has less actual influence on public affairs. They have more knowledge than manufacturers and ship-owners, squires and farmers; but, do you find that they have more power over the Government and the votes of the House of Commons?"

"They ought to have," said Leonard.

"Ought they?" said the Parson: "we'll consider that later. Meanwhile, you must not escape from your own proposition, which is, that knowledge is power—not that it *ought* to be. Now, even granting your corollary, that the power of a class is therefore proportioned to its knowledge—pray, do you suppose that while your order, the operatives, are instructing themselves, all the rest of the community are to be at a stand-still? Diffuse knowledge as you may, you will never produce equality of knowledge. Those who have most leisure, application, and aptitude for learning, will still know the most. Nay, by a very natural law, the more general the appetite for knowledge, the more the increased competition would favor those most adapted to excel by circumstance and nature. At this day, there is a vast increase of knowledge spread over all society, compared with that in the Middle Ages; but is there not a still greater distinction between the highly-educated gentleman and the intelligent mechanic, than there was then between the baron who could not sign his name and the churl at the plow? between the accomplished statesman, versed in all historical lore, and the voter whose politics are formed by his newspaper, than there was between the legislator who passed laws against witches, and the burgher who defended his guild from some feudal aggression? between the enlightened scholar and the dunce of to-day, than there was between the monkish alchemist and the block head of yesterday? Peasant, voter, and dunce of this century are no doubt wiser than the churl, burgher, and blockhead of the twelfth. But the gentleman, statesman, and scholar of the present age are at least quite as favorable a contrast to the alchemist, witch-burner, and baron of old. As the progress of enlightenment has done hitherto, so will it ever do. Knowledge is like capital: the more there is in a country, the greater the disparities in wealth between one man and another. Therefore, if the working class increase in knowledge, so do the other classes; and if the working class rise peacefully and legitimately into power, it is not in proportion to their own knowledge alone, but rather according as it seems to the knowledge of the other orders of the community, that such augmentation of proportional power is just, and safe, and wise." [Pg 833]

Placed between the Parson and the Philosopher, Leonard felt that his position was not favorable to the display of his forces. Insensibly he edged his chair somewhat away, and said mournfully—

"Then, according to you, the reign of knowledge would be no great advance in the aggregate freedom and welfare of man?"

PARSON.—"Let us define. By knowledge, do you mean intellectual cultivation?—by the reign of knowledge, the ascendency of the most cultivated minds?"

LEONARD, (after a pause.)—"Yes."

RICCABOCCA.—"Oh indiscreet young man, that is an unfortunate concession of yours: for the ascendency of the most cultivated minds would be a terrible oligarchy!"

PARSON.—"Perfectly true; and we now reply to your exclamation, that men who, by profession, have most learning ought to have more influence than squires and merchants, farmers and mechanics. Observe, all the knowledge that we mortals can acquire, is not knowledge positive and perfect, but knowledge comparative, and subject to all the errors and passions of humanity.

And suppose that you could establish, as the sole regulators of affairs, those who had the most mental cultivation, do you think they would not like that power well enough to take all means their superior intelligence could devise to keep it to themselves? The experiment was tried of old by the priests of Egypt; and in the empire of China, at this day, the aristocracy are elected from those who have most distinguished themselves in learned colleges. If I may call myself a member of that body, 'the people,' I would rather be an Englishman, however much displeased with dull Ministers and blundering Parliaments, than I would be a Chinese under the rule of the picked sages of the Celestial Empire. Happily, therefore, my dear Leonard, nations are governed by many things besides what is commonly called knowledge; and the greatest practical ministers, who, like Themistocles, have made small states great—and the most dominant races who, like the Romans, have stretched their rule from a village half over the universe—have been distinguished by various qualities which a philosopher would sneer at, and a knowledge-monger would call 'sad prejudices,' and 'lamentable errors of reason.'"

Leonard (bitterly.)—"Sir, you make use of knowledge itself to argue against knowledge."

Parson.—"I make use of the little I know to prove the foolishness of idolatry. I do not argue against knowledge; I argue against knowledge-worship. For here, I see in your Essay, that you are not contented with raising human knowledge into something like divine omnipotence, you must also confound her with virtue. According to you, we have only to diffuse the intelligence of the few among the many, and all at which we preachers aim is accomplished.—Nay more; for whereas we humble preachers have never presumed to say, with the heathen Stoic, that even virtue is sure of happiness be low (though it be the best road to it), you tell us plainly that this knowledge of yours gives not only the virtue of a saint, but bestows the bliss of a god. Before the steps of your idol, the evils of life disappear. To hear you, one has but 'to know,' in order to be exempt from the sins and sorrows of the ignorant. Has it ever been so? Grant that you diffuse among the many all the knowledge ever attained by the few. Have the wise few been so unerring and so happy? You supposed that your motto was accurately cited from Bacon. What was Bacon himself? The poet tells you—

> 'The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind.'

Can you hope to bestow upon the vast mass of your order the luminous intelligence of this 'Lord Chancellor of nature?' Grant that you do so—and what guarantee have you for the virtue and the happiness which you assume as the concomitants of the gift? See Bacon himself; what black ingratitude! what miserable self-seeking! what truckling servility! what abject and pitiful spirit! So far from intellectual knowledge, in its highest form and type, insuring virtue and bliss, it is by no means uncommon to find great mental cultivation combined with great moral corruption." (Aside to Riccabocca)—"Push on, will you?"

Riccabocca.—"A combination remarkable in eras as in individuals. Petronius shows us a state of morals at which a commonplace devil would blush, in the midst of a society more intellectually cultivated than certainly was that which produced Regulus or the Horatii. And the most learned eras in modern Italy were precisely those which brought the vices into the most ghastly refinement."

Leonard (rising in great agitation, and clasping his hands.)—"I can not contend with you, who produce against information so slender and crude as mine the stores which have been locked from my reach. But I feel that there must be another side to this shield—a shield that you will not even allow to be silver. And oh, if you thus speak of knowledge, why have you encouraged me to know?"

## CHAPTER XX.

"Ah, my son!" said the Parson, "if I wished to prove the value of Religion, would you think I served it much, if I took as my motto, 'Religion is power?' Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say he who regards religion as a power, intends to abuse it as a priestcraft?"

"Well put!" said Riccabocca.

"Wait a moment—let me think. Ah—I see, sir!" said Leonard.

Parson.—"If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class." [Pg 834]

Leonard (ingenuously.)—"You correct me nobly, sir. Knowledge is power, but not in the sense in which I have interpreted the saying."

Parson.—"Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power; and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains."

Riccabocca.—"Our Italian proverb saith that 'the teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself.'"

Parson.—"Therefore he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power

of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself; it should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward on this side the grave. And since knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would it not be better to say, 'Knowledge is a trust?'"

"You are right, sir," said Leonard, cheerfully, "pray proceed."

PARSON.—"You ask me why we encourage you to KNOW. First, because (as you say yourself in your Essay) knowledge, irrespective of gain, is in itself a delight, and ought to be something far more. Like liberty, like religion, it may be abused; but I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption. You truly observe in your treatise that knowledge opens to us other excitements than those of the senses, and another life than that of the moment. The difference between us is this, that you forget that the same refinement which brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains—the horny hand of the peasant feels not the nettles which sting the fine skin of the scholar. You forget also, that whatever widens the sphere of the desires, opens to them also new temptations. Vanity, the desire of applause, pride, the sense of superiority—gnawing discontent where that superiority is not recognized—morbid susceptibility, which comes with all new feelings—the underrating of simple pleasures apart from the intellectual—the chase of the imagination, often unduly stimulated, for things unattainable below—all these are surely among the first temptations that beset the entrance into knowledge."

Leonard shaded his face with his hand.

"Hence," continued the Parson, benignantly—"hence, so far from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as men, when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and, therefore, of our temptations; and we should endeavor, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart, which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known—to wit, patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth: and, in counteraction to that egotism, which all superiority, mental or worldly, is apt to inspire, Justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by Charity, which is their loving mother. Thus accompanied, knowledge, indeed, becomes the magnificent crown of humanity—not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul."

The Parson paused, and Leonard, coming near him, timidly took his hand, with a child's affectionate and grateful impulse.

RICCABOCCA.—"And if, Leonard, you are not satisfied with our Parson's excellent definitions, you have only to read what Lord Bacon himself has said upon the true ends of knowledge, to comprehend at once how angry the poor great man, whom Mr. Dale treats so harshly, would have been with those who have stinted his elaborate distinctions and provident cautions, into that, coxcombical little aphorism, and then misconstrued all he designed to prove in favor of the commandant, and authority of learning. For," added the sage, looking up as a man does when he is tasking his memory, "I think it is thus that, after saying the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing the end of knowledge, and denouncing the various objects for which it is vulgarly sought;—I think it is thus that he proceeds.... 'Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate.'"[9]

PARSON (remorsefully.)—"Are those Lord Bacon's words? I am very sorry I spoke so uncharitably of his life. I must examine it again. I may find excuses for it now, that I could not when I first formed my judgment. I was then a raw lad at Oxford. But I see, Leonard, there is still something on your mind." [Pg 835]

LEONARD.—"It is true, sir. I would but ask whether it is not by knowledge that we arrive at the qualities and virtues you so well describe, but which you seem to consider as coming to us through channels apart from knowledge?"

PARSON.—"If you mean by the word knowledge something very different from what you express in your essay—and which those contending for mental instruction, irrespective of religion and ethics, appear also to convey by the word—you are right;—but, remember, we have already agreed that by the word knowledge we mean culture purely intellectual."

LEONARD.—"That is true—we so understood it."

PARSON.—"Thus, when this great Lord Bacon erred, you may say that he erred from want of knowledge—the knowledge that moralists and preachers would convey. But Lord Bacon had read all that moralists and preachers could say on such matters; and he certainly did not err from want of intellectual cultivation. Let me here, my child, invite you to observe, that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies, did not *insist* on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our well-being here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the All-wise One would not have selected humble fishermen for the teachers of his doctrine, instead of culling his disciples from Roman Portico, or Athenian Academy. And this, which distinguishes so remarkably the Gospel from the ethics of heathen philosophy, wherein knowledge is declared to be necessary to virtue, is a proof how slight was the heathen sage's insight into the nature of mankind, when compared with the Saviour's; for hard, indeed, would it be to men, whether high or low, rich or poor, if science and learning, or

contemplative philosophy, were the sole avenues to peace and redemption; since, in this state of ordeal, requiring active duties, very few, in any age, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, ever are or can be devoted to pursuits merely mental. Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned. Therefore the rules of the Celestial Legislator are rendered clear to the simplest understanding as to the deepest."

RICCABOCCA.—"And that which Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras and Socrates, could not do, was done by men whose ignorance would have been a by-word in the schools of the Greek. The gods of the vulgar were dethroned; the face of the world was changed! This thought may make us allow, indeed, that there are agencies more powerful than mere knowledge, and ask, after all, what is the mission which knowledge should achieve?"

PARSON.—"The Sacred Book tells us even that; for, after establishing the truth that, for the multitude, knowledge is not essential to happiness and good, it accords still to knowledge its sublime part in the revelation prepared and announced. When an instrument of more than ordinary intelligence was required for a purpose divine—when the Gospel, recorded by the simple, was to be explained by the acute, enforced by the energetic, carried home to the doubts of the Gentile—the Supreme Will joined to the zeal of the earlier apostles the learning and genius of St. Paul—not holier than the others—calling himself the least, yet laboring more abundantly than them all—making himself all things unto all men, so that some might be saved. The ignorant may be saved no less surely than the wise; but here comes the wise man who helps to save! And how the fullness and animation of this grand Presence, of this indomitable Energy, seem to vivify the toil, and to speed the work! 'In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.' Behold, my son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power, indeed—a power apart from the aggrandizement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness'—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from a sun;—borne through the air, and clothing it with light—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

The good man, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the young student's breast, and all three were long silent.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Whatever ridicule may be thrown upon Mr. Dale's dissertations by the wit of the enlightened, they had a considerable, and I think a beneficial effect upon Leonard Fairfield—an effect which may perhaps create less surprise, when the reader remembers that Leonard was unaccustomed to argument, and still retained many of the prejudices natural to his rustic breeding. Nay, he actually thought it possible that, as both Riccabocca and Mr. Dale were more than double his age, and had had opportunities not only of reading twice as many books, but of contracting experience in wider ranges of life—he actually, I say, thought it possible that they might be better acquainted with the properties and distinctions of knowledge than himself. At all events, the Parson's words were so far well-timed, that they produced in Leonard very much of that state of mind which Mr. Dale desired to effect, before communicating to him the startling intelligence [Pg 836] that he was to visit relations whom he had never seen, of whom he had heard but little, and that it was at least possible that the result of that visit might be to open to him greater facilities for instruction, and a higher degree in life.

Without some such preparation, I fear that Leonard would have gone forth into the world with an exaggerated notion of his own acquirements, and with a notion yet more exaggerated as to the kind of power that such knowledge as he possessed would obtain for itself. As it was, when Mr. Dale broke to him the news of the experimental journey before him, cautioning him against being over-sanguine, Leonard received the intelligence with a serious meekness, and thoughts that were nobly solemn.

When the door closed on his visitors, he remained for some moments motionless, and in deep meditation: then he unclosed the door, and stole forth. The night was already far advanced, the heavens were luminous with all the host of stars. "I think," said the student, referring, in later life, to that crisis in his destiny—"I think it was then, when I stood alone, yet surrounded by worlds so numberless, that I first felt the distinction between *mind* and *soul*." "Tell me," said Riccabocca, as he parted company with Mr. Dale, "whether you think we should have given to Frank Hazeldean, on entering life, the same lecture on the limits and ends of knowledge which we have bestowed on Leonard Fairfield."

"My friend," quoth the Parson, with a touch of human conceit; "I have ridden on horseback, and I know that some horses should be guided by the bridle, and some should be urged by the spur."

"Cospetto!" said Riccabocca; "you contrive to put every experience of yours to some use—even your journey on Mr. Hazeldean's pad. And I see now why, in this little world of a village, you have picked up so general an acquaintance with life."

"Did you ever read White's *Natural History of Selborne?*"

"No."

"Do so, and you will find that you need not go far to learn the habits of birds, and know the difference between a swallow and a swift.—Learn the difference in a village, and you know the difference wherever swallows and swifts skim the air."

"Swallows and swifts!—true; but men—"

"Are with us all the year round—which is more than we can say of swallows and swifts."

"Mr. Dale," said Riccabocca, taking off his hat, with great formality, "if ever again I find myself in a dilemma, I will come to you instead of to Machiavelli."

"Ah!" cried the Parson, "if I could but have a calm hour's talk with you on the errors of the Papal relig—"

Riccabocca was off like a shot.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The next day, Mr. Dale had a long conversation with Mrs. Fairfield. At first, he found some difficulty in getting over her pride, and inducing her to accept overtures from parents who had so long slighted both Leonard and herself. And it would have been in vain to have put before the good woman the worldly advantages which such overtures implied. But when Mr. Dale said, almost sternly, "Your parents are old, your father infirm; their least wish should be as binding to you as their command," the widow bowed her head and said,

"God bless, them, sir, I was very sinful—'Honor your father and mother.' I'm no scollard, but I know the Commandments. Let Lenny go. But he'll soon forget me, and mayhap he'll learn to be ashamed of me."

"There I will trust him," said the Parson; and he contrived easily to re-assure and soothe her.

It was not till all this was settled that Mr. Dale drew forth an unsealed letter, which Mr. Richard Avenel, taking his hint, had given to him, as from Leonard's grandparents, and said, "This is for you, and it contains an inclosure of some value."

"Will you read it, sir? As I said before, I'm no scollard."

"But Leonard is, and he will read it to you."

When Leonard returned home that evening, Mrs. Fairfield showed him the letter. It ran thus:

> "Dear Jane—Mr. Dale will tell you that we wish Leonard to come to us. We are glad to hear you are well. We forward, by Mr. Dale, a bank-note for £50, which comes from Richard, your brother. So no more at present from your affectionate parents,
>
> "John and Margaret Avenel."

The letter was in a stiff, female scrawl, and Leonard observed that two or three mistakes in spelling had been corrected, either in another pen or in a different hand.

"Dear brother Dick, how good in him!" cried the widow. "When I saw there was money, I thought it must be him. How I should like to see Dick again. But I s'pose he's still in Amerikay. Well, well, this will buy clothes for you."

"No; you must keep it all, mother, and put it in the Savings' Bank."

"I'm not quite so silly as that," cried Mrs. Fairfield with contempt; and she put the fifty pounds into a cracked teapot.

"It must not stay there when I'm gone. You may be robbed, mother."

"Dear me, dear me, that's true. What shall I do with it?—what do I want with it, too? Dear me! I wish they hadn't sent it. I shan't sleep in peace. You must e'en put it in your own pouch, and button it up tight, boy."

