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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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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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FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The author of *Fanny*, *Burns*, *Marco Bozzaris*, etc., was born at Guilford in Connecticut, in August, 1795, and in his eighteenth year removed to the city of New-York. He evinced a taste for poetry and wrote verses at a very early period; but the oldest of his effusions I have seen are those under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co.," published in the *New-York Evening Post*, in 1819. In the production of these pleasant satires he was associated with Doctor DRAKE, author of the *Culprit Fay*, a man of brilliant wit and delicate fancy, with whom he was long intimate. DRAKE died in 1820, and his friend soon after wrote for the *New-York Review*, then edited by BRYANT, the lines to his memory, beginning—

"Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise."

Near the close of 1819, Halleck published Fanny, his longest poem, which was written and printed in three weeks; in 1827 a small volume, containing Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and a few other pieces, which had previously appeared in various miscellanies; and in 1836, an edition of all his serious and more finished compositions. The last and most complete edition of his works [Pg 434] appeared two years ago in a splendid volume from the press of the Appletons.

It was Lord Byron's opinion that a poet is always to be ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art. "The poet who executes best," said he, "is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem." We have no doubt of the justness of that remark; it is the only principle from which sound criticism can proceed, and upon this basis the reputations of the past have been made up. Considered in this light, Mr. Halleck must be pronounced not merely one of the chief ornaments of new literature, but one of the great masters in a language, classical and immortal, for the productions of genius which have illustrated and enlarged its capacities. There is in his compositions an essential pervading grace, a natural brilliancy of wit, a freedom yet refinement of sentiment, a sparkling flow of fancy, and a power of personification, combined with such high and careful finish, and such exquisite nicety of taste, that the larger part of them must be pronounced models almost faultless in the classes to which they belong. They appear to me to show a genuine insight into the principles of art, and a fine use of its resources: and after all that has been said and written about nature, strength, and originality, the true secret of fame, the real magic of genius is not force, not passion, not novelty, but art. Look all through Milton; look at the best passages of Shakspeare; look at the monuments, "all Greek and glorious," which have come down to us from ancient times, what strikes us principally, and it might almost be said only, is the wonderfully artificial character of the composition; it is the principle of *their* immortality, and without it no poem can be long-lived. It may be easy to acquire popularity, and easy to display art in writing, but he who obtains popularity by the means and employment of careful, elaborate art, may be confident that his reputation is fixed upon a sure basis. This—for his careless playing with the muse, by which one time he kept the town alive, is scarcely remembered now—this, it seems to me, Mr. Halleck has done; Mr. Halleck, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Poe, have done above all our authors.

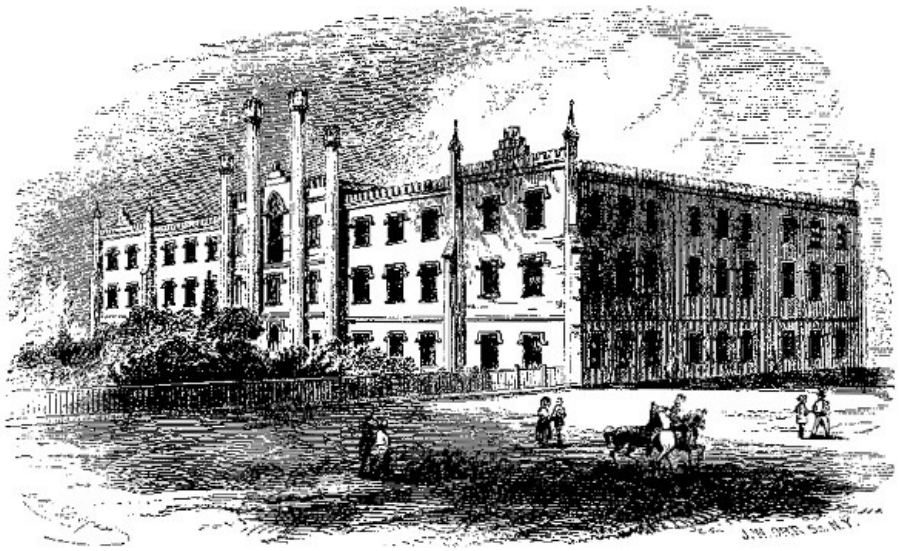
THE BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF NEW-YORK.

No city in the world is more justly entitled to consideration for active, judicious, and liberal benevolence, than New-York, though it must be confessed that in some respects others may make a more splendid display of the machinery of philanthropy, and even seem in the subscriptions made every year to particular charities to be more liberal. This is easily explained, by the fact that, while the people of New-York are behind none in thrift and virtue, the great commercial capital has nevertheless more than twice as much pauperism and crime, from emigration and importation, as any other city in the world. Foreigners who come here of their own will, foreigners who pay their own passages to our country, are always welcome; but those who are banished from their native places for crime, or deported for idleness, imbecility, or any cause that renders them a burthen to the public, should be shut out from our ports by some more efficient means than have yet been devised for the purpose. This class alone demands of the organized and individual benevolence of New-York a larger amount of money every year than is paid for the relief of human wretchedness in any other city.

The benevolent institutions of New-York are remarkable for their number, so that in no department does an establishment indicate the attention given to the particular necessities to which it is devoted; and not only do the Quakers and the Jews, as in other places, take care of their own poor, but almost every church, no matter of what denomination, is here a well organized society for the relief of the unfortunate among its members, and to a degree, within the sphere of its influence. Where wealth has been acquired by its possessor, there is apt to be a generous consideration for the less fortunate, and no city had ever so many of the philanthropic merchants, of whom the late Samuel Ward was a type, who are as judicious as they are liberal in shielding the oppressed, strengthening the weak, and guiding the unwary, in pointing out ways and furnishing means to the young who seem born to the inheritance of degradation, and in saving others from sufferings caused by improvidence or inevitable misfortune.

We propose no account of the humane societies of New-York, but only a brief mention of some few of those whose edifices are most likely to arrest the attention of strangers, as from several directions they approach the city.

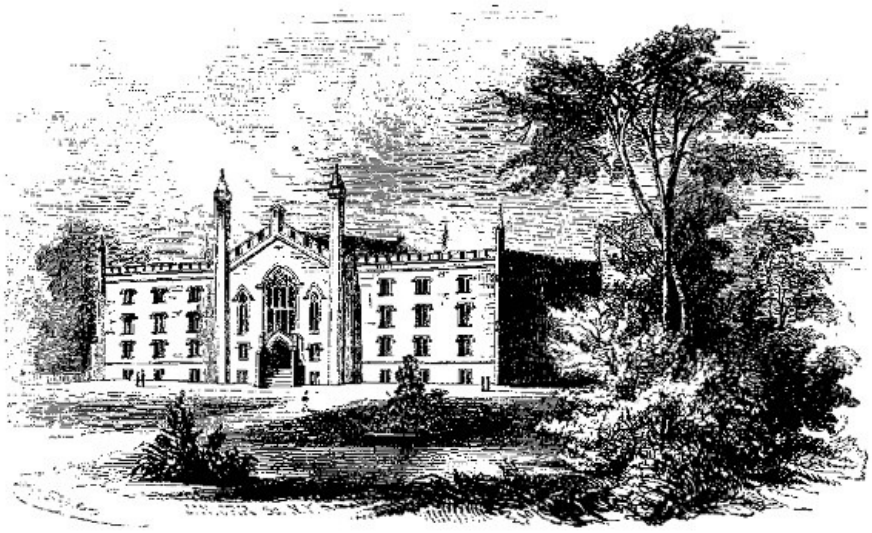
The Institution for the Blind is in the square bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues and by Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets, and is built of marble. The society was founded by Mr. Samuel Wood, aided largely by Dr. Samuel Ackerley, and was incorporated in 1831. In the spring of the following year the managers reported that they had made arrangements for instructing two or three blind children, "by way of experiment," and from that period the increase of its action and resources has been constant. Pupils are received for one hundred and thirty dollars a year, and the State has made provision for the maintenance at the institution of one hundred and twenty-eight indigent blind persons, so that it is always nearly full. The system of instruction includes the common English studies, with philosophy and the higher mathematics, mechanics, vocal and instrumental music, and, when desired, such trades as the blind can advantageously practise. The library contains more than seven hundred volumes in raised letters, besides a considerable collection printed in ink. The occasional exhibitions of the pupils have excited much attention, and the institution may be regarded as altogether one of the most successful of its kind in the world. [Pg 435]



THE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

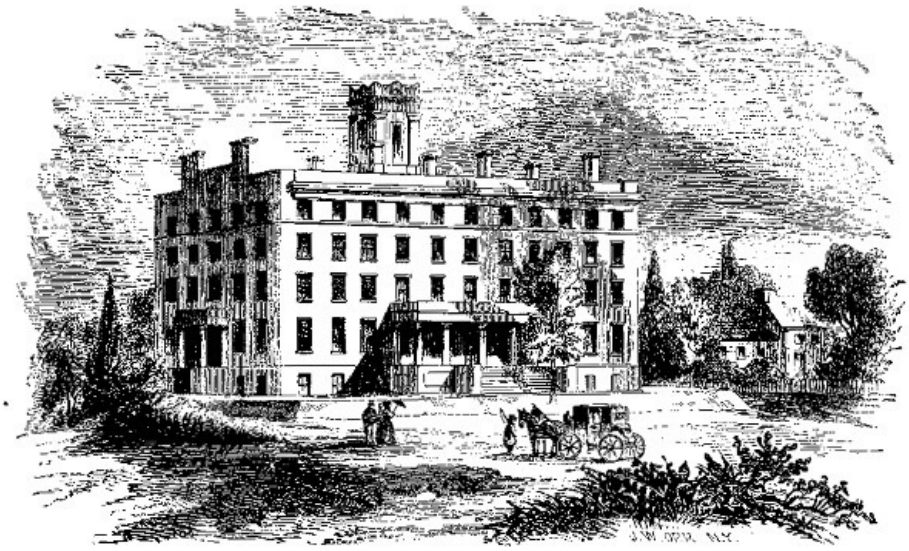
In 1797 the celebrated Isabella Graham founded the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, and in the spring of 1806, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the widow of the great statesman, and Mrs. Bethune, a daughter of Mrs. Graham and the mother of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, with several associates, established, as a branch of that institution, the Orphan Asylum of the City of New-York, which was incorporated in 1807. Its first edifice was in Bank-street, but the enlargement of its activity and resources in 1836 led to the purchase of the ample and beautiful grounds near Eightieth-street, five miles from the City Hall, from which the edifice described in the engraving looks down on the Hudson, and forms one of the most picturesque views which greet the traveller who approaches the city by the river from the north. The eminent women whom we have mentioned continue, after nearly half a century, to be active in its

management.



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

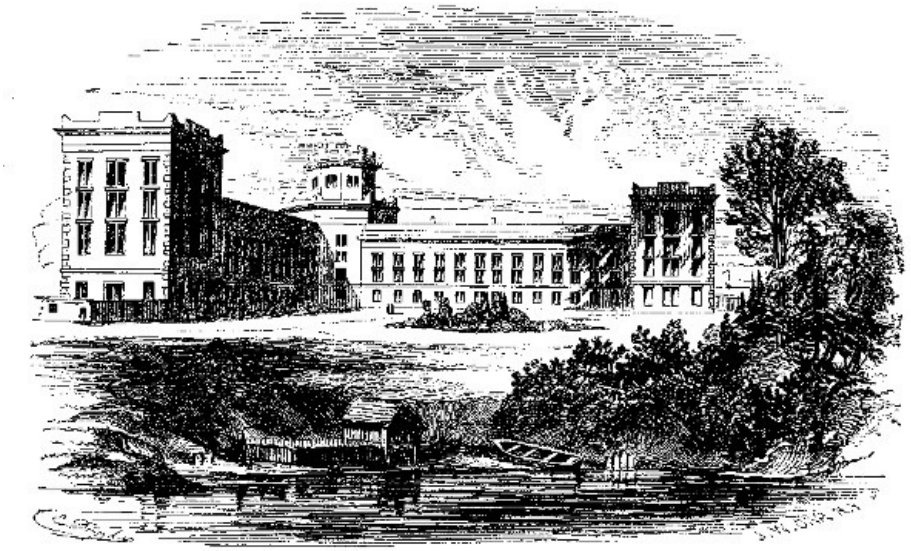
There is also a Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum in Sixth Avenue, a Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, conducted by Sisters of Charity, in Mott-street, a Roman Catholic Half-Orphan Asylum in Eleventh-street, a very large Colored Orphan Asylum in Twelfth-street, and several other establishments of the same description, supported by public or private charity, in different parts of the city. New-York is second only to Philadelphia in the liberality of its provision for orphan children: the college founded by Stephen Girard places the latter city in this respect before any other in the world. [Pg 436]



NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was incorporated in 1817, the first pupils were received in the following year, and in 1827 the foundation was laid for the edifice now occupied by the institution in Fiftieth street, near Fourth Avenue. Since 1831, the President, Harvey P. Peet, LL.D. has had the chief direction of its affairs, and its income, the number of its inmates, and its good reputation, have rapidly increased.

The New-York Hospital in Broadway, the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, the Marine Hospital, the Seamen's Retreat, the Sailors' Snug Harbor, and the numerous establishments (several of which have large and splendid edifices) under the control of the municipal authorities, we may describe at length hereafter. The illustrations of this article evince the liberal style as well as the extent of the institutions which the position of New-York has rendered it necessary for her citizens to establish and support.



LUNATIC ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS IN NICARAGUA.

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We have already announced in these pages that Mr. SQUIER, who was lately representative of the United States in Nicaragua, had in preparation for the press an account of his residence in that interesting country, and expressed an opinion that his work would surpass in interest and value the entire library of English and French publications on the subject. An examination of some of the sheets justifies our expectations; Mr. Squier must hereafter be ranked among the most successful travel-writers as well as antiquaries of the time; he knows what to observe and how to observe, and his relations with the Nicaraguans were such that no traveller had ever better opportunities for the acquisition of facts or the formation of judgments. His work will soon be published in a profusely illustrated octavo by Mr. Putnam. A pleasant specimen of the author's style is afforded by the following sketch of an evening ride on the banks of the lake of Granada, and of the sigñoras of that metropolis.

"After a pleasant interview of half an hour we bade Don Jose "*buena tarde*," and galloped down to the shores of the lake, just as the sun was setting, throwing the whole beach in the shade, while the fairy "Corales" were swimming in the evening light. The shore was ten-fold more animated than when we landed the day previously; men on horseback, women on foot, sailors, fishermen, idlers, children, and a swarm of water-carriers, mingling together, gave life to the scene; while boats and graceful canoes drawn up on the beach, barges rocking at their anchors outside, the grim old fort frowning above, and the green border of trees, with bars of sunlight streaming between them, all contributed to heighten and give effect to the picture. We rode up the glacis of the old castle, through its broken archway, into its elevated area, and looked out beyond the broad and beautiful lake, upon the distant shores of Chontales, with its earthquake-river, hills, and rugged volcanic craters. Their rough features were brought out sharply and distinctly in the slanting light which gilded the western slope of the gigantic volcano of Momobacho, while its eastern declivity slept in purple shadow. We were absorbed in contemplating, one by one, these varied beauties, when the bells of the city struck the hour of the "oracion." In an instant every voice was hushed, the horseman reined in his steed, the rope dropped from the hands of the sailor, the sentinel on the fort stopped short in his round; even the water-jar was left half filled, every head was uncovered, and every lip moved in prayer. The merry waves seemed to break more gently on the shore in harmony with the vibrations of the distant bells, while the subdued hum of reverential voices filled the pauses between. There was something almost magical in this sudden hush of the multitude, and its apparent entire absorption in its devotions, which could not fail deeply to impress the stranger witnessing it for the first time.

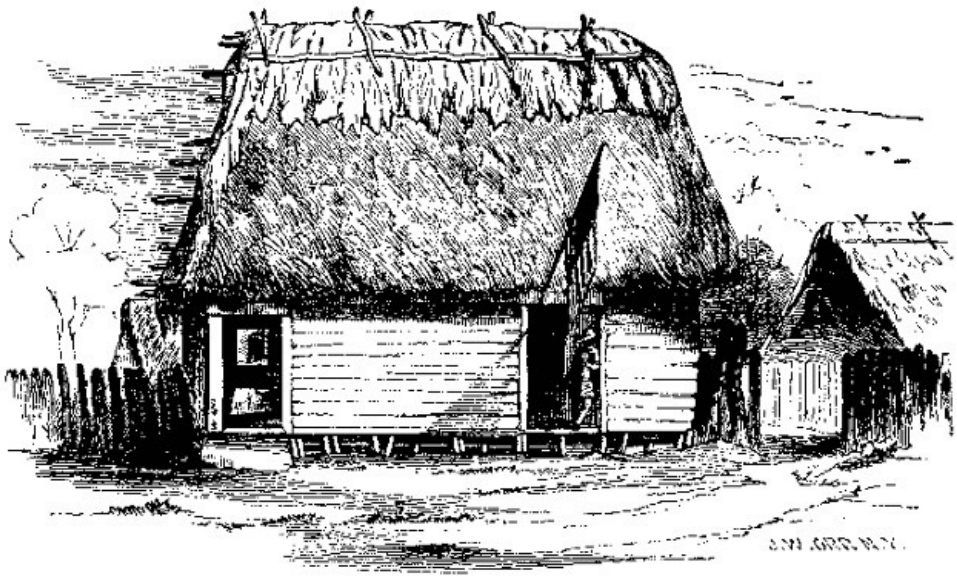
"No sooner, however, had the bells ceased to toll and struck up the concluding joyful chime, than the crowd on the shore resumed its life and gayety, while we put spurs to our horses and darted through their midst on our return to the city. The commandant and his companions would only leave me at my door, where we were saluted by our host with, "Saved your distance, gentlemen, dinner's ready!"

"An evening visit to the Señorita Teresa, finished our first entire day in Granada. This young lady had been educated in the United States, spoke English very well, and was withal a proficient in music—accomplishments which we never before learned to estimate at their true value. It was worth something to hear well executed passages from familiar operas, amidst tangible and not painted orange trees and palms, and in an atmosphere really loaded with tropical perfumes, instead of the odors of oil-pots and gas lights. Eight o'clock was the signal for general withdrawal from the streets, for then commenced the reign of the military police, and the city became at once still and quiet. The occasional barking of a dog, the tinkling of a distant guitar, the soughing of the evening wind amongst the trees of the courtyard, the measured tread and graduated "alertas!" of the sentinels, were the only interruptions to the almost sepulchral silence. While

returning to our quarters we were startled by the "Quien vive?" of the sentinel, uttered in a tone absolutely ferocious, and as these fellows rarely parleyed long, we answered with all expedition, "La Patria," which was followed on the instant by "Que gente?" "Americanos del Norte." This was enough—these we found were magic words which opened every heart and every door in all Nicaragua. They never failed us. We felt proud to know that no such charm was attached to "Ingleses," "Alemanes", or "Franceses."

"The day following, in accordance with the "costumbres del pais," the customs of the country, we returned the visits of the preceding day, and began to see more of the domestic and social life of the citizens of Granada. We found all of the residences comfortable, and many elegant, governed by mistresses simple, but graceful and confiding in their manners. They were frank in their conversation and inquired with the utmost *naïveté* whether I was married or intended to be, and if the ladies of El Norte would probably visit Granada, when the "Vapores grandes," the great steamers came to run to San Juan, and the "Vaporcitas" steameretts, to ply on the lake and river. They had heard of a Mr. Estevens (their nearest approach to Stephens), who had written a book about their "pobre pais," their poor country, and were anxious to know what he had said of them, and whether our people really regarded them as "esclavos y brutes sin verguenza," slaves and brutes without shame, as the abominable English (los malditos Ingleses) had represented them. They were also very anxious to know whether the party of Californians which had passed through, were "gente commun," common people, or "caballeros," gentlemen, upon which point, however, we were diplomatically evasive, for there was more in the inquiry than we chose to notice. Our lady had heard that I was a great antiquarian, and, anticipatory to my visit, had got together a most incongruous collection of curiosities, from "vasos antiguos," fragments of pottery, and stone hatchets, down to an extraordinary pair of horn spectacles and a preposterously distorted hog's hoof,—all of which she insisted on sending to my quarters, which she did, with some rare birds, and a plate of dulces! At every house we found a table spread with wines and sweetmeats, and bearing a silver brazier filled with burning coals, for the greater convenience of lighting cigars. I excited much surprise by declining to smoke, on the ground that I had never done so; but the ladies insisted on my taking a "cigarita," which they said wouldn't injure a new-born babe, and paid me the compliment of lighting it with their own fair lips, after which it would have been rank treason to etiquette, and would have ruined my reputation for gallantry, had I refused. I at first endeavored to shirk the responsibility of smoking by thrusting them into my vest pocket, but found that as soon as one disappeared, another was presented, so I was obliged "to face the music" in the end. In every sala we found a large hammock suspended from the walls, which was invariably tendered to the visitor, even when there were easy chairs and sofas in the room. This is the seat of honor.

[Pg 438]



RESIDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA.

"The women of pure Spanish stock are very fair, and have the *embonpoint* which characterizes the sex under the tropics. Their dress, except in a few instances where the stiff costume of our own country had been adopted, was exceedingly loose and flowing, leaving the neck and arms exposed. The entire dress was often pure white, but generally the skirt, or *nagua*, was of some flowered stuff, in which case the *guipil* (*anglice* vandyke) was white, heavily trimmed with lace. Satin slippers, a red or purple sash wound loosely round the waist, and a rosary sustaining a little golden cross, with a narrow golden band, or a string of pearls extending around the forehead and binding the hair, which often fell in luxuriant waves upon their shoulders, completed a costume as novel as it was graceful and picturesque. To all this add the superior attractions of an oval face, regular features, large and lustrous black eyes, small mouth, pearly white teeth, and tiny hands and feet, and withal a low but clear voice, and the reader has a picture of a Central American lady of pure stock. A large number of the women have, however, an infusion of other families and races, from the Saracen to the Indian and the Negro, in every degree of intermixture. And as tastes differ, so may opinions as to whether the tinge of brown, through which the blood glows with a peach-like bloom, in the complexion of the girl who may trace her

lineage to the Caziques upon one side, and the haughty grandees of Andalusia and Seville on the other, superadded, as it usually is, to a greater lightness of figure and animation of face,—whether this is not a more real beauty than that of the fair and more languid Señora, whose white and almost transparent skin bespeaks a purer ancestry. Nor is the Indian girl, with her full, lithe figure, long, glossy hair, quick and mischievous eyes, who walks erect as a grenadier beneath her heavy water-jar, and salutes you in a musical, impudent voice, as you pass—nor is the Indian girl to be overlooked in the novel contrasts which the "bello sexo" affords in this glorious land of the sun."

Some of the pleasantest incidents related in the book are those which befell the author in his dealings with the Indians, in prosecuting his archæological investigations. These Indians are all passionate admirers of the United States, and of the "hijos de Washington"—the sons of Washington. Mr. Squier was waited upon officially by the authorities of several of the Indian pueblos or towns, and among them by the municipality of the Indian pueblo of Subtiaba, headed by a great friend of our author, Don Simon Roque, first alcalde, who presented him with an address in the aboriginal language, of which the following is a literal translation:

> "Sir: The municipality of the Pueblo of Subtiaba, of which we are members, entertain the highest enthusiasm in view of the relations which your arrival induces us to believe will speedily be established between Nicaragua and the United States, the greatest and most glorious republic beneath the sun. We rejoice in the depths of our hearts that a man like yourself has been chosen to convey to us the assurances of future prosperity, in the name of the sons of Washington; and we trust in the Almighty, that the flag of the United States may soon become the shield of Nicaragua on land and sea. Convey our sincerest thanks for their sympathy to the great people which you represent, and give to your generous government the assurances of that deep gratitude which we feel but cannot express. We beg of you, sir, to accept this humble evidence of the cordial sentiments which we entertain both for you, your countrymen, and your Government, and which are equally shared by the people which we represent [Pg 439]
>
> (Signed) Jose de la Cruz Garcias,
> Simon Roque,
> Francisco Luis Autan."

Our author returned the visit, and gives us the following account of his reception:

> "The reader may be assured that I did not forget my promise to the municipality of Subtiaba. A day was shortly afterwards fixed for my visit, and I was received with great ceremony at the cabildo or council chamber, where I found collected all the old men who could assist me in forming a vocabulary of the ancient language, which I had casually expressed a desire to procure. It was with difficulty that we could effect an entrance, for a half-holiday had been given to the boys of all the schools, in honor of the occasion, and they literally swarmed around the building. We were finally ushered into an inner room, where the archives of the municipality were preserved. Upon one side was a large chest of heavy wood, with massive locks, which had anciently been the strong box or treasury. A shadow fell over Simon's animated face as he pointed it out to me, and said that he could remember the time when it was filled with "duros," hard dollars, and when, at a single stroke of the alarm bell, two thousand armed men could be gathered in the plaza of Subtiaba. But those days were passed, and the municipality now scarcely retained a shadow of its former greatness. Under the crown it had earned the title 'leal y fiel' (loyal and true), and in reward of its fidelity it had received a grant of all the lands intervening between it and the ocean, to hold them in perpetuity for the benefit of its citizens. And Simon showed me the royal letters, signed "Yo, el Rey" (I, the King), which the imperial emperor had thought it not derogatory to their dignity to address to his predecessors in office, and notwithstanding his ardent republicanism, I thought Simon looked at them with something of regret. I inquired for manuscripts which might throw some light upon the early history of the country, but found only musty records of no interest or value.

INDIAN HOUSE, SUBTIABA, NICARAGUA.

"My attempts to fill out the blank vocabulary with which I was provided created a great deal of merriment. I enjoyed it quite as much as any of them, for nothing could be more amusing than the discussions between the old men in respect to certain doubtful words and phrases. They sometimes quite forgot my presence, and rated each other soundly as ignoramuses, whereat Simon was greatly scandalized, and threatened to put them all in the stocks as "hombres sin verguenza" (men destitute of shame). 'Ah!' said he, 'these old sinners give me more trouble than the young ones'—a remark which created great mirth amongst [Pg 440] the outsiders, and especially amongst the young vagabonds who clung like monkeys to the window bars. The group of swarthy, earnest faces, gathered round the little table, upon which was heaped a confused mass of ancient, time-stained papers, would have furnished a study for a painter. It was quite dark when I had concluded my inquiries, but I was not permitted to leave without listening to a little poem, 'Una Decima,' written by one of the school-masters, who read it to me by the light of a huge wax candle, borrowed, I am sure, from the church for the occasion. My modesty forbids my attempting a translation, and so I compromise matters by submitting the original:

DECIMA.

Nicaragua, ve harta cuando
Cesara vuestro desvelo,
Ya levantara el vuelo
Hermoso, alegre, y triunfante;
Al mismo tiempo mirando
De este personage el porte,
Y mas sera cuando corte
Todos los gradeciamentos:
Diremos todos contentos
Viva el Gobierno del Norte.

D. S.

"As I mounted my horse, Don Simon led off with three cheers for 'El Ministro del Norte,' and followed it with three more for 'El Amigo de los Indios' (the friend of the Indians), all of which was afterwards paraded by a dingy little Anglo-servile paper published in Costa Rica, as evidence that I was tampering with the Indians, and exciting them to undertake the utter destruction of the white population!"

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.

A History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Wars of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada, is the title of a new work to be published during the summer by Francis Parkman, Jr. of Boston. Mr. Parkman, in introducing himself to the public two or three years since, by a volume of sketches of western travel, *The Oregon Trail*, betrayed not alone his strong natural fancy for the wild life of the Indian, but a sensitive and sagacious eye

for character and scenery, and a style of nervous simplicity which in the present undertaking have more perfect play in a much wider and worthier sphere. The narrative proceeds clearly, and with simple grace. Many figures, familiar by name, but by name only, pass sharply defined before the reader's eye. The author has not lost in the lore of the historian the feeling of the poet, but he does not compromise the dignity of history, nor mistake its purpose, by indulging too much in luxuriance of picturesque description. We congratulate Mr. Parkman that his tastes have led him to the exploration of a subject in which we are all so interested, a subject whose historical romance has never been before attempted. The consultation of all the authorities, personal observation, and the want of any unfair gilding of events or character, fix the reader's faith in the severe integrity and justice of the author's results. This history will materially mitigate the complaint that American literature has so little honored the singular charm of the aboriginal American race, and we cannot hesitate to predict for it a position of authority to the student and of honor to the author, which the works of few men so young in the literary career have attained. Little estimate of its value, or of the value of any history, can be formed from extracts, but the following will indicate the freshness and poetic simplicity of the style, the author's exact eye for characteristic life and scenery, and just appreciation of historical truth and character.