Lenny smiled, and took the note; but he took it to Mr. Dale, and begged him to put it into the Savings' Bank for his mother. [Pg 837]

The day following he went to take leave of his master, of Jackeymo, of the fountain, the garden. But, after he had gone through the first of these adieus with Jackeymo—who, poor man, indulged in all the lively gesticulations of grief which make half the eloquence of his countrymen; and then, absolutely blubbering, hurried away—Leonard himself was so affected that he could not proceed at once to the house, but stood beside the fountain, trying hard to keep back his tears.

"You, Leonard—and you are going!" said a soft voice; and the tears fell faster than ever, for he recognized the voice of Violante.

"Do not cry," continued the child, with a kind of tender gravity. "You are going, but papa says it would be selfish in us to grieve, for it is for your good; and we should be glad. But I am selfish, Leonard, and I do grieve. I shall miss you sadly."

"You, young lady—you miss me!"

"Yes. But I do not cry, Leonard, for I envy you, and I wish I were a boy: I wish I could do as you."

The girl clasped her hands, and reared her slight form, with a kind of passionate dignity.

"Do as me, and part from all those you love!"

"But to serve those you love. One day you will come back to your mother's cottage, and say, 'We have conquered fortune.' Oh that I could go forth and return, as you will. But my father has no country, and his only child is a useless girl."

As Violante spoke, Leonard had dried his tears; her emotion distracted him from his own.

"Oh," continued Violante, again raising her head loftily, "what it is to be a man! A woman sighs, 'I wish,' but man should say 'I will.'"

Occasionally before, Leonard had noted fitful flashes of a nature grand and heroic, in the Italian child, especially of late—flashes the more remarkable from their contrast to a form most exquisitely feminine, and to a sweetness of temper which made even her pride gentle. But now it seemed as if the child spoke with the command of a queen—almost with the inspiration of a Muse. A strange and new sense of courage entered within him.

"May I remember these words!" he murmured half audibly.

The girl turned and surveyed him with eyes brighter for their moisture. She then extended her hand to him, with a quick movement, and, as he bent over it, with a grace taught to him by genuine emotion, she said,—"And if you do, then, girl and child as I am, I shall think I have aided a brave heart in the great strife for honor!"

She lingered a moment, smiled as if to herself, and then, gliding away, was lost among the trees.

After a long pause, in which Leonard recovered slowly from the surprise and agitation into which Violante had thrown his spirits—previously excited as they were—he went, murmuring to himself, toward the house. But Riccabocca was from home. Leonard turned mechanically to the terrace, and busied himself with the flowers. But the dark eyes of Violante shone on his thoughts, and her voice rang in his ear.

At length Riccabocca appeared, followed up the road by a laborer, who carried something indistinct under his arm.

The Italian beckoned to Leonard to follow him into the parlor, and after conversing with him kindly, and at some length, and packing up, as it were, a considerable provision of wisdom in the portable shape of aphorisms and proverbs, the sage left him alone for a few moments, Riccabocca then returned with his wife, and bearing a small knapsack:

"It is not much we can do for you, Leonard, and money is the worst gift in the world for a keepsake; but my wife and I have put our heads together to furnish you with a little outfit. Giacomo, who was in our secret, assures us that the clothes will fit; and stole, I fancy, a coat of yours for the purpose. Put them on when you go to your relations; it is astonishing what a difference it makes in the ideas people form of us, according as our coats are cut one way or another. I should not be presentable in London thus; and nothing is more true than that a tailor is often the making of a man."

"The shirts, too, are very good holland," said Mrs. Riccabocca, about to open the knapsack.

"Never mind details, my dear," cried the wise man; "shirts are comprehended in the general principle of clothes. And, Leonard, as a remembrance somewhat more personal, accept this, which I have worn many a year when time was a thing of importance to me, and nobler fates than mine hung on a moment. We missed the moment, or abused it, and here I am, a waif on a foreign shore. Methinks I have done with Time."

The exile, as he thus spoke, placed in Leonard's reluctant hands a watch that would have delighted an antiquary, and shocked a dandy It was exceedingly thick, having an outer case of enamel, and an inner one of gold. The hands and the figures of the hours had originally been formed of brilliants; but the brilliants had long since vanished. Still, even thus bereft, the watch was much more in character with the giver than the receiver, and was as little suited to Leonard as would have been the red silk umbrella.

"It is old-fashioned," said Mrs. Riccabocca, "but it goes better than any clock in the country. I really think it will last to the end of the world."

"*Carissima mia!*" cried the Doctor, "I thought I had convinced you that the world is by no means come to its last legs."

"Oh, I did not mean any thing, Alphonso," said Mrs. Riccabocca, coloring.

"And that is all we do mean when we talk about that of which we can know nothing," said the Doctor, less gallantly than usual, for he resented that epithet of "old-fashioned," as applied to the watch. [Pg 838]

Leonard, we see, had been silent all this time; he could not speak—literally and truly, he could not speak. How he got out of his embarrassment, and how he got out of the room, he never explained to my satisfaction. But, a few minutes afterward, he was seen hurrying down the road

very briskly.

Riccabocca and his wife stood at the window gazing after him.

"There is a depth in that boy's heart," said the sage, "which might float an argosy."

"Poor dear boy! I think we have put every thing into the knapsack that he can possibly want," said good Mrs. Riccabocca musingly.

The Doctor (continuing his soliloquy.)—"They are strong, but they are not immediately apparent."

Mrs. Riccabocca (resuming hers.)—"They are at the bottom of the knapsack."

The Doctor.—"They will stand long wear and tear."

Mrs. Riccabocca.—"A year, at least, with proper care at the wash."

The Doctor (startled.)—"Care at the wash! What on earth are you talking of, ma'am!"

Mrs. Riccabocca (mildly.)—"The shirts to be sure, my love! And you?"

The Doctor (with a heavy sigh.)—"The feelings, ma'am!" Then, after a pause, taking his wife's hand affectionately—"But you did quite right to think of the shirts; Mr. Dale said very truly—"

Mrs. Riccabocca.—"What?"

The Doctor.—"That there was a great deal in common between us—even when I think of feelings, and you but of—shirts."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Avenel sat within the parlor—Mr. Richard stood on the hearth-rug, whistling Yankee Doodle. "The Parson writes word that the lad will come to-day," said Richard suddenly —"let me see the letter—ay, to day. If he took the coach as far as ——, he might walk the rest of the way in two or three hours. He should be pretty nearly here. I have a great mind to go and meet him: it will save his asking questions, and hearing about me. I can clear the town by the back way, and get out at the high road."

"You'll not know him from any one else," said Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, that is a good one! Not know an Avenel! We've all the same cut of the jib—have not we, father?"

Poor John laughed heartily, till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"We were always a well-favored fam'ly," said John, recomposing himself. "There was Luke, but he's gone; and Harry, but he's dead too, and Dick, but he's in Amerikay—no, he's here; and my darling Nora, but—"

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Avenel; "hush, John!"

The old man stared at her, and then put his tremulous hand to his brow. "And Nora's gone too!" said he, in a voice of profound woe. Both hands then fell on his knees, and his head drooped on his breast.

Mrs. Avenel rose, kissed her husband on the forehead, and walked away to the window. Richard took up his hat, and brushed the nap carefully with his handkerchief; but his lips quivered.

"I'm going," said he abruptly. "Now mind, mother, not a word about Uncle Richard yet; we must first see how we like each other, and—(in a whisper) you'll try and get that into my poor father's head?"

"Ay, Richard," said Mrs. Avenel quietly. Richard put on his hat, and went out by the back way. He stole along the fields that skirted the town, and had only once to cross the street before he got into the high road.

He walked on till he came to the first milestone. There he seated himself, lighted his cigar, and awaited his nephew. It was now nearly the hour of sunset, and the road before him lay westward. Richard from time to time looked along the road, shading his eyes with his hand; and at length, just as the disc of the sun had half sunk down the horizon, a solitary figure came up the way. It emerged suddenly from the turn in the road: the reddening beams colored all the atmosphere around it. Solitary and silent it came as from a Land of Light.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"You have been walking far, young man," said Richard Avenel.

"No, sir, not very. That is Lansmere before me, is it not?"

"Yes, it is Lansmere; you stop there, I guess?"

Leonard made a sign in the affirmative, and walked on a few paces: then, seeing the stranger who had accosted him still by his side, he said—

"If you know the town, sir, perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me whereabouts Mr. Avenel lives?"

"I can put you in a straight cut across the fields, that will bring you just behind the house."

"You are very kind, but it will take you out of your way."

"No, it is in my way. So you are going to Mr. Avenel's?—a good old gentleman."

"I've always heard so; and Mrs. Avenel—"

"A particular superior woman," said Richard. "Any one else to ask after—I know the family well."

"No, thank you, sir."

"They have a son, I believe; but he's in America, is not he?" [Pg 839]

"I believe he is, sir."

"I see the Parson has kept faith with me," muttered Richard.

"If you can tell me any thing about *him*," said Leonard, "I should be very glad."

"Why so, young man?—perhaps he is hanged by this time."

"Hanged!"

"He was a sad dog, I am told."

"Then you have been told very falsely," said Leonard, coloring.

"A sad wild dog—his parents were so glad when he cut and run—went off to the States. They say he made money; but, if so, he neglected his relations shamefully."

"Sir," said Leonard, "you are wholly misinformed. He has been most generous to a relative who had little claim on him; and I never heard his name mentioned but with love and praise."

Richard instantly fell to whistling Yankee Doodle, and walked on several paces without saying a word. He then made a slight apology for his impertinence—hoped no offense—and, with his usual bold but astute style of talk, contrived to bring out something of his companion's mind. He was evidently struck with the clearness and propriety with which Leonard expressed himself, raised his eyebrows in surprise more than once, and looked him full in the face with an attentive and pleased survey. Leonard had put on the new clothes with which Riccabocca and wife had provided him. They were those appropriate to a young country tradesman in good circumstances; but as he did not think about the clothes, so he had unconsciously something of the ease of the gentleman.

They now came into the fields. Leonard paused before a slip of ground sown with rye.

"I should have thought grass land would have answered better, so near a town," said he.

"No doubt it would," answered Richard; "but they are sadly behind-hand in these parts. You see that great park yonder, on the other side of the road? That would answer better for rye than grass; but then, what would become of my Lord's deer? The aristocracy eat us up, young man."

"But the aristocracy did not sow this piece with rye, I suppose?" said Leonard, smiling.

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"Let every man look to his own ground," said Leonard, with a cleverness of repartee caught from Doctor Riccabocca.

"'Cute lad you are," said Richard; "and we'll talk more of these matters another time."

They now came within sight of Mr. Avenel's house.

"You can get through the gap in the hedge, by the old pollard oak," said Richard; "and come round by the front of the house. Why, you're not afraid—are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"Shall I introduce you? I told you that I knew the old couple."

"Oh no, sir! I would rather meet them alone."

"Go; and—wait a bit—harkye, young man, Mrs. Avenel is a cold mannered woman; but don't be abashed by that."

Leonard thanked the good-natured stranger, crossed the field, passed the gap, and paused a moment under the stinted shade of the old hollow-hearted oak. The ravens were returning to their nests. At the sight of a human form under the tree, they wheeled round, and watched him afar. From the thick of the boughs, the young ravens sent their hoarse low cry.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The young man entered the neat, prim, formal parlor.

"You are welcome!" said Mrs. Avenel, in a firm voice.

"The gentleman is heartily welcome," cried poor John.

"It is your grandson, Leonard Fairfield," said Mrs. Avenel.

But John who had risen with knocking knees, gazed hard at Leonard, and then fell on his breast, sobbing aloud—"Nora's eyes!—he has a blink in his eyes like Nora's."

Mrs. Avenel approached with a steady step, and drew away the old man tenderly.

"He is a poor creature," she whispered to Leonard—"you excite him. Come away, I will show you your room."

Leonard followed her up the stairs, and came into a room—neatly, and even prettily furnished. The carpet and curtains were faded by the sun, and of old-fashioned pattern, but there was a look about the room as if it had long been disused.

Mrs. Avenel sank down on the first chair on entering.

Leonard drew his arm round her waist affectionately: "I fear that I have put you out sadly—my dear grandmother."

Mrs. Avenel glided hastily from his arm, and her countenance worked much—every nerve in it twitching as it were; then, placing her hand on his locks, she said with passion, "God bless you, my grandson," and left the room.

Leonard dropped his knapsack on the floor, and looked around him wistfully. The room seemed as if it had once been occupied by a female. There was a work-box on the chest of drawers, and over it hanging shelves for books, suspended by ribbons that had once been blue, with silk and fringe appended to each shelf, and knots and tassels here and there—the taste of a woman, or rather of a girl, who seeks to give a grace to the commonest things around her. With the mechanical habit of a student, Leonard took down one or two of the volumes still left on the shelves. He found Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Racine in French, Tasso in Italian; and on the fly-leaf of each volume, in the exquisite hand-writing familiar to his memory, the name "Leonora." He kissed the books, and replaced them with a feeling akin both to tenderness and awe. [Pg 840]

He had not been alone in his room more than a quarter of an hour, before the maid-servant knocked at his door and summoned him to tea.

Poor John had recovered his spirits, and his wife sate by his side holding his hand in hers. Poor John was even gay. He asked many questions about his daughter Jane, and did not wait for the answers. Then he spoke about the Squire, whom he confounded with Audley Egerton, and talked of elections, and the Blue party, and hoped Leonard would always be a good Blue; and then he fell to his tea and toast, and said no more.

Mrs. Avenel spoke little, but she eyed Leonard askant, as it were, from time to time; and after each glance the nerves of the poor severe face twitched again.

A little after nine o'clock Mrs. Avenel lighted a candle, and placing it in Leonard's hand, said, "You must be tired—you know your own room now. Good-night."

Leonard took the light, and, as was his wont with his mother, kissed Mrs. Avenel on the cheek. Then he took John's hand and kissed him too. The old man was half asleep and murmured dreamily, "That's Nora."

Leonard had retired to his room about half-an-hour, when Richard Avenel entered the house softly, and joined his parents.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"Well, Richard—you have seen him?"

"And like him. Do you know he has a great look of poor Nora?—more like her than Jane?"

"Yes; he is handsomer than Jane ever was, but more like your father than any one. John was so comely. You take to the boy then?"

"Ay, that I do. Just tell him in the morning that he is to go with a gentleman who will be his friend, and don't say more. The chaise shall be at the door after breakfast. Let him get into it: I shall wait for him out of the town. What's the room you give him?"

"The room you would not take."

"The room in which Nora slept? Oh, no! I could not have slept a wink there. What a charm there was in that girl!—how we all loved her! But she was too beautiful and good for us—too good to live!"

"None of us are too good," said Mrs. Avenel with great austerity, "and I beg you will not talk in that way. Good-night—I must get your poor father to bed."

When Leonard opened his eyes-the next morning, they rested on the face of Mrs. Avenel, which was bending over his pillow. But it was long before he could recognize that countenance, so changed was its expression—so tender, so motherlike. Nay, the face of his own mother had never

seemed to him so soft with a mother's passion.

"Ah!" he murmured, half rising, and flinging his young arms round her neck. Mrs. Avenel, this time, and for the first, taken by surprise, warmly returned the embrace: she clasped him to her breast, she kissed him again and again. At length with a quick start she escaped, and walked up and down the room, pressing her hands tightly together. When she halted her face had recovered its usual severity and cold precision.

"It is time for you to rise, Leonard," said she. "You will leave us to-day. A gentleman has promised to take charge of you, and do for you more than we can. A chaise will be at the door soon—make haste."

John was absent from the breakfast-table. His wife said that he never rose till late, and must not be disturbed.

The meal was scarce over before a chaise and pair came to the door.

"You must not keep the chaise waiting—the gentleman is very punctual."

"But he is not come."

"No, he has walked on before, and will get in after you are out of the town."

"What is his name, and why should he care for me, grandmother?"

"He will tell you himself. Now, come."

"But you will bless me again, grandmother. I love you already."

"I do bless you," said Mrs. Avenel firmly. "Be honest and good, and beware of the first false step." She pressed his hand with a convulsive grasp, and led him to the outer door.

The postboy clanked his whip, the chaise rattled off. Leonard put his head out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the old woman. But the boughs of the pollard oak, and its gnarled decaying trunk, hid her from his eye. And look as he would, till the road turned, he saw but the melancholy tree.

**(*To be continued.*)**

### FOOTNOTES:

[8] This aphorism has been probably assigned to Lord Bacon upon the mere authority of the index to his works. It is the aphorism of the index-maker, certainly not of the great master of inductive philosophy. Bacon has, it is true, repeatedly dwelt on the power of knowledge, but with so many explanations and distinctions, that nothing could be more unjust to his general meaning than to attempt to cramp into a sentence what it costs him a volume to define. Thus, if in one page he appears to confound knowledge with power, in another he sets them in the strongest antithesis to each other; as follows, "Adeo, signanter Deus opera potentiæ et sapientiæ diseriminavit." But it would be as unfair to Bacon to convert into an aphorism the sentence that discriminates between knowledge and power as it is to convert into an aphorism any sentence that confounds them.

[9] "But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge:—for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession;"—[that is, for most of those objects which are meant by the ordinary citers of the saying, 'Knowledge is power;'] "and seldom, sincerely, to give a true account of these gifts of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale—and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate."—ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, BOOK I.

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# UNCLE JOHN; OR, THE ROUGH ROAD TO RICHES.

England affords, even in these degenerate days of peace, innumerable examples of the class called "lucky fellows;" that is to say, men who have begun life with a charity-school education and a shilling, and are now prosperous in wealth and station. Perhaps it is hardly fair to impute to good-luck, what may be mainly owing to industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance. But, after all, one may starve with all these virtues, in spite of all that copy-book maxims may say to the contrary. There is good-luck in success, whatever may have been the qualities by which that good luck has been seized at the right moment and turned to good account. Industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance, form a perfect locomotive—good-luck is the engine-driver who turns the handle and sets them in motion at the right moment.

Men who have been the "architects of their own fortunes," never admit that good luck has had any thing to do with their prosperity. Their pardonable vanity at their own success makes them guilty of a species of ingratitude to Providence. Listen to one of these old gentlemen holding forth to his hopeful son or nephew on his, the said old gentleman's, past life; on his early poverty, his self-denial, his hard work, and his subsequent reward; and the burden of his discourse is ever the same, [Pg 841]

"*Alone* I did it, boy!"

Should the listener at any point be tempted rashly to exclaim "how lucky!" the old gentleman will turn on him with a severe frown and say, "luck, sir; nonsense. There's no such thing as luck. Live on a crust, sir; that's the only way for a man to get on in the world." The old gentleman quite forgets that if his first venture in the *Chutnee* East Indiaman had been a failure; or his first dabble in the stocks had not been followed by the battle of Leipsic; or his senior partner, who had nine-tenths of the profits of the business, had not departed this life suddenly in an apoplectic fit, he would have held a very different position in the world, and probably have been now a denizen of the second floor over his counting-house in the city, instead of a resident in Hyde Park Gardens.

An excellent specimen of this class of old gentlemen is "Uncle John." The obscurity of his early days is so great that even he himself finds it difficult to penetrate it. That he had a father and a mother is incontestable; but these worthy people seem to have left this world of sin at so early a period of "Uncle John's" existence, that, for all practical purposes, he might as well have been without them. His first juvenile recollections are connected with yellow stockings, leather shorts, a cutaway coatee with a tin badge on it, and a little round woolen cap with a tuft in the middle of it, resting on a head formed by nature to accommodate a cap of double its dimensions. In a word, "Uncle John" was a charity-boy.

It must not be imagined that the above fact has ever been communicated by Uncle John himself; for the worthy man is weak enough to be ashamed of it, though he will discourse of his early privations in a mystical manner, with the design apparently of inducing you to regard him rather as a counterpart of Louis Philippe in his days of early exile, than as a commonplace, though equally interesting (to a right-thinking mind) young gentleman in yellow stockings. It *is* a fact, however, as indisputable as that Uncle John is now worth thirty or forty thousand pounds.

Emerging from the charity-school, and exchanging the leather shorts and yellow stockings for corduroys and gray worsted socks, Uncle John obtained the appointment of office-boy to a Temple attorney. His duties were multifarious—sweeping the office and serving writs, cleaning boots and copying declarations. His emoluments were not large—seven shillings a week and "find himself," which was less difficult, poor boy, than to find any thing *for* himself. But Uncle John persevered and was not disheartened. He lived literally on a crust, and regaled himself only with the savory smells issuing from the cook's-shop, which was not only an economical luxury, but had the advantage of affording a stimulus to the imagination. He actually saved two shillings a week out of his salary, not to mention an occasional donation of a shilling on high days and holidays from his master.

Uncle John was never idle. When he had nothing to do for his master, which was rarely the case, he used to take a pen and any loose piece of paper or parchment, and copy, or imitate, the lawyer's engrossing hand—known as court-hand—till he became a good penman in this cramped style of writing. Having accomplished this object, Uncle John determined to "better himself," by getting a situation as copying clerk instead of office boy. He succeeded in his attempts, and was installed in another attorney's office as engrossing clerk at twelve shillings a week—a salary which appeared to him, at the time, enormous. But riches did not turn his head. The only increase which he made in his previous expenditure, was in wearing a rather cleaner shirt, and discarding corduroys for some more genteel material. Uncle John was too wise and too self-denying to be seduced *inside* the cook's-shop yet.

He was now saving at least six shillings a week, which is £15 a year! For four years no change took place in his condition. He still lived in his solitary garret; worked hard all day, and borrowed law books from the articled clerks in the office, which he read at home at night. At home! poor fellow—what a name for his miserable little room up in the tiles of a house in a narrow court out of Fleet-street! But Uncle John was a brave fellow, and worked on without stopping to sentimentalize.

A promotion now took place in the office, and Uncle John was made chief common-law clerk at one pound a week. He had rendered himself quite competent for the duties by his midnight studies. He was never absent from his post, never forgot any thing, and was never ill; for he had the strength of a horse. It is suspected that about this time, Uncle John paid one or two visits to the cook's-shop; but it must not be supposed that the visits were *more* than one or two. As a rule, Uncle John dined on a piece of the cheapest meat he could purchase, boiled by himself in his garret.

He was wise enough, however, to be very neat in his dress, and thereby gained the credit of being a very respectable young man in the eyes of his employer; for it is a very remarkable fact that clerks are always expected to dress like gentlemen when their salaries are not even large enough to buy them food.

Another four years passed away, when one day Uncle John, having duly screwed up his courage,

walked into his master's private room, and, after a little preliminary hesitation, ventured to hint that he should like to be articled! The master stared—the clerk remained silently awaiting his answer. [Pg 842]

"Are you aware," inquired the former, "that the expense of the stamp, &c., is one hundred and twenty pounds?"

Uncle John *was* aware of it, and he was prepared with the money. He had saved it out of his miserable salary.

The master stared still more. But, after a short time, he consented to article Uncle John, and to continue his salary during the term of his articles. Uncle John was in ecstasies, and so far forgot his usual prudence that evening as to indulge in half a pint of bad port wine—a taste, by the way, which he has retained to this day.

He was now a happy man. Every thing was "en train" now to make him one day a "gentleman by Act of Parliament"—as attorneys are facetiously termed. It would certainly require something more than even the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to confer the character on some of the fraternity.

During the first year of his articles the managing clerk died, and Uncle John was promoted to that office with a salary of two hundred a year. Here was, indeed, a rise in life—from seven shillings a week to two hundred a year! Happy Uncle John. But you deserved it all; for you had plenty of the courage which is prepared for all ills, and endures those which it can not conquer.

Long before the five years of his articles had expired, the clerk had made himself so absolutely necessary to the master, that the latter could scarcely have carried on the business for a month without him. Therefore, when the time arrived at which he ceased to be a clerk and became himself an attorney, Uncle John hinted to his master that he was going to leave him. Cunning Uncle John! You had no such intention; but you knew that your master would take alarm, beg you to stay, and offer you a partnership. Of course—and he did so.

Uncle John's path in life was from henceforth comparatively smooth. He was the working partner in a business which was both profitable and of good quality. Within a few years his partner was foolish enough to quarrel with him, and to demand a dissolution of the partnership. Uncle John readily consented, and all the clients knowing well who was the man that understood the business and transacted it, followed him; and he became an attorney with a practice of two thousand a year, and no partner to share the profits.

His economical habits never forsook him. He married and kept a decent table; but save in a love of good wine (or at least what his uneducated taste considered so), he had nothing but the ordinary necessaries of life. How much he saved each year who shall say? He had no children, and his practice increasing while his wants stood still, he became what he is now—a prosperous and highly respected old gentleman.

It is the fashion of the old to point out such men as models for the imitation of the rising generation. The young, on the contrary, make them the subjects of their ridicule, for their bad grammar and worse manners. Let us see if we can find out the truth, unbiased by either party. Uncle John is now a rich man, an honorable man, a hardworking man, and in the main a sensible man. He has attained his position in life by patience, perseverance, and industry, favored also by a little of that good luck to which we first referred. But Uncle John is deficient in many of the characteristics which adorn human nature. Is it not natural that he should be so? Where was he to learn the gentler feelings of his kind—affection, sympathy, benevolence? In his garret, alone and unfriended? He is mean and parsimonious. He is worth forty thousand pounds, and his deceased brother's child is starving with his wife in a suburban garret. Uncle John will not aid him with a penny. Who aided *him*? Did *he* not live in a garret, and save money too? Was *he* such a fool as to marry before he could keep a wife? Uncle John was guilty of no weaknesses in those days; he can not forgive them in another.

His only brother dies, leaving a large family and a widow—unprovided for: for the children have eaten up all he could ever earn. Uncle John does not like the widow (perhaps because she had so many children), but he gives her £50 a year. His own income is about four thousand.

His only sister is also left a widow without a sixpence. Uncle John gives *her* £50 a year. "People should not marry imprudently. He can afford no more; he has a great many calls upon him." Perhaps so; but the answer to such calls is always, "not at home."

He has many clerks now. He makes them all work twelve hours a day. Why not? *He* worked twelve hours a day.

He has articled clerks too. They must work twelve hours a day also. *He* did it. True, Uncle John; but you had your salary for it; while they, on the contrary, pay you for the privilege of working for you.

There is an old adage that a slave makes the worst tyrant. Uncle John exemplifies it. Because he suffered poverty and privation, he thinks that every youth should endure the same. Because nature had given him the constitution of a horse, he thinks that every one should have a similar one.

Such men as Uncle John are striking examples of certain qualities; and of those particular

qualities which conduce to success in life. Their highest praise (perhaps there is no higher praise in the world) is their unflinching integrity. But we can not bring ourselves to think them—on the whole—models for imitation. After all, there is selfishness at the bottom of their first motives, and this quality grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength, till, in their old age, they are impatient at all the enjoyments of youth. The hardships of their younger days are not only to be pitied for the pain they must have inflicted at the time, but because they have closed [Pg 843] up all the avenues through which the gentler, nobler, and more generous sympathies of our nature find their way into the heart. Their want of education has not been of the mind alone, but of the affections; and as it is ten thousand times more difficult to learn a language or a science in old age than in youth, so it is infinitely more difficult (if it be not impossible) to teach the science of the affections, and the language of the heart, to the old man whose youth has known nothing of either. Affliction and adversity teach oft-times sympathy and benevolence; but to do so they must have followed on happier times, and not have been a birth-portion. You may praise and respect "Uncle Johns," but you can not love them—neither can they love you.

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# DARLING DOREL.

Dorothea Sibylla, Duchess of Brieg, was born at Cöln, on the River Spree, in Prussia, on the 19th of October, 1590. She was the daughter of Elizabeth of Anhalt, and of John George, Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg, of the old princely Ascanian race. At the death of her husband in 1598, the widowed margravine retired to Crossen to superintend her daughter's education. In due time, suitors were not wanting for the hand of young Dorothea Sibylla: among others, the King of Denmark; but he sued in vain. Dorothea, at length, fixed her affection on John Christian, Duke of Liegnitz and Brieg, who enjoyed a great reputation for virtue, ability, and integrity. To him, after a short courtship. Dorothea was married on the 12th of December, 1610, at Crossen; and reached Brieg—the small capital of her future dominions—on the first of January in the following year.

Such is the dry sum of a charming Court biography, which first appeared in a periodical published in 1829, in Silesia, and which has been twice republished in a separate form—once (in 1838) at Brieg, under the title of "Passages from the Life of Dorothea Sibylla, Duchess of Liegnitz and Brieg." It purports to consist of extracts from the journal of a certain tanner and furrier of Brieg, named Valentinus Gierth, an occasional guest at the ducal castle, and ardent admirer of the duchess. As a simple, and—if internal evidence be worth any thing—truthful picture of German-Court life during the early part of the seventeenth century, it is not to be gainsayed; although suspicions of its authenticity have been cast upon it, similar to those which damaged the charms of the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," by eventually proving it to be a fiction.

Dorothea is described as a pattern of goodness, common sense, virtue, and piety. In domestic management, she was pre-eminent. For her own immediate attendants, she appointed fourteen maids of honor; and the first families of the land looked upon it as an inestimable privilege to place their daughters at the ducal court; which was a high school of all noble virtues and accomplishments, "whereof the duchess herself was the chief teacher and most perfect model."

Nothing could be more primitive than the duchess's intercourse with the townspeople. Occasionally she walked in the streets of Brieg accompanied by her maids of honor, and chatted with such of the townspeople as were sitting on the benches outside their doors. The little children looked forward with the greatest delight to these town walks of the duchess; for the ladies-in-waiting invariably carried about with them in their pockets all sorts of sweetmeats, which the duchess distributed among the little claimants. For this reason, the little children stood peeping round the corners of the streets, when it got wind that the duchess was about to walk out; more especially when it was surmised that the duke would not be with her. So soon, therefore, as Dorothea Sibylla left the castle gate, the little urchins would run through the town, like wildfire, crying out, "The darling Dorel is coming!—the darling Dorel is coming!"

The manner in which this endearing designation first came to her ears is related with affecting simplicity. "It happened," says Master Gierth, with true German particularity, "on the 10th of September (old style) in the year of our Lord, 1613;" that being the Feast of St. Sibylla—one of the duchess's name-saints—and also the second birth-day of her son George. There was a great feast at the castle; to which the towns-folks and the children of the High and Guild Schools were invited.

"From the terrace," quoth the chronicler, "the whole procession moved along a wide, smooth walk before the orangery; where the quality, as well as the children, were richly treated with strong, spiced wine, orange-water, and confectionery. Her ladyship did, likewise, lay certain presents before the young lord, her son; she did, likewise, examine the children's school-books, and the master's report, wherein the conduct of the children was noted, and did put apposite questions to them touching their Christian belief, and the like; and, on receiving right proper answers, her face did shine like an angel's.

"One little maiden, however, which was weak and ignorant, was not able to answer the questions aright; whereupon her ladyship did ask:

"'My child, what is your name?' Whereunto she did answer, 'Anna Pohlin.'

"'Well,' asked her ladyship, 'and what is my name?'

"Straightway the little maiden did answer, 'Darling Dorel!'

"Hereupon Master Valentinus Gierth was somewhat affronted, but did quickly recover himself and, stepping up to her ladyship, did say:

"'Most gracious lady! I trust your ladyship will pardon these words, and not take them amiss; inasmuch, as it is true that the women of this town, as well as of the neighboring villages, when they do speak of your ladyship, do commonly call your ladyship the Darling Dorel.' [Pg 844]

"Then did the duchess fold her hands, and, raising them to heaven, did say:

"'God be praised for such a precious title! the which, as long as I am in my senses, I would not exchange against 'Your Majesty!'

"The duke did, thereupon, embrace her ladyship, saying:

"'Away with the title, 'princely consort!' I will ever henceforth call thee by none other save 'Darling Dorel!'"

We by no means intend to follow the good tanner through his minute records; but merely write thus much, as necessary preface to a quaint little love story. Premising that the duchess had sent, after her usual fashion, a marriage present to a certain lady, by two of her maids of honor (by name Agnes and Mary), we shall transfer the narrative to our pages in Master Gierth's own manner.

After the presentation of the gifts, and when the marriage ceremony was concluded, the two maids of honor were preparing to return to Brieg, when the bride's father stopped them, saying:

"'How? Shall I suffer two such angels of joy to depart, without tasting of my food and my drink? Nay, noble damsels, ye must abide here awhile beyond the marriage festivities, and be of good cheer! I will immediately dispatch a trusty messenger on horse to her most gracious ladyship, the duchess, and obtain leave for your sojourn here.'

"The two damsels did, therefore, abide there the space of three days, and became acquainted with two gallants of the place; with whom they did exchange love-tokens and rings. But when the two damsels returned to Brieg to render an account of their mission, the duchess did note the rings on the fingers of the two damsels, and questioned them how they came thereby. So soon, therefore, as the two damsels did confess the truth, their mistress, half-jestingly, and half in earnest, said unto them:

"'How now, ye gad-abouts! ye have scarce chipped the egg-shell, and have, as yet, no means to make the pot boil, seeing that ye are poor orphans, and under age; and ye yet dare to listen to the nonsense of strange gallants, unbeknown to your foster-mother! Tell me, foolish young things, ought I not to take the rod to you? Take off the rings from your fingers, and give them to me. I will send them back; seeing that the betrothal is null and void, and mere child's play.'

"The young damsels did then obey her ladyship, but wept apace the while. This caused her ladyship to have compassion upon them, and she did minister comfort to them thus:

"'Ah! beloved daughters! ye shed bitter, hot tears that ye do not already wear the curch [the German head dress of married women]. But if ye did but know the heaviness of being wedded wives, even when the cares are lightest, ye would rejoice! Meanwhile, the matter hath been carried on against all Christian order. I have always heard that the lover first maketh his suit known to the parents or the guardians, and that then the betrothal taketh place. Your suitors must needs be in great haste. Why stand they in such great necessity of pushing their suit?'

"Hereupon the damsel Agnes plucked up an heart, and said quickly,

"'Most gracious lady! the gentlemen did come with us; and have already the consent of their own parents to make their suit if they be but encouraged by a sign of approval.'