Here is a glance at the life of the Iroquois:

> "The life of the Iroquois, though void of those multiplying phases which vary the routine of civilized existence, was one of sharp excitement and sudden contrast. The chase, the war-path, the dance, the festival, the game of hazard, the race of political ambition, all had their votaries. When the assembled sachems had resolved on war against some foreign tribe, and when, from their great council-house of bark, in the Valley of Onondaga, their messengers had gone forth to invite the warriors to arms, then from east to west, through the farthest bounds of the confederacy, a thousand warlike hearts caught up the summons with glad alacrity. With fasting and praying, and consulting dreams and omens, with invoking the war-god, and dancing the frantic war-dance, the warriors sought to insure the triumph of their arms; and, these strange rites concluded, they began their stealthy progress, full of confidence, through the devious pathways of the forest. For days and weeks, in anxious expectation, the villagers await the result. And now, as evening closes, a shrill wild cry, pealing from afar, over the darkening forest, proclaims the return of the victorious warriors. The village is alive with sudden commotion; and snatching sticks and stones, knives and hatchets, men, women, and children, yelling like fiends let loose, swarm out of the narrow portal, to visit upon the miserable captives a foretaste of the deadlier torments in store for them. And now, the black arches of the forest glow with the fires of death; and with brandished torch and firebrand the frenzied multitude close around their victim. The pen shrinks to write, the heart sickens to conceive, the fierceness of his agony; yet still, amid the din of his tormentors, rises his clear voice of scorn and defiance. The work is done; the blackened trunk is flung to the dogs, and, with clamorous shouts and hootings, the murderers seek to drive away the spirit of their victim.
>
> "The Iroquois reckoned these barbarities among their most exquisite enjoyments; and yet they had other sources of pleasure, which made up in frequency and in innocence all that they lacked in intensity. Each passing season had its feasts and dances, often mingling religion with social pastime. The young had their frolics and merry-makings; and the old had their no less frequent councils, where conversation and laughter alternated with grave deliberations for the public weal. There were also stated periods marked by the recurrence of momentous ceremonies, in which the whole community took part—the mystic sacrifice of the dogs, the wild orgies of the dream feast, and the loathsome festival of the exhumation of the dead. Yet, in the intervals of war and hunting, these multiform occupations would often fail; and, while the women were toiling in the cornfields, the lazy warriors vainly sought relief from the scanty resources of their own minds, and beguiled the hours with smoking or sleeping, with gambling or gallantry." [Pg 441]

A glimpse of Indian winter life:

> "But when winter descends upon the north, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and turning the green-robed forests to shivering nakedness, then, bearing their frail dwellings on their backs, the Ojibwa family wander forth into the wilderness, cheered only, on their dreary track, by the whistling of the north wind, and the hungry howl of wolves. By the banks of some frozen stream, women and children, men and dogs, lie crouched together around the fire. They spread their benumbed fingers over the embers, while the wind shrieks through the fir-trees like the gale through the rigging of a frigate, and the narrow concave of the wigwam sparkles with the frostwork of their congealed breath. In vain they beat the magic drum, and call upon their guardian manitoes;—the wary moose keeps aloof, the bear lies close in his hollow tree, and famine stares them in the face. And now the hunter can fight no more against the nipping cold and blinding sleet. Stiff and stark, with haggard cheek and shrivelled lip, he lies among the snow drifts; till, with tooth and claw, the famished wildcat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs. Such grim schooling is thrown away on the incorrigible

mind of the northern Algonquin. He lives in misery, as his fathers lived before him. Still, in the brief hour of plenty he forgets the season of want; and still the sleet and the snow descend upon his houseless head."

Here another leaf from Penn's laurels:

"It required no great benevolence to urge the Quakers to deal kindly with their savage neighbors. They were bound in common sense to propitiate them; since, by incurring their resentment, they would involve themselves in the dilemma of submitting their necks to the tomahawk, or wielding the carnal weapon, in glaring defiance of their pacific principles. In paying the Indians for the lands which his colonists occupied,—a piece of justice which has been greeted with a general clamor of applause,—Penn, as he himself confesses, acted on the prudent counsel of Compton, Bishop of London. Nor is there any truth in the representations of Raynal and other eulogists of the Quaker legislator, who hold him up to the world as the only European who ever acquired the Indian lands by purchase, instead of seizing them by fraud or violence. The example of purchase had been set fifty years before by the Puritans of New England; and several of the other colonies had more recently pursued the same just and prudent course."

The deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm:

"In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword, and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke." "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way every where." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last!

"Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with useless bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me." The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valor of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell."

We conclude with a sketch of Pontiac:

"Pontiac, as already mentioned, was principal chief of the Ottawas. The Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while, from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the wide-spread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected. The fact that Pontiac was born the son of a chief would in no degree account for the extent of his power; for, among Indians, many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Among all the wild tribes of the continent, personal merit is indispensable to gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, wisdom, address and eloquence, are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was preëminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness. His intellect was strong and capacious. He possessed commanding energy and force of mind, and in subtlety and craft could match the best of his wily race. But, though capable of

acts of lofty magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, with a wider range of intellect than those around him, but sharing all their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery."

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DR. STARBUCK MAYO, AUTHOR OF "KALOOLAH," "THE BERBER," &c.

If there is any satisfaction derivable from a long and clear lineage, the author of *Kaloolah* ought to be a very happy man. Seven successive generations of reputable ancestry connect him with the Rev. John Mayo, a divine of distinguished piety and learning who in the year 1630 came to this country, and after settling in the town of Barnstable, transferred his residence to Boston, and became the first pastor of the South Church. The English pedigree of this John Mayo is one of the oldest among the gentry of Great Britain. On his mother's side Dr. Mayo also traces his descent for several ages through the Starbucks, one of the primitive families of that most primitive of all places, the island of Nantucket.

The parents of Dr. Mayo removed to the village of Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence under the circumstances very similar to those described in Kaloolah, and he was there born in the year 1812. His early intellectual training was under the pedagogueism of the Rev. Josiah Perry, one of the few men formed by nature for school-masters, who has left as marked a memory in a smaller sphere as did ever Parr or Burke in theirs. Never was instruction better given in all the elements of a thorough English education than for many years in his well-known school, which has produced several of the most distinguished men of the present time. From this the subject of our memoir was transferred, at the age of eleven or twelve, for the purpose of pursuing classical studies, to the academy at Potsdam, which enjoyed for a number of years the superintendence in the office of its principals of a succession of very eminent men, among them the present Rt. Rev. Bishop of North Carolina. His successor, under whom Dr. Mayo's pupilage occurred, was the Rev. Mr. Banks, a Presbyterian divine from New England, of learning, taste, and refinement, such as were rarely met with even in that day among men of his class.

The description of the early life of Jonathan Romer is in the main the history of the author himself. At the age of seventeen he commenced the study of medicine, which he pursued with ardor and success. In 1832, having attended for three years the lectures of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, he underwent his examination for a degree, but did not receive a diploma till the ensuing term, not having attained the legal age of twenty-one. After spending several years in the city hospitals and in private practice, he abandoned brilliant professional prospects to go abroad, partly for the benefit of his health and partly urged by the spirit of adventure, which had long led him to form plans for the exploration of Central Africa. Perhaps it is to be regretted that he was prevented by the infirmity of short-sightedness from emulating the achievements of Park, Clapperton and Ledyard, for which his moral and physical constitution eminently fitted him. He travelled extensively in Spain and Barbary however, and we have the results in Kaloolah and in The Berber.

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Anonymously, in various magazines, Dr. Mayo had written much and well, but he was scarcely known as an author until the appearance of the work upon which his fame still chiefly rests, *Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djébel Kumri*, in the spring of 1849. It has frequently been said that Kaloolah was suggested by the popular works of Herman Melville, but it was written and

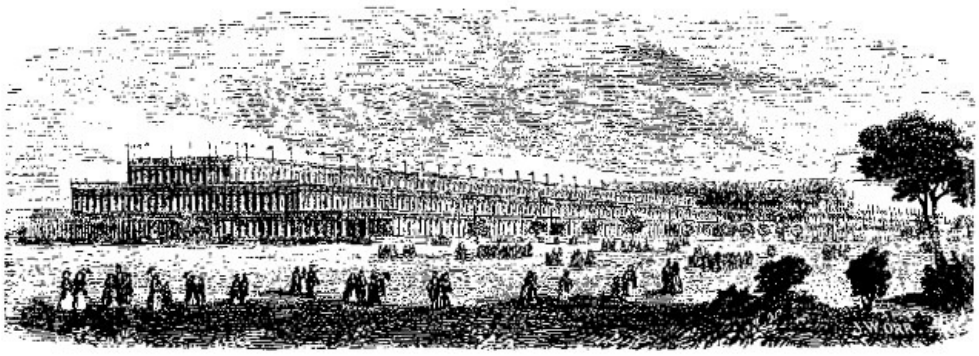
nearly printed before the appearance of Typee, the first of Mr. Melville's productions; and we see no reason for another opinion, that it was an offspring of the author's love for Defoe; if it was not an altogether spontaneous and independent work, its parentage was probably less famous; we know of no composition so nearly resembling Kaloolah as the pretended *Narrative of Robert Adams, an American sailor who was wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the year 1810, detained three years in slavery by the Arabs, and afterward several months a resident in the city of Timbuctoo*. This was a piece of pure fiction, though brought out in London in a splendid quarto under the endorsement of the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Royal Society, and many other eminent persons in literature, science, and affairs, and elaborately and credulously reviewed in the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and other Reviews. The hero of this performance, after various adventures, was married to a dusky princess in the *terra incognita*, and made almost as many marvellous discoveries as are recorded by Jonathan Romer. Another and a very different writer, who selected central Africa to be the field of somewhat similar inventions, was the learned and ingenious Richard Adams Locke, whose astonishing history of revelations in the moon was not more creditable to his abilities than his singularly recovered MSS. of a lost traveller by the borders of the Niger and in middle Africa, published in the *New Era* journal in this city about the year 1838. But we do not suppose Dr. Mayo was indebted to either of these works for the idea of his story. And just as erroneous as the charge of plagiarism, and much more absurd, is the notion that he designed Kaloolah as a "satirical criticism on life and manners in New-York." A writer in the *North British Review* declares that he "could not help laughing aloud," though seated quietly by himself, at the "description of a musical entertainment of the court of the hero's royal father-in-law, heaven knows where in Africa, and intended as a burlesque on the sheer noise which is the predominant element" in all our orchestras. We assure the shrewd critic most positively that the author never dreamed of such a thing. Kaloolah is too well known to need much description; its success was certain and immediate, and not many original works have ever been published in this country which have had a larger circulation. It evinces remarkable fertility of invention, is exceedingly interesting, and abounds in clearly defined, spirited, and occasionally well finished portraitures. Kaloolah, the heroine, is a fresh and beautiful creation, worthy of any of the masters of fiction. The hero, Romer, is designed merely as a type of the determined Yankee adventurer, drawn with only the exaggeration demanded in works of art; and half the seeming of extravagance in the narrative and the sketches of nature would have disappeared if the author had not, to reduce his volume to the size deemed by his publisher most promising of profit, omitted all his numerous and curious notes.

Kaloolah was followed in 1850 by *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas*, a story of Spain and Morocco, about the close of the seventeenth century. As a novel it is decidedly better than Kaloolah; it displays greater skill in narration, and is written in the same pure, distinct and nervous English. Dr. Mayo thoroughly understood from observation as well as study all the accessories of his subject, and we are mistaken if any recent book on northern Africa gives a more clear, spirited or just impression of its scenery or of the character and manners of its people. The hero is of the highest style of the half-barbarian chiefs of the country and time; born a Christian, educated a Mohamedan, and ambitious to free his tribe from the domination of the Moors, and to found a new empire, with a higher civilization than was ever known to the race he leads; and other characters have enough adventures, dimly sketched, to fill the circles of a dozen tragedies if brought more near the eye. The faults of the book are, an excess of incident, discursiveness preventing proper unity and proportion, and a confessed failure of the story to evolve all the intended moralities, which the author therefore in some cases brings forward in his own person.

The last volume we have had from the hand of Dr. Mayo is, *Romance Dust from the Historic Placer*, a collection of shorter stories chiefly founded on historical incidents. In these he exhibits the fresh feeling, occasionally the humor, and always the bold drawing and effective coloring which distinguish his more ambitious performances. The volume contains also a poem, but not one of such striking qualities as to induce regret that the author has commonly chosen to write in prose. The style of his novels, especially in the narrative parts, is uncommonly good, but with its many excellencies it does not seem to us that it possesses a poetical element.

Dr. Mayo has commenced a brilliant course, in which we trust we shall have occasions to record still greater triumphs than those by which he has won a place in the first rank of the young writers of English.

The portrait at the beginning of this article is very truthful; it is from a recent daguerreotype by Brady. [Pg 444]



THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Original Correspondence.

LONDON, *May 23, 1851.*

Historical Sketch—Why England was the most appropriate location for Exhibition —First impressions—Contrast between barbaric and civilized industry—Use and beauty—Moral and social influences.

The Great Exhibition constitutes the one absorbing topic in which, for the time being, all other topics are merged. Go where you will, nothing else is thought of, talked of, or heard of, from one end of London to the other—this magnificent display of the achievements of art and industry forms the sole theme of conversation, calling forth the most animated descriptions, the most energetic discussions, the warmest and most enthusiastic praise. Nor is this interest confined to London alone; the whole kingdom shares in the excitement, and seems to be only waiting for warmer weather, and the approaching reduction of the entrance fee, to march upon the metropolis, and satiate its curiosity within the walls of the Crystal Palace. As the season advances, and the brilliant success of the enterprise becomes known, foreign nations, who have contributed so largely to the splendor of the show, will send over hosts of friendly visitants; and the World's Fair, so veritably cosmopolitan in design and execution, will become equally so in its social character and results.

As the activity of the present age developes itself mainly through productive and commercial industry, this collection of the choicest industrial products of all the nations of the globe, is not only in perfect accordance with the spirit of the epoch, but seems indeed to belong so properly to the present day, that it may be doubted whether such an event could have taken place at any earlier period: while the political and social conditions of Great Britain, her friendly relations with all other powers, together with the perfect security for property, the commercial freedom, and facilities of transport, which are here enjoyed in a pre-eminent degree, combine to indicate this country as the most appropriate arena for this first pacific contest of the nations; the only one, perhaps, in the actual state of Europe, in which it could have taken place at this time.

The traditions of the English people, also, are such as would naturally suggest to them the idea of an enterprise of this kind; for not only have Fairs (which may be regarded as a rude attempt at a more general exhibition of wares than that afforded by the mere ordinary display of shops) been common here, as elsewhere in Europe, for many centuries, but exhibitions more nearly resembling the present Institution, in which the palm of excellence, rather than direct commerce, is the primary object, have taken place here frequently during the past century, through the enterprise of individuals, or societies, independently of any assistance from the Government. As early as the year 1756, the "Society of Arts" of London offered prizes for the best specimens of various manufactures, tapestry, carpets, porcelain, &c., and held public exhibitions of the works which were offered in competition; while about the same period, the Royal Academy, as a private society, patronized by George the Third, rather in a personal capacity than as the head of the legislature, organized its exhibitions of painting, sculpture, and engraving; and during the last thirty years exhibitions of machinery and manufactures, gotten up entirely through the efforts of private individuals, have taken place not only in the metropolitan cities, in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom.

The earliest national exhibition of industrial products in France, occurred in 1798, and was followed by others at irregular intervals until 1819, since which period they have taken place every five years, and have exercised a marked effect upon the industrial development of Europe. The brilliant character of the two last of these exhibitions (in '44 and '49), led to several ineffectual attempts on the part of the Society of Arts, and others, to interest the British Government in the getting up of a similar exhibition of the products of British industry, to be held in 1851.

At length in 1849, Prince Albert, who, as President of the Society of Arts, had known and sanctioned all these proceedings, took the project under his own personal superintendence, enlarged upon the original design by proposing to invite the co-operation and competition of all foreign nations, and proceeded to settle the principles upon which the enterprise, thus modified, should be conducted, and the mode in which it should be carried out.

The first steps toward the realization of this new plan, were made in the name, and under the auspices of the Society of Arts; but so universal was the interest which this noble project called forth throughout the country, that it was thought advisable to make it a national concern, by taking it out of the hands of the Society, and intrusting its execution to a body of royal commissioners, appointed for that purpose by the Government, with Prince Albert as its President; the Government, meantime, giving its sanction only to the undertaking, and merely lending its aid when it was absolutely indispensable, as in correspondence with foreign countries, providing a site for the building, organization of police, and the cost of such assistance whenever it entailed expense, being defrayed from the funds of the Exhibition, thus leaving all the responsibility of the attempt, pecuniary or other, with the commissioners themselves.

The subsequent history of the "rise and progress" of the undertaking; the promptitude with which the requisite funds were subscribed by private generosity; the selection of Hyde Park as the site of the projected Industrial Palace; the various plans proposed for the building, and the final adoption of the design of Mr. Paxton, after the model of a conservatory by him erected for the Duke of Devonshire; the admirable manner in which this design has been carried out by the architects, Messrs. Fox & Henderson; the cordial response with which England's friendly challenge has been answered by all the peoples of the globe, from her next-door neighbors across the channel, to the far-off denizens of Orient, and remote islands of sunny southern seas; the imposing ceremonial which, on the appointed day, threw open the vast Museum to the gaze of an impatient public; the crowds of titled dames and potent seigneurs, of the "wealth, beauty and fashion" of the aristocratic world, that fill, day after day, the immense area, wandering from one magnificent display to another, and marvelling at the richness, perfection, and variety of the countless objects that meet their eyes at every turn; the probability of a somewhat formidable thronging of less elegant, but equally interested visitors, when the "shilling days" begin; the fabulous wealth flowing, week after week, into the treasury of the royal commissioners at the various entrances of the buildings; and the growing desire on the part of the public, that the funds, thus arising from the Exhibition itself, should be appropriated to the formation of a "Permanent Museum of the Art and Industry of all Nations;" all this is too well known to call for further comment.

The first impression created by the interior aspect of the Crystal Palace, is one of admiration. Magnificent indeed is the lofty dome of the transept, arching over glorious old trees, oriental shrubbery, statuary, fountains, and masses of gorgeous flowers; the brilliant perspective of the central aisle, with its double lines of galleries, stretching away on either hand, and traversed by countless avenues, every point of the vast expanse presenting its own special subject of interest, and challenging the beholder's gaze. But so extensive and various is this great collection, so striking are the contrasts of form, color, and use, presented by the endless succession of objects that meet the eye in every direction, that the sentiment of admiration soon gives place to a feeling of hopeless bewilderment. A careful study of maps and catalogues, and many visits, spent in making a general survey of the various departments of the building, are indispensable preliminaries to a more intimate acquaintance with the admirable objects contained in each. But the topographic and distributive arrangements of the building understood, the chaos of one's impressions becomes gradually into order; and the work of examination goes on with more success.

The transept and the western wing are occupied by Great Britain and her colonial possessions; the eastern wing is appropriated to foreign nations, the countries lying nearest the tropics being ranged immediately round the transept. Objects of art and artistical industry occupy the central portions of the building; raw materials, machinery, hardware, and carriages being placed nearest to the walls. The objects admitted to the exhibition come under four general categories: raw materials, machinery, manufactures, and fine arts, and are divided into thirty classes, an arrangement which greatly facilitates the business of investigation and comparison.

Many of the Oriental nations are very fully represented, especially India; it would be difficult to cite any department of Indian life and industry not illustrated in the ample collections of her natural and manufactured products, gathered together with the utmost care. China, Tunis, Persia, and the islands of the Indian archipelago, are also here in great force, and make a very brilliant display. The exquisite texture of many of their woven fabrics, the richness of color and effect, the incredible *fineness* and delicacy of workmanship displayed in many of their manufactured articles, prepared with the aid only of the rudest tools, often surpass all that the enlightened skill of European artisans can accomplish, and may furnish western industry with many valuable models and precious suggestions for future use. But the beauty of eastern productions lies solely in perfection of detail; there is nothing large, generous, or comprehensive in barbaric industry. All that its resources can accomplish is lavished on objects of parade and luxury, often absolutely useless, and always destined for the privileged few; the element of ordinary existence, all that goes to make up the daily life of the masses, is coarse and rudimentary. These shawls, which, for fineness of texture, richness of color, and beauty of design, leave the choicest productions of European looms at an immeasurable distance; these muslins [Pg 446] and gauzes, finer than gossamer, yet covered with exquisite traceries in gold and silver thread, fabrics that seem too etherially light to be worn by others than the ladies of Titania's court; these silks and satins, and damasks of admirable texture, and of richest dyes; these magnificent garments, stiff gold embroidery, with precious stones and with tinsel whose glancing hues produce an effect quite as brilliant as that of the jewels; how strangely they contrast, these splendid things intended for the few, with the coarseness of the fabrics destined for the ordinary use of the many. Compare these magnificent housings and accoutrements, these saddles of

velvet, stiff with gold, these reins, and swords and daggers, full of pearls and jewels, with those clumsy implements of labor, and those uncouth, heavy utensils of domestic life. Compare the elaborate workmanship of screens, cabinets, vases, lamps, and tables, with the primitive candles and suspicious-looking soaps; the magnificence of carriages and palanquins, luxuriously cushioned, and hung with velvet and gold, in which lazy, bloated grandees are lounging, laden with jewels and finery, with the naked, emaciated bearers, human brutes that replace beasts of burden, and contrast, unfavorably, with average European horses!

In European industry, on the contrary, an ascentional, out-reaching movement is every where visible. Beauty remains no longer in scornful isolation, divorced from use, but descending into the domain of every-day existence, incorporates her divine essence in all the forms of common life, pervading the lowliest spheres, raising and ennobling the humblest details, by her purifying and vivifying presence. This tendency, visible in the industry of all European nations, is still more clearly evident in the manufactures of France and England, whose productions, standing at the head of all others, constitute the highest expression of the industrial spirit of the age. Here the hardest and heaviest materials, wood, iron, and stone, become plastic under the workman's hand, assuming the most brilliant polish, the lightest and most elegant forms; grates, fire-irons, and kitchen-ranges, rival, in lustre and beauty, the attractions of diamonds, goldsmiths' work, and flowers. The admirable construction of machinery shares in the enthusiasm excited by the beautiful fabrics woven by their tireless fingers; and the "Golden Marriage" of use and beauty is every where celebrated under varying forms.

They who imagine that art has died out of the world, and sigh for the chisel of Praxiteles, the pencil of Apelles, and the glorious conceptions of the masters of the middles ages, would do well to visit the Crystal Palace, and contrast the rudeness which shaped all the elements of ordinary life in former periods, with the elegance and beauty which the simplest objects of common use are beginning to assume. Not, however, that the one necessarily precludes the other, or that we are fated to produce no more fine statues and paintings, no more monumental temples and palaces, because we now have, at lower prices than were paid in ancient times for inferior articles, beautiful carpets, and fabrics of silk, wool, and cotton, furniture, porcelain, and glass, in which the thought of the artist and the craft of the artisan are so admirably blended that they seem to be identical. Art is not dead; it is throwing out wider and deeper roots, and will bear richer fruits in the garden of the future, enriched by the mingled detritus of by-gone ages, than it has ever borne in the primitive formations of the past.

One of the most interesting features of the present exhibition, the one which constitutes its distinguishing character, is, undoubtedly, its universality, and the interest which it excites among all nations, and all classes. And it was time that the results of human activity in its various departments, should thus be gathered together from the four corners of the globe, for the world is cut up into so many small fractions, and each fraction lives so much within the limits of its own narrow circle, ignoring, for the most part, all that is going on outside of it, that it is in the highest degree desirable that people should begin to see something of what their neighbors are doing.

It is time that nations met elsewhere than on the field of battle, and measured their strength and dignity by some more rational standard than the relative force of their cannon; time also that the various classes of society, so widely separated by the artificial divisions of caste and fortune, should look, at length, into each other's face and recognize the band of a common nature and of common needs; that the world's, as yet, unhonored workers, beholding the glorious fruits of their prolific energy, should perceive the sublimity of their mission and take fresh heart and fresh hope; that the rich should learn, from the grand results of labor, to appreciate more justly its nobleness and worth.

That the exhibition of 1851, successful as it is evidently destined to be, should fully realize this most desirable end, is hardly to be expected; but that it will do much toward creating a better understanding between classes and countries, and thus pave the way for the bringing in of a future era of universal helpfulness and good-will, may be very confidently predicted.

STELLA.

FRENCH FEUILLETONISTES UPON LONDON.

The leading Parisian journals have correspondents in London during the Great Exhibition, and as the *corps* of Parisian feuilletonistes comprises much of the richest and rarest talent of the great French metropolis, there is a piquancy and brilliance in these daguerreotypes of London life and the impressions of English character, which is very entertaining. No traveller who remembers dining at any of the recherché cafés upon the Boulevards with a Frenchman, and chatting with him of England and London, can forget the cold chill that curled through the Parisian's conversation, as if he were a Pole, gossipping of Siberia, or the glances of intense satisfaction and pride which he cast upon the lively and lovely groups in the street, inly thanking God that he was not born a child of *perfide Albion*. [Pg 447]

But these gentlemen talk not alone of the Exhibition, but of the "town" in general. Their articles wear the air of the journals of heroic adventurers who have penetrated into barbarous lands. They are clearly home-sick, these sybarites. We extract the following from a translation in the

London *Literary Gazette*, prefaced with a few editorial remarks. Speaking of the variety of their topics the reviewer says: "Thus the great Jules Janin, in the *Journal des Débats*, notwithstanding the interest of portions of his article, some of which have been translated into our journals, makes the infamy of French republicans, and his own fervent love and devotedness to the royal family of Orleans, the burden of his lucubrations. M. Blanqui, the historian of political economy, and translator of Adam Smith, faithful as becomes an economist to his *idée fixe*, bewails in the *Presse* the folly of France in rejecting the doctrines of free trade, and clamors loudly for an immediate reform of French tariffs. M. Jules de Prémary fills column after column in the *Patrie* with descriptions of English manners, customs, and peculiarities; and yet he admits that he knows nothing of our language, and has only resided amongst us for a few days. Parisian *littérateurs* pride themselves on being men of imagination, poets, *penseurs fantasistes*; and it is clear that it would be as reasonable to chain an eagle to a dog-cart, as to expect *them* to deal with a plain, practical, matter-of-fact thing in the methodical business-like way of the English journalist. Of these, the lines of Miss Fanny Fudge are strikingly true:

"Vain, critics, vain
All your efforts to saddle wit's fire with a chain!!
To blot out the splendor of fancy's young stream,
Or crop in its cradle the newly-fledged beam!!!"

But though our worthy *confrères* of the Parisian press have thus let their wits go a wool-gathering, and left the poor Exhibition in the lurch, it is but just to state that one and all display on the whole a most friendly feeling towards the English; and even in quizzing us, as most of them do, display great good nature. They feel, perhaps, a little sore at having been outstripped by us in the establishment of the first great Universal Exhibition; but this was only natural, and they console themselves by stating that it was in France that the idea was first conceived, and by solemnly promising that France will some day *prendre sa revanche*. The most amusing of the *feuilletonistes* is unquestionably M. Jules de Prémary, of the *Patrie*; and we have thought it worth while to translate a portion of his last letter, as a specimen of what an intelligent man of letters feels on visiting us for the first time, and before he becomes well acquainted with us:

"One of the principal causes of surprise to me in walking along the streets of London, has been to see myself all at once become a curious animal. I did not think that I had any of the qualities necessary for such a thing, being neither humpbacked nor club-footed, neither a giant nor a dwarf. Thus, then, on the day of my arrival I went along Regent Street, and heard the exclamations and laughter of the crowd on seeing me, I examined myself from head to foot, to ascertain the cause of the unhoped-for success which I obtained in England. I even felt all up my back, thinking that perhaps some facetious boy might have transformed me into a walking placard. There was nothing, however; but I had moustachios and a foreign air! A foreign air! That is one of the little miseries on which you do not count, O simple and inexperienced travellers!

"At home you may have the dignity and nobleness of the Cid—you may be another Talma: but pass the Channel—show yourself to the English, and in spite of yourself you will become as comic as Arnal. Arnal! do I say? why, he would not make them laugh so much as you do; and they would consider our inimitable comedians Levassor and Hoffmann as serious personages. Do not be angry, then, or cry with Alceste,—

'Par la sambleu! Messieurs, je ne croyais pas être
Si plaisant que je suis!'

They would only laugh the more. In this respect the English are wanting in good taste and indulgence. Their astonishment is silly and their mockery puerile. The sight of a pair of moustachios makes them roar with laughter, and they are in an ecstasy of fun at the sight of a rather broad-brimmed hat. A people must be very much bored to seize such occasions for amusing themselves. However, all the *travers*, like all the qualities of the English, arise from the national spirit carried to exaggeration. They consider themselves the *beau ideal* of human kind. Their stiffness of bearing, their pale faces, their hair, their whiskers cut into the shape of mutton chops, the excessive height of their shirt collars, and the inelegant cut of their coats—all that makes them as proud as Trafalgar and Waterloo.

"In our theatres we laugh at them as they laugh at us, and on that score we are quits. But in our great towns they are much better and more seriously received than we Frenchmen are in England.