"'Ah! Heaven have mercy!' cried the duchess, joining her hands. 'Have ye, scape-graces indeed, brought your gallants hither? I dare not inquire further. May be, ye have hidden them in your chambers? Meggy (the duchess's nurse), beg his lordship to come hither; I must talk the matter over with him.'

"'After the duke had come and heard that which had befallen, he straightways asked the names of the gallants; and when the damsels had informed his grace thereof, his lordship did turn unto his consort, saying:

"'Listen, Darling Dorel: the parents, on both sides, are most worthy persons, and of unblemished birth. I advise that thou shouldst give thy consent thereunto! Remember, dearest, that we twain were of one mind long before I made known my suit unto thy mother.'

"Whereupon her ladyship did strike her lord upon the mouth with her kerchief, and said,

"'Well!—well!—but we must first look at these youths, and learn what they are like. Tell us now, young damsels, where are your lovers hidden, and what is the signal ye have agreed upon?'

"Agnes did immediately tell her ladyship that the gallants were housed at the Golden Pitcher; and, whereas the Lion's Tower, in the palace, could thence be plainly discerned, they had agreed

to tie a white kerchief round the neck of one of the lions as a signal that there was hope for them! The gallants had agreed to abide at the hostel the space of eight days. Should the matter, however, turn out ill, the kerchief displayed was to be black.

"'Well done,' said the duchess to her husband; 'they wish to take two fortresses at once; and would have the white flag wave without firing a shot, and without attempting a storm.'

"Hereupon the Duke Christian did take the hand of his beloved wife, and spoke, somewhat in an under tone:

"'Darling wife! was not the green branch so often stuck in your window at Crossen; also a white flag? Moreover, thou knowest little of a siege; preparations for storming a citadel are not made during the daylight; but secretly, in the night season, in order that the garrison perceive them not. Shots may already have been fired. Tell me, young girls, have ye already kissed the gallants? Mary, do you speak; ye have not yet opened your mouth: make a clean breast.'

"'Ah! most gracious liege,' answered Mary, 'the gentlemen have, indeed, squeezed hands in [Pg 845] secret, while we sat at table; and during the marriage-dance, and at sundry other dances, we kissed each other—seeing that others did the like. But we could not be alone with them at any other time; for the bride's mother was always about us, and we lay in her room. Neither, on the way home, had we much liberty; seeing that the old secretary, whom her ladyship did send with us, did observe us most narrowly. But, when the old man did look out of the window of the carriage, then did the gallants look tenderly upon us, and did kiss their hands to us."

"'There, now,' said his lordship, turning to his wife, 'you see that the siege was conducted with vigor. The squeezing of hands was the parley; the kisses the cannon-balls, sent so freely; and the tender looks the shells. Depend upon it the storm can not long be delayed. Listen, darling wife, my heart melts when I bethink me that we also, in our youth, could not brook a long delay.'

"'Let the drums beat the chamade [parley], and let us show our colors!' said the duchess; while she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and stopped his mouth with a kiss. The duke did then ask her, jestingly, 'But which flag shall it be?'

"Hereupon the two young damsels did cry aloud, as with one voice:

"'The white!—most gracious liege!—the white!'

"The duchess could not choose but laugh heartily, and his lordship did immediately order a servant to mount the tower, and to tie a white kerchief round one of the lion's necks. His lordship did then sing an old song the children are wont to sing on May-day:

> "'A stately house my lord doth keep,
> Two maidens from the windows peep;
> A kerchief white the one doth wave,
> Because they fain would husbands have.'

And then did depart to put on better apparel, wherein to await the coming of the wooers. He did also command that all the court ladies and the courtiers should be present at the wooing. Meanwhile, 'Darling Dorel' did ask the damsels where they had gotten the rings which they had presented to their gallants in return for theirs? Thereupon Agnes did reply unto her ladyship:

"'Most gracious lady! we are but poor orphans, and possess nought save poor little gold rings belonging to our departed mothers, And these we could not bear to part with. We have therefore promised to buy rings with our savings, and deliver them to our gallants on some fitting opportunity.'

"'In this case,' said her ladyship, 'ye are but half betrothed, and there is yet time to think twice of the matter;' nevertheless, her ladyship did praise the young damsels, inasmuch as they did not part lightly and rashly with their mothers' trinkets. She advised them, moreover, to tarry; as they or their gallants might change their minds.

"This speech did much alarm the damsels, who did then believe the whole matter to be postponed; and they did forthwith begin to weep, and to beseech her ladyship, not for this account, to cause their lovers to alter their mind, seeing that they, the damsels, were poor, and were not likely soon to get other suitors.

"The duchess did then say unto them: 'The misfortune would not be so great! I would find husbands for you soon enough.' Hereupon, she turned to old Meggy, and said,

"'Ah! most worthy nurse, what a life does a wretched princess lead! Had I but married an honest burgher, then should I have had nothing but my household duties and my children to attend to; I could have gone quietly to bed, slept without care, and waked with pleasure; but in my position every thing is otherwise. Alack, when my other damsels come hither, and learn that these silly girls are already betrothed, they will all run mad, and I shall have to send them to all the marriage feasts throughout the duchy to pick up husbands.'

"Hereupon, she sent the nurse Meggy for her jewel box, opened it, and gave to each of the two damsels a handsome ring, the which they might present to their lovers, and thus return their pledge; but under this condition, that they were not to deliver their rings until the duchess gave them a sign thereunto with her kerchief.

"While all this was going on, the duke on his part had entered the duchess's apartment, accompanied by the chamberlain, all the gentlemen of his court, and the maids of honor. The lovers, meanwhile, were on the look out, and were not aware that matters had gone to such a length touching their love affairs. They had joyfully obeyed the white signal, and stood near unto the gates of the castle waiting for some opportunity of seeing their betrothed. The duke perceived this, and hereupon opened the window, and called unto the soldiers on guard, 'Arrest me those two fellows, and conduct them to the guard-house, until further orders!'

"Hereupon the damsels, Agnes and Mary, were exceedingly afraid. The duke, however, did comfort them with the following words:

"'This is on your account; hasten and put on proper attire; ye still have got on your old clothes, and must adorn yourselves.'

"The damsels ran gleefully and quickly into their rooms; whither the duchess sent after them two other damsels to aid them in plaiting their hair. They soon returned; and each of the damsels about to be betrothed had put on the bridal wreath belonging to her mother.

"The duke now ordered the lovers to be summoned from the guard-house. They were sore abashed when they entered the room; especially when his gracious lordship addressed the following questions to them:

"'What are your names? Have you passports? and what is your will?'

"The young men twirled their caps in their hands; stared first at their loves, and then at their gracious lieges; but could not utter a word, and stood looking very sheepish. [Pg 846]

"'Ah!' said his lordship, 'never in my life did I meet with two such dumb fellows. My dominions will soon touch those of Oppeln, and you serve excellent well as landmarks! can neither of ye say 'yea or nay?' Answer me straight! Have ye got the consent of your parents to propose for those two chits; and are ye ready to affirm the same on your word of honor, as gentlemen?'

"Then did the young men recover their speech, and they both answered, 'Yea.'

"'Well,' said the duke, 'I will now believe ye, and keep you at my court some few days; but as ye may be rogues and vagabonds for all that I know, I will therefore send a messenger on horseback to your parents to get further intelligence, and ye must have patience the while.'

"Hereupon the damsel, Mary, turned to the duchess, and said to her with great simplicity,

"'Most gracious lady, the gentlemen have spoken truth! Their parents have given them permission to woo us. We have concealed nothing from them, but confessed in the presence of the old lady Wentzkin, that we were poor orphan girls, and have no dower. But the mothers of our two lovers said that all was well; if only we brought a blessing from Darling Dorel, they should value it more than an earldom! This Agnes and I can affirm on oath.'

"On hearing this, the duchess folded her hands in prayer, looked toward heaven with tears in her eyes, and still praying, and gave the signal with her kerchief. Immediately the damsels placed the rings on the fingers of their lovers, knelt down before the duchess, and besought her blessing. The duchess laid her hands upon the heads of the young girls and said,

"'God alone, who is in heaven, knows whether this will prove a blessing or a curse; but, if God hear the prayer of a weak woman, it will prove a blessing! Bethink ye of your deceased parents; and may their blessing evermore accompany ye! And therefore, let us most fervently utter the Lord's Prayer.'

"Hereupon all present fell upon their knees, and prayed in a low voice; but her most gracious ladyship did say the Lord's Prayer aloud.

"After the prayer was finished, the duchess made a sign to the chief lady about the court, who did thereupon bring, on a silver salver, two half wreaths, which were twined in the hair of the two damsels, Agnes and Mary, after they had taken off their own wreaths; for it was the custom, in Brieg, for betrothed maidens to wear only half wreaths until their wedding-day, when they wore whole ones. The chamberlain did hereupon display from the window a red flag; upon which signal the ducal band did strike up a merry tune with trumpets and kettle-drums from the castle tower; whereupon a crowd gathered in the town to know the cause of such rejoicing at the palace.

"So soon, therefore, as the betrothed couples had duly thanked his grace and the duchess by kissing the hems of their garments, her gracious ladyship did announce to the betrothed damsels, that they should tarry with her for the space of one year, in order more fully to learn their household duties, and to strengthen them in the practice of the Christian virtues; seeing that they were still, as the duchess said, as ignorant as callow geese! Moreover, their clothes and furniture had to be provided, and the like. But to the gentlemen, she said:

"Mind, gentlemen, ye must also make the best of it! Ye are scarce out of leading-strings, and must go through some sort of ordeal. I would advise you to travel, if so be your parents can afford it.'

"'By all means,' added the duke; 'my Darling Dorel is perfectly right: you must travel; and, if ye know not whither, go to Jericho, and get ye some beards to your faces.'

"As it was yet early in the day, his gracious lordship did order dinner to be prepared: to which,

besides the Town Council, and their wives and children, Master Valentinus Gierth and his wife Susanna, were invited.

"His gracious lordship was exceeding merry, and the duchess was most kind in her manner; nevertheless, the guests did not fail to mark that her gracious ladyship did oftentimes look toward the new brides, and that big tears did sometimes roll down her cheek the while."

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# COURTESY OF AMERICANS.

I like the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travelers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as any where else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.—*Lady Emeline Wortley.*

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# *Monthly Record of Current Events.*



## POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

### THE UNITED STATES.

The past month has been remarkable for general quiet and for an absence of excitement of any kind, rather than for events either of political or general interest. It has often been noted as characteristic of the American Republic, that, however fierce and menacing popular excitement may appear to be, it disappears with the immediate event which gave it birth. A presidential election, for instance, calls forth the most embittered and apparently dangerous contests between different sections of the Union, and an observer, unacquainted with the character of our people, and the practical working of our institutions, would naturally expect that the result, whatever it might be, would excite the defeated party to armed resistance, and plunge the country into civil war. But the whole country is never so quiet—the public mind is never so free from agitation, as immediately after an excited election contest. The adjournment of Congress has had a similar effect. Stimulants to sectional or party feeling are no longer there applied; the public attention is no longer fastened upon public men, and social and civil life resume their ordinary channels of quiet and harmonious progress.

Some of the State Legislatures are still in session, but their action is too local to excite general interest. A very important Act has passed the Legislature of the State of New York, re-organizing the Common School System of the State, and placing it partially upon the free basis. By the law of 1849 all the common schools of the State were made entirely free, their cost being paid by county, town, and district taxation. This was found to be highly obnoxious, chiefly from that provision which gave the *voters* in any district power to tax the *property* of the district *ad libitum* for school purposes. The new law was passed to remedy those objections. By its provisions a State tax of $800,000 is annually imposed upon the property of the State, and distributed among the schools. The balance, if any should be required, is to be collected by rate-bill from those who send to school, indigent persons being exempt, at the expense of property of the town. The bill has become a law and will go into operation next fall. Another very important measure has been introduced into the Legislature, concerning the enlargement of the Erie Canal. The Constitution of the State sets apart the surplus revenues of the canals in each year, for the completion of the enlargement; but the rapidly increasing competition of railroads has led the Legislature to perceive the necessity of accomplishing this work more rapidly than it can be done in the way hitherto adopted. The bill referred to proposes to borrow money on the credit of the surplus revenues set apart by the Constitution; and with the money thus procured, to complete the enlargement forthwith, setting apart the revenues as a fund to redeem the certificates. The measure was very strenuously resisted by the Democratic party, chiefly on the ground that it was unconstitutional. This, however, was denied by the friends of the bill. It was argued with great ability and zeal on both sides. In the Assembly the bill passed, by a vote of 76 ayes and 21 nays In the Senate it is still under consideration. We have already recorded the attempt and failure of the

Legislature to elect a Senator in the Congress of the United States. On the 18th of March the effort was renewed by a joint resolution, and after a session protracted until two hours after midnight, it resulted, through the absence of two Democratic Senators, in the choice, by separate nomination of each House, of HAMILTON FISH. In the Senate there were 16 votes for, and 12 against him. In the House he received 68 votes and there were but 8 against him. He has accepted the office.—The members of the Legislature and the State Officers paid a visit of three days to the City of New York, on the invitation of the Mayor and Common Council. They visited the different public and charitable institutions, of this city and Brooklyn; and were entertained at a public dinner at the Astor House, on the evening of March 22d. This is the first visit of the kind ever made.—A bill for the suppression of gambling, containing some stringent provisions, having been introduced into the Senate, and referred to a committee of three, GEORGE W. BULL, sergeant-at-arms of that body, endeavored to enter into negotiations with the reputed proprietor of a gambling "hell" in New York to delay or defeat the bill, for an adequate compensation. He managed to procure a note from the committee to the effect that the bill would not come up the present session. The attempt was exposed, and the offender forthwith dismissed from his office. An unsuccessful attempt was made to implicate the senatorial committee in this scandalous affair, upon the ground that they could not have been ignorant of the purpose for which their note was procured.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in any section of the country. In Ohio the Legislature has adopted a series of resolutions concerning the Fugitive Slave law, urging a faithful execution of the law, but recommending such modifications as experience may prove to be essential. In view of the Act of the Legislature of South Carolina, providing for the appointment of delegates to a Southern Congress, the General Assembly of Virginia has passed a series of resolutions to the following purport: 1. That while Virginia sympathizes in the feelings excited by the interference of the non-slaveholding States with the domestic institutions of the South, yet the people of that State "are unwilling to take any action, in consequence of the same, calculated to destroy the integrity of this Union." 2. That regarding the Compromise measures, "taken together, as an adjustment of the exciting questions to which they relate, and cherishing the hope that if fairly executed, they will restore to the country that harmony and confidence, which of late have been so unhappily disturbed, the State of Virginia deems it unwise, in the present condition of the country, to send delegates to the proposed Southern Congress." 3. Virginia appeals to South Carolina "to desist from any meditated secession upon her part, which can not but tend to the destruction of the Union, and the loss to all the States of the blessings that spring from it." 4. Believing that the Constitution provides adequate protection to the rights of all the States, [Pg 848] Virginia "invokes all who live under it to adhere more strictly to it, and to preserve inviolate the safeguards which it affords to the rights of individual States, and the interests of sectional minorities." 5. Reprobates all legislation or combinations designed to affect the institutions peculiar to the South, as derogatory and offensive to the Southern States, and calculated to "defeat the restoration of peaceful and harmonious sentiments in these States." These dignified and temperate resolutions passed with singular unanimity: the 3d with but three, the 1st with only one, and the 4th and 5th without a single dissenting voice, out of 118 members present and voting. They were directed to be transmitted to the Executive of each of the States, with the exception of Vermont. In the Senate an amendment was passed, omitting this exception of Vermont; but the House refusing, by a very close vote, to concur, the Senate receded.

There is little doubt that these resolutions embody the prevalent sentiment of the South. The *Richmond Enquirer*, one of the ablest and most influential Southern papers, affirms them to be "such an expression of sentiment as will harmonize with the universal sentiment of the South, with rare exceptions. South Carolina," it goes on to say, "still wears the front of resistance and war; and in a portion of Mississippi we expect to hear of secret pledges of dark import, of maps, drawings, and lines of demarkation for a Southern Confederacy, of a President in embryo, foreign ministers in expectancy, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a Southern Court. We have watched the Southern horizon with a steady and keen eye, and with the slight exceptions alluded to above, we can not but regard it as a fixed fact that the South has already acquiesced in the Compromise measures."

In Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, all the indications of public sentiment are of the same tendency. In Missouri the State Convention has adopted an address and resolutions in favor of the course pursued by Mr. Benton in opposition to those who are regarded as the enemies of the Union.

In South Carolina, the tone of the press and of public men is decidedly hostile to the Union. It is, however, a significant fact that the election of delegates to the State Convention failed to draw out a third of the vote of the State. Col. ISAAC W. HAYNE, the Attorney-General of the State, and member-elect from Charleston, of the State Convention, has published a letter in which he laments this apathy on the part of the voters. He affirms that any State has "a right to withdraw from the Union, with or without cause;" that he has begun to "loathe the tie which connects us with our miscalled brethren of the North." "Not the victims of the tyranny of Mezentius," he goes on to say, "could have shrunk in more disgust from the unnatural union of warm and breathing life with the rotting carcass of what had once been a brother man, than I do from this once cherished but now abhorred and forced connection." The policy which he recommends, now that the occasion which the "admission of California and the dismemberment of Texas" might have afforded, has passed away unimproved is, "to teach that disunion is a thing certain in the future; to direct, in contemplation of this, all the energies of oar people first to preparation for a physical contest," and then "to develop all our own resources, and cut off, as far as possible, all

intercourse with the offending States. This done, to hold ourselves ready to move on the first general ferment in the South, which, my life upon it, will occur full soon, and in the meanwhile, to cultivate the kindest relations, and to keep up, industriously and with system, the closest intercourse with our sister States of the South."

A letter from Senator PHELPS of Vermont to a member of the Virginia Legislature, respecting the Vermont law in relation to fugitives, appears in the Southern papers. It bears date in January, but we believe it is now first published. He gives it as his opinion that the law of Vermont, of which a synopsis may be found in our January Number, was passed in haste, and without due consideration, and does not embody the deliberate sense of the people or of the legislative body of that State. He affirms that the entire Congressional delegation of the State agree with him in deprecating its passage; and expresses the opinion that it will be repealed at the next session of the Legislature.

Chevalier HULSEMANN, the Austrian Chargé, in reply to the famous dispatch of Mr. Webster, says that the opinions of his Government remain unaltered with respect to the mission of Mr. Mann; but that it "declines all ulterior discussion of that annoying incident," from unwillingness to disturb its friendly relations with the United States. Austria has not demanded, and will not demand any thing beyond the putting in practice the principles of non-intervention announced by President Fillmore; and is "sincerely disposed to remain in friendly relations with the Government of the United States so long as the United States shall not deviate from those principles." Mr. WEBSTER, in reply, states that the President regrets that the dispatch was unsatisfactory, but is gratified to learn that the Imperial Government desires to continue the present friendly relations; and also that it approves the sentiments expressed in his Message, in accordance with which he intends to act. He says that the Government of the United States is equally disinclined to prolong the discussion; but declares that the principles and policy avowed by the United States are "fixed and fastened upon them by their character, their history, and their position among the nations of the world; and it may be regarded as certain that these principles and this policy will not be abandoned or departed from until some extraordinary change shall take place in the general current of human affairs."

AMIN BEY, the Turkish Commissioner, in taking leave of the President, preparatory to returning to his own country, read an address expressing his appreciation of the courtesy shown him upon his visit, and his sense of the progress and resources of this country. He carries with him to Constantinople many valuable works, presented by Government and by private liberality, relating to the agriculture, industry, and commerce of the United States.

In Ohio the Constitutional Convention closed its labors on the 10th of March, having been in session nearly six months. The Constitution which they framed is to be voted upon on the third Tuesday in June. It embraces 16 articles, divided into 168 sections. It provides for freedom of religion, equality of political rights, trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech and of the press, and no imprisonment for debt. The right of suffrage is vested in all free white male adult citizens. All patronage is taken from the General Assembly; judicial and executive officers are to be elected by the people; and the public printing to be given to the lowest responsible bidder. No new county can be formed without the sanction of the majority of voters in all the counties of [Pg 849] which the boundaries would be changed. Provision is made for the liquidation of the State debt; and no new debt can be created by the General Assembly except in case of war or insurrection, or to a limited amount to meet any temporary deficiency; and funds borrowed for these purposes can be used for no other. No special act of incorporation can be granted; but a general law, subject to alteration or repeal, may be passed, under which associations may be formed. The General Assembly is prohibited from assuming the debt of any county, town, or city; from loaning the credit of the State to, or becoming a stockholder on any corporation or association. No divorce can be granted by the Legislature. An article prohibiting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors is to be separately voted upon. Provision is made for law reform, and for amendments to the Constitution from time to time. Every twenty years the question of a Constitutional Convention is to be submitted to vote. The details of the legislative, executive, and judicial systems, are not essentially different from those which generally prevail.

In Virginia a Constitutional Convention is now in session. It is at present occupied in discussing the question of the basis of representation. The section of the State east of the Blue Ridge, with about four-ninths of the free population, pays nearly two-thirds of the taxes. They desire that one half of the representatives should be apportioned in the ratio of the voters; and the other half in that of taxation; which would secure the preponderance to the eastern section. The west demand that representation shall be in the ratio of the voters, which would give the political supremacy to their portion of the State. The debates have been protracted and exciting.

The frontiers of Texas continue to be harassed by marauding parties of Indians. An expedition has been fitted out to bring them to terms.

The little village of Socorro, in New Mexico, has been the scene of a fearful tragedy. A band of desperadoes had gradually collected there, who indulged in the most wanton acts of outrage and barbarity, upon the Mexican residents, finally ending in more than one deliberate murder. A few members of the Boundary Commission who had been left there, headed an organization which captured a number of the gang, of whom three were tried and hung on the spot. The ringleader, who had made his escape, was soon after taken, and shared the same fate.

From California we have intelligence up to the 5th of March. The amount of gold received during the month, exclusive of that in the hands of passengers is about $1,817,000. The production

continues abundant; though the profits of agriculture are represented to be quite equal, and more sure, than those of mining. Hostilities with the Indians still continue. Another engagement has taken place, in which 40 of the Indians were killed, without loss on the part of the whites. In Sacramento City, a gambler engaged in a brawl, shot down a citizen who attempted to prevent outrage. The murderer was seized by the populace, tried by Lynch law, found guilty, and in spite of the efforts of some citizens, hung from the branch of a tree, within a few hours of the commission of the murder. In San Francisco two men came near sharing a similar fate for an attempt at murder and robbery. They were, however, finally rescued from the populace, and handed over to the civil authority. No Senator has been elected. The Legislature met in joint convention; but after 144 ballots, finding no probability of succeeding in making an election, adjourned *sine die*. The whole number of votes cast was 49; thus making 25 necessary for a choice. The highest number for Mr. Frémont was 16. Mr. Heydenfeldt, formerly of Alabama, was for a time the leading Democratic candidate. He was opposed by a portion of his party, on the alleged ground of having formerly advocated disunion. This is denied by himself and his friends. Mr. Weller was subsequently taken up; and at the last ballot received 18 votes. The Whig candidate throughout was Mr. King, whose highest vote was 20.

## MEXICO.

From Mexico the general aspect of intelligence is gloomy enough. It would seem doubtful whether there is sufficient vitality left for the re-organization of society, without an infusion of a more fresh and vigorous blood. The administration of Arista has not thus far realized the anticipations which had been cherished of it. The country is infested with predatory Indians and brigands. On the 15th of February, a train of wagons was attacked in broad daylight, a few miles from the capital, by a band of 15 robbers who drove off the military escort and carried away a large amount of goods. The Minister of War and Marine urges the establishment of military colonies upon the frontiers; and recommends the desperate measure of incorporating into these colonies the agricultural Indians, such as the Seminoles, who are accustomed to the use of arms, and are disposed to settle in fixed habitations, so that they may serve as a barrier against the marauding Camanches, Lipanes, and Apaches. The highroad leading from Mazatlan to the mines is held by the Indians. In Yucatan fears are entertained of the extermination of the whites. The refractory Bishop of Michoacan has at length consented to take the oath to sustain the constitution and laws. An act of the Legislature of Queretaro, restoring the Jesuits to that State, has been pronounced by Congress to be a violation of the Constitution. The exclusive right for 100 years to construct a railroad from Vera Cruz to Madellan has been granted to Don José Maria Estellan.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Our last Record closed amidst the unsuccessful attempts to find somebody who would undertake to carry on the government of the country. Stanley and Russell, the representatives of the Free-trade and Protection parties, felt too weak. Gladstone would not help Stanley, nor Graham help Russell; and nobody would help Lord Aberdeen. At last the advice of the Duke of Wellington was solicited; in accordance with which the former Ministry were invited to resume their places. They left office on the 22d of February because they were unable to obtain the confidence of the House, and resumed on the 3d of March, under the pressure of the same inability, every man his old office. At a meeting of the members of the House who usually supported him, summoned by Lord John Russell, he announced, among other measures, that it was the determination of the Government to proceed with the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, with certain modifications. This aroused vehement remonstrances from a number of Catholic Whigs, who announced their determination to oppose the Ministry at all hazards. When the bill came to be presented, it was found that all that remained was the prohibition for Catholic bishops to assume titles derived from the name of any place in the United Kingdom. Dr. Wiseman must not call himself Archbishop of Westminster, or Dr. M'Hale sign himself "John of Tuam," under penalty of £100, if [Pg 850] Government should have the folly to prosecute. Meanwhile they may address each other by these titles, and all Catholics may consider and address them so unharmed. The bill, as modified passed to a second reading on the 22d of March, by 438 ayes to 95 nays—a majority of more than four to one. Such is the *finale* of the absurd and disproportionate agitation with respect to the "Papal Agression." Nobody is satisfied. The Church party, who mourned over the shortcomings of the bill as originally presented, are of course still less pleased with it as emasculated. The Catholics who then opposed it as an injury, now resent it as an insult.

The Ministry has sustained a series of annoying defeats and checks on unimportant measures; and have therefore kept back all the leading business, such as the presentation of the Budget. The Protection and Free-trade parties are mustering their strength throughout the country, preparatory to a general election, which will probably take place at the close of the present session.

The prevailing crime at present seems to be poisoning by arsenic. Wives poison their husbands, husbands their wives, and servants both. A bill has has been introduced by Lord Carlisle prohibiting the sale of arsenic except in the presence of a witness, who with the purchaser, are to register their names in a book. It is also proposed to enact that all arsenic sold shall be mixed with substances which by their taste or color will give warning of its presence.

An insurrection has broken out among the Kaffirs at the Cape, which promises to be annoying

and expensive. The ultimate cause is the gradual expulsion of the savages, which always follows the colonization of their territories by civilized nations. Thousands are driven from their lands, and compressed into a space only sufficient for scores, and begin to think it as well to die fighting as starving. The Governor at the Cape having formally deposed and outlawed one of the powerful native chiefs, dispatched an expedition to seize his person. This body of troops, consisting of 600 men, was attacked in a narrow defile by the Kaffirs, and suffered some loss. Attacks were then made upon three of the frontier settlements, and the colonists, to the number of 70 massacred. A levy *en masse* of all males between the ages of eighteen and fifty was summoned by the Governor, "to destroy and exterminate those most barbarous and treacherous savages, who for the moment are formidable." Several smart engagements have taken place, in which the savages, though worsted, displayed great daring, and considerable skill and discipline.

Attention has been called in Parliament to the proceedings of the various Revolutionary Committees composed of foreign refugees, and headed by Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and Klapka. Their proceedings were charged with being a violation of the obligations they incurred when they came to seek the protection of English laws. Members of Government expressed their decided disapprobation of the course pursued by the refugees in endeavoring to excite insurrection in foreign countries.

A Miss Talbot, heiress to a fortune of £80,000, has entered a convent as "postulant" with the intention of taking the vail in a few months, when it is supposed that her fortune will pass to the church. This has occasioned some excitement against convents, and a bill has been introduced intended to prevent the forcible detention of females in houses in which the inmates are bound by religious or monastic vows. It provides that all such establishments shall be registered, and subject to semi-annual visitation by public officers, who shall have power to remove any female who desires it. Concealment of any part of the premises, or of any person therein, false lists of the inmates, and any obstruction to the visitors, are to be punished as misdemeanors. Measures are also proposed regulating legacies made for religious purposes.

At Chelmsford a man and woman were hung for murder, attended by the usual disgraceful accompaniments of a public execution. Crowds gathered from all the surrounding country; at the moment of execution 40,000 or 50,000 persons are said to have been present. Venders of edibles plied their vocation in the most gross and revolting manner; pickpockets, as usual, were in attendance, and the general deportment of the spectators, men, women, and children, was disgusting and brutal. The man confessed his guilt. The woman, whose crime was poisoning with arsenic, died protesting her innocence.

"A monster address" signed by 61 noblemen, 110 members of the House of Commons, and 321,240 other persons, lay members of the church of England, has been presented by Lord Ashley to the Queen. It beseeches her Majesty to resist the Papal aggression; and goes on to speak of that act having been occasioned and invited by the conduct of many of the clergy of the church of England, who have shown a desire to assimilate the doctrines of their church to those of Rome. After specifying the sacramental system and "histrionic arrangements" in the churches, it says that "by the constitution and existing laws, there is vested in your Majesty as the earthly head of our Church, a wholesome power of interposition, which power we entreat your Majesty now to exercise."

Charges have been made in the House of Commons against Lord Torrington, late Governor of Ceylon. He is accused of gross misgovernment, wanton cruelty in suppressing native insurrection, and the production of false evidence. Lord John Russell announced that he should postpone the Budget and the Income Tax, until this charge, which was in effect one against Government, had been disposed of. Upon which the mover announced that he should postpone his motion until after the introduction of these measures. Lord Torrington, in the House of Lords, came forward and challenged the prosecution of these charges.

A coal-pit disaster occurred near Glasgow, involving a terrible loss of life. While 63 men and boys were at work in the mine, an explosion of fire-damp occurred. Of those in the mine all but two perished.

A searching investigation is going on into the adulterations of articles of food. It is asserted that there is scarcely an article which is in any way susceptible of mixture, that is not mingled with others not merely of inferior value, but in many cases of the most loathsome and disgusting nature. Ground coffee is specified as particularly subject to adulteration.

A somewhat singular controversy has arisen in reference to a body of refugees from Hungary, who have recently arrived at Liverpool. They number 262, of whom the majority are Poles, the remnant of the Polish legion in Hungary. Government wishes to send them to America, and offers a bounty of £8, to each man who will go. They wish to remain in England, evidently anticipating an uprising in some part of Europe, where their services may be called into requisition. They are entirely destitute of means of support, and in England can only maintain themselves by begging. [Pg 851]

The frigate St. Lawrence, having on board the contributions to the Exhibition from the United States, arrived at Portsmouth on the 13th of March. A meeting of the American exhibitors has been held at London, at which great dissatisfaction was expressed with many of the arrangements. They object in particular to the appointment of jurors to decide upon the merits of foreign productions; to bronze medals being awarded as prizes, when more valuable ones had been promised; to the high price of season tickets; to contributors being compelled to pay for admission, and be at the expense of their own fittings; and to the delay in affording protection to

the articles which require a patent. Some leakage has occurred in the roof of the Exhibition Building; but it is hoped that it may be obviated. All opinion adverse to the suitability of the painting of the interior has passed away. The theoretical views of the decorator have been abundantly justified by the practical effect.

Another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin is to be fitted out this season. The little "Prince Albert" is to be sent out, it is hoped, under happier auspices than attended her former voyage. It is expected to reach Lancaster Sound, by the middle of June. The vessel will be laid up for wintering in Prince Regent's Inlet. The party will then proceed in boats as far as practicable. When these can no longer be worked, native "kyacks" will be used, which will enable the explorers to reach a point some one or two hundred miles further than boats could carry them, as the kyacks can be hauled up and dragged over the ice. The expedition will remain out for at least one season; and a very extensive search to the westward of Boothia is proposed. It will be under the command of Capt. W. Kennedy, who has had no small experience in these icy regions. We do not learn whether Mr. Snow, from whose interesting book we copied so largely last month, is to be attached to this new expedition.

## FRANCE.

The most striking incident which has occurred since our last has been a debate on a proposition to repeal the law exiling the Bourbon family. M. Berryer, acting in the name of the Legitimists, opposed the motion on the ground that the Count of Chambord is not an exiled Frenchman, but an extruded king, who could not stoop to accept a permission to re-enter his own hereditary dominions. M. Thiers, as the organ of the Orleanists, advocated the proposition. The Minister of Justice, in the name of Government, was favorable to the principle of the bill, but was opposed to pressing it at present. The Assembly was thrown into violent agitation by a speech from M. Dufraisse, one of the most able and earnest of the Montagnards, who delivered a speech which would not have been misplaced in the mouth of Robespierre or Danton. "The pale head, compressed lips, and intense expression of the young lawyer of the Mountain," says an eyewitness, "reminded the auditors, not without a shudder, of such a thoroughbred Jacobin as St. Just." He declared that the laws of proscription were just, and ought to be maintained. "The Revolution can not ask pardon of the dynasties it has justly upset. Have the family of Orleans laid aside the claims of their birth? Have they rendered homage to the sovereignty of the nation? Do not the descendants of St. Louis continually dispute the independence and the conquests of the people? You tell us that royalty never dies; we reply, Nor does its punishment. If the principle of sovereignty is eternal, so shall its punishment be eternal. The law ought to chastise the voluntary representatives, the willing heirs of a principle which the people have abolished." He went on to vindicate the execution of Louis XVI., and declared that those who voted against the death of that monarch, meditated a return to royalty, and reminded the Assembly that among those who voted for the execution, was the grandfather of the princes whose banishment was sought to be repealed. The speech caused a perfect storm of passion in the Assembly. Members rushed to the tribune, and shook their fists in the speaker's face. M. Berryer proposed the adjournment of the question for six months, as he could not vote on the same side with those who advocated such doctrines. This, which is looked upon as equivalent to a rejection of the proposition, was carried by acclamation.