"At Paris now-a-days nobody laughs at an Englishman; but at London every body laughs at a Frenchman. We do not make this remark from any feeling of ill-will; in fact, we think that to cause a smile on the thin and pinched-up lips of old England is not a small triumph for our beards and moustachios. After all, too, the astonishment which the Englishman manifests at the sight of a newly disembarked Frenchman (an astonishment which appears singular when we call to mind the frequent communications between the two nations), is less inexplicable than may be thought. Geographically speaking, France and England touch each other—morally, they are at an immeasurable distance. Nothing is done at Calais as at

Dover, nothing at London as at Paris. There is as much difference between the two races as between white and black. In France, the Englishman conforms willingly to our customs, and quickly adopts our manner of acting; but in England we are like a stain on a harmonious picture. [Pg 448]

"Our fashion of sauntering along the streets, smiling at the pretty girls we meet, looking at the shops, or stopping to chat with a friend, fills the English with stupefaction. They always walk straight before them like mad dogs. In conversation there is the same difference. In England it is always solemn. Left alone after dinner, the men adopt a subject of conversation, which never varies during all the rest of the evening. Each one is allowed to develop his argument without interruption. Perhaps he is not understood, but he is listened to. When he has ended, it becomes the turn of another, who is heard with the same respect. The thing resembles a quiet sitting of the Parliament. But in France, conversation is a veritable *mélée*—it is the contrary excess. A subject is left and taken up twenty times, amidst joyous and unforeseen interruptions. We throw words at each other's heads without doing ourselves any harm; smart sallies break forth, and *bon mots* roll under the table. In short, the Englishman reflects before speaking; the Frenchman speaks first and reflects afterwards—if he has time. The Frenchman converses, the Englishman talks: and it is the same with respect to pleasure. Place a Frenchman, who feels *ennui*, by the side of an Englishman who amuses himself, and it will be the former who will have the gayest air. From love, the Englishman only demands its brutal joys; whereas the Frenchman pays court to a woman. The Englishman, at table, drinks to repletion; the Frenchman never exceeds intoxication.

"A difference equally striking exists between the females of the two countries. I do not now speak of the beauty of the type of the one, or the elegance and good taste of the others; but I will notice one or two great contrasts. In France, a young girl is reserved, is timid, and as it were hidden under the shade of the family: but the married woman has every liberty, and many husbands can tell you that she does not always use it with extreme moderation! In England, you are surprised at the confident bearing of young girls, and the chaste reserve of married women. The former not only willingly listen to gallant compliments, but even excite them; whilst the latter, by the simple propriety of their bearing, impose on the boldest.

"The boldness of young girls in England was explained to me by the great emigration of young men—in other words, by the scarcity of husbands. The French girl who wants a husband is ordinarily rather disdainful; the English girl is by no means difficult.

"A Frenchwoman walks negligently leaning on our arm, and we regulate our steps by the timidity and uncertainty of hers: the Englishwoman walks with the head erect, and takes large strides like a soldier charging. An accident made me acquainted with the secret of the strange way of walking which Englishwomen have. I was lately on a visit to the family of a merchant, whose three daughters are receiving a costly education. The French master, the drawing master, and the music master had each given his lesson, when I saw a sergeant of the grenadiers of the guard arrive. He went into the garden, and was followed by the young ladies.

"'Ah! mon Dieu!" I cried to the father, 'these young ladies are surely not going to learn the military exercise!'

"'No,' said he, with a smile.

"'What, then, has this professor in a red coat come for?'

"'He is the *master of grace*."

"'What! that grenadier, who is as long as the column in Trafalgar-square?'

"'Yes, or rather he is the *walking master*.'

"I looked out of the window, and saw the three young ladies drawn up and immovable as soldiers, and presently they began to march to the step of the grenadier. They formed a charming platoon, and trod the military step with a precision worthy of admiration. I asked for an explanation of such a strange thing.

"'We in England,' said my host, 'understand better the duty of women than you Frenchmen do. We cannot regulate our manner of walking on that of a being subjected to us. Our dignity forbids it. It is the woman's duty to follow us. Consequently she must walk as we do,—we can't walk as she does.'

"'*Ma foi!*' said I, 'I must admit that in progress you are decidedly our masters. In France the law, it is true, commands the wife to follow her husband; but it does not, I confess, say that she must do so at the rate of a *quick march*!'

"The contrasts between the two countries are in truth inexhaustible. Indeed I defy the most patient observer, to find any point of resemblance between them. In

France, houses are gay in appearance; in London, with the exception of some streets in the centre, such as Regent-street or Oxford-street, they are as dark and dismal as prisons. Our windows open from the left to the right; windows in England open from top to bottom. At Paris, to ring or knock too loud is vulgar and ill-bred; at London, if you don't execute a tattoo with the knocker or a symphony with the bell, you are considered a poor wretch, and are left an hour at the door. Our hack cabs take their stand on one side of the street; in England they occupy the middle. Our coachmen get up in front of their vehicles; in England they go behind. In Paris, Englishmen are charming; at home they are—Englishmen. One thing astonishes me greatly—that the English don't walk on their hands, since we walk on our feet."

But the French gentlemen do not have it all their own way. The London *Leader* attacks them pleasantly in a similar spirit, yet it is always tinged, upon both sides, with a shade of caustic feeling: "Jules Janin, who has fallen in love with our fog and kindliness, announces to all France the joyful news that there will be no Waterloo banquet this June: the flag of France floating over the Crystal Palace suggests to the Duke that the banquet would be a breach of hospitality, because it would recall such "cruel souvenirs!" Janin believes that report; or at least prints it, which is to give journalistic credence to it. We are sorry to think how "cruelly" France will be disappointed; and we are amused at the excessive pre-occupation of Frenchmen with this said battle of Waterloo. It is the ineradicable belief of every Frenchman that we in England are in a [Pg 449] perpetual self-swagger about Waterloo. We are prodigal of the word upon omnibus, shop, street, and road, because we wish to humble France at every corner. Waterloo-house is an insult! Waterloo-bridge a defiance! Wellington boots an outrage! Every step you take you trample on the national pride of France, for with "insular arrogance" you walk in boots named of Wellington or of Blucher! We are intoxicated with our success at having beaten the French—never having drubbed them before, from the times of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, down to the Peninsular Campaign! This one success of Waterloo—(which, after all, was *not* a success, as France clearly gained the battle, only she quitted the field in disgust!)—we cannot forget; we cherish it, we riot in it; we blazon the name everywhere to flatter our national pride and humiliate the foreigner. And, curious enough, the foreigner *is* humiliated! He turns his head away as he passes Waterloo-house; he declines crossing Waterloo-bridge, or crosses it in a passion; and even his national dread of rain cannot induce him to ride in a Waterloo omnibus. Of all the many profound misconceptions of English society current in France, none, we venture to say, is more completely baseless than the belief in the English feeling about Waterloo. Though it would be impossible to persuade a Frenchman that omnibus proprietors, hotel keepers, and builders were guilty of no national swagger in using the offending word "Waterloo.""

SCHALKEN THE PAINTER.—A GHOST STORY.

We take the following from a volume of of ghost stories, with illustrations by Phiz, which has lately been published in London. One Minheer Vanderhausen, through the means of a certain persuasive eloquence, backed by money, becomes the husband of Rose, the niece of Gerard Douw, and with whom Schalken, the celebrated painter's pupil, was in love. Vanderhausen and his wife set out ostensibly for Rotterdam, but receiving no communication from either for a long time, Gerard resolves upon a journey to the city. No such individual as Vanderhausen is known there, and the fate of the poor wife is told as follows:—

"One evening, the painter and his pupil were sitting by the fire, having accomplished a comfortable meal, and had yielded to the silent and delicious melancholy of digestion, when their ruminations were disturbed by a loud sound at the street door, as if occasioned by some person rushing and scrambling vehemently against it. A domestic had run without delay to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and they heard him twice or thrice interrogate the applicant for admission, but without eliciting any other answer but a sustained reiteration of the sounds. They heard him then open the hall-door, and immediately there followed a light and rapid tread upon the staircase. Schalken advanced towards the door. It opened before he reached it, and Rose rushed into the room. She looked wild, fierce, and haggard with terror and exhaustion; but her dress surprised them as much even as her unexpected appearance. It consisted of a kind of white woollen wrapper, made close about the neck, and descending to the very ground. It was much deranged and travel soiled. The poor creature had hardly entered the chamber when she fell senseless on the floor. With some difficulty they succeeded in reviving her; and on recovering her senses she instantly exclaimed, in a tone of terror rather than mere impatience, 'Wine! wine!—quickly, or I'm lost!"

"Astonished, and almost scared, at the strange agitation in which the call was made, they at once administered to her wishes, and she drank some wine with a haste and eagerness which surprised them. She had hardly swallowed it, when she exclaimed, with the same urgency, 'Food, for God's sake; food at once, or I perish!'

"A large fragment of a roast joint was upon the table, and Schalken immediately began to cut some; but he was anticipated; for no sooner did she see it than she

caught it, a more than mortal image of famine, and with her hands, and even with her teeth, she tore off the flesh, and swallowed it. When the paroxysm of hunger had been a little appeased, she was on a sudden overcome with shame; or it may have been that other more agitating thoughts overpowered and scared her, for she began to weep bitterly, and to wring her hands.

"'Oh! send for a minister of God!' said she; 'I am not safe till he comes; send for him speedily.'

"Gerard Douw dispatched a messenger instantly, and prevailed on his niece to allow him to surrender his bedchamber to her use. He also persuaded her to retire there at once to rest: her consent was extorted upon the condition that they would not leave her for a moment.

"'Oh, that the holy man were here!' she said; 'he can deliver me: the dead and the living can never be one; God has forbidden it.'

"With these mysterious words she surrendered herself to their guidance, and they proceeded to the chamber which Gerard Douw had assigned to her use.

"'Do not, do not leave me for a moment!' she said; 'I am lost for ever if you do.'

"Gerard Douw's chamber was approached through a spacious apartment, which they were now about to enter. He and Schalken each carried a candle, so that a sufficiency of light was cast upon all surrounding objects. They were now entering the large chamber, which, as I have said, communicated with Douw's apartment, when Rose suddenly stopped, and, in a whisper which thrilled them both with horror, she said, 'O God! he is here! he is here! See, see! there he goes!'

"She pointed towards the door of the inner room, and Schalken thought he saw a shadowy and ill-defined form gliding into that apartment. He drew his sword, and raising the candle so as to throw its light with increased distinctness upon the objects in the room, he entered the chamber into which the shadow had glided. No figure was there—nothing but the furniture which belonged to the room; and yet he could not be deceived as to the fact that something had moved before them into the chamber. A sickening dread came upon him, and the cold perspiration broke out in heavy drops upon his forehead; nor was he more composed when he heard [Pg 450] the increased urgency and agony of entreaty with which Rose implored them not to leave her for a moment.

"'I saw him,' said she, 'he's here. I cannot be deceived; I know him; he's by me; he is with me; he's in the room. Then, for God's sake, as you would save me, do not stir from beside me.'

"They at length prevailed upon her to lie down upon the bed, where she continued to urge them to stay by her. She frequently uttered incoherent sentences, repeating again and again, 'The dead and the living cannot be one; God has forbidden it:' and then again, 'Rest to the wakeful—sleep to the sleep-walkers.' These and such mysterious and broken sentences she continued to utter until the clergyman arrived. Gerard Douw began to fear, naturally enough, that terror or ill-treatment had unsettled the poor girl's intellect; and he half suspected, from the suddenness of her appearance, the unseasonableness of the hour, and, above all, from the wildness and terror of her manner, that she had made her escape from some place of confinement for lunatics, and was in imminent fear of pursuit. He resolved to summon medical advice as soon as the mind of his niece had been in some measure set at rest by the offices of the clergyman whose attendance she had so earnestly desired; and until this object had been attained, he did not venture to put any questions to her which might possibly, by reviving painful or horrible recollections, increase her agitation. The clergyman soon arrived; a man of ascetic countenance and venerable age—one whom Gerard Douw respected much, forasmuch as he was a veteran polemic, though one perhaps more dreaded as a combatant, than beloved as a Christian—of pure morality, subtile brain, and frozen heart. He entered the chamber which communicated with that in which Rose reclined; and immediately on his arrival she requested him to pray for her, as for one who lay in the hands of Satan, and who could hope for deliverance only from heaven.

"That you may distinctly understand all the circumstances of the event which I am going to describe, it is necessary to state the relative position of the parties who were engaged in it. The old clergyman and Schalken were in the anteroom of which I have already spoken; Rose lay in the inner chamber, the door of which was open; and by the side of the bed, at her urgent desire, stood her guardian; a candle burned in the bedchamber, and three were lighted in the outer apartment. The old man now cleared his voice, as if about to commence; but before he had time to begin, a sudden gust of air blew out the candle which served to illuminate the room in which the poor girl lay, and she with hurried alarm exclaimed, 'Godfrey, bring in another candle; the darkness is unsafe.'

"Gerard Douw, forgetting for the moment her repeated injunctions, in the

immediate impulse, stepped from the bedchamber into the other, in order to supply what she desired.

"'O God! do not go dear uncle,' shrieked the unhappy girl; and at the same time she sprang from the bed and darted after him, in order by her grasp to detain him. But the warning came too late; for scarcely had he passed the threshold, and hardly had his niece had time to utter the startling exclamation, when the door which divided the two rooms closed violently after him, as if swung to by a strong blast of wind. Schalken and he both rushed to the door, but their united and desperate efforts could not avail so much as to shake it. Shriek after shriek burst from the inner chamber, with all the piercing loudness of despairing terror. Schalken and Douw strained every nerve to force open the door; but all in vain. There was no sound of struggling from within, but the screams seemed to increase in loudness, and at the same time they heard the bolts of the latticed window withdrawn, and the window itself grated upon the sill as if thrown open. One *last* shriek, so long, and piercing, and agonized, as to be scarcely human, swelled from the room, and suddenly there followed a death-like silence. A light step was heard crossing the floor, as if from the bed to the window, and almost at the same instant the door gave way, and yielding to the pressure of the external applicants, they were nearly precipitated into the room. It was empty. The window was open, and Schalken sprang to a chair, and gazed out upon the street and canal below. There was no one there; but he saw, or thought he saw, the waters of the broad canal beneath settling ring after ring, in heavy circles, as if a moment before disturbed by the submersion of some ponderous body."

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN SWEDEN.

Hans Christian Anderson, the Danish poet and story-teller, whose *Improvisatore* is one of the most beautiful and intrinsically truthful of the myriad beautiful books upon Italian life, has published a new work, *Pictures of Sweden*. It is very genial summer reading, consisting of detached sketches of Swedish life and scenery, with interludes of poetic reverie. The London journals complain that it is not sufficiently well translated, but we quote the following characteristic passages in which the same weird child-likeness of feeling which his readers will recall, is expressed in the peculiar, subdued strain of northern sentimentalism, which is more the complexion, than the substance of his style. Here is the prelude to the book:

"It is a delightful spring: the birds warble, but you do not understand their song! Well, hear it in a free translation.

"'Get on my back,' says the stork, our green island's sacred bird, 'and I will carry thee over the Sound. Sweden also has fresh and fragrant beech woods, green meadows and cornfields. In Scania, with the flowering apple-trees behind the peasant's house, you will think that you are still in Denmark.'

"'Fly with me,' says the swallow; 'I fly over Holland's mountain ridge, where the beech-trees cease to grow; I fly further towards the north than the stork. You shall see the vegetable mould pass over into rocky ground; see snug, neat towns, old churches and mansions, where all is good and comfortable, where the family stand in a circle around the table and say grace at meals, where the least of the children says a prayer, and, morning and evening, sings a psalm. I have heard it, I have seen it, when little, from my nest under the eaves.'

"'Come with me! come with me!' screams the restless sea-gull, and flies in an expecting circle. 'Come with me to the Skjärgaards, where rocky isles by thousands, with fir and pine, lie like flower beds along the coast; where the fishermen draw the well-filled nets!' [Pg 451]

"'Rest thee between our extended wings,' sing the wild swans. 'Let us bear thee up to the great lakes, the perpetually roaring elves (rivers), that rush on with arrowy swiftness; where the oak forest has long ceased, and the birch-tree becomes stunted. Rest thee between our extended wings: we fly up to Sulitelma, the island's eye, as the mountain is called; we fly from the vernal green valley, up over the snow-drifts, to the mountain's top, whence thou canst see the North Sea, on yonder side of Norway.

"'We fly to Jemteland, where the rocky mountains are high and blue; where the Foss roars and rushes; where the torches are lighted as *budstikke,* to announce that the ferryman is expected. Up to the deep, cold-running waters, where the midsummer sun does not set; where the rosy hue of eve is that of morn."

Stockholm is thus pictured, with an allusion, at the close, to a building dear to us all, now—as that which was first enriched by the voice, whose recent lapse into silence has made our hearts heavy:

"It is but the work of one night; the same night when Oluf Hakonson, with iron and

with fire, burst his onward way through the stubborn ground; before the day breaks the waters of the Mälar roll there; the Norwegian prince, Oluf, sailed through the royal channel he had cut in the east. The stockades, where the iron chains hang, must bear the defences; the citizens from the burnt-down Sigtuna erect themselves a bulwark here, and build their new little town on stock-holms.[A] The clouds go, and the years go! Do you see how the gables grow? there rise towers and forts. Birger Jarl makes the town of Stockholm a fortress; the warders stand with bow and arrow on the walls, reconnoitring over lake and fiord, over Brunkaberg sand-ridge. There where the sand slopes upwards from Rörstrand's Lake they build Clara cloister, and between it and the town a street springs up: several more appear; they form an extensive city, which soon becomes the place of contest for different partisans, where Ladelaas's sons plant the banner, and where the German Albrecht's retainers burn the Swedes alive within its walls. Stockholm is, however, the heart of the kingdom: that the Danes know well; that the Swedes know too, and there is strife and bloody combating. Blood flows by the executioner's hand, Denmark's Christian the Second, Sweden's executioner, stands in the market-place. Roll, ye runes! see over Brunkaberg sand-ridge, where the Swedish people conquered the Danish host, there they raise the May-pole: it is midsummer-eve—Gustavus Vasa makes his entry into Stockholm. Around the May-pole there grow fruit and kitchen-gardens, houses and streets; they vanish in flames, they rise again; that gloomy fortress towards the tower is transformed into a palace, and the city stands magnificently with towers and draw-bridges. There grows a town by itself on the sand-ridge, a third springs up on the rock towards the south; the old walls fall at Gustavus Adolphus's command; the three towns are one, large and extensive, picturesquely varied with old stone houses, wooden shops, and grass-roofed huts; the sun shines on the brass balls of the towers, and a forest of masts stands in that secure harbor. * * *

"It is a very little semicircular island, on which the arches of the bridge rest: a garden full of flowers and trees, which we overlook from the high parapet of the bridge. Ladies and gentlemen promenade there; musicians play, families sit there in groups, and take refreshments in the vaulted halls under the bridge, and look out between the green trees over the open water, to the houses and mansions, and also to the woods and rocks: we forget that we are in the midst of the city. It is the bridge here that unites Stockholm with Nordmalen, where the greatest part of the fashionable world live, in two long Berlin-like streets; yet amongst all the great houses we will only visit one, and that is the theatre. We will go on the stage itself—it has an historical signification. Here by the third side-scene from the stage-lights, to the right, as we look down towards the audience, Gustavus the Third was assassinated at a masquerade; and he was borne into that little chamber there, close by the scene, whilst all the outlets were closed, and the motley group of harlequins, polichinellos, wild men, gods and goddesses, with unmasked faces, pale and terrified, crept together; the dancing ballet-farce had become a real tragedy. This theatre is Jenny Lind's childhood's home. Here she has sung in the choruses when a little girl; here she first made her appearance in public, and was cheeringly encouraged when a child; here, poor and sorrowful, she has shed tears, when her voice left her, and sent up pious prayers to her Maker. From hence the world's nightingale flew out over distant lands, and proclaimed the purity and holiness of art."

We ramble a moment in the garden of Linnæus, and contemplate his monument. It is withered and wasted now; it appears not unlike that grave garden of Ferney, with the close bower in which Voltaire used to walk and meditate:

"The walls shine brightly, and with varied hues, in the great chapel behind the high altar. The fresco paintings present to us the most eventful circumstances of Gustavus Vasa's life. Here his clay moulders, with that of his three consorts. Yonder, a work in marble, by Sargel, solicits our attention: it adorns the burial-chapel of the De Geers; and here, in the centre aisle, under that flat stone, rests Linnæus. In the side chapel, is his monument, erected by *amici* and *discipuli*; a sufficient sum was quickly raised for its erection, and the King, Gustavus the Third, himself brought his royal gift. The projector of the subscription then explained to him, that the purposed inscription was, that the monument was erected only by friends and disciples, and King Gustavus answered: 'And am not I also one of Linnæus's disciples?' The monument was raised, and a hall built in the botanical garden, under splendid trees. There stands his bust; but the remembrance of himself, his home, his own little garden—where is it most vivid? Lead us thither. On yonder side of Fyri's rivulet, where the street forms a declivity, where red-painted wooden houses boast their living grass roofs, as fresh as if they were planted terraces, lies Linnæus's garden. We stand within it. How solitary! how overgrown! Tall nettles shoot up between the old, untrimmed, rank hedges. No water-plants appear more in that little dried-up basin; the hedges that were formerly clipped, put forth fresh leaves without being checked by the gardener's shears. It was between these hedges that Linnæus at times saw his own double—that optical illusion which presents the express image of a second self—from the

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hat to the boots. Where a great man has lived and worked, the place itself becomes, as it were, a part and parcel of him: the whole, as well as a part, has mirrored itself in his eye; it has entered into his soul, and becomes linked with it and the whole world. We enter the orangeries: they are now transformed into assembly-rooms; the blooming winter-garden has disappeared; but the walls yet show a sort of herbarium. They are hung round with the portraits of learned Swedes—a herbarium from the garden of science and knowledge. Unknown faces—and, to the stranger, the greatest part are unknown names—meet us here."

A palace of Gustavus Vasa's:

"There yet stands a stone outline of Vadstene's rich palace which he (Gustavus Vasa) erected, with towers and spires, close by the cloister. At a far distance on the Vettern, it looks as if it still stood in all its splendor; near, in moonlight nights, it appears the same unchanged edifice, for the fathom-thick walls yet remain; the carvings over the windows and gates stand forth in light and shade, and the moat round about, which is only separated from the Vettern by the narrow carriage road, takes the reflection of the immense building as a mirrored image.

"We now stand before it in daylight. Not a pane of glass is to be found in it; planks and old doors are nailed fast to the window frames; the balls alone still stand on the two towers, broad, heavy, and resembling colossal toadstools. The iron spire of the one still towers aloft in the air; the other spire is bent: like the hands on a sundial it shows the time—the time that is gone. The other two balls are half fallen down; lambs frisk about between the beams, and the space below is used as a cow-stall.

"The arms over the gateway have neither spot nor blemish: they seem as if carved yesterday; the walls are firm, and the stairs look like new. In the palace yard, far above the gateway, the great folding door was opened, whence once the minstrels stepped out and played a welcome greeting from the balcony, but even this is broken down: we go through the spacious kitchen, from whose white walls, a sketch of Vadstene palace, ships, and flowering trees, in red chalk, still attract the eye.

"Here where they cooked and roasted, is now a large empty space; even the chimney is gone; and from the ceiling where thick, heavy beams of timber have been placed close to one another, there hangs the dust-covered cobweb, as if the whole were a mass of dark gray dropping stones.

"We walk from hall to hall, and the wooden shutters are opened to admit daylight. All is vast, lofty, spacious, and adorned with antique chimney-pieces, and from every window there is a charming prospect over the clear, deep Vettern. In one of the chambers in the ground floor sat the insane Duke Magnus (whose stone image we lately saw conspicuous in the church), horrified at having signed his own brother's death-warrant; dreamingly in love with the portrait of Scotland's Queen, Mary Stuart; paying court to her and expecting to see the ship, with her, glide over the sea towards Vadstene. And she came—he thought she came—in the form of a mermaid, raising herself aloft on the water: she nodded and called to him, and the unfortunate Duke sprang out of the window down to her. We gazed out of this window, and below it we saw the deep moat in which he sank."

FOOTNOTES:

[A] "Stock, signifies bulks, or beams; holms, *i.e.* islets, or river islands; hence, Stockholm."

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINIONS OF AMERICAN FEMALE POETS.

We find in the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for May 15, an article, which we translate for *The International*, on "The Female Poets of America,"[B] by M. E. Montegut. This writer's opinions respecting the influence of Protestantism on the cultivation of poetry may amuse those who remember who have been the greatest poets. It is a part of the cant of criticism to point to mediæval art as a fruit of the Roman Catholic ascendency—as if the Roman Catholics had done more than the Protestants for high art since the Reformation. But M. Montegut is a man of wit, and his criticism, though we confess that it loses some of its point in our version, will entertain the hundred of our countrywomen who make verses.

It is an opinion very generally entertained that the Americans are almost exclusively occupied

with material affairs, with commerce, and the varied forms of mechanical industry. The volume of Mr. Griswold will contribute to dispel any such idea, for in its four hundred pages, nearly of the size of quartos, there are quoted ninety of the most celebrated female poets of North America: ninety female poets! and all, with few exceptions, contemporary. Why, all Europe could not count a greater number. If therefore, we bear in mind that this voluminous poetic *flore* contains only the names of women, and that Mr. Rufus Griswold has consecrated two volumes of similar dimensions, one to the Poets of the masculine gender, and the other to the Prose-Writers of both genders, it is difficult to believe in the literary sterility of the United States. But why is it, that among these three or four hundred writers, only three or four are known beyond the Atlantic? It is, that a literature is not altogether composed of harmonious reveries, of elegant imitations, of agreeable fancies; that poetry does not consist in a melodious rhythm only, nor even in a tasteful choice of words, nor in a perfect knowledge of language. Poetry, as well as all the possible expressions of thought and genius, arises from the very depths of the soul. It is the exterior expression of the national life, the recital,—from the lips of an individual animated and transported with the popular spirit—of the mysteries of his country's existence, and the desires, aspirations and convictions of his countrymen. The poet is the interpreter of the moral character of his country to other nations, and his works are the highest embodiment of the manners and habits of life in his country and his time. The poetry which does not fulfil these conditions is not poetry. Any man writing verse, who does not feel himself agitated in a more lively and distinct manner with the desires which torment his contemporaries as a vague fever, who does not know that his whole mission is to express, in an artistic and harmonious form, the clamors and the incorrect utterance of these desires, is not and cannot be a poet. [Pg 453]

If such be the moral necessities which give birth to poetry, how is it that America has not an original literature? How is it that she has no great artists, and that there are but three or four writers—Cooper, Channing, Emerson—who well express her spirit and tendencies? None of the great moral qualities necessary to a poet are wanting to Americans. They have a national pride, approaching even to sensitiveness; they have firm and free religious faiths; life is energetic and manifests itself abundantly every where. How is it, we ask, that we meet no man of genius to tell us of the miracles of triumph over nature and barbarism; of those hardy industrial enterprises, and those wonderful displays of human activity around them; to sing the adventurous heroes of commerce and mechanism, and that singular marriage in domestic life of sedentary virtues with a changing, nomadic disposition—the love of the fireside, which remains undisturbed in the midst of perpetual displacement, as of old the tents of the patriarchs were pitched in the evening and stricken in the morning? Is it that there is no poetry in these subjects? Here, indeed, is a curious phenomenon, and one of the least-studied laws of literary history.

But ought we to regard Americans unfortunate because they have no literature of their own? In some points of view it is a reason for envying them. When true poetry appears among a people, it is not always a prophetic sign of future greatness; it is oftener a reflection of greatness passed away. It announces not new destinies, but recounts a history of the vanished and vanishing. Whenever the voice of a great poet is heard, we are sure that the customs, the institutions, and the religions he sings, are near their decline. Thus, Shakspeare, the most faithful mirror of the middle and feudal ages, came with reform and the sixteenth century; and Calderon, with the decay of Spanish Catholicism. That opinions and manners should partake of poesy, it is necessary that they begin to fade away into the realm of the fabulous past; it is necessary, in order that the ideal should appear, that these cease to exist. It was formerly said, and not without reason, "Happy the people who have no literature!" and in our time we are tempted to say: Happy the people who have no great poets! it is a proof that they enjoy the plentitude of life, that they have nothing to regret, that they are still in all their primal innocency, and the native energy of their being.

It is curious, also, to observe, how men animated by an heroic faith, seldom see that that faith and the deeds which it inspires, belong to the poetic and ideal. The first Puritans, who embarked, without resources, in a frail vessel, to seek in America the enjoyment of a free religion, now appear to us truly poetical. Walter Scott has drawn a thousand original characters of cavaliers and round-heads. Do you know what was the literature of those men full of the spirit of the Bible? Do you know what was the character of the first poetic publications in the United States? We open Mr. Griswold's volume, and the first name is that of Anne Bradstreet, who proceeded thither with her father, an ardent nonconformist. Here is the title under which her poems were printed, in the year 1640, at Boston: "*Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a compleat Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz. the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian; and the beginning of the Roman Commonwealth to the end of their last King; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems: By a Gentlewoman of New England.*" This Mrs. Bradstreet, called by the Americans, at this epoch, the "tenth muse"—probably a very good Protestant—made invocations to Phœbus, and imitated —— Dubartas! Certainly, the emigrant Americans, who were indeed the most zealous of all Protestants, did not suspect the mournful poetry which Protestantism contains—a poetry which we perceive to-day. It is even a part of the American life of our times. But this absence of real poetry is far from being a bad sign; it is, on the contrary, a proof of strength and energy.