Rumors have for some time been rife of an intended fusion between the Bourbon and Orleans interests, with a view to a speedy restoration of the monarchy. These would seem to be put to rest by a letter from the Orleans princes in England to the Orleans Committee in Paris, in which they declare that they will negotiate only on the soil of France, and while out of their country will take no part in political questions. The prolongation of the term of the President is urged in many quarters as the only practicable safeguard against socialism and anarchy. The present aspect of affairs seems to indicate that he will be continued in office in some shape or other.

The Bishop of Chartres, in a pastoral letter, attacks a late circular of the Archbishop of Paris, recommending the clergy to abstain from politics, and to yield obedience to the laws of their country. The bishop considers that when destructive principles are advanced, the clergy should be found ready to oppose their progress; and he sees no reason why the ecclesiastical body should be enjoined to take no part in public affairs. The archbishop, in reply, denounces the conduct of the bishop, as an unwarrantable interference with his jurisdiction, and as a breach of the respect due to him as metropolitan: and refers the bishop's letter to the provincial council to be held during the present year at Paris.

The Professors of the College of France held a meeting at the Sorbonne to take into consideration the tendency of the lectures of M. Michelet, which were considered prejudicial, in a moral and political point of view to the students. He himself declined to attend, but defended himself in a letter stating that his lectures were blamed only by the Jesuits and the enemies of French nationality. His colleagues, by a vote of 17 out of 21 decided upon a vote of censure against him, and that the minutes of their proceedings should be transmitted to the Minister for approval. It is said that M. Michelet his resigned his chair.

## GERMANY.

The German mists grow thicker. All that can now be affirmed with certainty is, that the Dresden Conference has been no more able to improvise a German Empire than was the Frankfort

Parliament. A month ago, and it seemed that Austria had outgeneraled Prussia, and made herself absolute mistress of Germany, and was in a fair way to become ruler from the Rhine to the Alps. The petty states of Germany were in alarm; the kingdoms of the second rank began to see themselves in danger, and to talk of a central power, from which the constitutional element was [Pg 852] not altogether excluded. It is now said that the King of Prussia is again ambitious of playing the first part on the German stage, and has refused to sanction the concessions made by his minister. It seems probable that Germany will fall back upon the old Frankfort Confederation. In the mean time, we present the following, as what seems to us the condition and designs of the principal parties; premising that the very next intelligence may present them under an altogether new aspect:—Austria wishes to enter the Germanic Confederation with all her vast and heterogeneous population; thus binding all Germany to assist her, in the event of any new Hungarian or Italian outbreak. She also wishes to secure the Federal Executive. If she succeeds in these projects, the weight of her foreign possessions gives her the preponderance in Germany, while Germany secures to her the control of her foreign territories. The interests of the people and princes of Germany for once coincide in opposing this claim. The vacillating policy of Prussia has arisen from doubt, whether more could be made out of Austria by putting herself at the head of the German States, or out of these States, by joining with Austria. The ultimate decision of this question is more likely to be effected by accident than by settled policy.

### ITALY.

The feelings of uneasiness, and vague apprehension of insurrection throughout the Italian Peninsula are nowise abated. Austrian troops are concentrating within her Italian territories. The railroad across the Milan Alps, from Cilly to Trieste, is advancing with great rapidity. The completion of this road will enable Austrian troops to be sent from Vienna to Milan in twenty-four hours.

The Austrian Government has issued an ordonnance directing that in those parts of Italy which are still considered in a state of siege, no journal shall mention in any way, directly or indirectly, the titles of the prohibited revolutionary books and pamphlets which are in circulation among the people.

Radetzky has issued a proclamation, under date of Feb. 21, from Verona, directed against revolutionary proclamations and pamphlets, threatening death against all who are engaged in circulating them. Every one into whose hands such a pamphlet may fall is directed to deliver it to the nearest person in office, though but a gendarme, and at the same time to declare how it came into his possession; the punishment for failure to do this is imprisonment in irons for a period of from one to five years.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Rome with great enthusiasm. At a public dinner, Mr. Cass, our Chargé, presided and made a speech. Two odes, by Mrs. Stephens, were sung. Among the guests were Archbishop Hughes, and Mr. Hastings, the American Protestant Chaplain. The report that the American Protestant chapel at Rome had been closed is authoritatively contradicted by Mr. Hastings, who speaks in terms of high praise of the liberality which has been manifested toward him by the papal authorities.

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

### UNITED STATES.

The Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open. It is universally admitted that the paintings surpass those of any previous year The opening of the Exhibition was celebrated, according to custom, by a dinner, attended by artists, amateurs, and men of letters. Admirable speeches were made by Rev. Doctors Bellows and Bethune, who, though pole-wide apart in the sphere of theology, spanning the distance between Arius and Calvin, find common grounds of sympathy in their love for, and appreciation of Art. Mr. Durand, the President, in a very felicitous speech, narrated his experience as an artist and as one of the founders of the Academy.

Mr. Greenough, at Florence, has nearly completed his group of the *Pioneer*, for the Capitol at Washington. It represents a backwoodsman rescuing his wife and child from an Indian who is in the act of smothering them in the folds of his blanket. The action of the group symbolizes the one unvarying story of the contest between civilized and uncivilized man. The pioneer, standing almost erect, in the pride of conscious superiority, has dashed upon one knee the Indian, whose relaxed form, and cowering face upturned despairingly, express premonitions of the inevitable doom awaiting him, against which all his efforts would be unavailing. The heavy brow, compressed lip, and firm chin of the white man announce him one of a race born to conquer and rule, not so much by mere physical strength as by undaunted courage and indomitable will. Those who have seen the group pronounce it to be a sublime conception grandly executed.

A portrait of Mr. Calhoun, painted at Paris by Mr. Healey for the Common Council of Charleston, was exhibited at the Exposition in Paris, where it was pronounced one of the best portraits of the season. The size is seven feet ten inches, by four feet seven. The sum paid for it is one thousand dollars. We believe it has been forwarded to Charleston.

Among the pictures by our artists, completed or in progress, we notice one by Mr. Wright, representing the well-known story of Washington and the damaged cherry-tree, which is

executed with decided cleverness.—Mr. DUGGAN is engaged upon a David and Goliath, one of those massy subjects affording ample scope for the bent of the artist's genius.—Mr. STEARNS has upon his easel a painting of the Interview between Tecumseh and General Harrison, at Vincennes, in 1811. By some oversight no seat had been provided for the Indian chief. The unintentional discourtesy was corrected by General Harrison, with the words, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh drew up his stately form to its full height, and raising his hand to heaven, exclaimed proudly, "My father! The Great Spirit is my father, and the Earth my mother; she feeds me and clothes me, and I recline upon her bosom!"—Mr. T. A. RICHARDS has recently completed a painting which might appropriately enough be named "Recollections of Lake Winnipiseogee," portraying rather the general characteristics of that lake, than depicting the particular features of any one portion. The scene is an autumn morning, with the sun bursting forth from the train of a passing shower which has sprinkled diamonds over foliage and flower.

JENNY LIND is verging New York-ward. Her next concert here is announced for May 12. The New York firemen have procured a testimonial to be presented to her in acknowledgment of her munificent donation of $3000 to the funds of the Department. It consists of a complete copy of Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds of America, in a beautiful case; and a gold box, appropriately ornamented, containing a copy of their vote of thanks to her. The following ratherish pretty and altogether German lines were contributed by her to the album of a gentleman in Washington; [Pg 853]

"In vain I seek for rest
  In all created good.
It leaves me still unblest,
  And makes me cry for God.
And sure, at rest I can not be
Until my heart finds rest in thee."

The renowned TUPPER is undergoing the process of lionization. He has introduced a new feature into his representation of the part, by the recitation in public of his own verses. He has produced for the Great London Exhibition a "Hymn for all Nations," which is to be translated into thirty different languages, set to music, and printed. This polyglott will be a philological curiosity, if no more.

Mr. CRALLE, the intimate friend and confidential secretary of Mr. CALHOUN, is engaged in preparing for publication the Works of the great southern statesman, to be accompanied by a Biography. The whole will be comprised, probably, in six octavo volumes. The first volume, which is now printed, and will soon be ready for publication, is occupied by an elaborate disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States. These treatises have always been spoken of as the "great work" of Mr. Calhoun's life, setting forth in a systematic manner his views upon the philosophy of civil government. The treatises were commenced many years since, but never received the final revision and correction which the author intended to bestow upon them.

The Complete Works of ALEXANDER HAMILTON are now in course of publication by C. S. Francis & Co. They are mainly printed from the manuscripts purchased by Congress, under the direction of the Library Committee. The collection will extend to seven octavo volumes.

It has long been suspected that colors were depicted on Daguerreotype plates, if they could only be developed. Mr. HILL, of this State, announces that he has succeeded in producing pictures in which every tint and shade is accurately represented. We are assured by one of our most eminent operators, one of the very few who have seen the pictures, that there is no doubt of the fact. The inventor as yet keeps his process a secret, though we understand that he is preparing a memoir in relation to it.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S El-Dorado has been translated into German by C. Hartman, author of a Geographical and Historical Description of California.

Mr. SAMUEL MAVERICK, of Pendleton, S. C., who is still living, assisted in packing the first bale of cotton ever sent from the United States to Liverpool. It was sent in the seed, and the consignee informed his South Carolina correspondent that the article was useless, could not be sold, and advised him to send no more.

Dr. GOADBY, who has recently delivered in this city a very interesting course of lectures upon insects, has a most valuable series of dissections, prepared at a cost of labor which would seem almost incredible. The anatomy of a caterpillar, comprising three distinct preparations—its nervous system, its organs of respiration, and its organs of nutrition—occupied the undivided labor of thirteen weeks, at the rate of fourteen hours a day.

Gen. HENDERSON, who was on trial at New Orleans on the charge of being implicated in the Cuban invasion, has been discharged, the jury being unable to agree. The District Attorney therefore entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Governor Quitman and all others under indictment.

## EUROPEAN.

The new Leipzig *Deutsches Museum* (Westermann Brothers, New York,) promises to meet the want which we have for some time found it impossible to supply, of a German literary Magazine. In the recent revolutionary storms this class of periodicals generally went down, so that for

information as to the working of the German mind we have been forced to rely upon chance notices in the political journals, or trust to foreign sources. It is published semi-monthly. Its cost in Leipzig is 12 *Thalers*; and is furnished here for the same number of dollars.

Under the title of *Causeries du Lundi* M. St. Beauve has just put forth a volume of sketches of contemporary French authors, which almost forces us to envy the happy land blessed with such a number of men, the worst of whom exceeds our ideas of any attainable height of perfection. A word or two of criticism is awarded to Lamartine, but too bland to wound even the vanity of the gentle Alphonse. But Girardin and Villemain, Cousin and George Sand, Thiers and Montalembert receive a most unqualified apotheosis. The title of "Monday Chat" simply indicates that the book is made up of articles which appeared on Mondays in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper.

Pictures by the "Old Masters," as all the world knows, are manufactured as readily, and almost as extensively, as calico. It is not, however, so well known that "old and rare editions" of books are produced nowadays. The passion of book-collectors has given a new impulse to this business. Within a few months the beautiful editions of the classics of the Elzevirs and the Stephens have been reproduced with wonderful skill. In paper, type, ink, and binding there is no perceptible difference; while the precise air of antiquity desired is produced by chemical means.

M. Feuillet de Conches, a Parisian virtuoso, and great admirer of La Fontaine, has spent a vast sum in having printed for his own sole use a single copy of the works of the famous fabulist. It is illustrated in the most gorgeous style, by the first artists of the day; and is accompanied with notes and prefaces by the most eminent writers, and is a very miracle of expensive typography and binding.

Victor Hugo has published nothing for some years, having been paid by a publisher not to print. Report says that he will, at the close of his term, which soon expires, make amends for his long silence by issuing poems to the amount of three volumes, and romances to that of twelve.

A work by Origen, the celebrated Father in the Church, hitherto unknown, has been discovered and published by the librarian of the National Assembly—so M. Villemain announced at a recent meeting of the *Académie des Belles Lettres* at Paris. The work traces the heresies of the third century to the writings of the Pagan Philosophers, and throws new light upon ancient manners, literature, and philosophy.

In the album presented to the King of Bavaria by the artists of Münich, is an admirable composition by Hübner. It is an expression of the feelings of a large portion of Upper Germany. It represents a female prostrate upon the ground, with the arms crossed, the face entirely hidden, in an attitude of the deepest despair. The long hair floats over the arms, and trails along the ground. The whole figure is a mixture of majesty and utter abandonment. The simple title of the piece is—"Germania, 1850." [Pg 854]

*Yeast: a Problem*, is the Sartor-Resartorish title of a collection of papers reprinted from Fraser's Magazine, where they have excited no little attention. It purports to be a sample of what is fermenting in the minds of large classes of young men of the present day, and leavening the whole mass of society. Though published anonymously, it is known to be written by the author of "Alton Locke," and partakes largely of the merits and defects of that remarkable work. It is to be republished by the Harpers.

In Walter Savage Landor the material for an admirable newspaper writer has been thrown away. Witness the following double-handed hitting in a letter to Lord Duncan, who lately won a victory over the Ministers, "... A quarrel about hats, caps, and stockings, and the titles they confer, is too ridiculous. Is a hunchback to be treated with gravity, with severity, because an ignorant rabble calls him *my lord*. If I chose to call myself Lord Duncan, I should only be laughed at. People would stare; some would ask, 'Is this the great Lord Duncan who won the Battle of Camperdown?' Others would answer, 'No; nor is it he who won as great a one in Westminster the other day. He is an impostor: haul him out; but don't hurt him:' I have the honor to be, etc."

*Dahomey and the Dahomans*, by Frederick E. Forbes, gives an interesting account, drawn from personal observation, made during the last two years, of the manners and customs of this savage people. Among the most revolting is the *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh* or "Throwing of Presents," in which the king occupies himself for many hours in throwing gifts from a raised platform, to the people below. The last of these gifts consists of a number of live prisoners, who have been exhibited bound upon the platform; they are flung down to be cut and torn in pieces by the savages. On the occasion when the author was present there were fourteen of these victims, of whom he succeeded in saving the lives of three. The object of the expedition was to induce the king to abandon the slave-trade, and was altogether unsuccessful.

*The Dynamical Theory of the Formation of the Earth,* two mighty octavo volumes, elicits the following complimentary remarks from the *Athenæum.* "This work is saved from being mischievous only by the circumstance of the excessive dullness diffused over these twelve hundred pages—which will in all probability prevent their being much read.... Of no one department of science does the author appear to have a correct conception. His views are all distorted. He is false alike in his Mechanics, in his Geology, in his Natural History, in his Chemistry, in his Electricity—in every other consideration of the physical agencies, and still more false in that which we suppose we must bring ourselves to call his Logic."

*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, by R. P. Gillies is a book almost worth reading, quite worth looking at. The author, nephew to the celebrated historian of Greece, born to a fair estate, and

with a propensity to make verses, spent the one without turning the other to any special account. Amidst much idle matter, whose only purpose is to swell the bulk of the volumes, are some rather interesting anecdotes of literary celebrities. Some over-laudatory epistles from Sir Egerton Brydges, and a characteristic letter or two from Wordsworth, containing among other matters, a criticism upon Scott's Guy Mannering, in which considerable praise is awarded to the management of "this lady," as he solemnly denominates Meg Merrilies, are perhaps the best things in the book. It reminds one, but at a wide interval, of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.

*A Life of Hartley Coleridge* prefixed to a volume of his poems, tells a sad story of powers neutralized and a life thrown away. He was the eldest son of *the* Coleridge, and with a portion of his father's genius combined a large share of his infirmity of purpose and feebleness of will. He gained a college fellowship, and forfeited it within a year, by intemperance; after which he maintained himself by his pen. The Life is by his brother, Derwent Coleridge. The Poems are of decided merit. They are to be followed by a collection of his prose writings.

## OBITUARIES.

Isaac Hill, formerly Governor of New Hampshire, and Senator in Congress, died at Washington, March 22d, aged about 63. He was born at Charlestown, N. H., the son of a farmer, and at an early age learned the trade of a printer. He established the first Democratic paper at Concord. To his able conduct is in a great measure to be ascribed the ascendency which his party acquired in the State, about the year 1828. Though possessing few of the external qualifications for a popular leader, being feeble in person, and altogether destitute of oratorical power, his unrivaled tact and untiring industry gave him an uncontrolled influence in the State. He was chosen State Senator; and subsequently United States Senator, which office he held from 1831 to 1836, when he resigned, in consequence of having been elected Governor of New Hampshire. He filled the executive chair for two or three terms, and then retired to private life. In 1840 he was appointed Sub-Treasurer at Boston; but the repeal of the Sub-Treasury Act the following year vacated his office. He then returned to New Hampshire; but his star had waned. He disagreed with his party on the subject of corporations and other radical questions, lost his political influence, and fell into comparative insignificance, as a politician, though he always adhered to his party. For a number of years he edited an agricultural paper of considerable merit. He suffered much from impaired health during the last years of his life; and died in moderate pecuniary circumstances.

Mordecai Manasseh Noah, long known as an able editor and active politician, died in New York, March 28. He was born at Philadelphia, July 19, 1784, and has thus attained to within three years of three score and ten. He was apprenticed to a carver and gilder; but early abandoned that trade and devoted himself to literature and politics. He removed to Charleston, S. C., in the early part of the present century, where he took an active and influential part in public affairs. Having declined the offer of the consulship at Riga, he was appointed, in 1813, consul at Tunis, and was charged with a mission to Algiers. This latter he accomplished, after some adventures, and repaired to Tunis. At the expiration of ten months he was recalled, under charge, we believe, of some pecuniary defalcations. Upon his return to this country, he became connected with the political press. In 1822, he was elected Sheriff of the City and County of New York, which office he held but a single year. In 1829, he was appointed Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Surveyor of the port of New York. In the mean while, he had formed the project of collecting his brethren the Jews, and rebuilding the city of Jerusalem. He issued a [Pg 855] singular proclamation, appointing Grand Island, near Niagara Falls, as the place of rendezvous, and summoned the scattered tribes to transmit their contributions. We have no means of knowing how far he was in earnest in this scheme. At all events, it came to nothing. In 1840, he was elected Judge of the Court of General Sessions, which he held till the law constituting the court was changed. Mr. Noah was, however, more known as an editor than as a politician. Though without any very lofty aims, or high qualifications, he was an agreeable and sprightly paragraphist, possessed of an unfailing good-humor, and a large fund of general information. He was connected successively with a number of papers, and at the time of his death was editor of a Sunday paper, *The Messenger and Times*. He also published at different times a number of works of a miscellaneous character, chiefly essays and plays, some of which met with great success at the time of publication; but none of them possessed sufficient vitality to take a permanent place in the literature of the country. His death was the consequence of a paralytic stroke. He lived and died a believer in the faith of his fathers, the Hebrew religion; and was buried with the solemn ceremonies practiced by the ancient chosen people. He was of a most generous and genial nature, and enjoyed the warmest good-will of all with whom he was brought into personal relations.

George M. Brooke, Brevet Major-General in the United States army, died at San Antonio, Texas, on the 19th of March. He was a native of Virginia, and entered the army in 1808. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in 1814, for "gallant conduct in the defense of Fort Erie." A month later he received the rank of Brevet Colonel, for "distinguished and meritorious services in the sortie from Fort Erie." In 1824, he was made Brevet Brigadier-General for "ten years' faithful service as Colonel." In 1848, he was brevetted as Major-General for "meritorious conduct, particularly in the performance of his duties in the prosecution of the war with Mexico."

Alexander S. Wadsworth, Commodore in the United States Navy, died at Washington, April 9, in the 61st year of his age. He was a native of Maine. He entered the service in 1804, and for many years served with distinction. His commission of post-captain, bears date from 1825. His name stood the seventh on the naval list. Severe and protracted illness had for many years disabled

him from active duty.

Samuel Farmar Jarvis, D.D., died at Middletown, Conn., March 26th. He was born in January, 1787. He had the reputation of being one of the ripest scholars in the Episcopal Church, and was a member of the principal literary and historical societies in this country. His extensive acquirements, and fondness for accurate investigation procured for him the appointment of "Historigrapher of the Church," which was conferred upon him in 1838, with a view to his preparing a faithful "Ecclesiastical History, reaching from the Apostles' time, to the formation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." The first volume, forming a Chronological Introduction, was published in 1845. It is understood that a continuation of the work was nearly ready for press at the time of his death.

John S. Skinner, Editor of the "*Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil*," and well known for his agricultural writings, died at Baltimore, March 21, aged about 70 years. He was universally esteemed for his social qualities, unassuming demeanor, and generous impulses. His death was occasioned by a fall into the basement in the Post Office at Baltimore.

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# Literary Notices

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued *The House of the Seven Gables*, a Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which is strongly marked with the bold and unique characteristics that have given its author such a brilliant position among American novelists. The scene, which is laid in the old Puritanic town of Salem, extends from the period of the witchcraft excitement to the present time, connecting the legends of the ancient superstition with the recent marvels of animal magnetism, and affording full scope for the indulgence of the most weird and sombre fancies. Destitute of the high-wrought manifestations of passion which distinguished the "Scarlet Letter," it is more terrific in its conception, and not less intense in its execution, but exquisitely relieved by charming portraitures of character, and quaint and comic descriptions of social eccentricities. A deep vein of reflection underlies the whole narrative, often rising naturally to the surface, and revealing the strength of the foundation on which the subtle, aerial inventions of the author are erected. His frequent dashes of humor gracefully blend with the monotone of the story, and soften the harsher colors in which he delights to clothe his portentous conceptions. In no former production of his pen, are his unrivalled powers of description displayed to better advantage. The rusty wooden house in Pyncheon-street, with its seven sharp-pointed gables, and its huge clustered chimney—the old elm tree before the door—the grassy yard seen through the lattice-fence, with its enormous fertility of burdocks—and the green moss on the slopes of the roof, with the flowers growing aloft in the air in the nook between two of the gables—present a picture to the eye as distinct as if our childhood had been passed in the shadow of the old weather-beaten edifice. Nor are the characters of the story drawn with less sharp and vigorous perspective. They stand out from the canvas as living realities. In spite of the supernatural drapery in which they are enveloped, they have such a genuine expression of flesh and blood, that we can not doubt we have known them all our days. They have the air of old acquaintance—only we wonder how the artist got them to sit for their likenesses. The grouping of these persons is managed with admirable artistic skill. Old Maid Pyncheon, concealing under her verjuice scowl the unutterable tenderness of a sister—her woman-hearted brother, on whose sensitive nature had fallen such a strange blight—sweet and beautiful Phebe, the noble village-maiden, whose presence is always like that of some shining angel—the dreamy, romantic descendant of the legendary wizard—the bold, bad man of the world, reproduced at intervals in the bloody Colonel, and the unscrupulous Judge—wise old Uncle Venner—and inappeasable Ned Higgins—are all made to occupy the place on the canvas which shows the lights and shades of their character in the most impressive contrast, and contributes to the wonderful vividness and harmony of the grand historical picture. On the whole, we regard "The House of the Seven Gables," though it exhibits no single scenes that may not be matched in depth and pathos by some of Mr. Hawthorne's previous creations, as unsurpassed by any thing he has yet written, in exquisite beauty of finish, in the skillful blending of the tragic and comic, and in the singular life-like reality with which the wildest traditions of the Puritanic age are combined with the every-day incidents of modern society. [Pg 856]

Harper and Brothers have published a translation of *Buttmann's Greek Grammar*, by Professor Edward Robinson, from the eighteenth German edition, containing additions and improvements by Alexander Buttmann, the son of the original author. Since the publication of the thirteenth edition in 1829, which was the last that the author lived to complete, gradual changes have been introduced into the Grammar, especially in the department of syntax, which has been expanded and re-written, with the aid of the extensive investigations of the last twenty years. The translation bears the same impress of diligence, accuracy, and philological tact, which is never looked for in vain in the productions of the indefatigable and distinguished author.

*Ecclesiastical Manual*, by Luther Lee (published at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room), is a brief treatise on the nature of Church Government, defending the right of visible church organization against prevailing latitudinarian and transcendental views on the one hand, and maintaining liberal principles of polity against the high claims of Episcopacy and the assumptions of the clergy on the other. The argument is conducted with candor and moderation, though not without spirit, and may be studied to advantage by all who would understand the points at issue.

*William Penn, An Historical Biography*, by WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON (published by Blanchard and Lea), is a new and complete life of the founder of Pennsylvania, derived from contemporary papers that have been brought to light within a recent period, and from original and unpublished documents. The view given by the author, of the religious system of Fox and Penn, as coinciding with the principles of republican freedom, is a reproduction of the admirable exhibition of Quakerism presented by Bancroft in his History of the United States. In the Appendix, the charges against William Penn by Macaulay are submitted to a rigid examination; the evidence on the subject is skillfully and thoroughly sifted; and the strongest case made out for the accused against the insinuations of the ingenious and eloquent historian. With his warm sympathies in favor of the subject of his narrative, and the familiar knowledge of his career gained by the researches of several years, Mr. Dixon has produced a genial and instructive piece of biography, sustaining the claims of the illustrious Quaker to the noble and elevated rank in which he has been placed by the general voice of tradition.

*Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, &c.*, by Baron CHARLES VON REICHENBACH, translated from the German, by JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D., is a scientific treatise, showing the relations of magnetism, electricity, heat, light, crystallization, and chemism to the vital forces of the human body. It is founded on an extensive series of experiments, which tend to bring the mysterious phenomena of Mesmerism within the domain of physics, and in fact to reduce the whole subject of physiology to a department of chemical science. The papers, of which it is composed, were originally intended as contributions to the "Annals of Chemistry," conducted by the celebrated Professor Liebig, in which periodical they appeared in the year 1845. In the present collected form, they have received some necessary corrections, but their spirit and substance are presented without alteration. The investigations, of which the results are here described, are of a singularly curious character, exhibiting the most astonishing developments, with a philosophical calmness that is rare even among German savants.

*The Rangers; or, The Tory's Daughter*, is the title of a novel illustrative of the revolutionary history of Vermont, by the author of "The Green Mountain Boys," published by B. B. Mussy and Co., Boston. It gives many agreeable descriptions of Vermont scenery, with sketches of its social life during the war of the Revolution, and shows considerable skill in combining the prominent historical facts of that day with the fictitious incidents of a lively and exciting plot.

*The Ballads and Songs* of WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCH (published by T. W. Strong), is a collection of fugitive poetry, inspired with the genuine breathings of Irish patriotism, frequently displaying great facility and sweetness of versification, and pervaded throughout with a winning sentiment of tenderness and human sympathy.

Harper and Brothers have published a neat volume, entitled *Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity,* by Rev. R. S. FOSTER, with an Introduction by EDMUND S. JANES, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Without aiming at any rivalry with other writers on the subject, the author devotes his work to the maintenance of the views which are set forth by the standard Wesleyan authorities. Avoiding all considerations of a purely speculative character, he presents the practical aspects of his theme, with discrimination, earnestness, and force. His style, which is always animated and effective, betrays the influence of profound and accurate thought, and is equally adapted to make a favorable impression on the understanding and on the heart of the attentive reader. The well-written Preface by Bishop Janes, gives a lucid summary of the contents of the volume, with a warm commendation of the manner in which it is executed.

*Lyra Catholica* (published by E. Dunigan and Brother), is a collection of the Hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, with others adapted for every day in the week, and the Festivals and Saints' Days throughout the year. The translation of the Breviary, by Mr. Caswell, is adopted without change, and forms the first part of the present work, while the second part consists of hymns and anthems from various sources, especially from the contributions of Rev. F. W. Faber, Matthew Brydges, Esq., and Rev. William Young. The third part is devoted to sacred poetry of a less strictly devotional cast. In addition to a few pieces from modern poets, it contains a selection from the compositions of Catholic writers belonging to an earlier age of English literature, including "the simple and earnest strains of Southwell, a poet, priest, and martyr, whose unshaken soul passed away in song from the fires of persecution; Crashaw, whose tender fancy and graceful zeal have extorted the highest praises of unfriendly judges; the manly virtue of Habington, pure in an age of license; the later compositions of Dryden, the atonements laid by his repentant muse on the altar of religion." [Pg 857]

*The Soldier of the Cross*, by the Rev. JOHN LEYBURN, D.D. (published by Carter and Brothers), is a popular and attractive exposition of Ephesians vi. 10-18, consisting of a series of discourses delivered from the pulpit, but recast into the form of plain and practical essays, written with considerable force. The talents of the author and the taste of the publishers have made an addition to our religious literature, of which the public estimation is indicated by the early call for a second edition.

*The Irish Confederates, and the Rebellion of 1798*, by HENRY M. FIELD (published by Harper and Brothers), is a lively historical sketch of the movements of the Irish patriots in behalf of the freedom of their nation toward the close of the last century. The volume opens with a rapid survey of Irish history, traces the love of liberty among the people, describes the causes of their national characteristics, and minutely portrays the events of the fruitless struggle, which terminated in the complete subjection of their beautiful island to the British crown. Among the biographical sketches, those of Curran, Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Emmets, McNevin,

and Sampson of course occupy a prominent place, and are drawn with an affectionate sympathy, which delights to linger around every memorial of their noble and chivalrous characters. Mr. Field has enjoyed peculiar facilities for the composition of this volume. A visit to Ireland some four years since awakened a strong interest in the fortunes of her people. At a subsequent period, he formed an intimate acquaintance with several of the families of the Irish exiles in New York, and from the narratives thus obtained, was furnished with some of the most valuable materials for his story. Nor has he neglected the study of the different historians of the time. His work, accordingly, combines the vivacity of a personal narrative, with the accuracy of thorough research. It is deeply imbued with a love of Ireland, with a sense of indignation at the outrages which she has endured, and with admiration of the valor and devotion of her gallant sons; though in no case, do the evident partialities of the writer appear to have interfered with his strict historical fidelity, or to have tempted him to an uncritical use of the facts at his command. His style is simple and unaffected, warmed with a persuasive earnestness, and animated with a chaste enthusiasm, but owing none of its interest to the allurements of rhetoric. Indeed, a more elaborate construction would often have been in better keeping with the dignity of the subject, while the almost exclusive use of short sentences at length overcomes the reader with a painful feeling of monotony. There are also occasional instances of careless and unauthorized expression, which, in a writer of such real ability and cultivation as Mr. Field, excite the surprise of the fastidious reader.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of the *History of Greece*, by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, which forms an appropriate companion to the *History of Rome*, published by the accomplished author four years since. The purpose of Dr. Schmitz in each of these Histories is to give, in a popular form, the result of the researches by modern scholars which have placed the subject in a new light. In the composition of this volume, the author has availed himself of the erudite labors of Bishop Thirlwall, abridging his great work in some portions, and interweaving his masterly views into the texture of his narrative, where a free style was more suitable to the subject. As a manual for young students in Grecian history, and a work for general and family reading, this volume is not surpassed by any production of the present day. The experience of the author as a practical educator, his admirable classical attainments, and the caution and soundness of his historical judgments, give him peculiar qualifications for the task he has undertaken. His style is simple and condensed; his illustrations are singularly apposite; and his grouping of topics is picturesque and forcible. For popular use, we have no doubt, that both the Grecian and Roman Histories of Dr. Schmitz will speedily take the precedence of all others in this country, as they have done, to a very considerable degree, in Great Britain.

The popular series of *Franconia Stories*, by Jacob Abbott (published by Harper and Brothers), is completed by the publication of *Mary Bell* and *Beechnut*. The excellent author has placed the whole juvenile community under new obligations by the issue of these delightful stories. He is so perfectly at home in every phase of country life, and so ingenious in working up its daily occurrences into a charming narrative, that he can never fail of a listening audience. Few American authors have the power of so impressing themselves on the memory and the heart of their readers. The present series will doubtless add to his beautiful influence and to his fame.

The Third Number of *London Labor and The London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew, is issued by Harper and Brothers, and will be found to increase the interest with which that remarkable series has been received by the public. His pictures of the condition of the laboring classes in London have a minuteness and vividness of detail which would not disgrace a Dutch painting.

*The Roman Republic of* 1849, by Theodore Dwight (published by R. Van Dien), is a brief historical view of the recent revolutionary movements in Italy, with biographical sketches of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Avezzana, Filopanti, Foresti, and other leading Italian Republicans.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued the fourth volume of their beautiful edition of the *Collective Writings* of Thomas De Quincy, containing *The Cæsars*, a work characterized by the subtilty of reflection, curious learning, and original felicities of expression, for which the author is pre-eminent.

*Life on the Plains of the Pacific*, by Rev. Gustavus Hine (published by Geo. H. Derby and Co., Buffalo), is the title of a work devoted to the history, condition, and prospects of Oregon, with a description of its geography, climate, and productions, and of personal adventures among the Indians. It contains a detailed history of the Oregon Mission, drawn from the most authentic sources, including the notes and journals of the first missionaries on that station. The journal of the author, commencing with the departure of the missionaries from New York in 1839, presents an interesting narrative of the largest expedition of this kind that ever sailed from an American port, and is enriched with a great variety of facts and incidents that occurred in the wide field of observation that forms the subject of the volume. Without pretending to the graces of literary composition, the writer has produced a work of sterling value. His authority will no doubt be appealed to with confidence on all matters pertaining to the important scene of his labors.