Great works are not what we require of Americans; we would rather endeavor to discover in them the traces of the moral spirit of their country, its philosophical and historic signs, rather than poetic fables skilfully constructed and eloquently told. For example, these female poets of

North America, suggest an interesting question for Europeans to examine. Have all those Misses and Mistresses who write poems, dramas and sonnets, any features of resemblance with our female authors? Has America, which is represented so coarse in manners, inherited the vices of European society, and become so degenerate as to give birth to that monstrous nondescript, named among us a *bas-bleu*? We have endeavored, diligently, to discover, in this large volume, traces of resemblance between our women of letters and the female poets of America, but we have discovered none. These daughters and wives of American citizens, of merchants, bankers, magistrates and doctors in theology, do not write as our female authors, from vain ambition, or love, or scandal, or (what among us is by no means uncommon) to repent of the scandal that they have occasioned. They write as among us young girls draw or sing. Poesy is for them an ornamental art, and nothing more. Besides, this great number of female poets in America, is explained by the much more liberal education received by the women of English blood and of the Protestant religion. We can find better specimens of poetry, certainly, but nothing equalling them in the discretion and reserve that reign in all their verses. We have sought, diligently, to discover the sentiments which American women are most pleased in translating into written poetry: one only is expressed, freely and energetically—maternal love. The other sentiments and virtues are carefully veiled, as subjects upon which it would be improper to dwell. Such verses are full of scruples and delicacies, and to us, it is their principal charm. Love, so difficult for the female heart to acknowledge in words; passionate confidences, so easily turned into sarcasms, and almost repulsive when uttered by the mouth of a woman, find no place in the inspirations of the American poetess. There are no strongly expressed individual passions. Vague and objectless longings—the cold lights of mere fancy, are the characteristics of those writers. Sometimes we discover a regret, or a mournful remembrance, but so obscure as to be nearly lost in a vastly diffused hope of some good which is not realized. We have endeavored to discover if the [Pg 454] sentiment of conjugal love were there, but we are disappointed. To us, Europeans, who are overwhelmed with romances, in which this chaste sentiment is analyzed and written of in a manner to produce absolute nausea, it is not, perhaps, known how much discretion there is in this passionless exterior, and how commendable it is that so holy a sentiment should not pass the sacred inclosures of the female heart; that it should not wound the delicacies of its own natural reserve and silence. The talents of these writers are exercised upon permitted subjects, and not, as too often among our own female poets, upon subjects at once easy and unlawful.

This modesty and reserve throughout the work become necessarily monotonous—but it is of no great consequence to us. We would not have written if it had not been to acknowledge specimens of real literary excellence. But we have in the work itself what is of considerable value as reflecting in some degree the American character. We can use these elegies, reveries and monodies as a means of discovering the nature of the virtues thus brought out from obscurity, though in coloring too pale and uniform. The life of these women possesses nothing adventurous, passionate, or eccentric. It is composed of three facts: birth, marriage, and death. As to the intervals between these three solemn events, the biographer says little, and we suppose they are filled with exemplary virtues and the accomplishment of duties which human and divine law imposes upon the woman. Three of these, however, are distinguished from the others by their position in society, or by their talents, and constitute the only singularities of the work.

We have just remarked, that these *poésies* are all written by the daughters of rich merchants, lawyers, and doctors of divinity; two, however, are of low condition—a negress, Philis Wheatley Peters; and a domestic, Maria James. The negress belonged to the close of the eighteenth century, and was born at a time to justify the pamphlets of Franklin on slavery, and the demands of philanthropy. This "daughter of the murky Senegal," as one of her critics called her, has been, thanks to the circumstances of her color, birth, and condition, a sort of historic character. Sold at ten years of age, in a public mart of slaves, she was purchased by Mrs. Wheatley, a lady who educated her, and who afterwards permitted her to be called by her own name. This negress, so little known now, has had her day in history; she visited London, where she was an object of general esteem. Washington corresponded with her, and the Abbé Grégoire, our revolutionary regicide, announced her a great poet, in his Essay upon the Intellectual and Moral Faculties of the Negro. The opponents of slavery applauded her verses with enthusiasm, and the upholders of slavery denounced and slandered her. She has been, for a moment, in the eyes of the universe, the noblest type of her race—this humble black slave has been, in the civilized world, the representative of all her brethren. Her existence has been one of the incidents of universal history, and this unknown person has had her share, however small, in the revolutions of the world.

Maria James was a poor servant, the child of an emigrant from Wales. An unlettered poet, she drew her only instruction from the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Miss Hannah More, a kind of Madame de Genlis of puritanism; and yet it was this poor girl who wrote the most perfect lyric, the neatest, and in a literary view, the best composed, that we find in the collection; the lyrical pieces, by the way, are not generally well written. The thoughts are indefinite, the images confounded, and in some way run in upon each other. The principal sentiment is seldom neatly distinguished. These lyrics are as the buzzing of bees, or rather as honey scarcely formed, of which each drop contains the perfume of the flower whence it was extracted. Here is a piece by Maria James, which we do not give as her best, but which overflows with a profound religious feeling, and turns the heart of the reader, for a moment, to the haven of eternal repose:

THE PILGRIMS: TO A LADY.

We met as pilgrims meet,
  Who are bound to a distant shrine,
Who spend the hours in converse sweet
  From noon to the day's decline—
Soul mingling with soul, as they tell of their fears
And their hopes, as they passed through the valley of tears.

And still they commune with delight,
  Of pleasures or toils by the way,
The winds of the desert that chill them by night,
  Or heat that oppresses by day:
For one to the faithful is ever at hand,
As the shade of a rock in a weary land.

We met as soldiers meet,
  Ere yet the fight is won—
Ere joyful at their captain's feet
  Is laid their armor down:
Each strengthens his fellow to do and to bear,
In hope of the crown which the victors wear.

Though daily the strife they renew,
  And their foe his thousands o'ercome,
Yet the promise unfailing is ever in view
  Of safety, protection, and home:
Where they knew that their sov'reign such favor conferred,
"As eye hath not seen, as the ear hath not heard."

We met as seamen meet,
  On ocean's watery plain,
Where billows rise and tempests beat,
  Ere the destined port they gain:
But tempests they baffle, and billows they brave,
Assured that their pilot is mighty to save.

They dwell on the scenes which have past,
  Of perils they still may endure—
The haven of rest, where they anchor at last,
  Where bliss is complete and secure—
Till its towers and spires arise from afar,
To the eye of faith as some radiant star.

We met as brethren meet,
  Who are cast on a foreign strand,
Whose hearts are cheered as they hasten to greet
  And commune of their native land—
Of their father's house in that world above,
Of his tender care and his boundless love.

The city so fair to behold,
  The redeemed in their vestments of white—
In those mansions of rest, where, mid pleasures untold,
  They finally hope to unite:
Where ceaseless ascriptions of praise shall ascend
To God and the Lamb in a world without end.

But of all these poetesses, the most remarkable, certainly to us, is Maria Brooks, who died in 1845, the author of a curious poem entitled *Zophiel*, which Southey admired, and which Charles Lamb declared to be too extraordinary to have been conceived in the mind of a woman. Unfortunately, in Mr. Griswold's volume, we have only an incomplete analysis, with some brief fragments, of this poem. Notwithstanding its incompleteness, however, there is enough to show a powerful life and a wonderful imagination. There is in the poem a surprising union of Thomas Moore and Shelley. Imagine the bowers of *Lalla Rookh*, through which is sweeping the northern tempest of Shelley, bending the trees and scattering the roses. The odes *To Cuba*, to the *Shade of her Child*, and all her other lyrics, have, in a word, a very remarkable movement, and are full of mysterious inquietudes and inexplicable burnings. We cannot have an idea of the sweetness, and at the same time the impetuosity which mingle in her verses, without thinking of the impossible combination of the eagle and the dove—a dove with the stroke of an eagle's wing, and which would yet, in spite of its power, retain the timid nature of the dove, be frightened at its own strength, and tremble in looking upward to the sun. Her compositions are full of daring ideas imperfectly expressed, as if she were afraid of the boldness of her heart. Often, however, her thoughts fall into the *alambiqué*, the abstract and metaphysical. Her love to her child inspired the best lines she ever composed. The sports of the little one, whom she should see no more, associated with the remembrance of forests, plains, and cataracts, give to that love the grandeur and infinitude of American Nature. Of all the female poets of the new world, Maria Brooks seems to possess most the sibylline inspirations of the celebrated women of contemporaneous Europe.

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Yet she has none of that Byronean spirit that reigns so much among them; and if we would indicate the European poetry school to which she should be attached, we would cite, rather than that of Byron, the names of Southey, her admirer, of Coleridge, and of John Wilson, the author of the *City of the Plague*.

Maria Brooks is the only brilliant exception that we have met in the collection of Mr. Griswold. All her poetic companions draw their inspirations, not from their individual life, but their education, and as this education is the same for all, it is not astonishing that their works are uniform and monotonous. Yet, we do not complain, as we have already intimated, for we are thus enabled to see some of the features of American character more easily than if an original genius inspired each of the poetesses. The religious sentiment, for example, is every where uttered in these verses, but indeed it is the same that we find in the writings of American essayists—a sort of Christian theism which is becoming more the character of Protestantism in America. The spirit of Christ breathes indeed in these pages, but the person itself is seldom seen: Christ is always the teacher and saviour of the world, but the crucified Redeemer is well nigh forgotten. The Son of God is manifested as he appeared to his disciples; transfigured upon Tabor, they see him in the radiant light conversing with the prophets of the ancient law. Do you prostrate humanity in the place of the disciples and the astonished crowd at the foot of the mountain, then you have an idea of the life of the religious faiths more and more adopted in America. But the torments of the Divine agony—the cross of Golgotha, and all the tragedy in the Saviour's history upon earth, which the nations of the middle ages and the ancient Christians held in precious remembrance, are almost forgotten. We mention the fact as being one which the religious and philosophic of our times may reflect upon with profit. It is the symptom of an imminent crisis in Protestantism, and sooner or later, will not fail of attracting discussion. This theistic sentiment, which is the foundation of the writings of Channing and Theodore Parker, makes itself felt continually in the verses of this collection which by manner or subject relate to religion.

The descriptions of nature, oddly enough, never strike, as one would expect, by their novelty. Far away we see pleasantly the names of palms, cotton-trees, cocoa trees, and the botanic names of flowers unknown to us, but it is no matter whether we exchange all these trees and exotic plants for poplars, oaks, and birches, or the modern plants of our Europe. We feel very little, in any poetry, the particular sentiment of an original nature. In the midst of the woods and forests of the new world, one can readily believe himself among those of France or England; he will remark only a more lively picture of verdure and waters. Have you ever seen the landscapes of Theodore Rousseau? The grass is greener and the yellow leaves are yellower than in the paintings of any other artist. But the presence of nature is not there. Such is the effect upon us of the descriptions given by these female poets. Here, in support of our assertion, is a picture by Mrs. Frances Green.

> Stillness of summer noontide over hill,
> And deep embowering wood, and rock, and stream,
> Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep
> Upon the drooping eyelids of the air.
> No wind breathed through the forest that could stir
> The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
> Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird,
> Or else the polished leaves were turning back
> To their own natural places, whence the wind
> Of the last hour had flung them. From afar
> Came the deep roar of waters, yet subdued
> To a melodious murmur, like the chant
> Of naiads, ere they take their noontide rest.
> A tremulous motion stirred the aspen leaves,
> And from their shivering stems an utterance came,
> So delicate and spirit like, it seemed
> The soul of music breathed, without a voice.
> The anemone bent low her drooping head,
> Mourning the absence of her truant love,
> Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,
> To dream of zephyrs from the fragrant south,
> Coming to wake her with renewed life.
> The eglantine breathed perfume; and the rose
> Cherished her reddening buds, that drank the light,
> Fair as the vermil on the cheek of hope.
> Where'er in sheltered nook or quiet dell,
> The waters, like enamored lovers, found
> A thousand sweet excuses for delay,
> The clustering lilies bloomed upon their breast,
> Love-tokens from the naiads, when they came
> To trifle with the deep, impassioned waves.
> The wild-bee hovering on voluptuous wing,
> Scarce murmured to the blossom, drawing thence
> Slumber with honey; then in the purpling cup,
> As if oppressed with sweetness, sank to sleep.
> The wood-dove tenderly caressed his mate;

Each looked within the other's drowsy eyes,
Till outward objects melted into dreams.
  The rich vermilion of the tanager,
Or summer red-bird, flashed amid the green,
Like rubies set in richest emerald.
On some tall maple sat the oriole,
In black and orange, by his pendent nest,
To cheer his brooding mate with whispered songs;
While high amid the loftiest hickory
Perched the loquacious jay, his turquoise crest
Low drooping, as he plumed his shining coat,
Rich with the changeful blue of Nazareth.
And higher yet, amid a towering pine,
Stood the fierce hawk, half-slumbering, half-awake,
His keen eye flickering in his dark unrest,
As if he sought for plunder in his dreams.
  The scaly snake crawled lazily abroad,
To revel in the sunshine; and the hare
Stole from her leafy couch, with ears erect
Against the soft air-current; then she crept,
With a light, velvet footfall, through the ferns.
The squirrel stayed his gambols; and the songs
Which late through all the forest arches rang,
Were graduated to a harmony
Of rudimental music, breathing low,
Making the soft wind richer—as the notes
Had been dissolved and mingled with the air.
Pawtucket almost slumbered, for his waves
Were lulled by their own chanting: breathing low,
With a just audible murmur, as the soul
Is stirred in visions with a thought of love,
He whispered back the whisper tenderly
Of the fair willows bending over him,
With a light hush upon their stirring leaves,
Blest watchers o'er his day-dreams. Not a sign [Pg 456]
Of man or his abode met ear or eye,
But one great wilderness of living wood,
O'er hill, and cliff, and valley, swelled and waved,
An ocean of deep verdure. By the rock
Which bound and strengthen'd all their massive roots
Stood the great oak and giant sycamore;
Along the water-courses and the glades
Rose the fair maple and the hickory;
And on the loftier heights the towering pine—
Strong guardians of the forest—standing there,
On the old ramparts, sentinels of time,
To watch the flight of ages.[C]

These verses are pretty, perhaps very pretty. They give nature a charming appearance,—too much like the "everlasting spring" of Ovid. Do you not seem to lie in the shade of a European forest? Here are the same trees, the same flowers, the same animals. But the trees are more abundant of leaves, the grass is thicker, the sun is brighter, the waters warmer. But there is no profoundly original painting, no broad description by a few great outlines.

The sentiment of the beautiful and ideal is expressed in this collection of poetry, in an uncolored, abstract, and metaphysical manner. We are not sure that all these women love and understand the beautiful arts, and particularly the plastic arts; the only one whose influence they feel deeply, and which they seem to prefer, is music. And this preference among the moderns for music is a curious fact. The superiority given to it above painting and sculpture may be accounted for in some degree by the fact that music accords more with woman's instincts. Music is truly the art of the nineteenth century *par excellence*; it is the art which expresses best incredible aspirations; it is an art democratic in its essence. Appreciated by all living beings, even the unintelligent tribes, to be felt, music demands neither science nor long study—it makes every one happy, and tells to each the story of his love.

To produce sculptors, poets, and painters, it is necessary that a country should boast of many centuries, of a history, of a long succession of traditions, of established customs; but modern nations, particularly Americans, outstrip time, act with precipitation, and have no leisure to wait the traditions of history. Hence this extraordinary love of music, the least costly of the arts. They love music as one loves the conversations of the evening, and refreshing sleep after a hard day's labor. The art of music then is, if we dare say so, the art of nations who have no time for meditation and reflection—the art of ardent and feverish nations; for, to be understood, it requires only that a man should have a soul, with warm desires and hopes. We find in this collection two sonnets in honor of Beethoven and Mozart, in which the genius of the two masters is perfectly appreciated and felt. They are from Margaret Fuller, since Countess d'Ossoli, who

was drowned by shipwreck on her return to her native country.

BEETHOVEN.

Most intellectual master of the art,
  Which best of all teaches the mind of man
  The universe in all its varied plan—
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
  There the rich bass the reason's balance shows;
  Here breathes the softest sigh that love e'er knows;
There sudden fancies seeming without chart,
  Float into wildest breezy interludes;
The past is all forgot—hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows—when lo! beneath
  The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we strive to free us from the chain—
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

MOZART.

If to the intellect and passions strong
  Beethoven speak, with such resistless power,
  Making us share the full creative hour,
When his wand fixed wild Fancy's mystic throng,
Oh, Nature's finest lyre! to thee belong
  The deepest, softest tones of tenderness,
  Whose purity the listening angels bless,
With silvery clearness of seraphic song.
Sad are those chords, oh heavenward striving soul!
  A love, which never found its home on earth,
  Pensively vibrates, even in thy mirth,
And gentle laws thy slightest notes control;
Yet dear that sadness! spheral concords felt
Purify most those hearts which most they melt.

Of these two sonnets, we prefer that of Mozart, as expressing better, in our opinion, the character of the music of the great master—as more discriminating than that of Beethoven—a perfect description besides of the author of *Fidelio*. The sonnets appear curious to us as sparklings of æsthetic poetry beyond the seas.

The sentiments of American pride and of national susceptibility vibrate here and there in all this poetry, but not very often. The remembrance of the early emigrants, the description of America when inhabited by savage hordes, and the comparison of this barbaric state with the industrial wonders of the nineteenth century, are themes somewhat rare, but which are nevertheless not forgotten. We have also noticed two or three pieces which brought a smile upon our lips—where the shades of old Indian sachems appear to bless modern civilization, and seem ready to thank the Great Spirit for having exterminated their race, despoiled and chased from their own native woods and prairies. There are besides a few pieces borrowed from historic subjects, and a few dedicated to individuals; some pages in honor of Washington and Napoleon, and this is all. The rest is composed of mere musings, fancies, and elegies, expressing no precise and distinct sentiment.

But what matters the relative weakness of this poetry? Let us rise to higher spheres than that purely literary. The moral character and the virtues which this collection of poetry suggests are superior to the poetry itself. Who can tell, indeed, the good which may be done by these musical reveries and innocent caprices? They have been composed in the bosom of tranquility, by the fireside, among parents, children, relatives, and friends. These were the public to which they addressed themselves, who admired them, and drew from them their contributions to the good and beautiful. Probably many chaste tendernesses are recognized by the banks of these little limpid fountains of poesy; many hearts have rejoiced in these tender harmonies; many a man, weary with the labors of the day, has felt the sweet words of his daughter or his wife thrill his soul; he has beheld the bright gleams of ideal realities, and laid himself down and dreamed of images of higher beauty. In that hard, practical country, many poetic germs have thus taken root, many coarse natures have become more refined. What matters it, then, whether these specimens of poetry be original or not?—they have been useful. We offer our thanks to the female poets of America, for the seeds of piety, virtue, and nobility sown in their country. Without noise, without humanitary pretensions, they have fulfilled their mission of religion and refinement.

FOOTNOTES:

[B] The Female Poets of America: By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia, Henry C. Baird, 1851.

[C] From Nanuntenoo, an Indian Romance. By Frances H. Green. Philadelphia, 1850.

JEANNE MARIE, AND LYRICAL POETRY IN GERMANY.

We are induced to translate for *The International* the following crisply written critique from *Die Grenzboten*, not only from its giving for the benefit of certain of our *dilettanti* German scholars a few judicious remarks on the true merit of their "new celebrity," JEANNE MARIE, but because the preceding account of the present state of lyrical poetry in Germany, is very nearly as applicable to lyrical poetry as it now exists among the rising bards of America and England as to that of the father-land:

"It is now about a century since the beginning of our most brilliant German lyrical era, and we are at the conclusion of a series of developments, which individually display all of the peculiarities indicative of the decline of a great epoch in art. The incredible number of subjects which have been artistically treated, has inspired the minds of our cotemporaries with an almost superfluity of poetically adapted figures, forms, tones and materials, with which we are familiar from our first breath. Vast numbers of corresponding series of similes, and combinations of words and sentences have been naturalized in our language, and the spirit of the rising generation cannot be other than powerfully influenced by the incredible variety of forms and phrases, which it acquires during education. From all which a limitation of the creative power naturally results—since there is hardly a sentiment, hardly a perception of the present day, which has not been rendered applicable to poetic art; and the array of these imposing creations ring in the soul of the young poet wonderfully through each other. It is almost impossible to experience a new feeling which has not been sung, and yet the impulse still exists to win for the again and again experienced, a value, and a certain degree of originality. From which results the most desperate efforts, by means of bold, artificial, highly polished or tasteless images and comparisons, to form a style and acquire a peculiar literary physiognomy: efforts which should by no means be despised, even when the critic is compelled to blame its results; for it is natural and unavoidable. Such a superabundance of poetic forms of address, applications, words, and measures, are at present current in the world, that for every poetic feeling a prosaic or metrical reminiscence rings and echoes consciously or unconsciously, and more or less clearly, through the poetic soul. To avoid this wearisome beaten path, our poets are driven, on the one hand, into unheard of refinements of metre and words—or on the other, into an affected barbarism and roughness. And since the quantity of poetic metres, applications, and forms of speech, has become so incredibly large that they every where pass and are received as a sort of *spiritual small change*, it has become infinitely easier to express an idea in tolerably good poetic language, than it was fifty years ago. Gleim, Holty, and Bürger, are to us great men, not because their poems are so much better than those manufactured at the present day, but because their every poem was a victory gained over the barbarism and want of form in the German language as it then existed—a true conquest for the realm of beauty and art. At present, any fool who has by heart his Schiller or his Heine, can collect and write that which may pass for his 'poem'—though perhaps not an atom of the whole is the result of aught save mere reproduction. What is really wanting to all our writers is the *correct* and *artistic* adaptation of terms. For this modern dilettanti reproduction and combination of the thoughts and forms of others is but a rough and uncomely parody of those poetic creations, which were consecrated by an earnest striving and silent battle with the force of language. Among the numerous modern poets in Germany, there live not a dozen who can write a truly correct verse and make just applications of our so poetically adapted language. The which assertion, seemingly a paradox—is nevertheless natural enough.

"And yet the creative impulse lives in many a soul, nor has there for a long time existed a more generally diffused or more exquisite appreciation of lyrical poetry than during the past year. New poets of an aristocratic or pious tendency are eagerly purchased and admired, which is also according to rule, since they reflect the spirit of the age, and correspond with modern wants. Such a peculiar influence on the interest of the public at large has naturally conducted to the most elegant style of publication of recent poems. It has become a real pleasure to see their paper, type, and binding, and their neat garments of fine linen, delicately trimmed and lettered with burnished gold. Such a highly ornamented work at present adorns every table, and appears right well in the white little hand of its fair possessor.

"The poems of Jeanne Marie, the popular romance writer, are by an intelligent and well educated lady. She has evidently observed and reflected much in the world, and had also her own experiences therein—yet knows how to express with propriety and consciousness her most passionate feelings. She is, however, in her poems, rather witty and calculating, than inspired with heart and soul. Those productions are, for the greater part, images and comparisons—not unfrequently very exquisitely conceived and executed—the *point* being occasionally a gross antithesis, as for example in the poem, *Alles nur Du*:

"'What I most longed for, thou hast to me given,
What I possess, belongeth all to thee;
Thou art mine *I*—thine is my life and heaven,
My life is thine, and thine my all *To-Be*.'

"Or in other poems, the conclusion merely amounts to the explanation of a comparison, as in the

New Cloak Song, in which on a rusty nail, a torn cloak explains itself as the cloak of Christian love. But where our poetess simply narrates or describes, her art is truly agreeable, only that the lively and closely detailed perceptions, which shoot forth in her soul, often appear obscure from a want of practice in poetic language, and not unfrequently entirely perverted on account of an utter deficiency in logical acuteness.

"But since this poetess is endowed with far more than her cotemporaries—*id est*, a peculiar talent to conceive and represent in a lively manner epic details—let us, for the sake of art, gently beg of her to do something for this her talent. She is by far too ignorant of the art of application of terms in lyrical poetry, her delivery is too variable and inaccurate, while botched-up expressions (*Flickwörter*) and startling instances of incorrectness in language are in her writings every where to be met with. As yet she is a mere amateur and *dilettant*, and her right, to lay before the [Pg 458] literary world her poetic inspirations, may very correctly be doubted; and yet she has evidently in her the material for something far better. This she can attain in only one way. She must lay aside all the flaunt and tawdriness of her similes and figures, and then strive to express a lively emotion or an interesting expression, with the simplest words, first in prose—and *then* in verse. What she has written should then be carefully thought over—every line and word tested, and no inaccuracy in poetical perceptions, no oblique expression, and no metrical defect be suffered to remain."

Authors and Books.

A new German work, entitled *Klopstock in Zurich from the years 1730 to 1751*, gives quite a new portrait of the poet of the Messias, who, both by the time of his appearance and by the dignity of his theme, is held as the patriarch of German poetry. In this sprightly little volume the mystic halo with which an exaggerated homage has invested the head of the genial young German rolls away, and we behold a pleasant fellow in gay summer costume, floating about upon the blue lake of Zurich, surrounded by a circle of fair and admiring votaries, to whom he chants strains from his immortal poem, and reaps a harvest of kisses in return. We behold a chivalrous equestrian dashing through the still streets of old Zurich, draining unreasonable depths of beer with wild students, biting glass, and swallowing coal, until the old Bodmer with whom he was living—a reverential admirer of the great Prophet of the Messias, and in whose imagination Klopstock sat separate in a godlike and passionless serenity—was bitterly grieved by these earthly experiences of a Greek rather than of a Christian divinity, complained, remonstrated, rebuked, until the jovial poet was forced to leave the good Bodmer's house, and betake himself to Rape's, with whom he sat in silken hose, and speculated upon the universe. It is always pleasant to hear these human facts of the heroes of fame and imagination. Few things remove Washington farther from the general sympathy than the unbending austerity of hue in which his mental portrait is always colored. Why should our great men, whose humanity makes them dearer, go so solemnly and sadly through all posterity? Burns could draw the tired hostlers of village inns from their beds to listen open-mouthed and open-hearted to his wondrous and witching stories. Shakspeare shall always have stolen sheep, even though De Quincy proves by splendid and resonant reasoning that he could never have done it. Raphael shall have been a warm-blooded man, spite of our cold-blooded speculations upon his saintship, so that we shall not wonder at De Maistre's delicate and dainty truth that the Fornarina "loved her love more than her lover." Not that sheep-stealing, or any other peccadillo is beautiful, or in any way to be commended or imitated, but that these are the signs of human and actual sympathy which these great and glorious geniuses show us—as stately sky-sailed galleons, sweeping the sea into admiring calm at their progress, might hang out simple lanterns to the fishing-smacks around, to show their crews that the same red blood was the sap of all that splendid life. "Is he not the Just?" "Yes—and because he is the Just, I have done it." Poor old Herr Bodmer could not see with equanimity the illustrious guest of his imagination boating about the lake with the girls at Zurich, and selling the stanzas—of priceless worth to him—for a snatched and blushing kiss. For our own part, we are glad that generous Mr. Morikofer has pulled off the bleached horse hair wig of factitious gravity, and shown us the natural moist and waving hair of a human-hearted poet.

A *History of German Literature*, from W. Wackernagel, is coming out in parts at Basle. Since Gervinus there has been no broad treatment of the subject. But Gervinus gives us rather a history of the cultivation than of the literature of Germany. Vilmar is much too partial and partisan, and Hillebrand treats only the period from Lessing to the present time. Wackernagel surveys the whole ground from the beginning. The first part of his work is occupied with the elder literature of Germany, but he has handled it so dexterously that it interests the general reader, even while he develops the laws by which the old high German proceeded from the Gothic, and the middle high German from that. He divides the literary history into three parts. 1. The old high German era, Frank, Carlovingian, of the German Latinity of the bards. 2. The middle high German, beginning with the Crusades, and treating all the chivalric, social, and international relations which they inspired. 3. The new German style. The treatise is original and profound, and lacks only a little more elaboration of the biographical notices.

A somewhat curious proof of the influence which America at present exerts, even in language, may be found in the title of a dictionary (English and German), recently published at Brunswick. The title alluded to, is as follows: *A new and complete dictionary of the English and German languages, compiled with especial regard to the American idiom for general use; containing a concise grammar, &c., &c.*: by William Odell Elwell.

Carl Heideloff, whose exquisite work on the architectural ornaments of the Middle Ages, should entitle him to the gratitude of every student of mediæval art, will publish, before the end of this month, by Geigar of Nuremberz, a folio, illustrated with the finest steel engravings, entitled *Architectonic Sketches, and complete buildings, in the Byzantine and Old German styles*. [Pg 459]

It has long been a mooted point among the philosophers of the beautiful in Germany whether the art of gardening was a legitimate branch of æsthetic culture. Bouterweck denied that the artificial perversions of an old-fashioned French garden had the slightest relation to art, but admitted that the *Landschafts-gartenkunst*, or art of landscape gardening, might very properly be ranked with painting and sculpture. Thiersch passes the subject by in silent contempt, while Tittman, whose work on beauty and art is fast becoming a universal hand-book of æsthetics, declares, on the other hand, that it is, even more than architecture, closely allied to the study of the beautiful, since its object is far less directly connected with human wants, and more nearly related to the attractive and fascinating. Herr Rudolph Siebeck would appear, however, to have put the question for a time at rest, by a work at present publishing by Voigt, in Leipsic, entitled *Die Vildende Gartenkunst, in ihren modernen Formen*, which, as he very correctly asserts, "embraces in one comprehensive theory all those laws of the art of gardening which æsthetics present, by the application of natural and artificial methods, in order to plan and execute walks and grounds, according to the dictates of a refined taste." In pursuance of this great aim, Herr Siebeck, (who was, by the way, formerly the imperial Russian court-gardener at Lazienka, and is at present council-gardener at Leipsic,) after completing his education as a practical gardener, scientifically studied the higher principles of his art at the universities of Munich and Leipsic, both of which, but particularly the former, have long been celebrated for the facilities which they afford for this study. After which, under the kind patronage of Baron Hugel, he journeyed to "every country" the natives of which had so far advanced in the art of gardening as to deserve the honor of a visit. The results of this study and labor are given in the above-titled volume, which embraces all things, if not exactly from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, at least from the largest royal park to the smallest garden in a city. The work is illustrated with twenty colored garden plans, arranged according to the following categories: 1. Kitchen Gardens. 2. Pleasure Gardens. 3. Pleasure and Kitchen Gardens. 4. Public Gardens. 5. A Botanical Garden.

The first volume of a new *Life of Goethe*, by J. W. Schafer, has been published, of which we find flattering accounts. Also the *Life and Times of Joachim Jurgins*, with Goethe's fragments upon his works by G. C. Guhsaner. He was the contemporary of Galileo, Kepler, Cartesius, &c.

Franz Liszt, the famous pianist, has written a pleasant pamphlet in favor of the project of a Goethean Institute of Art in Weimar, where he is chapel master.

Weil—not *Alexander* of the Corsaire, but Dr. Gustav Weil, Professor of Oriental languages and History at Heidelberg—is publishing at Mannheim, a *History of the Khalifs*,[D] which, as regards extent, erudition, and accuracy, may be fairly ranked with any work on this subject extant. The title is, however, only partial; that of "An Universal History of Islamism," would be far more appropriate. The Khalifate forms, so to speak, a nucleus around which are grouped as integral parts all of the numerous dynasties which were in any degree connected with the Khalifate, while those which were more nearly within its influence, as the Saffarides, the Tulinides, Bujides, and Saljucks, are illustrated with extraordinary learning and research. An excellent history of Arabic literature to the midst of the fourth century of the Hegira is appropriately introduced. The reader will remember that Schlosser, in the introduction to his fourth volume of the *Weltgeschichte*, remarks that in the oriental portion of that work he had been guided *solely* by the "Life of Mohammed," by Weil, and this "History of the Khalifate," of which, however, only the first volume had then appeared. *Weil*, remarks the great "modern Tacitus," "is at present universally recognized as one of the first oriental scholars in Germany or France. He has brought from manuscripts many new things to light, and his works may be regarded as historical sources."

Von Rahden, a German officer of note, has published some very interesting *Reminiscences of a Military Career*. The third part, which is just completed, contains the history of his campaigns with the earliest army in Spain. He is a soldier of the old type, and was devoted body and soul to Don Carlos—and if his story occasionally expands into romance, it is readily forgiven for the greater local truth and impression thereby obtained. He paints battle-pieces in a most vivid manner, pervaded by that interest in the individual which lends so fascinating a charm to all narration. In his first Spanish battle, when stationed as an outpost in the very tempest of bullets and balls, he quietly takes time to draw the country and the situation of the enemy. His hero is Lichnowsky—the young German Prince, who was so inhumanly butchered during the session of the German Parliament in Frankfort. He was in Spanish battle as cool, skilful, and death-despising, as he was chivalric against the crudeness of the political philosophers, and noble against the beastly brutality of his assassins, in central Germany.

The third part of the life of Baron Von Stein, the celebrated Prussian statesman, is published. The chief interest of this part is the history of Stein's sympathy with the Emperor Alexander of Russia, whom he regarded as the Saviour of Europe. [Pg 460]

Adelbert Keller, one of the most zealous among the mediæval romantic antiquaries of the Tubingen school, and well known by his accurate editions of the *Gesta Romanorum, Les Romans des Sept Sages, Romancero del Cid*, and *Gudrun*, has recently, in company with Wilhelm Holland, prepared for the press a new edition of the songs of *Guillem IX., Count of Poictiers and Duke of Aquitania*. In addition to the chair of Professor Extraordinary of Modern Languages, (which our readers need not be informed is nothing very extraordinary at a German university,) Keller holds the far more important office of teacher of the German Language and Literature at the university of Tubingen. We presume that few men, even in France or Germany, have more carefully or enthusiastically hunted over the various MS. libraries of Italy or his own country, in search of Minnesinger and Provençal literature than Keller.

The twenty-fifth publication of the *Geschichte der Europaischen Staaten* (History of the States of Europe) consists of continuations of histories of Austria and Prussia. The series is edited by the well-known scholars Heeren and Ukert. It has been in progress more than twenty years, and is designed to embrace a complete body of American history, by competent authors. Fifty volumes have already been issued, embracing in complete works, Italy, by Leo, finished 1832; German Empire, by Pfister, 1836; Saxony, by Bottiger, 1837; Netherlands, by Van Kampen, 1837; Austria, by Mailath, 1850; France to the Revolution, by Schmidt, 1848; France, from the Revolution, by Wachsmuth, 1844; the Histories of Denmark, by Dahlmann (vol. III. in 1844); of Portugal, by Schafer (vol. III. in 1850); of Russia, continued by Herrmann after Strahl's decease (vol. IV. 1849); of Prussia, by Stenzel (vol. IV. 1850) are all far advanced, and their completion may be looked for at no distant period. Single volumes, also, have appeared, by Zinkeisen, on the Ottoman Kingdom; by Ropel, on Poland; and by Bulau on the Modern History of Germany. The *Athenæum* observes that when the series is completed, the Germans and those who read German in other countries will have, in no immoderate compass, a body of European history, uniform in its general plan, and maintaining a standard of competent authorship such as cannot, we believe, be found in any other language.

The well-known Countess Spaur, the wife of the Bavarian Ambassador at Rome, is engaged upon a series of memoirs of events connected with the flight of the Pope from Rome in 1849. It will be remembered that the Pope escaped under convoy of the Bavarian ambassador, and the consequent completeness of information added to the graceful elegance of her style, will produce a brilliant and interesting book.

A singular occurrence which took place very recently in Berlin affords a curious illustration of a line in *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, in which, speaking of German idioms, the writer somewhat inaccurately remarks, that "the u, twice dotted, is pronounced like e;" inaccurately, we say, since this pronunciation is not found in the pure north German. Dr. Wirth, director of the opera at Berlin, was during the past month confounded by some not very intelligent police agents of that city with the revolutionary Wurth (who was however deceased in 1848), arrested, and subjected to much personal inconvenience, before he could prove to their satisfaction that he was not the *ci-devant* disturber of kingly peace.

The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, has written her spiritual experience in a work published in Mannheim, entitled, *From Babylon to Jerusalem*. It is a history of her own soul, showing how it journeyed from confusion and doubt to peace. In it she says of the famous holy coat of Treves: "It was not comprehended—what did that show? How wonderful and incredible it was that thousands and thousands journeyed up the Rhine and down, not alone of the lower classes, but of the intelligent, of the cultivated and elegant class. And could this be really the Saviour's garment? And were the cures real which had been reported in all the journals as wrought by it? Like all the rest, I shared the religious enthusiasm of which no Protestant can conceive. Instead of ridiculing and scorning, I wrote that I knew not if this was the identical garment, but this was certainly the same faith that cast the woman at the feet of Christ, and caused her to kiss the hem of his robe, and be healed. My instinct was just, but my reasoning false. For if the old faith was so fast, so glowing, and so immortal in the old church, how could I ever say better *no* church than *one* only?"

A singular book is announced in Germany, a country in which we are not aware that singular books have ever been rare, under the title of *Intercourse with the Departed by means of Magnetism*. "A book for the consolation of Humanity, containing the most irresistible evidence of the personal continuance and activity of the soul after its separation from the body, collected from contemporary notes taken from extatic somnambulists, by Luis Alphonse Cahagnet, with a critical preface by Dr. J. Newberth, authorized magnetizer in Berlin and Associate of the Imperial Leopold Academy of Sciences." A prospectus, modest enough in style but of very large pretensions, sets forth that it is not a speculation, but a communication of truth, which is nowise contrary to the Christian religion, but is calculated to exercise a genial influence upon the faithful to disperse all doubts and to advance the kingdom of Faith and Love. Who will fail warmly to wish "God-speed" to a work that proposes to accomplish such rich results? [Pg 461]

In Russia the singular prejudice has long obtained that the old Sclavonian dialects had nothing in common with the Russian language. But there is now a change in the opinions of the learned, and many skilful philologists are at present engaged in scientific speculations upon the subject. Sresnewsky, Dawydoff, and Schewyreff have recently published works upon the question. The first has "Memoirs upon the new efforts towards a philological investigation of the old Sclavonian Language," and "Thoughts upon the History of the Russian Language." Dawydoff has published "An attempt at a Grammar of Universal Comparison of the Russian Language," and Schwyreff "A Journey to the Convent of Kirillo-Bjeloserski," an archæological work, represented as a model of its kind. Schewyreff is a well known, educated, and learned man, fully cognizant of the results of philogical study in the west. It is evident that Russia constantly aims to put herself abreast of western science. Wostokoff is busy upon a complete grammar of the old Sclavonic language, and a dictionary of the same. Both works will soon go to press. Since Dobrowsky, the area of old Sclavonian philology has much extended itself, and there can be no doubt that Wostokoff has made use of all the new material. The study of the Sclavonian language and literature has more than a merely philological interest. It will throw much light upon the confused history of Eastern Europe from the sixth to the ninth century,—a light sadly needed, even after Schaffarik's Sclavonian antiquities.

In Munich, we observe that Thiersch, Professor of Fine Arts at the University of the "German Athens," and whose *Aesthetik*, if not the most philosophic, is at least the most agreeable and practical, (though we know that *Krug* disposes of it in conversation very briefly with the expression "merely eclectic,") has published a new edition of his *Ziber das Erechtheum auf der Akropolis zu Athen*, with excellent colored illustrations by Metzger. Out of Germany the reputation of Thiersch rests principally upon his researches into and elucidations of Athenian antiquities.

A drama by an unknown poet, Robert Prölss, *The Right of Love*, attracts much attention in Germany, from its clear and interesting style, its fresh and lively dialogue, and the delicate drawing of its characters. The author seems to have modelled himself upon Shakspeare, but his work shows traces also of Italian study, and the critics, without questioning Prölss' originality or asserting an imitation, are reminded of Machiavelli's Mandragora. They find in the author the material of a genuine dramatist—experience, feeling, a sharp insight into character, and great skill in dialogue. The literary eye must be fastened upon such promise. It is so refreshing to find a Phenix in a mare's nest.

Pictures of Travel and Study, from the North of the United States of America, is the title of a new

book of travel by Mr. Charles Quentin, a German gentleman and official from Prussia. It is a diary of impressions, and without aiming at any high literary or philosophical excellence, abounds in sharp and smart observations. Some things do not escape the shrewd eye of Mr. Quentin, that not all Americans observe. As an illustration, we remark his notice of the American female habit in "shopping," of tumbling over all the goods in the shop and departing without finding "anything to suit." Hence our author infers the social supremacy of women in America. A new way of arriving at the old fact—a fact which the sane and sensible of the sex cannot fail to perceive and acknowledge. The book is written in a vivacious, colloquial humor.

Ernst Forster, well known as having married the daughter of Jean Paul Richter, but more celebrated for his translation of and notes to the best version of Vasari ever published, and who would deserve an honorable mention were it only for his well-known hospitality to all Americans visiting Munich, has recently given to the world, through the eminent bibliographist and publisher Kaiser, a brochure, entitled, *Wem Gebuhrt der Krang?* (Who deserves the Wreath?) a holiday-gift on the occasion of uncovering the colossal bronze statue of Bavaria. Next to King Ludwig himself, there are no Germans of the present day who entertain more comprehensive or sounder views of art in its manifold relations than Dr. Ernst Forster.

Since the remarkable increase of late years of the use of stucco ornaments in our Atlantic cities, we deem it almost a duty to call the attention of our builders to a work by Professor Eisenlohr, recently published, at a very moderate price, by Veith, of Carlsruhre, entitled *Architectural Ornaments, in Clay and Gypsum, for practical use, with Lithographed Illustrations*. Folio, 1 volume.

The publishing house of Brockhaus, one of the largest in Germany, is printing a series of Russian novels and poems, translated into German by William Wólfsohn.

The History of the United States Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Wilkes, is just translated and published in Germany.

Count Moritz Strachwitz has published a new volume of poems. His former books have been well received.

Professor Bulau's *Review of the Year 1850*, has reached a second edition.

Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado* has lately appeared in a German translation. [Pg 462]

In Paris the first volume of the collection of *Greek and Latin Physicians* has just appeared. To the profession this will be a work of the greatest interest and importance. The idea originated with Dr. Daremberg, a learned physician, enamored of his art, versed in the ancient languages—familiar with the study of MSS., and a visitor of all the principal libraries of Europe for the purposes of his work. The book will comprise the text of the authors, collated with manuscripts, and with the best editions, with a French translation and notes. To each division there will be a copious index. Daremberg has too well appreciated the scope and dignity of his work to suppose that it could be accomplished by any individual, and has therefore associated with himself several of the most distinguished savans in various departments of the undertaking, both in France and elsewhere. He comprehended no less the immense expense of the work, and applied in its inception under the monarchy, to the Government for aid. It was granted, and the Republic does not shrink from the fulfilment of that promise of its predecessor, in so truly a democratic work—for every thing which tends to the knowledge of the means of preserving health is essentially democratic. The French translation is admirably precise and clear; the notes are numerous but useful—chiefly upon natural history—the customs of the ancients—their hygiene, and upon all points which required elucidation. The work cannot be completed for several years, but Daremberg is young and ardent, and for his future labors he will have the solace of his first great and undoubted success.

The correspondence of MIRABEAU during the last three years of his life, and the complete history of his relations to the Court, is announced in Paris by Le Normant, in three octavo volumes. According to the *Journal des Débats*, the greatest part of these papers have never been printed. Mirabeau, a few days before his death, (2d April, 1794,) delivered them to his friend the Count de Mark, from whose hands, when he died at Brussels in 1833, they came into the possession of M. de Barcourt. This gentleman, formerly Ambassador to the United States, has enriched the volume with historical notes and commentaries.

LOUIS BLANC has published a political pamphlet called *Plus de Girondins* (No more Girondins), in which the opposition of the extreme party to the moderate party is expressed with the greatest force. The freedom of the press, and the liberty of public meeting, he wishes entirely unlimited, and the clubs to be every where opened as popular schools of politics. Exile has but knit him more closely to the democratic ideas, for whose development he hoped so much in the Revolution of '48. His compeer, Ledru Rollin, achieved nothing by his last year's work upon the Decadence of England, but ridicule in England, and no great fame at home.

A curious anecdote is told of SCRIBE, the French vaudevilliste. He was one day at work in his cabinet, when a young man entered. It was Lacenaire. He seemed very modest, and stated delicately the occasion of his visit. He had been appointed to a situation in Belgium, but was entirely without means, and requested of Scribe thirty or forty francs to pay his way to Brussels. Scribe was attracted by the young man's tone and manner. "Thirty to forty francs," said he, "are too few. I must give you a hundred, and if you choose to repay them, you can do so to an old woman in Brussels, who was a servant of our family. Here is her address." So saying, Scribe went to his drawer and took out the gold for the young man, who expressed his gratitude with all the elegance of a cultivated and sensitive mind, and left a copy of verses with Scribe for a remembrance. Since then Lacenaire has confessed that he knew the arrangement of Scribe's chamber, and had chosen an hour when the servants were absent. "I put myself between Scribe and the bell-rope, and if he had refused me, I should have made short and noiseless work with my knife. Scribe owed his life to his generosity." In this little story is there not an averted tragedy as sad as Eugene Aram's?

A new work, of great importance to the oriental student, will soon reach England from Siam, where it has been already published. It is a new Siamese grammar, prepared by the Roman Catholic Vicar General, who has resided in Siam for twenty years. In the "Journal of the English Archipelago," Mr. Taylor Jones announces the work and its value, with some illustrative facts in the author's life. The bishop brings to the task not alone his own remarkable intelligence and devotion, but the results of the inquiries of his predecessors for two centuries. The work forms a quarto of two hundred and forty-six pages, and treats of a mass of matter necessary to the understanding of the language, but which is not elsewhere to be found. Among this the reckoning of time, of money, measures, and weights, as well as chronology, literature, and religion, are included. The eight or ten pages devoted to chronology afford a clear and just insight into the old history of Siam. The enumeration of Siamese books, although not complete, shows that Siamese literature is by no means poor. The miscellaneous list contains one hundred and fifty various books upon grammar, arithmetic, astronomy, astrology, and history, and many poetical works, especially romances. The various warlike romances of China are very faithfully translated and broadly diffused in Siam. Sometimes these ponderous productions climb to a series of ninety volumes. The historical reports of Siam make forty volumes, and there are no less than thirty-six holy Buddhist books. A sketch of Buddhism is given in the present work, and the good bishop is now about commencing a Siamese dictionary. [Pg 463]

The literature of democracy has received another illustration in a social tragedy in five acts, by the citizen Xavier Sauriac, entitled The Death of Jesus. Its object of course is to embody dramatically the sentiment of the old Revolution that Jesus Christ was a *Sans Culottes*, akin to the feeling which causes ardent abolitionists to assert that he was a negro. This tragedy makes Jesus Christ a democratic philosopher, Herod an apostle, Magdalen a kind of Fleur de Marie. The hero rehearses a plan for the salvation of the world, which is simply crude communism. We quote an illustration:

> "Quand l'etat, héritier de la famille éteinte,
> Sera du sol entier possesseur sans contrainte,
> Qu'il serve alors de pére à tous les citoyens
> Et de la vie à tous dépense les moyens."

And again:

> "Dans les bizars brillante du luxe industriel,
> Il devienue lui seul, marchand universel."

This work is probably a very sincere one, and deserves a prominent place among the curiosities of literature. Nevertheless, such familiar presentation of the Saviour is not only blasphemous but ridiculous.

Mr. Alexander Dufaï has published in Paris a satire on socialist women, under the title of *Lélila, ou la Femme Socialiste*, and the journals of the sect are very angry with him that he illustrates the tendencies of socialism by presenting as his heroine its female apostle, George Sand. That there may be no doubt of his intention, he tells us in the preface that he has made *Lélila* narrate her childhood, education, and poetic dreams, her marriage with a *sous préfet*, who did not "understand" her, and her amours with a poet who *did* understand her, for he carried her off; he has also made *Lélila* marry by turns all the socialist systems in the persons of their chiefs; and finally, shows her in the revolution of 1848, presiding at *Le Club des Femmes*, and playing an active part in public life. "After this," observes the *Leader*, "he has the shameless audacity to say he attacks the 'species,' not the 'individual!'"

The two last volumes of the Remains of Saint-Martin have just been issued from the National Press in Paris, under the title, *Fragments of a History of the Arsacides, posthumous work of M. Saint-Martin*. He was a well-known French *litterateur*, and director of the library of the Arsenal. Strange stories are told of his unwearied diligence and devotion to details. He was the original proposer of a plan for a systematic and scientific investigation of oriental antiquities, and another for a collection of oriental classics. This latter was his darling project, for the execution of which Louis XVIII. granted a commission; but the revolution of 1830 ruined his hopes. Yet a new commission was named, and on the day upon which it was to hold its first session, Saint-Martin was stricken by the cholera, and died without knowing that the hope of his life would be fulfilled.

The *Univers* at Paris announces a newly-discovered document in relation to the trial of Louis XVI., proving that the report of the Debates in the *Moniteur* were falsified. This document is reported to have been published on the third of January, 1794, but has escaped all the historians. It occurs in the report of the commission appointed by the Convention to examine the papers found in Robespierre's possession. A letter turns up, written by the editor of the Debates of the Convention in the *Moniteur* to Robespierre, and of this import: "You know that we always report more fully the speeches of the Mountain than of the other side. In Convet's complaint against you, I printed only a short sketch of his first point, but the whole of your reply. And in the report of the King's trial I introduced on his side only enough to preserve an appearance of impartiality," &c., &c. Lamartine received these papers to examine when he announced his history of the Girondins, but returned them, saying that he could make no use of them.

An important work is announced by Joubert in Paris, *Les Murailles Revolutionaries*, being a complete collection of professions of faith, proclamations, placards, decrees, bulletins, facsimiles of signatures, inedited autographs, &c., from February, 1848, to the present day: three volumes quarto. It is to be published in twenty-four parts, one part every month, and will supply a very important want of the future historian of these last remarkable years.

M. Ubicini has just published in Paris a very interesting work on the Ottomans, *Lettres sur la Turquie*. These letters were first printed in successive numbers of the *Moniteur*, from March, 1850, to the present summer, and they treat with decided ability and with freshness the chief subjects connected with Mohammedan civilization, and with the present condition and prospects of the Turkish empire, as the government, administration, army, finances, agriculture, commerce, public instruction, organization of religion, &c.

The *Collection of Sacred Moralists*, which has been for some time in course of publication in Paris, under the editorial supervision of the famous editor of French classics, M. Lefèvre, has been just completed by the publication of the two volumes, of which one contains the *Moral Thoughts* of Confucius, and the other the work known as *The Sacred Book of China*.

M. Regnault's new book, which he would have regarded as a completion of Louis Blanc's *Histoire de Dix Ans*, is described as a very violent and not very clever pamphlet.

Lamartine's sentimental and lachrymose romance of *Raphaël*, has passed into a third edition in Paris. [Pg 464]

The French poet Mery has just published a romance entitled *Confessions de Marion Delorme*. We cannot imagine any additional interest from fictitious coloring to a life such as it is believed was really led by the heroine.

> "Marion Delorme was born in 1612 or 1615, but where is not exactly known, though probably in Champagne or Franche Comté. Of marvellous beauty and exquisite wit, she became, after certain amatory adventures, the mistress, and subsequently by secret marriage the wife, of Cinq Mars, and, as such, was persecuted by the terrible Cardinal Richelieu. Even before he was sent to the scaffold, she had formed other intrigues, and then had a long list of lovers, amongst whom were de Grammont and Saint Evremont; then she became the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers,' and the admired of all gallants of the good city of Paris; then she dabbled in politics, and eventually became one of the chiefs of the malcontent party; then she was in danger of arrest, like the Princes de Conti and de Condé; then to escape a jail she spread a rumor that she was dead, and actually got up a mock funeral of herself; afterwards, she escaped to England, married a lord, and in a short time became a widow with a legacy of £4000; then she returned to France, and on her way to Paris was attacked by brigands, robbed of her money, and made to marry the chief of the band; four years later she was again a widow, and then she wedded a M. Laborde; after living with him seventeen years, he died, and she went to Paris with the remains of her fortune; robbed by her domestics, she was reduced to beggary, and continued to lead a wretched existence to the extraordinary age of one hundred and thirty-four!"

M. Cuvillier-Fleury has published *Portraits Politiques et Revolutionnaires*, containing Louis Philippe and the Duchess d'Orleans, Causes of the Revolution, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, Proudhon, &c., &c. M. Cuvillier-Fleury was one of the Secretaries of Louis Philippe.

Mr. Parke Godwin's beautiful romance of Vala (published by Putnam) has been translated into the Swedish language. One of the journals of Stockholm announces the translation in terms of just appreciation. "Our excellent Lind," it is observed, "is showered over with the California gold, but no tribute given her can equal in worth the exquisite gem which is here cast at her feet by this most imaginative author."

The author of "How to make Home Unhealthy" has published in London *A Defence of Ignorance*. It is addressed to the largest of the markets, but to one that buys few books.

A new novel by Charles Dickens is to be commenced early in the autumn. Neither the title nor the subject has been announced.

A noble author, Viscount Maidstone, has just published a poem in six cantos, under the title of Abd-el-Kader.

Mr. Thackeray, who promises to come and see us, and who, of course, will talk about us with the world afterwards, is delivering a course of six lectures in London upon the English humorists.

The first was good, and as good as was expected, which is great praise—for few things are so difficult as for a famous man to satisfy public expectation. The London *Leader* thus speaks of it:

> "On Thursday the great satiric painter of social life—the Fielding of our times—commenced at Willis's rooms the first of those 'Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,' which many months ago we announced as in preparation. We have never heard a lecture that delighted us more. It was thoughtful and picturesque, with some wonderful traces of pathos and far-reaching sentences. Dwelling upon the moral aspects of Swift's position and career, rather than attempting a criticism on his works, Thackeray held his audience from first to last. He gave a vivid picture of the early life and loneliness of the great satirist amidst the exasperating servilities and insults endured from Temple's household, as also of the turbulent political bravo coming up to London to carve for himself a pathway among lords whom he despised. In this part of the lecture it was felt that, while satirizing that condition of political corruption which made Swift a bravo, and used him as such, the censor still touched upon living foibles; at the allusion to the South Sea Bubble, with its railway parallel, we observed some fair shoulders wince! Nor were religious cant and formalism untouched in the admirable picture of Swift's sacrifice of his life to an hypocrisy. The audience was of the elite—Thomas Carlyle, Macaulay, Milman, Milnes, Sir Robert Inglis, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance Leveson Gower, Lady Lichfield, with many others, not a few lovely women, and several men well known in literature and art."

Of his second lecture we quote the *Times*:

> "The heroes of his second lecture were Congreve and Addison. For Congreve, while he admitted the brilliancy of his wit, he evinced no great respect. He characterized him as the greatest literary "swell" that ever lived. With an air of greatness, Congreve put on his best clothes, stalked among wits who all thronged to admire him, however eminent they might be, and approached fine ladies with a certainty of conquest. The "I am the great Mr. Congreve!" was the complacent ejaculation which seemed to break through all he said and did. His character as a man of gallantry was illustrated by citations from his poems, in which he adulates or insults the ladies whom he immortalizes, and every where appears as the irresistible seducer, sure to be victorious in the end. And who could resist that very great Mr. Congreve, with his very fine coat, squeezing a hand, covered with diamonds, through the ringlets of a dishevelled periwig? Of the moral principle of his comedies Mr. Thackeray spoke with disgust, and traced the worship of youth and recklessness, and the disrespect of old age, which are such leading characteristics in those brilliant works, through a whole series of dramatic categories from the comedy to the puppet-show. The constant tendency, he humorously described, is a recommendation to "Eat and drink, and go to the deuce, when your time comes, if deuce there be; and he confessed that he [Pg 465] regarded these witty banquets without love as he would contemplate the ruins of Sallust's house at Pompeii, with all its ghastly relics of festivity. The foppish depreciation of his own literary productions with which Congreve met the compliments of Voltaire, Mr. Thackeray rather commended than otherwise, but not for a reason which would have pleased the great man. He really did think his productions worthless, if weighed against one kindly line of Steele or Addison.
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> "Addison is evidently Mr. Thackeray's favorite of the 'humorists' he has brought before the public. If Swift was the most wretched of mankind, Addison appeared to him as the most amiable. He admired the serene, calm character, who could walk so majestically among his fellow-creatures, and viewing with love all below him, could raise his eyes with adoration to the blue sky above. He admitted that Addison was not profound, and that his writings betray no appearance of suffering—which probably he never knew prior to his unlucky marriage—but at the same time he expatiated on the kindliness of his wisdom and the genuine character of his piety. The foible of drinking he did not attempt to conceal, but observed that we should have liked Addison less had he been without it, as we should have liked Sir Roger de Coverley less without his vanities. Greatly he admired the gentle spirit of Addison's sarcasm, as distinguished from the merciless onslaught of Swift, remarking, that in his mild court only minor cases were tried. Nor were words of commendation the only means by which Mr. Thackeray indicated his predilection for Addison. Of Swift he scarcely read a line; Congreve he illustrated, not by extracts from the comedies in which he lives for posterity, but by those minor poems which, though admired by his cotemporaries, are now little regarded; but he read several extracts from the *Spectator*, and also Addison's well known hymn, as a specimen of his deep feeling of devotion. Addison and Congreve were both prosperous men in a wordly point of view, and they were therefore introduced with a survey of that golden age, when an epithalamium on some noble marriage, or an ode to William III., was rewarded out of the public purse to an extent that made the poet comfortable for life. Congreve's first literary achievements earned for him, through the patronage of Lord Halifax, places in the commission for licensing hackney-coaches, in the Custom-house, and in the Pipe-office. 'Alas!' said Mr.