*Hints to Sportsmen*, by E. J. Lewis (published by Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia), is a regular-built treatise on all the mysteries of the sporting craft. The author writes like an experienced shot. His book is not only a valuable manual for the sportsman, but a tempting volume for the lovers of spirited description. [Pg 858]

*Curran and his Contemporaries*, by Charles Phillips (published by Harper and Brothers), is a reproduction of the celebrated work of Counselor Phillips, having been subjected by the author to a thorough revision and amendment. It describes the interesting period of Irish history during

which Curran was the leading member of the Bar, with great vivacity and force. Touching lightly on the politics of the times, it presents a series of personal delineations, which are drawn to the life by the enthusiastic and genial author. The freshness of his recollections affords an abundance of piquant anecdote, which, with his warm sympathies with the Irish character, gives a perpetual liveliness and glow to the narrative, redeeming it from every approach to dullness, and sustaining the interest of the reader to the close of the volume.

*Louisiana: Its Colonial History and Romance,* by CHARLES GAYARRE (published by Harper and Brothers), is a republication of the lectures of the author on "The Poetry, or the Romance of the History of Louisiana," with the addition of seven new lectures, bringing the subject down to the departure of Bienville, the founder of the colony, in 1743. Among the interesting topics discussed in the second series of lectures, are the formation of the Mississippi Company, the History of Law's financial career, the foundation of New Orleans, the Manners and Customs of the Natchez tribe, the wars between the Indians and the Colonists, and others, which bring the romantic incidents connected with the colonization of Louisiana into prominent view. The period was fertile in singular adventures, presenting abundant materials for the poet or novelist. Mr. Gayarre has made a felicitous selection of topics, which, under the brilliant coloring of a lively imagination, are presented in a picturesque and attractive form. The substance of his work is founded on the conclusions of exact historical research, while the drapery in which its scenes and characters are arrayed form a graceful accompaniment to the severity of truth. With a perpetual vivacity of style, and a profusion of glowing imagery, Mr. Gayarre never becomes tedious or insipid. His volume is always delightful as a poem, if it is not complete as a record, and will hold a high place among the popular contributions to the "Romance of History."

E. C. and J. Biddle have published *An Elementary Treatise on Statics*, by GASPARD MONGE, translated by WOODS BAKER, a work which has obtained a distinguished reputation in the scientific literature of France, by its clear and correct style, its rigorous demonstrations, and its well-connected propositions. It is adapted to fill a place, for which no adequate provision has been made by the usual treatises on the subject in the English language. Most of these are voluminous, and suited only to the more advanced classes of students, or else composed chiefly of practical and descriptive details. The present volume treats the subject in the synthetic method, and can be understood without difficulty by those who are familiar with Euclid's Elements.

*Warreniana.*—Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued a reprint of this celebrated *jeu d'esprit,* which still retains its popularity, together with the *Rejected Addresses,* to which it forms an appropriate companion. The peculiarities of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Christopher North, Washington Irving, Scott, Moore, Brougham, Wilberforce, and other names of sufficient eminence to provoke a quiz, are hit off with capital success. The most astringent features are always relaxed in the perusal of these amusing pages.

J. S. Redfield has issued an edition of JUNG STILLING'S *Theory of Pneumatology*, and of CAHAGNET'S *Celestial Telegraph*, which are filled with the latest information on the whole subject of ghosts, presentiments, visions, and the world of spirits, obtained professedly from the most authentic sources. Stilling's work is introduced with a Preface by Rev. Dr. BUSH, highly commending its purposes and character. The "Celestial Telegraph" beats Jackson Davis and the Rochester Knockings all hollow. Whoever is curious in the literature of the supernatural will find enough here to satisfy the most craving love of the marvelous.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published a volume of *Poems*, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, distinguished for the sweet and graceful fancies, the fluent aptness of expression, the joyous sympathy with nature, and the refined delicacy of taste by which most of the writings of the author are characterized. The vein of tranquil reflection which pervades them, and the chastened utterance of feeling which vails rather than embodies strong emotion, though not among the elements of popular poetry, will recommend them to the congenial reader.

J. W. Moore, Philadelphia, has published a useful little volume for students in design, entitled *The Theory of Effect*, by An Artist. It is intended not only for the use of beginners, but of those who have attained a proficiency in the art, while they are unacquainted with the principles on which the correctness of their pictures depends. The rules of Effect are laid down with great precision and minuteness, and illustrated with several neat engravings by Hinckley.

*The Volcano Diggings* is the title of a lively story, by a Member of the Bar, illustrating the administration of the law in California. Several scenes, which are evidently taken from the life, are described with a good deal of spirit, and throw a strong, but not altogether flattering light on the condition of society at the placers. (Published by J. S. Redfield).

George P. Putnam has issued *The Wing-and-Wing*, forming another volume of the Collected Works of J. FENIMORE COOPER. In the Preface to this edition, the author remarks, that "he acknowledges a strong paternal feeling in behalf of this book, placing it very high in the estimate of its merits, as compared with other books from the same pen; a species of commendation that need wound no man."

The same publisher has issued a new and revised edition of *The Conquest of Florida*, by THEODORE IRVING. The author expresses his gratification in finding his account of De Soto's expedition confirmed by the most recent investigations. His work is justly entitled to the reputation which it has obtained, as a classic authority, on an interesting period of American history.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published a valuable collection of financial essays, entitled *The*

*Banker's Commonplace Book*, containing Mr. A. B. Johnson's pithy treatise on the Principles of Banking and the Duties of a Banker, Gilbart's Ten Minutes' Advice on Keeping a Bank, with several articles on Bills of Exchange, and a summary of the Banking Laws of Massachusetts. It will prove a useful manual on the subject to which it is devoted.

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# TWO LEAVES FROM PUNCH.

[Pg 859]

**ENCOURAGEMENT TO BOOK-LENDERS.**
**"If you please, Sir, Master's sent back the First Volume, and he says will you be so good as to let him 'ave the Second?"**

## DIPLOMACY AND GASTRONOMY.

It is a very generally received opinion that *gammon* is the basis of diplomacy; but the fact is, that it is impossible to conduct international negotiations on the foundation of that humble and economical fare, even when rendered more palatable by the addition of spinach. Mr. Rives, it is said, has written a letter to Mr. Webster, complaining that the American Embassadorship can not be done at Paris under £9000 a year, and adds that

> "*According to* Mr. Pakenham, *good dinners are half the battle of diplomacy, and the most favorable treaties are gained by liberal feeding.*"

This aphorism suggests important reflections.

A main point to be attended to in the formation of a diplomatic corps is the commissariat; and the force must be well armed with knives and forks, in addition to being supplied with plate armor.

The trenches in diplomatic warfare must be manned by regular trenchermen.

Rivals in diplomacy must be cut out by actual carving; and in order to dish them, recourse must be had to real dishes.

If one diplomatist wishes to turn the tables on another, it is requisite that he and his suite should keep the better tables.

The politeness of diplomatic intercourse should be qualified, in some measure, with sauce, and its gravity tempered with gravy.

Treating, in diplomacy, is best managed by giving "a spread."

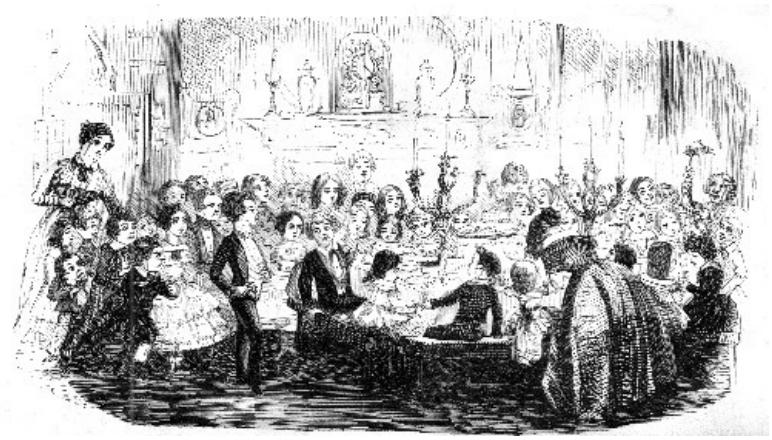
Bold diplomatists are those "who greatly daring, dine."

The most liberal foreign policy is that of giving grand banquets.

A plenipotentiary should have unlimited powers of cramming.

An embassador has been defined to be, "a man sent abroad to lie for the sake of the commonwealth;" but the definition must be enlarged to express the fact, that he is also a person deputed to a foreign country to eat and drink for the interest of his native land.

The most important diplomatic functions are those of digestion. [Pg 860]



**SUPPER AT A JUVENILE PARTY.**
***Alfred.*** **"I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"**
***Frank.*** **"A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."**

[Pg 861]

**ONE OF THE JUVENILES AFTER THE PARTY.**
***Doctor.*** **"AHEM! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND, ADOLPHUS?"**

***Mother.*** **"WHY, DOCTOR, HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S EATEN SOMETHING THAT DOES'N'T AGREE WITH HIM, POOR DEAR!"**

## CONVERSATION-BOOKS FOR 1851.

It is said that Publishers are getting up a series of Conversation-Books for the use of foreigners, visiting the Great Exhibition. But the spoken and written language of London are so different that it is feared these books will be of little use. Mr. PUNCH furnishes the following corrections of the two most important chapters, by the diligent study of which it is hoped that visitors may be enabled to ride and dine.

### TO CONVERSE WITH A CABMAN.

| *What the Book said.* | *What the Man said.* |
|---|---|
| Do you wish, Sir, to ride in my cabriolet? | C'b? (*from every driver on the rank, and as many fingers held up as there are Cabmen.*) |
| Where do you wish, Sir, that I should drive you? | Vere to? (*and a look.*) |
| I wish to go to the Exposition. | |
| Thank you, Sir. I will drive you thither without delay. | Vere? (*not understanding the foreigner's English.*) |

| | |
|---|---|
| What is your fare? | |
| I have driven you two miles. My legal fare for driving you that distance is one shilling and four-pence. | Two bob and a tanner. |
| As you have driven fast, there is one shilling and sixpence. | |
| Thank you, Sir, I am very much obliged to you. | Vot's this? (*and a look of contemptuous curiosity at the coin presented.*) |
| I shall be happy to drive you in future. | Vel, if hever I drives a scaly furrinrr again, I'm blessed! |
| Good morning to you, Sir. | Ollo! You ain't a-goin' hoff in this 'ere way. |
| You have paid me handsomely. | Oh—you calls yourself a gentleman! |



## TO CONVERSE WITH A WAITER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Waiter, what have you for dinner? | |
| You can have what you choose to order, Sir. | Din'r, Sir!—Yezzir! |
| Here is the bill of fare, Sir. | S'p, f'sh, ch'ps, st'ks, cutl't, Sir! r'nd o' b'f, Sir!—nice cut, Sir! —sad'l mt'n, Sir!—Yezzir! —John, att'nd to the gnl'm.—Yezzir!—Jem, mon'y—com'n, Sir! —'Ere, Sir!—Yezzir! |
| Waiter, how much have I to pay? | |
| Here, Sir, is your bill. | Money! (*calling.*) |
| Permit me to ask you what you have had to eat, Sir? | Now, Sir? (*and an interrogative look.*) |
| I have had a beef-steak, with boiled potatoes; I have also had a fried sole, and some bread, with Cheshire cheese, and a pint of porter. | St'k, Sir? Yezzir! shill'n, Sir! 'taters, Sir? Yezzir! twop'nce, that's one-and-three, and bread a penny, one-and-three and two is one-and-five, and sole, you said, Sir? Yezzir! that's one shilling: one-and-eight and five, thirteen, that's two-and-six; and cheese? |
| Sir, the price of all that is two shillings. | Yezzir! two-and-eight and four, that's three shill'n; and porter is four; three, four, eight, ten, fifteen—four-and-two. Thank you, Sir! Waiter, Sir? Thank you, Sir. Good afternoon, Sir. |

## TO FIND ROOM IN A CROWDED OMNIBUS.

*Conductor.*—Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady?

*Unfortunate Gentleman (tightly wedged in at the back*).—I should be very happy, but I only came, yesterday, out of the Fever Hospital.

[*Omnibus clears in a minute!*

## A FILE TO SMOOTH ASPERITIES.

The *Sheffield Times* describes an extraordinary file, which is to be sent from Sheffield to the Great Exhibition. This remarkable file is adorned with designs as numerous as those on the original shield of Achilles, all cut and beaten out with hammer and chisel. How much more sensible and friendly to show distinguished foreigners files of this sort, than to exhibit to them files of soldiers!

## THE LOWEST DEPTH OF MEANNESS.

### A FARCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Mr. *and* Mrs. Skinflint *are discovered in a Parlor in a Fashionable Square. The Wife is busy sewing. The Husband is occupied running his eye, well drilled in all matters of domestic economy, over the housekeeping account of the previous week.*

*Mr. Skinflint.*—You've been very extravagant in my absence, my dear.

*Mrs. Skinflint.*—It's the same story every week, John.

*Mr. Skinflint.*—But, nonsense, Madam, I tell you, you have. For instance, you had a Crab for supper last night.

*Mrs. Skinflint (startled).*—How do you know that? It's not down in the book.

*Mr. Skinflint (triumphantly).*—No—but I found the shell in the dust-bin!!!!

**A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.**
***Shoemaker.*** **"I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE YOU A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLE LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"**

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# FASHIONS FOR MAY.

[Pg 863]

**Fig. I.—Promenade Costumes.**

This is the season when Fashion is more perplexed than at any other, in her endeavors to give humanity a *seasonable* garb. Boreas and Zephyrus often bear rule on the same day, one reigning with mildness in the morning, the other despotically at evening. Those votaries of Fashion are the wiser, who pay court to the former; for, generally, it is almost June, in our Northern States, before we may be certain that the chilling breath of early Spring will be no more felt.

This being the season for rides and promenades, our illustrations for this month are devoted chiefly to the representation of appropriate costume for those healthful exercises in the open air. The large figure in our first plate, represents an elegant style of promenade dress. *Pardessus* are much worn at this season, made in a lighter manner than those used earlier. Velvet *pardessus* with silk or satin linings, but not padded, are used. Our illustration represents one of black

velvet, trimmed with several narrow rows of satin of the same color. The dress is amber-colored figured silk, with a very full plain skirt. *Capotes* or bonnets of satin are also worn. An elegant style is made of violet velvet and satin, ornamented with heart's-ease almost hidden within *coques* of satin and velvet, which are arranged in a tasteful manner upon the exterior of the *capote*, the interior being decorated with heart's-ease to match, which may or may not be intermixed with lace or *tulle*, according to the taste of the wearer. [Pg 864]

Costumes for young misses are also represented in our first illustration. The larger one has a dress of a pale chocolate cachmere, trimmed with narrow silk fringe; the double robings on each side of the front as well as the cape, on the half-high corsage, ornamented with a double row of narrow silk fringe. This trimming is also repeated round the lower part of the loose sleeve. Chemisette of plaited cambric, headed with a broad frill of embroidery; full under-sleeves of cambric, with a row of embroidery round the wrist. Open bonnet of pink satin, a row of white lace encircling the interior next the face. Boots of pale violet cachmere and morocco. Trowsers of worked cambric. The smaller figure has a frock of plaided cachmere. *Paletot* of purple velvet, or dark cachmere; a round hat of white satin, the low crown adorned with a long white ostrich feather. Trowsers and under-sleeves of white embroidered cambric. Button gaiter boots of chocolate cachmere.

Figure 2 represents a most elegant costume for an evening party, or a ball. It is composed of a beautifully embroidered white satin dress, the skirt looped up on the right side, and decorated with a bunch of the pink honey-plant, heading three pink and white *marabout* tips, from which depend three ends of deep silk fringe, pink and white. Low pointed corsage, the top of which is encircled with a small embroidered pointed cape, edged as well as the short sleeves with a deep pink and white fringe, and confined upon the centre with a cluster of feathers and flowers, decorated in the centre with a butterfly composed of precious stones. The hair is simply arranged with a narrow wreath of pink and white velvet leaves, finished on the right side with two small *marabout* feathers, and two ends of fringe drooping low.

**Fig. 2.—Evening Costume.**

**Fig. 3.—Morning Promenade Costume.**

Figure 3 is a morning promenade costume. A high dress of black satin, the body fitting perfectly tight; a small jacket cut on the bias, with two rows of black velvet laid on a little distance from the edge. The sleeves are rather large, and have abroad cuff turned back, which is trimmed to correspond with the jacket. The skirt is long and full; the dress ornamented up the front in its whole length by rich fancy silk trimmings, graduating in size from the bottom of the skirt to the waist, and again increasing to the throat. Bonnet of plum-colored satin; a bunch of heart's-ease, intermixed with ribbon, placed low on the left side; the same flowers, but somewhat smaller, ornament the interior.

**Fig. 4 And 5.—Head-Dresses.**

Figures 4 and 5 represent different styles of head-dresses for balls or evening parties. Figure 4 is a combination of flowers and splendid ribbons, with a fall on each side, of the richest lace. Figure

5 is very brilliant. It is a wreath of Ceres form, composed of small flowers in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, perfectly resembling natural flowers, with ears of wheat freely intermingled. At this season the head-dresses are chiefly of the floral description. Feathers and flowers intermixed, form a very beautiful *coiffure*.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOLUME 2, NO. 12, MAY, 1851 ***

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