Thackeray, 'there are no Pipe-offices now; the public have smoked all the pipes!"

Theodore S. Fay—of whom the literary world has heard nothing for a long time—has in the press of the Appletons, a poem, entitled *Ulric, or the Voices*. Mr. Fay wrote good verses twenty years ago, and we shall see whether he has lost his art.

Mr. Hart, of Philadelphia, has lately published, in a very handsome style, several handbooks in the mechanic arts, which are much commended. Among them are *The Manufacture of Steel*, by Frederick Overman; *The Practical Dyer's Guide*; the *American Cotton Spinner's Guide*, and the London *Year Book of Facts*.

We are soon to have a new book from Thomas Carlyle—a *Memoir of the late John Sterling*, the "Archæus" of *Blackwood*, and the author of some of the finest compositions in recent English literature. Sterling, it is known to his friends, from a devout believer became a skeptic, and then a deist, pantheist, or perhaps an atheist, and finally, having done all that he saw to do, deliberately shut himself up to die—wrote to his friends what time he should leave the world, and on the very day, as if by a mere volition, went to his place. All this is concealed or passed over very lightly by Archdeacon Hare, his biographer, and Carlyle therefore determines that the world shall have his friend's true history. Among Sterling's most intimate correspondents was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and even Carlyle cannot write his life, we suspect, without having access to the extraordinary series of letters the poet sent to his American friend—letters, we have reason to believe, that will command a greater fame for him than all his published works have won, letters that almost any man might die to be the author of.

The most noticeable event connected with literature in this country is an arrangement entered into between a New-York publisher and Thomas H. Benton, for the publication of the *Historical Memoirs of the Life and Times* of that eminent person. Mr. Benton is now about sixty-eight years of age, and for half a century he has been an active participant in affairs. He was thirty years a senator from Missouri, to which state he removed some time before its admission to the Union. His name has been connected with many great measures, and very few have exercised a more powerful influence upon our institutions or policy. The increase of his strength, as well as the increase of his fame, has been gradual but regular. He has been from his youth a student. To every question which has arrested his attention he has brought all the forces of his understanding, and what he has acquired by incessant and painful labor he has to an astonishing degree retained after the occasions which made it necessary have passed. At a period much beyond the noon of other men, he was still rising. He was of the age at which Cicero achieved his highest triumphs, before he displayed the fullness and the perfection of his powers, in several of the remarkable debates which have had relation to our empire on the Pacific. With his extraordinary experience, his faithful and particular memory, and wisdom which is master of his temper, he is perhaps before every man of his time in the requisites for such an undertaking as that which has occupied his leisure for many years, and the chief portion of his time since he ceased to be a senator. His work will probably make some five large octavo volumes, and it may be believed that in fame, authority, and length of life, it will equal the immortal production of Clarendon. [Pg 466]

A new *Life of Mr. Jefferson* is soon to be published by Mr. Randall, who has been honorably distinguished in his connection with the government of this state. The work will embrace a very interesting sketch of the private life of Mr. Jefferson, by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the statesman's grandson and executor. Whatever we may think of the abilities or the special services of Mr. Jefferson, we are of that large number who regard his principles as altogether erroneous and injurious, and his character with little respect. The time is coming in which his history must be written, not by a maker of books, but by a philosophical statesman. Every year the materials are becoming more accessible. The writings of Adams and Hamilton, now in course of publication, are important contributions to them. The looked-for correspondence of Madison will serve largely for the same end; but Mr. Jefferson's life cannot be thoroughly understood until the collection of his papers in the possession of the government is carefully and intelligibly studied. The four volumes of his letters printed by Mr. Randolph, embrace but about eight hundred, but there were sold to the government by his executor the enormous number at *forty-two thousand letters* and other documents, of which nearly sixteen thousand were written or signed by Mr. Jefferson himself. A large proportion of these papers are doubtless most important for the illustration of contemporary French and American biography, but the whole of them should be read by whoever attempts to write the history of the apostle of the radical democracy

in the United States.

A Memoir *with a selection of the unpublished writings of the late Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli*, is announced as in preparation by her friends Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Ellery Channing. The letters of Margaret Fuller to the *Tribune*, would fill a large volume, and we hope they will be reprinted with the collection of her private correspondence and inedited essays. And some of her later critical writings for the *Tribune*, in which the fame of more than one favorite of certain coteries was assailed—will her editors have courage to reproduce them? Pray you, gentlemen, consider that you propose bringing Margaret Fuller herself from the sea, to speak again to us in her own language; if the figure you present speak not as she spoke—all that she would speak, regardless of your regards—it will not be believed that you have commission for what you undertake.

The Rev. Frederick Ogilby, of Philadelphia, has in preparation a *Memoir with selections from the Writings of the late Rev. John D. Ogilby, D.D.*, whose death at Paris was recently mentioned in these pages, and of whose life and character we have received an eloquent portraiture in the address delivered at his funeral by Bishop Doane.

An interesting article in the last *Southern Quarterly Review* on the life and writings of Edward Everett embraces some learned and elegant philological discussions, in which Mr. Everett (of whom Dr. Gilman, the writer, is a very warm admirer) is convicted of the use of several vulgarities, *e. g.* "in our midst," "in this connection," "reliable," &c. It is not often that such nice criticism is adventured in an American review. By the way, we are surprised that in none of the reviewals of Everett that have fallen under our notice has there been even the suggestion of a parallel between the classical orator of Harvard and Mr. Legaré. A feeble eulogist in a Philadelphia magazine compares him with Webster, which is merely ridiculous, as the two men have nothing in common. It would have pleased us if Dr. Gilman had weighed the merits of the illustrious Carolinian against those of the New Englander most deserving of critical comparison with him.

Mr. Gilmore Simms has in the press of a Charleston publisher a complete collection of his poems—or rather a collection embracing all his poetical compositions which so nearly meet the approval of his judgment that he is willing to preserve them under his name. Mr. Simms is a voluminous writer in verse as well as in prose, and we agree to an opinion in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, that as a poet he has by no means received justice from his contemporaries. Scarce any one in this country has produced more fair verses, and with the fair is much that is really beautiful. How much this proportion would be increased if he would but labor! and not turn off sonnets as editors do paragraphs.

Mrs. Oakessmith has published in the *Tribune*, ten numbers of an eloquently earnest performance under the title of *Woman and her Needs*. She has none of the silly and maudlin extravagances of the "Women's Rights" party, so called, and her work may safely be placed before those of Mary Wolstoncraft and Margaret Fuller, for ability; but we regard all these productions as uncalled for and injurious to the best interests of the sex. A book of much more real value may be looked for in Catherine Beecher's *True Remedy for Woman's Wrongs*, in the press of Phillips & Sampson, of Boston. There is no woman of stronger intellect than Miss Beecher's now writing in this country.

We learn with much regret that the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Smyth, of South Carolina, of whose many and various contributions to religious and historical literature we gave some account in an earlier number of *The International*, is dangerously ill in Italy, where his family have recently joined him. Dr. Smyth, our advices state, had twice been stricken with paralysis, and had been compelled entirely to forego all his literary occupations. [Pg 467]

The new novels of the last month have been numerous. The Harpers have published *Caleb Field*, by the author of Mrs. Margaret Maitland; *Eastbury*, by Harriet Drury; *The Heir of Wast-Wayland*, by Harriet Drury; *Yeast, a Problem*, by the author of Alton Locke; and some half dozen others. From T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, we have *Ginevra, or the History of a Portrait*, which we

understand is by a daughter of the late S. L. Fairfield: it is much praised in some of the journals. M. Hart has given us another clever novelette, by Caroline Lee Hentz, under the title of *Rena*. From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., we have *Lord and Lady Harcourt*, one of the pleasantest books of the season.

Miss Bremer has passed the winter and spring in the south and west, where she has been received with much hospitality, and detained with the affection she seems every where to inspire. Within a few weeks she has visited Florida, with a family of her friends from Charleston, and she has given very careful attention, under the most favorable circumstances, to the institutions of the southern states. She is now on her way through Tennessee and Virginia to New-York, and will soon return to Sweden, by way of London.

H. Balliere has just published *Vestiges of Civilization, or the Ætiology of History, Religious, Æsthetical, Political and Philosophical*. It appears to be written with much ability, but we are by no means inclined to believe in the truth of the author's views. He applies to civilization the processes which the author of the *Vestiges of Creation* applied to Natural History; and without attaining to the fame of that work, the Vestiges of Civilization will probably share its condemnation.

All our readers who were accustomed to read the journals twenty years ago, will remember Shocco Jones, the immortal defender of the fame of North Carolina. We had thought the mortal part of him was sent to the bourne he was so fond of describing in fine rhetoric when he wrote duel-challenges until a few days ago, when a friend advised us that he had lately listened to him saying mass in a Roman Catholic chapel in Mississippi. Who would have thought it?

Mr. Charles Scribner, (successor of Baker & Scribner,) has in press a large number of interesting new works, among which are *Incidents in the Life of a Pastor*, by the Rev. Dr. Wisner of Ithica; *The Captains of the Old World*, by Henry William Herbert; *Naval Life: the Midshipman*, by Lieutenant Lynch, Commander of the late Dead Sea Expedition; *The Fall of Poland*, by L. C. Saxton; *The Evening Book*, by Mrs. Kirkland; *Rural Homes*, by G. Wheeler; *The Epoch of Creation*, in which the scripture doctrine is contrasted with the geological theory, by Eleazer Lord; &c.

We perceive by the religious journals that Mr. John Neal, who for twenty or thirty years has been the chief literary gladiator of the country, has recently given his attention to religion, and is now laboring with characteristic activity for its advancement in the city and vicinity of Portland. Of course this is very pleasing intelligence, but we cannot help a regret that the conversion of the author of "Randolph" had not taken place before he printed his reviewal of the *Life of Poe*.

Mrs. Frances H. Green has in press a collection of her Poems, which will soon be published in a stout duodecimo, by Mr. Strong, in Nassau-street. The merits of Mrs. Green may be partially inferred from the notice of her in the article on our Female Poets which we translate from the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in another part of this magazine. She has remarkable powers of description, a rich fancy, and much poetical feeling.

Mr. Mitchell has published (Charles Scribner) a new edition of his *Fresh Gleanings*, one of the most delightful books of travel we ever read; a new edition, with a preface, in which he for the first time avows himself the author of *The Lorgnette*, (Stringer & Townsend); and he has a new work in the press of Mr. Scribner, besides a new and illustrated edition of *The Reveries of a Bachelor*.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, F.R.S., has returned to England, and will soon give to the world his views of society and manners in America. He said indeed on one or two occasions that he should write no book about us, yet we have it from excellent authority that he has matured his plan for the purpose, and will lose no time in bringing out the results of his summer's observation.

Dr. Holbrook, of Charleston, whose splendid work on reptiles entitles him to be ranked with the great naturalists of the time, has taken up his residence for the summer, we understand, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he will be occupied with his forthcoming book on American fishes, which in the beauty of its illustrations at least will equal his previous performance.

Mr. Judd has in the press of Phillips & Sampson, a new edition of his first and best novel, *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal*. We hope it will be illustrated with the admirable sketches of Darley.

Mr. Schoolcraft, we are pleased to learn, has in the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., his personal memoirs. They will constitute a work of much and varied interest.

Mr. Melville will soon be again before the public in a romance. The title of his new work is not announced, but we believe it is in press. [Pg 468]

We have before us the first volume—printed at Charleston, with an elegance that would do credit to our best northern printers—of the *History of Alabama, and Incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, from the Earliest period*, by Albert James Pickett. In *The International* for May we gave some account of the design. The work is executed throughout with great care, and Colonel Pickett may be congratulated upon having done a very important service to his State, by his arduous and intelligently prosecuted labors, of which he gives an interesting account in the following extract from his preface:

> "About four years since, feeling impressed with the fact that it is the duty of every man to make himself, in some way, useful to his race, I looked around in search of some object, in the pursuit of which I could benefit my fellow-citizens; for, although much interested in agriculture, that did not occupy one-fourth of my time. Having no taste for politics, and never having studied a profession, I determined to write a History. I thought it would serve to amuse my leisure hours; but it has been the hardest work of my life. While exhausted by the labor of reconciling the statements of old authors, toiling over old French and Spanish manuscripts, travelling through Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, for information, and corresponding with persons in Europe and elsewhere, for facts, I have sometimes almost resolved to abandon the attempt to prepare a History of my State.
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> "In reference to that portion of the work which relates to the Indians, I will state, that my father removed from Anson county, North-Carolina, and carried me to the wilds of the 'Alabama Territory,' in 1818, when I was a boy but eight years of age. He established a trading house, in connection with his plantation, in the present county of Autauga. During my youthful days, I was accustomed to be much with the Creek Indians—hundreds of whom came almost daily to the trading house. For twenty years I frequently visited the Creek nation. Their green-corn dances, ball-plays, war ceremonies, and manners and customs, are all fresh in my recollection. In my intercourse with them, I was thrown into the company of many old white men, called 'Indian countrymen,' who had for years conducted a commerce with them. Some of these men had come to the Creek nation before the revolutionary war, and others, being tories, had fled to it during the war, and after it, to escape from whig persecution. They were unquestionably the shrewdest and most interesting men with whom I ever conversed. Generally of Scotch descent, many of them were men of some education. All of them were married to Indian wives, and some of them had intelligent and handsome children. From these Indian countrymen I learned much concerning the manners and customs of the Creeks, with whom they had been so long associated, and more particularly with regard to the commerce which they carried on with them. In addition to this, I often conversed with the Chiefs while they were seated in the shades of the spreading mulberry and walnut, upon the banks of the beautiful Tallapoosa. As they leisurely smoked their pipes, some of them related to me the traditions of their country. I occasionally saw Choctaw and Cherokee traders, and learned much from them. I had no particular object in view at that time, except the gratification of a curiosity, which led me, for my own satisfaction alone, to learn something of the early history of Alabama.
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> "In relation to the invasion of Alabama by De Soto, which is related in the first

chapter of this work, I have derived much information in regard to the route of that earliest discoverer, from statements of General McGillivray, a Creek of mixed blood, who ruled this country, with eminent ability, from 1776 to 1793. I have perused the manuscript history of the Creeks, by Stiggins, a half-breed, who also received some particulars of the route of De Soto, during his boyhood, from the lips of the oldest Indians. My library contains many old Spanish and French maps, with the towns through which De Soto passed, correctly laid down. The sites of many of these are familiar to the present population. Besides all these, I have procured from England and France three journals of De Soto's expedition.

"One of these journals was written by a cavalier of the expedition, who was a native of Elvas, in Portugal. He finished his narrative on the 10th February, 1557, in the city of Evora, and it was printed in the house of Andrew de Burgos, printer and gentleman of the Lord Cardinal and the Infanta. It was translated into English, by Richard Hakluyt, in 1609, and is to be found in the supplementary volume of his voyages and discoveries; London: 1812. It is also published at length in the Historical Collections of Peter Force, of Washington city.

"Another journal of the expedition was written by the Inca Garcellasso de la Vega, a Peruvian by birth, and a native of the city of Cusco. His father was a Spaniard of noble blood, and his mother the sister of Capac, one of the Indian sovereigns of Peru. Garcellasso was a distinguished writer of that age. He had heard of the remarkable invasion of Florida by De Soto, and he applied himself diligently to obtain the facts. He found out an intelligent cavalier of that expedition, with whom he had minute conversations of all the particulars of it. In addition to this, journals were placed in his hands, written in the camp of De Soto—one by Alonzo de Carmona, a native of the town of Priego, and the other, by Juan Coles, a native of Zafra. Garcellasso published his work, at an early period, in Spanish. It has been translated into French, but never into English. The copy in our hands is entitled 'Histoire de la Conquete de la Floride ou relation de ce qui s'est passé dans la découverte de ce pais, par Ferdinand De Soto, Composée en Espagnol, par L'Inca Garcellasso de la Vega, et traduite en Francois, par St. Pierre Richelet, en deux tomes; a Leide: 1731.'

"I have still another journal, and the last one, of the expedition of De Soto. It was written by Biedma, who accompanied De Soto, as his commissary. The journal is entitled 'Relation de ce qui arriva pendant le voyage du Captaine Soto, et details sur la nature du pas qu'il parcourut; par Luis Hernandez de Biedma,' contained in a volume entitled 'Recuil de Pieces sur la Floride,' one of a series of 'Voyages et memoires originaux pour servir a la L'Histoire de la Recouverte de L'Amerique publies pour la premier fois en Francois; par H. Ternaux-Compans. Paris: 1841.'

"In Biedma there is an interesting letter written by De Soto, while he was at Tampa Bay, in Florida, which was addressed to some town authorities in Cuba. The journal of Biedma is much less in detail than those of the Portuguese Gentleman and Garcellasso, but agrees with them in the relation of the most important occurrences. [Pg 469]

"Our own accomplished writer, and earliest pioneer in Alabama history—Alexander B. Meck, of Mobile—has furnished a condensed, but well written and graphic account of De Soto's expedition, contained in a monthly magazine, entitled 'The Southern,' Tuscaloosa, 1839. He is correct as to the direction assumed by the Spaniards, over our soil, as well as to the character of that extraordinary conquest."

We shall recur to the work on receiving the second volume.

Lord Campbell, (who is himself a somewhat voluminous author, in history and general literature,) has reversed the decision of Baron Rolfe, given last year, and has decided that foreigners *first publishing* in England are entitled to copyright. He declared that the act of Anne for the encouragement of learning was furthered by allowing a copyright to aliens who first published in England, that Parliament had always favored the importation of foreign literature, and that the law would still protect the property of the foreign author, recognize his rights, and give him redress for all wrongs inflicted upon him in England.

This decision is one of very great importance, though not final, as the pirating booksellers have determined to carry the matter before the House of Lords, where Brougham, Lyndhurst, and several others of great authority, are known to be against them. Meantime, Bentley and the other purchasers of American copyrights, have issued advertisements warning the public against the purchase of unauthorized editions.

The Rev. Dr. Baird has added to the number of his works *The Christian Retrospect and Register,*

a Summary of Scientific Moral and Religious Progress in the First Half of the XIXth Century. (*12mo. M. W. Dodd.*) It is an interesting compend of events, of which even a condensed history might fill a dozen volumes. In all respects it is superior to a work of the same design published by Dr. Davis, and formerly reviewed in this magazine.

The *Parthenon*, is the title of a new work, remarkable for the beauty of its typography and of its wood cuts, to be published by Loomis & Griswold. It will be in about a dozen parts, the price of each of which will be one dollar. The first number contains, with a new story by Mr. Cooper, the best poem ever published by Mr. Duganne, and two really excellent poems by William Ross Wallace.

Louisa Payson Hopkins has just published (Gould & Lincoln of Boston) an excellent little volume in practical religion, entitled *Life's Guiding Star*, and designed to illustrate the second and third questions of the Westminster Catechism.

The works of the late Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., will soon be completed in the edition of A. S. Barnes & Co. They have already published *Ashore and Afloat*, and *Three Years in California*, which appeared before the author's death, and since then, *Land and Lee*, embracing the volume published many years ago under the title of "Constantinople and Athens." The posthumous volumes are carefully and judiciously edited by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever, whose own works of a somewhat similar character we have always to notice with praise.

The Appletons have in press *Io!* a novel, by a member of the Canadian Parliament, which gives large promise in the proof sheets; *The Philosophy of Mechanics*, by Mr. Allen, of Providence; *Campaigns in Mexico and by the Rio Grande*, by Brevet Major Isaac J. Stevens, in which Major Ripley, author of the History of the Mexican War, published by Harpers, is likely to receive more hot shot than he encountered on the field; *Sunbeams and Shadows*, a novel, by Miss Hulse, of Baltimore, and several other new works.

The *History of the Protestants of France, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Present Period*, by G. S. Felice, Professor of Theology at Montauban, has been published in a handsome octavo, by Edward Walker, Fulton street. In the April number of *The International*, we described this work, from a copy of the French original that fell in our way, not knowing that it was in course of translation. We renew our commendations.

The *Traveller's and Tourist's Guide through the United States, Canada, &c.*, by W. Williams, (published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia), is the most convenient and comprehensive hand-book of the kind we have seen. It appears in time for the tourists of the summer, who will find in it all the information they need, as to routes, distances, &c.

The author of "Standish the Puritan," who indulges a natural taste for letters, after having won fortune and eminence at the bar, is now finishing the last sheets of a new novel for the Harpers, on his estate in Georgia.

Czerny's *Method of the Piano Forte*, which we believe to be in all respects as good a book of instruction for that instrument, as was ever made, has been reprinted in a good edition by Oliver Ditson, of Boston.

A new edition of Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on the Principal Doctrines of the Catholic Church*, has been published by John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. This is a very able work, though less interesting to the mass of readers than its eminent author's work on the connexion between Science and Revealed Religion.

Among the new poems of the month are several fine ones by a new candidate for favor—a young woman of Connecticut—who writes in the *Tribune*. We quote two of them:

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Darlings of the forest!
  Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
  For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
  Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
  Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
  Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing,
  Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
  Out of air and dew:
Starlight unimpassioned,
  Dawn's most tender hue—
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
  From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
  Veiled from nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
  An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
  Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

A. W. H.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent! Yes, I am indolent,
  So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
  So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
  So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
  Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! Yes, I am indolent!
  So is the cloud overhanging the mountain
  So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
  Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
  Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! Yes, I am indolent!
  If it be idle to gather my pleasure
  Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight, and morning; by forest and sea;
  Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation;
  Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation;
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
  Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
  Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning, to heap up your gold.
  Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;

Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaked and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent!—Art thou not lost?

A. W. H.

ALICE CAREY continues to write pieces full of grace and feeling. Here is one from the *National Era*:

ANNIE CLAYVILLE.

In the bright'ning wake of April
Comes the lovely, lovely May,
But the step of Annie Clayville
Falleth fainter day by day.
In despite of sunshine, shadows
Lie upon her heart and brow:
Last year she was gay and happy—
Life is nothing to her now!

When she hears the wild bird singing,
Or the sweetly humming bee,
Only says she, faintly smiling,
What have you to do with me?
Yet, sing out for pleasant weather,
Wild birds in the woodland dells—
Fly out, little bees, and gather
Honey for your waxen wells.
Softly, silver rain of April,
Come down singing from the clouds,
Till daffodils and daisies
Shall be up in golden crowds;
Till the wild pinks hedge the meadows,
Blushing out of slender stems,
And the dandelions, starry,
Cover all the hills with gems.
From your cool beds in the rivers,
Blow, fresh winds, and gladness bring
To the locks that wait to hide you—
What have I to do with spring?

May is past—along the hollows
Chime the rills in sleepy tune,
While the harvest's yellow chaplet
Swings against the face of June.

Very pale lies Annie Clayville—
Still her forehead, shadow crowned,
And the watchers hear her saying,
As they softly tread around:
Go out, reapers, for the hill tops
Twinkle with the summer's heat—
Lay from out your swinging cradles
Golden furrows of ripe wheat!
While the little laughing children,
Lightly mixing work with play,
From between the long green winrows
Glean the sweetly-scented hay.
Let your sickles shine like sunbeams
In the silver-flowing rye,
Ears grow heavy in the cornfields—
That will claim you by and by.
Go out, reapers, with your sickles,
Gather home the harvest store!
Little gleaners, laughing gleaners,
I shall go with you no more.

Round the red moon of October,
White and cold the eve-stars climb,

Birds are gone, and flowers are dying—
'Tis a lonesome, lonesome time,
Yellow leaves along the woodland
Surge to drifts—the elm bough sways,
Creaking at the homestead window
All the weary nights and days.
Dismally the rain is falling—
Very dismally and cold;
Close, within the village graveyard,
By a heap of freshest mould,
With a simple, nameless headstone,
Lies a low and narrow mound,
And the brow of Annie Clayville
Is no longer shadow-crowned.
Rest thee, lost one, rest thee calmly,
Glad to go where pain is o'er—
Where they say not, through the night-time,
"I am weary," any more.

Mr. Boker has a fine poem entitled "I have a Cottage," in the July *Graham's Magazine*.

FOOTNOTES:

[D] Weil's *History of the Khalifs*. 3 vols. octavo. Besserman, Mannhein, 1851.

The Fine Arts.

There have been new discoveries of sculptures in Athens. The foundations of the old Council House were disclosed, and farther investigation led to the discovery of very beautiful remains. They are mostly fragmentary, but of the finest style. Especially an arm, with drapery, is very fine, and as the investigations are not yet completed, it is hoped that other parts of the statue may be obtained. More than sixty inscriptions have been also revealed. They are mostly decrees in praise of and memorials of honor to certain men. Some are of the Macedonian, others of the Roman period. Mr. Pittakis, the long resident and famous Athenian antiquariae, has been properly put at the head of the party of investigation. His topographical knowledge of Athens is probably superior to that of any other living man. [Pg 471]

The German painter Cornelius has recently composed a picture for the hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Berlin. The cartoon is at present in Dresden, where it will be cut in wood by the artist's old friend, Director von Schnorr, for the Art-Guild there. It will afterward be engraved upon steel, and sold for the benefit of the hospital. The subject is taken from the life of Elizabeth. The mother of the Landgrave of Thuringen has seen that Elizabeth has laid a beggar on the nuptial bed, for the purpose of nursing her, and he brings her son to see how his wife forgets his dignity as well as her own. But her worldly selfishness is shamed in the most surprising manner. An angel has drawn aside the curtain, and the landgrave, instead of a beggar, beholds the Saviour himself, who, with gentle aspect, stretches his hand toward the mother and son. Under the picture is the motto, "What ye have done to the least of these brethren, that ye have done to me." In its essential character this picture resembles the cartoon for a painting upon glass in the cathedral of Aix. In both pictures the artist has reverted to the sensibility of his youth, and created forms which recall the paintings of the old German and elder Italian masters. In the present drawing the figures of Elizabeth and of the two angels (one of whom is in a reverential posture behind the bed) are radiant with celestial tenderness and loveliness. From the countenance of Christ beams the divinely mild rebuke of the deepest feeling of mistaken virtue. The landgrave, a fine manly figure, is full of the earnest expression of the knowledge fast dawning upon his mind, and his mother shows characteristic worldliness subdued by a higher power. The whole picture is penetrated by the devotional sentiment of the middle ages. These are not modern figures in middle age costume, but men who belong to their time by expression and bearing. In the freedom and simplicity of treatment we recognize the master, who may properly reproduce the life and art of a past time, from his entire sympathy with it. Another cartoon in the great series for the Berlin Campo Santo, upon which Cornelius is now engaged, represents the happiness of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

A German critic, speaking of the statues of the Greek Slave by Powers and of the Wounded Indian by Stevenson, says of the latter that the touch of genius is visible in the work, but it is only the copying of nature, and has no ideal character; and of the former that the artist must have

developed his talent by long and patient study and contemplation of the finest creations of art. The forms of nature are not only reproduced, with the most poetic truth, but a glow of spiritual beauty breathes all over the work. It is most interesting, concludes the critic, to see the laying of the corner-stone of American art, an edifice whose completion none of us will live to see.

The Festival of the unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great, at Berlin, on the last day of May, is represented as one of the most splendid spectacles ever witnessed in that city. The memory of "Old Fritz" is cherished with a peculiar enthusiasm by the masses, who turned out in immense numbers. The day was the 110th anniversary of Frederick's ascending the throne. The monument is a real historical work, and, besides its artistic merit, may be consulted as an authentic record of the warriors and statesmen who helped to found a great kingdom. It is an immense advance on the insipid allegorical style, with its eternal Fames with trumpets, and Victories descending with garlands. Except in one or two of the small bas-reliefs, Rauch has adhered to strict reality, only so skilfully modified that it never becomes vulgar or commonplace. His Ziethens and Winterfeldts are warriors as stern and dignified in their "regulation" uniforms as if they were presented on the fields of Torgau and and Rossbach, like Achilles and Hector on the plains of Troy. A letter in the London *Times* says there were present about eighty aged soldiers who had served under the great King, and one old Hussar, of Ziethen's regiment, was pointed out as having actually fought in the Seven Years' War; the junior of the party could not be less than fourscore; they were all accommodated with seats specially provided for them; they wore the uniform of the period, of the old regulation cut, but newly made for the day, so that the veterans looked quite brilliant. Some of them, perhaps, had not worn a uniform for half a century.

The author of *Wanderings of a Pilgrim, during Four-and-Twenty Years in the East*, has employed herself, since her return to England, in superintending the painting of a Diorama of Hindostan. Perhaps no one else has so numerous a collection of beautiful sketches taken in the East, and few, indeed, possess her knowledge of Indian manners and customs.

At the close of last month the bronze statues of Gustavus Adolphus, and of Tegner, the Swedish poet who wrote the *Children of the last Supper*, were cast in Munich.

Since our last number, Jenny Lind has closed the series of her farewell concerts in New-York, and a week afterward dissolved her business relations with Mr. Barnum. Her career of nine months in this country has been a triumph unprecedented in the history of artistic success. She has appealed everywhere to the great general sympathy of the multitude, and partly, undoubtedly, owing to the prestige of her European fame, and the wonder at her remarkable vocalism, she has sung always before an audience essentially and characteristically American.

But the great service she has rendered, the fact which history would regard, is her introduction to us of some of the finest music, presented in a manner entirely adequate, and yet entirely different from all to which we were accustomed. She has illustrated the fact, that a noble nature ennobles the position of a public artist, and that the most appreciative artistic sympathy with the highest and most unpopular music, has yet something popularly sympathetic. It is the old story of great genius. It is Burns, again, at once the despair of the most brilliant and cultivated talent, and the delight of the entirely illiterate and vulgar sense. From this career of Jenny Lind must date a new era for us, both in musical taste and musical criticism. Now that she has shown us what is good music, whether popular or not, and what is perfect performance of it, whether in any favorite school or not, it will no longer do to smear mediocrity with superlatives, or to criticise music upon any grounds other than those of the criticism of all other arts. The manner in which Jenny Lind took our Penates, our *Sweet Home*, and *Auld Robin Gray*, and *Comin' thro' the Rye*, and restored them to us with a more graceful and significant life, was one of the most beautiful signs of the presence and power of genius. To that, every thing has been subservient. The large and gracious charities of the woman, the natural simplicity of her manner, and the personal magnetism which she every where diffused, were but the ornaments of the pure artistic nature, the divine priesthood of genius. Jenny Lind continues her progress through the country. It is understood that, after a month, she will retire from the public eye, for the rest which she so much requires, and afterwards, we learn from the best authority, she will, if possible, resume her concerts.

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The Opera.—Immediately upon the departure of Jenny Lind, Mr. Maretzek opened the doors of the Astor Place Opera House for a short season, preparatory to his summer campaign in Castle Garden. Under his auspices Bosio has reappeared, and Bettini has made his bow. Bosio is so beautiful a woman, she has a voice so subtly sweet and sympathetic, a style of singing so simple

and sufficient, and an instinctive femininenes of feeling fine enough to make her acting always agreeable, that her impression as a Prima Donna is the most symmetrical we have known in New-York. Her womanliness is her charm and her success. Even in characters of so grandiose proportions in the imagination, as *Lucrezia*, she never drops for a moment the interest of the spectator, although it is new to him to find a tender feeling in his regard for the Borgia. This tenderness, however, is not fatal to the artistic effect. It is that quality of feeling which he would have for a lost but lovely Magdalen. Bosio's *Zerlina* is another quite perfect representation. Its arch grace and sparkling beauty have never been surpassed by any Zerlina we have seen. Bosio, however, sketches rather than colors. Her acting is a suggestive outline which the imagination naturally fills—and, within the range of singers possible to us, we could select none so singularly fascinating as Bosio for the summer moonlight at Castle Garden.

Bettini is a young man, with a fresh, sweet, sympathetic tenor voice, which happily harmonizes with Bosio's. He has rather too magniloquent a style both of acting and singing, but is a very agreeable artist. We could lay in the shadows of his portrait delicately, yet deeply enough, by saying that he is *young*. He has made a decided hit upon the town, and the first evening at Castle Garden attracted an audience of not less than three thousand.

Donizetti's opera of *Marino Faliero* has been produced at Castle Garden, for the first time in America. It is only second rate music, but was admirably sung by the company. Marini looks the Doge and wears the ducal robe with great dignity and success.

NICHOLAS VON DER FLUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE BY THE AUTHOR OF "RURAL HOURS."

The fifteenth century proved an eventful and important period of Swiss history. The age which preceded it gave birth to the people, and brought them an independent existence and a name; but it left them at its close the mere skeleton of a political body, and it was not until a later day that their national constitution received fulness and development—it was not until the fifteenth century that the people acquired a clearly distinct character and position among the countries of Europe.

Several of the most celebrated battles in Swiss history, those which gave the confederates military fame with other nations, belong to this period. The battle of St. Jacques is altogether one of the most extraordinary on record. Thirty thousand French troops, chiefly from the free company of Armagnac, commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., marched to the defence of Zurich, which had revolted against the confederacy. They arrived at Basle in August, 1444. Fifteen hundred Swiss, from the cantons of Berne, Lucerne, Soleure and Basle, were dispatched to meet them. They found several thousand of the enemy in advance. These they attacked, repulsed, and pursued to the river Birs, and then, dashing into the stream after the flying enemy, and in face of a heavy cannonade, they actually assaulted the whole army of France in their camp on the opposite shore. The daring corps were soon divided, but they fought like lions. Five hundred were in an open meadow, exposed on all sides to the enemy; the remaining nine hundred threw themselves behind a garden wall. These last repulsed the enemy there several times, and made two attacks in their turn. Hundreds and thousands of the Armagnacs fell—man by man the brave Swiss were struck down. The battle lasted ten hours before the whole corps of [Pg 473] Swiss had fallen, for then only could the enemy pause. Fourteen hundred and ninety of the confederates were numbered with the dead, ten men only escaping by flight. Thousands upon thousands of the French army lay piled about the dead Swiss. This defeat, if such a name be fitted to the battle of St. Jacques, produced all the results of a victory: the siege of Basle was abandoned, a peace was speedily concluded, and it was in consequence of this brilliant action that Louis XI., when he ascended his father's throne, concluded with the Swiss that close alliance which has lasted nearly to the present times.

It was in the fifteenth century also that Charles of Burgundy attacked the confederates with all the forces of one of the richest and most powerful princes of the age. On the third of March, 1476, twenty thousand Swiss marched from Neufchatel to meet the army of Burgundy near Granson, a force which, with its followers, numbered one hundred thousand strong. The battle began in the morning, and at night Charles the Bold was flying through the passes of the Jura, with five companions, his brilliant army dispersed to the four winds of heaven, his choicest treasures in the hands of the frugal Swiss. In the month of June of the same year Charles again appeared in Switzerland, at the head of an army still larger than that he had commanded at Granson. On the twenty-second of June he lay before the little town of Morat, which he had assaulted in vain. The Swiss, with thirty-four thousand men, advanced to meet him, and with their usual ardor rushed upon the whole Burgundian force. In a few hours they had again routed an invading army nearly four times their own numbers. Charles fled from the field, with a small escort, leaving fifteen thousand of his army dead on the battle ground, while thousands more were drowned in the adjoining lake.

Having been thus successful when opposed to northern troops, the Swiss shortly after tried their strength against a southern foe, the Duke of Milan. On this occasion the confederates were the

aggressors, although under the plea of retaliation. A party of Italians had cut timber in one of their forests. Immediately a descent upon the Italian valleys was planned, and a considerable force crossed the southern Alps. A Milanese army of fifteen thousand men marched up the Ticino to meet the mountaineers. At the village of Giornico lay the Swiss vanguard of six hundred men, from Uri, Schweyz, Lucerne, and Zurich, the main body of their troops not having yet advanced so far. It was mid-winter of the year 1478. The Swiss caused the Ticino to overflow the meadows before the village, which soon became a field of ice; and as the Milanese army advanced upon Giornico, the confederates sallied out upon *skates*, and with this advantage over their enemies, six hundred Swiss put to flight a Milanese army of fifteen thousand men.

At that period the principal weapons were crossbows, arquebuses, lances, and halberds. Battle-axes and swords were also common, as well as knives and daggers. The body was still protected by armor, generally among the Swiss of plain workmanship; the head was covered by a helmet, or among the common soldiery with a thick felt hat, ornamented with feathers of the ostrich or the cock, according to the means of the owner. A white cross was stitched on the clothing in conspicuous places, and served as a common uniform badge with the confederates.

Victories so brilliant as those of Granson, Morat, and Giornico, with a defeat so advantageous as that of St. Jacques, spread the fame of the mountaineers through Europe—princes eagerly sought their aid as mercenaries; they were frequently opposed to each other in rival armies, and as their fidelity became as well known as their courage, they were solicited to form the body-guards of royalty.

The Swiss guards of the kings of France have a place in history. Their honorable fidelity to Louis XVI. is known the world over. Even within the present century the Swiss have watched at the gates of the Tuileries, Louis XVIII. having revived the custom on his return to France. After the Hundred Days, however, the body was finally disbanded. To the present hour it is understood that the King of Naples and the Pope are still (or were very shortly since) surrounded by body-guards from the confederacy.

But much as these different wars added to Swiss glory, they were followed by serious evils to the nation. A warlike, rapacious spirit, and with it the love of a roving, restless life, spread with wonderful rapidity among the people. Their mountain homes were deserted, their lands lay fallow, their flocks were sold to procure the means of arming themselves, employment among foreign powers was eagerly sought, and when it could not be obtained, parties of disbanded soldiers and idle camp-followers spread disorder through the country to such an extent that the severest measures were resorted to, and in the space of a few months as many as fifteen hundred vagabonds of this description were publicly executed.

The rich spoils of the Burgundian army produced a very unhappy effect. The gold, and silver, and jewels found in the deserted camp gave the conquerors a taste for riches to which they had hitherto been strangers. Formerly they had been a frugal and contented people, but a few short years produced a very striking change in this respect; a thirst for gold became general, bribes were openly offered and received, and foreign coin had an all-powerful influence in directing the course of their politics. Not only were the military openly in the pay of their neighbors, but the public men of the different cantons were only too well acquainted with German florins, Italian [Pg 474] ducats, and French crowns. It is true, this fact was not considered so disgraceful in those times as it would be to-day. For, two hundred years since, half the court of England, with the king at their head, were in the pay of Louis XIV. But it would appear that bribery became more frequent and more impudent in Swiss politics than in those of other countries at the same period. On one occasion the French minister had his money-bags publicly opened at Berne, and the royal pensions or bribes distributed in the town with the sound of the trumpet. At Friburg heaps of crowns were openly displayed, piled up with shovels, and the bystanders were asked if the silver did not sound better than the empty promises of the Emperor Maximilian, nicknamed *Pochidanari*, or the Pennyless. At another time the French ambassador went to the baths of Baden, in Arau, where people from all parts of the country were assembled, kept open house, paid the score for large troops of the company, and actually threw gold into the bathing rooms, for the women to scramble for. The result of a course like this was very injurious to Swiss character. Highly honorable for courage and fidelity, it has yet been considered as too generally colored by the love of money, verifying the proverb, "*point d'argent, point de Suisse*."

But this mercenary spirit was not the only evil brought upon the confederacy by the victories of the fifteenth century. Internal differences of the gravest nature soon followed. The division of the spoil was very unsatisfactory to the rural cantons. They made loud complaints of injustice, and became extremely jealous of the greater intelligence, power, and influence of the towns; while the burghers, in their turn, became suspicious of the pastoral cantons, accusing them of wishing to promote disturbances between themselves and their subjects—subjects, we say, for the towns having acquired by conquest or purchase parcels of territory here and there, governed them as the feudal lords governed their vassals. In short, from the whole history of that period it is evident that a spirit of suspicion and jealousy was rife throughout the confederacy, threatening disunion and revolution. In the hope of restoring confidence and unity, a council or Diet was convened at Stantz, one of the principal towns of the canton of Unterwalden.

One by one, the deputations from the different cantons made their appearance at the little town of Stantz. They came by the lake of Lucerne, or lake of the forest cantons, as it is more frequently called by the people themselves, a beautiful sheet of limpid water, lying in the bosom of noble Alpine mountains, with sweet pastoral valleys opening here and there among the solemn cliffs.

There were soldiers, merchants, lawyers, and peasants in the assembly; there were burghers from Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne, with shepherds from Schwyz and Uri; in addition to the regular deputies, there were also agents from St. Gall, Appenzell, Soleure, and Friburg, applying for admission to the confederacy, to which they had been hitherto only allies. It was in the winter season that the Diet assembled. The session was scarcely opened when it became evident that they had met in an evil temper; every subject introduced was received with bitterness, mistrust, and suspicion. The angry passions of the rural cantons were thoroughly aroused; they were extremely jealous of the towns, and no reasoning could induce them to accede to the application for admission from Friburg and Soleure. These districts were headed by important cities, and every city was accused of tyranny. The burghers knew too much, they were too rich, they were too prosperous. The deputies of the larger cantons, on the other hand, were indignant at this petty jealousy, and at the refusal to receive Soleure and Friburg, whose citizens had fought side by side with them in so many of their struggles. The subject of the division of the spoils from the war with Burgundy was again advanced by the rural cantons with renewed bitterness. In short, every matter broached seemed to offer only another field for mistrust and fierce contention.

While the Diet was thus holding its stormy session at Stantz, a conspiracy against Lucerne was discovered. The peasants of a rural district subject to the town were implicated in it; they had resolved to seize the occasion of an approaching festival for attacking the burghers, murdering the governor and council, and razing the city to the ground, so that in future nothing but a village, like their own, should exist on the spot. Tidings of the discovery of this conspiracy only aggravated the evil temper of the Diet. From invective and accusation both parties proceeded to the gravest threats. The deputies of Friburg and Soleure, in the hopes of restoring a better understanding, voluntarily withdrew their application, but in vain. Both parties were too highly exasperated. Reconciliation was held to be impossible. Disunion and civil war, that most wretched, most shameful warfare, were declared inevitable.

The canton of Unterwalden was divided into two districts, each including one of the two great gorges of that region. Each of these valleys had its own towering mountains, with rocky summits, wooded heights, and green alpine pastures. Through each flowed a stream, or rather wild torrent, and the more level lands on their banks were thickly sprinkled with rustic dwellings, in near neighborhood. Stantz, the seat of the Diet, and a mere village, was the principal town of Lower Unterwalden. The sister valley of Upper Unterwalden was the most fertile and beautiful. Its chief village was Sarnen. A stream called the Melch ran through a branch of the valley, to which it gave its name of Melchthal. This dale was already noted ground in Swiss history, as the native spot of two of their heroes. Arnold von Melchthal, the companion of Tell, was a peasant of [Pg 475] this valley, as his name denotes; and Arnold von Winkelried, to whose heroic self-sacrifice they owed the victory of Sempach, was also born and lived on the banks of the Melch. During the time of the critical Diet of Stantz, there lived in this valley a family by the name of Loewenbrugger. They were among the most important peasants of the dale. Ten children, five sons and five daughters, had been born in the paternal cottage. Some were living there at the time, with their mother, others had married and gone to different homes. The father was absent. Nicholas Loewenbrugger had for many years held a conspicuous position in his native district. He had served his country faithfully on many occasions by his wisdom and his courage. During their wars he had distinguished himself highly, not only for bravery, but also for humanity. When still in middle life, however, he had retired from the little world about him, leaving his paternal estate to the care of his wife, and choosing a cliff on one of the neighboring mountains, he there built himself a hermitage, in which he gave up his whole time to devotion and religious services. So great was the simplicity of his ascetic life, that it is said his only bed was the floor of his cell, and his pillow a stone. It was even believed that for years he had taken no other nourishment than the blessed elements of the holy sacrament. Whatever exaggerations may have been credited in that superstitious age, it is at least certain that his unfeigned piety and saintly life had acquired for him a high place in the respect of his countrymen, while the name of Nicholas von der Fluë, or Nicholas of the Rock, from the spot where he dwelt, was honored far and wide through the cantons.

News of the fierce dissensions of the Diet of Stantz spread rapidly through the different valleys about the lake of the forest cantons; every hour it was expected that the assembly would break up in violence, and the deputies hurry home to prepare the different cantons for a terrible internal struggle. Every appearance warranted this opinion. The priest of Stantz, Heinrich Imgrund, was one of those who most sincerely mourned this state of things. One day, when matters were at the worst, and the danger appeared most imminent, the worthy man took his walking-staff, and proceeded to the Melchthal. It was in winter, the last week of December, and the old priest made his way over the snow and ice to the hermitage of the pious Nicholas of the Fluë. There he hastened to lay before the good man the state of things in Stantz, and the dangers that threatened their common country. The hermit, unlike many of his recluse brethren, had not lost all interest in the higher events of the world to which he belonged, and he determined that every means in his power should be employed to avert the impending evil. Early on the morning of December 22d, 1481, the venerable man, now far advanced in life, left his little cell on the rock, and bent his way towards Stantz, and we may well believe that, as he went on his patriotic errand, earnest prayers were offered by him in behalf of his misguided countrymen.

Arrived at Stantz, he proceeded immediately to the hall where the Diet was in session. While yet without the walls, the stormy uproar and fierce discord of the assembly reached his ears. Hurrying his steps, the old man entered the hall. He had scarcely crossed the threshold, when his venerable figure, aged face, and hoary locks, attracted general attention; in another instant he

was known to be Nicholas of the Rock. As if by instinctive impulse, the whole assembly rose to their feet. Seizing the moment of their respectful attention, the venerable man addressed them in earnest, fervent tones. There were those in the Diet to whom his voice was not strange; men, who in former years had known him as the soldier and the patriot, while to all within the walls his character for wisdom and sanctity was well known. Every eye was fixed upon his venerable countenance, every ear listened eagerly to the words which fell from his honored lips. It was a remarkable scene; a spectator could never have credited that this was an authoritative assembly into which the hermit had presented himself unbidden; it seemed rather as if that hall were the presence chamber of the wise and saintly man, and deputies from far and near—knight, merchant, and peasant—had gathered about him, and pressed forward to receive his judgment. With all the eloquence of wisdom, and a heartfelt interest, the venerable man addressed the assembly. He implored, he warned, he admonished; he reminded them the interests of a whole nation were committed to their hands, and that for the powers with which they were intrusted they were not responsible to man alone, but also to their Almighty Maker. Had they met together like traitors, like madmen, to tear asunder the body politic over which they were the appointed guardians? Where was the calmness of deliberation with which a dignified assembly should meet to utter, and to listen? Was it to revile each other, to menace, that they, grave and mature men, had come from the farthest limits of their common country? Such language as he had heard, such disorder as he had witnessed when he first crossed that threshold, was it manly, was it honorable, was it rational? He bade them pause, and tell him to what, under Providence, they owed their present position as a free and independent nation, respected by their neighbours. Every man there present knew beyond all contradiction, that it was to their union they owed this great debt of glory and prosperity. Without union they never could have attained to independence; without union they never could have preserved their freedom against one of the most powerful princes of Europe. And now, the very bond to which they and their fathers owed [Pg 476] every national blessing and individual safety, they stood ready, in a moment of passion, to sever violently. He asked them if a national bond were absolutely nothing, that they held it now so cheap? There were men, he knew, in every land who held cheap each tie which bound them to their fellows—men who had no feeling for father, or brother, or son; but, thanks be to God, such was not the case with all. Most human hearts could value every social bond, whether of family, kindred, or country. And what course would they take, should the evil work be accomplished? Did they expect to thrive better singly—each canton to face the world and all its manifold interests alone, or did they mean to cling together, a few here, a few there, one nation broken up into half a dozen nations? Did they expect that any future union could be closer and dearer than that which had already held together for generations men of the same blood and language; men who had suffered and triumphed together? He warned them that if the evil spirit of disunion and strife were now let loose and encouraged by themselves, they must not expect it to end its work to-day, to stop short at the very hour they required it to sleep again; like all other evil influences, it must either be checked and controlled, or the fatal poison must spread farther and farther, until it ended in utter anarchy and confusion. It is not for man, made of the dust of the earth, to rouse evil and accursed passions, and bid them go thus far and no farther. He implored them to let no narrow, selfish, momentary interest blind them to interests immeasurably higher, and more lasting. It remained for the men of that generation to say whether the crisis should be a fatal one or not; it lay within their power to steer the ark of their country's hopes safely over a stormy sea, or purposely, deliberately, wilfully, to rush on the breakers, until that noble, honored fabric foundered for ever. Evil passions, suspicion, envy, jealousy, wrath, had too often, in the history of the world, worked out general, public misery: but he trusted there was yet within the bosom of their own people wisdom, patience, and moderation sufficient to carry them safely through the storm. He called upon every good man, every honest man, who could rise superior to the selfishness of the race, to move and act in the blessed cause of peace and concord. He advised them to look each at his own post and duty, and to meddle less with those of his neighbors; he implored them, for conscience' sake, not to be so ready with mutual suspicion and recrimination. He warned them that whatever evils were to be remedied, the task must be undertaken calmly and dispassionately to be well done.

Then proceeding to the subjects immediately under discussion, he continued: "Let not the towns insist on claims which are injurious to the old confederates. Let the rural cantons bear in mind how Soleure and Friburg fought by their side, and received them freely into the confederacy. Beware of intrigues, confederates! Beware of discord! Far be it for any to sacrifice his father-land for selfish interests of his own."

The old man paused. The better intentioned of the deputies, who had been silenced by the violence of their companions, pressed about him. He repeated his counsels; he entered more particularly into the subjects of dispute; more and more gathered to the ranks of peace; and, in short, it is a matter of history that the earnest address of the good man worked an entire change in the temper of the Diet. In one hour's time the country was saved. It may be doubted whether there is on record, in the whole course of history, so striking an instance of the influence of disinterested wisdom upon a public assembly at a moment so critical. Probably, such an incident could only occur in a simple state of society, where legislative pride and legislative weakness had not made such rapid strides as in later times. Happily for Switzerland, the question was decided on the spot; during that same day's session every subject under debate was peaceably settled. The confederacy was saved. Friburg and Soleure were received into the union. The venerable Nicholas had proposed that territorial conquests should be shared according to cantons, and the other spoil according to the population; both questions were immediately decided in accordance with this plan. Other points were amicably settled; and, instead of a fatal rupture, a covenant was

entered into, since called the "Covenant of Stantz," by which the bonds of union were drawn closer. The deputies separated in a friendly temper, and the happy news of reconciliation spread rapidly through the quiet valleys and busy towns, while from the Alps to the Jura, the bells of town-house, church, and convent, poured forth over hill and dale their grateful peal of national joy.

To the present day the Swiss thankfully recur to the 22d of December, 1481, and the appeal of Nicholas von der Fluë to the Diet of Stantz, as a memorable epoch in their history. Certainly the incident is very remarkable, and almost without a parallel in history. To us of the present day, when revolution and violence are rife, when invective and accusation form the common speech of public writers and public speakers, to us of these days of controversy the fact that the personal character and wisdom of one man should have pacified and influenced to such a degree a stormy assembly, appears all but incredible.

The traveller who visits the canton of Unterwalden to-day finds its mountains sublime, its valleys beautiful, its waters limpid and living, as of old. It is a wholly pastoral region, and the smooth green meadows are thickly sprinkled with peasant homes, neat, cheerful, and peculiar, like those of all Switzerland. The valley of the Melch is particularly populous, its green pasture grounds protected by noble mountains, rising on either side six or eight thousand feet towards the [Pg 477] heavens, are closely dotted with pretty cottages. Among these rustic dwellings, that once inhabited by Nicholas Loewenbrugger is still shown. It is in good preservation, and much like those which surround it. Probably the architecture, like the dress of the Swiss peasantry, has varied but little for generations. Several personal relics of the venerable man are also preserved, and shown to the pilgrim traveller—these are two swords, a silver goblet, and a couple of wooden spoons. It is very probable that they were in fact what they claim to have been, the property of the good man, for we, in this country of change, have little idea of the great care taken with family relics of this description in the households of the old world. A chapel has been built near the cell occupied by the hermit; his tomb is at Sachslen, about a league from the village of Sarnen, in the principal church of the canton. Descendants of the patriot are still living in Unterwalden, where his family long held a very honorable position, and is well represented at the present day. But those who boast of his own blood and name can scarcely claim a deeper and more heartfelt veneration for his memory than that which is felt throughout the whole confederacy. There is no name in Switzerland, not even that of Tell, revered more highly than the name of Nicolas von der Fluë. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Probably, if earnest efforts in behalf of concord, like those of the old hermit, were more frequently made, history would, on many occasions, show less gloomy pictures than those which she now unfolds to the world. But it is a singular fact that, generally, good men are more easily disheartened, and, consequently, far less active in times of internal disturbance than the selfish and intriguing. Surely this ought not to be.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.[E]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Continued from page 346.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. Hazleton was very consoling. She was with Mrs. Hastings two or three times in the week, and poor Mrs. Hastings required a considerable degree of consolation; for the arrest of her husband, coming so close upon the bitter mortification of loss, and abatement of dignity, and at the end of a long period of weak health, had made her seriously ill. She now kept her bed the whole day long, and lay, making herself worse by that sort of fretful anxiety which was constitutional with her as well as with many other people. Mrs. Hazleton's visits were a great comfort to her, and yet, strange to say, Emily almost always found her more irritable after that lady had left her.

Poor Emily seemed to shine under the cloud of misfortune. Her character came out and acted nobly in the midst of disasters. She was her mother's nurse and constant attendant; she kept her father informed of every thing that passed—not an opportunity was missed of sending him a letter; and although she would have made any sacrifice to be with him in prison, to comfort and support him in the peril and sorrow of his situation, she was well satisfied that he had not taken her, when she found the state into which her mother had fallen.

Often, after Mrs. Hazleton had sat for an hour or two with her sick friend, she would come down and walk upon the terrace for a while with Emily, and comfort her much in the same way that she did Mrs. Hastings. She would tell her not to despond about her mother: that though she was certainly very ill, and in a dangerous state, yet people had recovered who had been quite as ill as

she was. Then she would talk about lungs, and nerves, and humors, and all kinds of painful and mortal diseases, as if she had studied medicine all her life; and she did it, too, with a quiet, dignified gravity which made it more impressive and alarming. Then again, she would turn to the situation of Mr. Hastings, and wonder what they would do with him. She would also bring every bit of news that she could collect, regarding the case of Sir John Fenwick, especially when the intelligence was painful and disastrous; but she hinted that, perhaps, after all, they might not be able to prove any thing against Mr. Hastings, and that even if they did—although the Government were inclined to be severe—they might, perhaps, commute his sentence to transportation for the colonies, or imprisonment in the Tower for five or six years.

It is thus our friends often console us; some of them, from a dark and gloomy turn of mind, and some of them from the satisfaction many people feel in meddling with the miseries of others. But it was neither natural despondency of character, nor any general love of sorrowful scenes or thoughts, that moved Mrs. Hazleton in the present instance. She had a peculiar and especial pleasure in the wretchedness of the Hastings family, and particularly in that of Emily. The charming lady fancied that if Marlow were free from his engagement with Emily the next day, and a suitor for her own hand, she would never think of marrying him. I am not quite sure of that fact, but that is no business of ours, dear reader, and one thing is certain, that she would have very willingly sacrificed one half of her whole fortune, nay more, to have placed an everlasting barrier between Emily and Marlow.

She was thus walking with her dear Emily, as she called her, one day on that terrace at the back of the house where the memorable conversation had taken place between Mr. Hastings and Sir John Fenwick, and was treating Emily to a minute and particular account of the death of the latter, when Marlow suddenly arrived from London, and entered the house by the large glass door in front. He found a servant in the hall who informed him that Mrs. Hastings was still in bed, and that Emily was walking on the terrace with Mrs. Hazleton. Marlow paused, and considered for a moment. "Any thing not dishonorable," he said to himself, "is justifiable to clear up such a mystery;" and passing quietly through the house into the dining-room, which had one window opening as a door upon the terrace, he saw his fair Emily and her companion pass along towards the other end of the walk without being himself perceived. He then approached the window, and calculating the distances nicely, so as to be sure that Mrs. Hazleton was fully as far distant from himself as she could have been from Sir John Fenwick and Mr. Hastings on the evening when they walked there together, he pronounced her name in an ordinary tone, somewhat lower than that which Mr. Hastings usually employed. [Pg 478]

Mrs. Hazleton instantly started, and looked round towards the spot where Marlow was now emerging from the room.

The lady could not miss an occasion, and the moment she saw him she exclaimed, "Dear me! there is Mr. Marlow; I am afraid he brings bad tidings, Emily."

Emily paused not to consider, but with her own wild grace ran forward and cast herself into his arms.

Fortunately Mrs. Hazleton had no dagger with her. Her face was benevolent and smiling when she joined them; for the joy there was upon Emily's countenance forbade any affectation of apprehension. It said as plainly as possible, "All is well;" but she added the words too, stretching forth her hand to her supposed friend, and saying, "Dear Mrs. Hazleton, Charles brings me word that my father is safe—that the Government have declared they will not prosecute."

"I congratulate you with my whole heart, Emily," replied the lady; "and I do sincerely hope that ministers may keep their word better in this instance than they have done in some others."

"There is not the slightest doubt of it, my dear madam," said Marlow; "for I have the official announcement under the hand of the Secretary of State."

"I must fly and tell my mother," said Emily, and without waiting for a reply she darted away.

Mrs. Hazleton took a turn or two up and down the terrace with Marlow, considering whether it was at all possible for her to be of any further comfort to her friends at the Court. As she could not stay all night, however, so as to prevent Emily and Marlow from having any happy private conversation together and as she judged that, in their present joy, they would a good deal forget conventional restraints, and give way to their lover-like feelings even in her presence, which would be exceedingly disagreeable to her, she soon re-entered the house, and ordered her carriage.

It must be acknowledged that both Emily and Marlow were well satisfied to see her depart, and it is not to be wondered at if they gave themselves up for half an hour to the pleasure of meeting again.

At the end of that time, however, Marlow drew forth a letter from his pocket, carefully folded, so that a line or two only was apparent, and placing it before Emily, inquired if she knew the hand.

"It is mine," said Emily, at first; but the moment after she exclaimed "No!—it is not; it is Mrs. Hazleton's. I know it by the peculiar way she forms the *g* and the *y*.—Stay, let me see, Marlow. She has not done so always; but that *g*, and that *y*, I am quite certain of. Why do you ask, Marlow?"

"For reasons of the utmost importance, dear Emily," he answered, "have you any letters or notes

of Mrs. Hazleton's?"

"Yes, there is one which came yesterday," replied Emily; "it is lying on my table up-stairs."

"Bring it—bring it, dearest girl," he said; "I wish very much to see it."

When he had got, he examined it with a well-pleased smile, and then said, with a laugh, "I must impound this, my love. I am now on the right track, and will not leave it till I have arrived at perfect certainty."

"You are very strange and mysterious to-day, Marlow," said the beautiful girl, "what does all this mean?"

"It means, my love," replied Marlow, "that I have very dark doubts and suspicions of Mrs. Hazleton,—and all I have seen and heard to-day confirms me. Now sit down here by me, dear Emily, and tell me if, to your knowledge, you have ever given to Mrs. Hazleton cause of offence."

"Never!" answered Emily, firmly and at once. "Never in my life."

Marlow mused, and then, with his arms round her waist, he continued, "Bethink yourself, my love. Within the course of the last two or three years, have you ever seen reason to believe that Mrs. Hazleton's affection for you is not so great as it appears?—Has it ever wavered?—Has it ever become doubtful to you from any stray word or accidental circumstance?"

Emily was silent for a moment, and then replied, thoughtfully, "Perhaps I did think so, once or twice, when I was staying at her house, last year."

"Well, then, now, dear Emily," said Marlow, "tell me every thing down to the most minute circumstance that occurred there."

Emily hesitated. "Perhaps I ought not," she said; "Mrs. Hazleton showed me, very strongly, that I ought not, except under an absolute necessity."

"That necessity is now, my love," replied Marlow; "love cannot exist without confidence, Emily; and I tell you, upon my honor and my faith, that your happiness, my happiness, and even your father's safety, depends in a great degree upon your telling me all. Do you believe me, Emily?" [Pg 479]

"Fully," she answered; "and I will tell you all."

Thus seated together, she poured forth the whole tale to her lover's ears, even to the circumstances which had occurred in her own room, when Mrs. Hazleton had entered it, walking in her sleep. The whole conduct of John Ayliffe, now calling himself Sir John Hastings, was also displayed; and the dark and treacherous schemes which had been going on, began gradually to evolve themselves to Marlow's mind. Obscure and indistinct they still were; but the gloomy shadow was apparent, and he could trace the outline though he could not fill up the details.

"Base, treacherous woman!" he murmured to himself, and then, pressing Emily more closely to his heart, he thanked her again and again for her frankness. "I will never misuse it, my Emily," he said; "and no one shall ever know what you have told me except your father: to him it must be absolutely revealed."

"I would have told him myself," said Emily, "if he had ever asked me any questions on the subject; but as he did not, and seemed very gloomy just then, I thought it better to follow Mrs. Hazleton's advice."

"The worst and the basest she could have given you," said Marlow; "I have had doubts of her for a long time, Emily, but I have no doubts now; and, moreover, I firmly believe that the whole case of this John Ayliffe—his claim upon your father's estate and title—is all false and factitious together, supported by fraud, forgery, and crime. Have you preserved this young man's letter, or have you destroyed it, Emily?"

"I kept it," she replied, "thinking that, some time or another, I might have to show it to my father."

"Then one more mark of confidence, my love," said Marlow; "let me have that letter. I do not wish to read it; therefore you had better fold it up and seal it; but it may be necessary as a link in the chain of evidence which I wish to bring forward for your father's satisfaction."

"Read it, if you will, Marlow," she answered; "I have told you the contents, but it may be as well that you should see the words: I will bring it to you in a moment."

They read the letter over together, and when Marlow had concluded, he laid his hand upon it, saying, "This is Mrs. Hazleton's composition."

"I'm almost inclined to fancy so, myself," answered Emily.

"He is incapable of writing this," replied her lover; "I have seen his letters on matters of business, and he cannot write a plain sentence in English to an end without making some gross mistake. This is Mrs. Hazleton's doing, and there is some dark design underneath it. Would to God that visit had never taken place!"

"There has been little happiness in the house since," said Emily, "except what you and I have known together, Marlow; and that has been sadly checkered by many a painful circumstance."

"The clouds are breaking, dear one," replied Marlow, rising; "but I will not pause one moment in my course till all this is made clear—no, not even for the delight of sitting here by you, my love. I will go home at once, Emily; mount my horse, and ride over to Hartwell before it be dark."

"What is your object there?" asked Emily.

"To unravel one part of this mystery," replied her lover. "I will ascertain, by some means, from whom, or in what way, this young man obtained sufficient money to commence and carry on a very expensive suit at law. That he had it not himself, I am certain. That his chances were not sufficiently good, when first he commenced, to induce any lawyer to take the risk, I am equally certain. He must have had it from some one, and my suspicions point to Mrs. Hazleton. Her bankers are mine, and I will find means to know. So, now, farewell, my love; I will see you again early to-morrow."

He lingered yet for a moment or two, and then left her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Marlow was soon on horseback, and riding on to the country town. But he had lingered longer with Emily than he imagined, and the day declined visibly as he rode along.

"The business hours are over," he thought; "bankers and lawyers will have abandoned the money-getting and mischief-making toils of the day; and I must stay at the inn till to-morrow."

He had been riding fast; but he now drew in his rein, and suffered his horse to walk. The sun was setting gloriously, and the rich, rosy light, diffused through the air, gave every thing an aspect of warmth, and richness, and cheerfulness. But Marlow's heart was any thing but gay. Whether it was that the scenes which he had passed through in London, his visits to a prison, his dealings with hard official men, the toiling, moiling crowds that had surrounded him; the wearisome, eternal, yet ever-changing struggle of life displayed in the streets and houses of a capital, the infinite varieties of selfishness, and folly, and vice, and crime, had depressed his spirits, or that his health had somewhat suffered in consequence of anxious waiting for events in the foul air of the metropolis, I cannot tell. But certain, he was sadder than was usual with him. His was a spirit strong and active, naturally disposed to bright views and happy hopes, too firm to be easily depressed, too elastic to be long kept down. But yet, as he rode along, there was a sort of feeling of apprehension upon his mind that oppressed him mightily. He revolved all that had lately passed. He compared the state of Mr. Hastings' family, as it actually was, with what it had been when he first knew it, and there seemed to be a strange mystery in the change. It had then been [Pg 480] all happiness and prosperity with that household; a calm, grave, thoughtful, but happy father and husband; a bright, amiable, affectionate mother and wife; a daughter, to his mind the image of every thing that was sweet, and gentle, and tender—of every thing that was gay, and sparkling, and cheerful; full of light and life, and fancy, and hope. Now, there was a father in prison, deprived of his greatest share of worldly prosperity, cast down from his station in society, gloomy, desponding, suspicious, and, as it seemed to him, hardly sane: a mother, irritable, capricious, peevish, yielding to calamity, and lying on a bed of sickness, while the bright angel of his love remained to nurse, and tend, and soothe the one parent, with a heart torn and bleeding for the distresses of the other. "What have they done to merit all this?" he asked himself. "What fault, what crime have they committed to draw down such sorrows on their heads? None—none whatever. Their lives had been spent in kindly acts and good deeds; they had followed the precepts of the religion they professed; their lives had been spent in doing service to their fellow-creatures, and making all happy around them."

Then again, on the other hand, he saw the coarse, and the low, and the base, and the licentious prosperous and successful, rising on the ruins of the pure and the true. Wily schemes and villanous intrigues obtaining every advantage, and honesty of purpose and rectitude of action frustrated and cast down.

Marlow was no unbeliever—he was not even inclined to skepticism—but his mind labored, not without humility and reverence, to see how it could reconcile such facts with the goodness and providence of God.

"He makes the sun shine upon the just and the unjust, we are told," said Marlow to himself; "but here the sun seems to shine upon the unjust alone, and clouds and tempests hang about the just. It is very strange, and even discouraging; and yet, all that we see of these strange, unaccountable dispensations may teach us lessons for hereafter—may give us the grandest confirmation of the grandest truth. There must be another world, in which these things will be made equal—a world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. We only see in part, and the part we do not see must be the part which will reconcile all the seeming contradictions between the justice and goodness of God and the course of this mortal life."

This train pursued him till he reached the town, and put up his horse at the inn. By that time it was quite dark, and he had tasted nothing since early in the morning. He therefore ordered supper, and the landlord, by whom he was now well known—a good, old, honest, country landlord of the olden time—brought in the meal himself, and waited on his guest at table. It was so much the custom of gentlemen, in those days, to order wine whenever they stopped at an inn—it was looked upon so much as a matter of course that this should be done for the good of the house—that the landlord, without any direct commands to that effect, brought in a bottle of his very best old sherry, always a favorite wine with the English people, though now hardly to be got, and

placed it by the side of his guest. Marlow was by habit no drinker of much wine. He avoided, as much as in him lay, the deep potations then almost universal in England; but, not without an object, he that night gave in to a custom which was very common in England then, and for many years afterwards, and requested the landlord, after the meal was over, to sit down, and help him with his bottle.

"You'll need another bottle, if I once begin, Master Marlow," said the jolly landlord, who was a wag in his way.

Marlow nodded his head significantly, as if he were prepared for the infliction, replying quietly, "Under the influence of your good chat, Mr. Cherrydew, I can bear it, I think."

"Well, that's hearty," said the landlord, drawing a chair sideways to the table; for his vast rotundity prevented him from approaching it full front. "Here's to your very good health, sir, and may you never drink worse wine, sit in a colder room, or have a sadder companion."

Now I have said that Marlow did not invite the landlord to join him, without an object. That object was to obtain information, and it had struck him even while the trout, which formed the first dish at his supper, was being placed on the table, that he might be able, if willing, to afford it.

Landlords in England at that time—I mean, of course, in country towns—were very different in many respects, and of a different class from what they are at present. In the first place, they were not fine gentlemen: in the next place, they were not discharged valets de chambre, or butlers, who, having cheated their masters handsomely, and perhaps laid them under contribution in many ways, retire to enjoy the fat things at their ease in their native town. Then, again, they were on terms of familiar intercourse with two or three classes, completely separate and distinct from each other—a sort of connecting link between them. At their door the justice of the peace, the knight of the shire, the great man of the neighborhood, dismounted from his horse, and had his chat with mine host. There came the village lawyer when he had gained a cause, or won a large fee, or had been paid a long bill, to indulge in his pint of sherry, and gossipped, as he drank it, of all the affairs of his clients. There sneaked in the Doctor to get his glass of eau de vie, or plague water, or aqua mirabilis, or strong spirits, in short of any other denomination, and tell little dirty anecdotes of his cases, and his patients. There the alderman, the wealthy shop-keeper, and the small proprietor, or the large farmer, came to take his cheerful cup on Saturdays or on market-day. But, besides these, the inn was the resort, though approached by another door, of a lower [Pg 481] and a poorer class, with whom the landlord was still upon as good terms as with the others. The wagoner, the carter, the lawyer's and the banker's clerk, the shopman, the porter even, all came there; and it mattered not to Mr. Cherrydew or his confraternity, whether it was a bowl of punch, a draught of ale, a glass of spirits, or a bottle of old wine that his guests demanded; he was civil, and familiar, and chatty with them all.

Thus under the rosy and radiant face of Mr. Cherrydew, and in that good, round, fat head, was probably accumulated a greater mass of information, regarding the neighborhood in which he lived, and all that went on therein, than in any other head in the whole town, and the only difficulty was to extract that part of the store which was wanted.

Marlow knew that it would not do to approach the principal subject of inquiry rashly; for Mr. Cherrydew, like most of his craft, was somewhat cautious, and would have shut himself up in silent reserve, or enveloped himself in intangible ambiguities, if he had known that his guest had any distinct and important object in his questions—having a notion that a landlord should be perfectly cosmopolitan in all his feelings and his actions, and should never commit himself in such a manner as to offend any one who was, had been, or might be his guest. He was fond of gossipping, it is true, loved a jest, and was not at all blind to the ridiculous in the actions of his neighbors; but habitual caution was in continual struggle with his merry, tattling disposition, and he was generally considered a very safe man.

Marlow, therefore, began at a great distance, saying, "I have just come down from London, Mr. Cherrydew, and rode over, thinking that I should arrive in time to catch my lawyer in his office."

"That is all over now, sir, for the night," replied the landlord. "In this, two-legged foxes differ from others: they go to their holes at sunset, just when other foxes go out to walk. They divide the world between them, Master Marlow; the one preys by day, the other by night.—Well, I should like to see Lunnun. It must be a grand place, sir, though somewhat of a bad one. Why, what a number of executions I have read of there lately, and then, this Sir John Fenwick's business. Why, he changed horses here, going to dine with Sir Philip, as I shall call him to the end of my days. Ah, poor gentleman, he has been in great trouble! But I suppose, from what I hear, he'll get clear now?"

"Beyond all doubt," said Marlow; "the Government have no case against him. But you say very true, Mr. Cherrydew, there has been a sad number of executions in London—seven and twenty people hanged, at different times, while I was there."

"And the town no better," said Mr. Cherrydew.

"By the way," said Marlow, "were you not one of the jury at the trial of that fellow, Tom Cutter?—Fill your glass, Mr. Cherrydew."

"Thank you, sir.—Yes I was, to be sure," answered the landlord; "and I'll tell you the funniest thing in the world that happened the second day. Lord bless you, sir, I was foreman,—and on the

first day the judge suffered the case to go on till his dinner was quite cold, and we were all half starved; but he saw that he could not hang him that night, at all events—here's to your health, sir!—so he adjourned the Court, and called for a constable, and ordered all of us, poor devils, to be locked up tight in Jones's public-house till the next day; for the jury-room is so small, that there is not standing-room for more than three such as me. Well, the other men did not much like it, though I did not care,—for I had my boots full of ham, and a brandy-bottle in my breeches-pocket. One of them asked the judge, for all his great black eyebrows, if he could'nt go on that night; but his lordship answered, with a snort like a cart horse, and told us to hold our tongues, and mind our own business, and only to take care and keep ourselves together. Well, sir, we had to walk up the hill, you know, and there was the constable following us with his staff in his hand; so I had compassion on my poor fellow-sufferers, and I whispered, first to one, then to another, that this sort of jog would never do, but I would manage to tell them how to have a good night's rest. You see, says I, here's but one constable to thirteen people, so when you get to the cross-roads, let every man take up his legs and run, each his own way. He can but catch one, and the slowest runner will have the chance. Now, I was the fattest of them all, you see, so that every one of them thought that I should be the man. Well, sir, they followed my advice; but it's a different thing to give advice, and take it. No sooner did we get to the cross-roads, than they scattered like a heap of dust in the wind, some down the roads and lanes, some over the styles and gates, some through the hedges. Little Sninkum, the tailor, stuck in the hedge by the way, and was the man caught, for he was afraid of his broadcloth; but I stood stock still, with a look of marvellous astonishment, crying out, "For God's sake catch them, constable, or what will my lord say to you and me?" Off the poor devil set in a moment, one man to catch twelve, all over the face of the country. He thought he was sure enough of me; but what did I do? why, as soon as he was gone, I waddled home to my own house, and got my wife to put me to bed up-stairs, and pass me for my grandfather. Well, sir, that's not the best of it yet. We were all in Court next day at the right hour, and snug in the jury-box before the judge came in; but I have a notion he had heard something of the matter. He looked mighty hard at Sninkum, whose face was all scratched to pieces, and opening his mouth with a pop, like the drawing of a cork, he said, "Why, man, you look as if you [Pg 482] and your brethren had been fighting!" and then he looked as hard at me, and roared, "I hope gentlemen, you have kept yourselves together?" Thereupon, I laid my two hands upon my stomach, sir,—it weighs a hundred and a half, if it were cut off to-morrow, as I know to my cost, who carry it—and I answered quite respectful, "I can't answer for the other gentlemen, my lord, but I'll swear I've kept myself together." You should have heard how the Court rang with the people laughing, while I remained as grave as a judge, and much graver than the one who was there; for I thought he would have burst before he was done, and a fine mess that would have made."

Serious as his thoughts were, Marlow could not refrain from smiling; but he did not forget his object, and remarked, "There were efforts made to save that scoundrel, and the present Sir John Hastings certainly did his best for his friend."

"Call him John Ayliffe, sir, call him John Ayliffe," said the host. "Here's to you, sir,—he's never called any thing else here."

"I wonder," said Marlow, musingly, "if there was any relationship between this Tom Cutter and John Ayliffe's mother?"

"Not a pin's point of it, sir," replied the landlord. "They were just two bad fellows together; that was the connection between them, and nothing else."

"Well, John stood by his friend, at all events," said Marlow; "though where he got the money to pay the lawyers in that case, or in his suit against Sir Philip, is a marvel to me."

Mine host winked his eye knowingly, and gave a short laugh.

That did not entirely suit Marlow's purpose, and he added in a musing tone, "I know that he wanted to borrow ten pounds two or three months before, but was refused, because he had not repaid what he had borrowed of the same party, previously."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the landlord; "there are secrets in all things. He got money, and money enough, somehow, just about that time. He has not repaid it yet, either, but he has given a mortgage, I hear, for the amount; and if he don't mortgage his own carcase for it too, I am very much mistaken, before he has done."

"Mortgage his own carcase! I do not understand what you mean," replied Marlow. "I am sure I would not give a shilling for that piece of earth."

"A pretty widow lady, not a hundred miles off, may think differently," replied the landlord, grinning again, and filling his glass once more.

"Ah, ha," said Marlow, trying to laugh likewise; "so you think she advanced the money, do you?"

"I am quite sure of it, sir," said Mr. Cherrydew, nodding his head profoundly. "I did not witness the mortgage, but I know one who did."

"What! Shanks' clerk, I suppose," said Marlow.

"No, sir, no," replied the landlord; "Shanks did not draw the mortgage, either; for he was lawyer to both parties, and Mrs. Hazleton didn't like that;—O, she's cute enough!"

"I think you must be mistaken," said Marlow, in a decided tone; "for Mrs. Hazleton assured me, when there was a question between herself and me, that she was not nearly as rich as she was supposed, and that if the law should award me back rents, it would ruin her."

"Gammon, sir!" replied the landlord, who had now imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine, in addition to sundry potations during the day. "I should not have thought you a man to be so easily hooked, Mr. Marlow; but if you will ask the clerk of Doubledoo and Kay, who was down here, staying three or four days about business, you'll find that she advanced every penny, and got a mortgage for upwards of five thousand pounds;—but I think we had better have that other bottle, sir?"

"By all means," said Marlow, and Mr. Cherrydew rolled away to fetch it.

"By the way, what was that clerk's name you mentioned?"

"Sims, sir, Sims," said the landlord, drawing the cork; and then setting down the bottle on the table, he added, with a look of great contempt, "he's the leetlest little man you ever saw, sir, not so tall as my girl Dolly, and with no more stomach than a currycomb, a sort of cross breed between a monkey and a penknife. He's as full of fun as the one, too, and as sharp as the other. He will hold a prodigious quantity of punch, though, small as he is. I could not fancy where he put it all, it must have gone into his shoes."

"Come, come, Mr. Cherrydew," said Marlow, laughing, "do not speak disrespectfully of thin people—I am not very fat myself."

"Lord bless you, sir, you are quite a fine, personable man; and in time, with a few butts, you would be as fine a man as I am."

Marlow devoutly hoped not, but he begged Mr. Cherrydew to sit down again, and do his best to help him through the wine he had brought; and out of that bottle came a great many things which Marlow wanted much more than the good sherry which it contained.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was about ten o'clock in the day when Marlow returned to the Court, as it was called. The butler informed him that Miss Emily was not down—a very unusual thing with her, as she was exceedingly matutinal in her habits; but he found, on inquiry, that she had sat up with her mother during the greater part of the night. Marlow looked at his watch, then at the gravelled space before the house, where his own horse was being led up and down by his groom, and a stranger who had come with him was sitting quietly on horseback, as if waiting for him. "I fear," said Marlow, after a moment's musing, "I must disturb your young lady. Will you tell her maid to go [Pg 483] up and inform her that I am here, and wish to speak with her immediately, as I have business which calls me to London without delay." The man retired, and Marlow entered what was then called the withdrawing room, walking up and down in thought. He had not remained many minutes, however, when Emily herself appeared, with her looks full of surprise and anxiety. "What is the matter, Marlow?" she said. "Has any new evil happened?"

"Nay, nay, my love," said Marlow, embracing her tenderly. "You must not let the few ills that have already befallen you, my Emily, produce that apprehensiveness which long years of evil and mischance but too often engender. Brighter days are coming, I trust, my love; so far from new evils having arisen, I have been very fortunate in my inquiries, and have got information which must lead to great results. I must pursue the clue that has been afforded me without a moment's delay or hesitation; for once the thread be broken I may have difficulty in uniting it again. But if I judge rightly, my Emily, it will lead me to the following results. To the complete exposure of a base conspiracy; to the punishment of the offenders; to the restoration of your father's property, and of his rank."

He held her hand in his while he spoke, and gazed into her beautiful eyes; but Emily did not seem very much overjoyed. "For my own part," she said, "I care little as to the loss of property or station, Marlow, and still less do I care to punish offenders; but I think my father and mother will be very glad of the tidings you give me. May I tell them what you say?"

Marlow mused for a moment or two. He was anxious to give any comfort to Mrs. Hastings, but yet he doubted her discretion, and he replied, "Not the whole, dear Emily, except in case of urgent need. You may tell your mother that I think I have obtained information which will lead to the restoration of your father's property, and you may assure her that no effort shall be wanting on my part to attain that object. Say that I am, even now, setting out for London for the purpose, and that I am full of good hopes. I believe I can prove," he added, after a moment's consideration, and in reality more to lead Mrs. Hastings away from the right track than from any other consideration, although the point he was about to state was a fact, "I believe I can prove that the missing leaf of the marriage register, which was supposed to have been torn out by your grandfather's orders, was there not two years ago, and that I can show by whose hands it was torn out at a much later date. Assure her, however, that I will do every thing in my power, and bid her be of good hope."

"I do not understand the matter," answered Emily, "and never heard of this register, but I dare say my mother has, and will comprehend your meaning better than I do. I know the very hope will give her great pleasure."

"Remember one thing, however, dear Emily," replied Marlow, "on no account mention to her my suspicions of Mrs. Hazleton, nor show any suspicions of that good lady yourself. It is absolutely necessary that she should be kept in ignorance of our doubts, till those doubts become certainties. However, in case of any painful and unpleasant circumstances occurring while I am absent, I must leave these papers with you. They consist of the note sent you by Mrs. Hazleton which you showed me, a paper which I feel confident is in her handwriting, but which imitates your hand very exactly, and which has led to wrong impressions, and the letter of young John Ayliffe—or at least that which he wrote under Mrs. Hazleton's direction. I have added a few words of my own, on a separate sheet of paper, stating the impression which I have in regard to all these matters, and which I will justify whenever it may be needful."

"But what am I to do with them?" asked Emily, simply.

"Keep them safely, and ever at hand, dear girl," replied Marlow, in a grave tone. "You will find your father on his return a good deal altered—moody and dissatisfied. It will be as well for you to take no notice of such demeanor, unless he expresses plainly some cause of discontent. If he do so—if he should venture upon any occasion to reproach you, my Emily—"

"For what?" exclaimed Emily, in utter surprise.

"It would be too long and too painful to explain all just now, dear one," answered her lover. "But such a thing may happen, my Emily. Deceived, and in error, he may perhaps reproach you for things you never dreamt of. He may also judge wrongly of your conduct in not having told him of this young scoundrel's proposal to you. In either case put that packet of papers in his hands, and tell him frankly and candidly every thing."

"He is sometimes so reserved and grave," said Emily, "that I never like to speak to him on any subject to which he does not lead the way. I sometimes think he does not understand me, Marlow, and dread to open my whole heart to him, as I would fain do, lest he should mistake me still more."

"Let no dread stop you in this instance, my own dear girl," Marlow answered. "That there have been dark plots against you, Emily, I am certain. The only way to meet and frustrate them is to place full and entire confidence in your father. I do not ask you to speak to him on the subject unless he speaks to you, till I have obtained the proofs which will make all as clear as daylight. Then, every thing must be told, and Sir Philip will find that had he been more frank himself he would have met with no want of candor in his daughter. Now, one more kiss, dear love, and then to my horse's back." [Pg 484]

I will not pursue Marlow's journey across the fair face of merry England, nor tell the few adventures that befell him on the way, nor the eager considerations that pressed, troop after troop, upon his mind, neither will I dwell long upon his proceedings in London, which occupied but one brief day. He went to the house of his banker, sought out the little clerk of Messrs. Doubledoo and Kay, and contrived from both to obtain proof positive that Mrs. Hazleton had supplied a large sum of money to young John Ayliffe to carry on his suit against Sir Philip Hastings. He also obtained a passport for France, and one or two letters for influential persons in Paris, and returning to the inn where he had left the man who had accompanied him from the country, set out for Calais, without pausing even to take rest himself. Another man, a clerk from his own lawyer's house, accompanied him, and though the passage was somewhat long and stormy, he reached Calais in safety.

Journeys to Paris were not then such easy things as now. Three days passed ere Marlow reached the French capital, and then both his companions were inclined to grumble not a little at the rapidity with which he travelled, and the small portion of rest he allowed them or himself. In the capital, however, they paused for two days, and, furnished with an interpreter and guide, amused themselves mightily, while Marlow passed his time in government offices, and principally with the lieutenant of police, or one of his commissaries.

At length the young gentleman notified his two companions that they must prepare to accompany him at nine o'clock in the morning to St. Germain en Laye, where he intended to reside for some days. A carriage was at the door to the moment, and they found in it a very decent and respectable gentleman in black, with a jet-hilted sword by his side, and a certain portion of not very uncorrupt English. The whole party jogged on pleasantly up the steep ascent, and round the fine old palace, to a small inn which was indicated to the driver by the gentleman in black, for whom that driver seemed to entertain a profound reverence. When comfortably fixed in the inn, Marlow left his two English companions, and proceeded, as it was the hour of promenade, to take a walk upon the terrace with his friend in black. They passed a great number of groups, and a great number of single figures, and Marlow might have remarked, if he had been so disposed, that several of the persons whom they met seemed to eye his companion with a suspicious and somewhat anxious glance. All Marlow's powers of observation, however, were directed in a different way. He examined every face that he saw, every group that he came near; but at length, as they passed a somewhat gayly dressed woman of the middle age, who was walking alone, the young Englishman touched the arm of the man in black, saying, "According to the description I have had of her, that must be very like the person."

"We will follow her, and see," said the man in black.

Without appearing to notice her particularly, they kept near the lady who had attracted their attention, as long as she continued to walk upon the terrace, and then followed her when she left

it, through several streets which led away in the direction of the forest. At length she stopped at a small house, opened the door, and went in.

The man in black took out a little book from his pocket, closely written with long lists of names.

"Monsieur et Madame Jervis," he said, after having turned over several pages. "Here since three years ago."

"That cannot be she, then," answered Marlow.

"Stay, stay," said his companion, "that is *au premier*. On the second floor lodges Monsieur Drummond. Old man of sixty-eight. He has been here two years; and above Madame Dupont, an old French lady whom I know quite well. You must be mistaken, Monsieur, but we will go into this *charcutier's* just opposite, and inquire whether that is Madame Jervis who went in."

It proved to be so. The pork butcher had seen her as she passed the window, and Marlow's search had to begin again. When he and his companion returned to their inn, however, the man whom he had brought up from the country met him eagerly, saying, "I have seen her, sir! I have seen her! She passed by here not ten minutes ago, dressed in weeds like a widow, and walking very fast. I would swear to her."

"Oh, ho," said the man in black, "we will soon find her now," and calling to the landlord, who was as profoundly deferential towards him as the coachman had been, he said in the sweetest possible tone, "Will you have the goodness to let Monsieur Martin know that the *bon homme grivois* wishes to speak with him for a moment?"

It was wonderful with what rapidity Monsieur St. Martin, a tall, dashing looking personage, with an infinite wig, obeyed the summons of the *bon homme grivois*.

"Ah, *bon jour*, St. Martin," said the man in black.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur*," replied the other, with a profound obeisance.

"A lady of forty—has been handsome, fresh color, dark eyes, middle height, hair brown, hardly gray," said the man in black. "Dressed like an English widow, somewhat common air and manner, has come here within a year. Where is she to be found, St. Martin?"

The other, who had remained standing, took out his little book, and after consulting its pages diligently, gave a street and a number.

"What's her name?" asked the man in black. [Pg 485]

"Mistress Brown," replied Monsieur St. Martin.

"Good," said the man in black, "but we must wait till to-morrow morning, as it is now growing dark, and there must be no mistake; first, lest we scare the real bird in endeavoring to catch one we don't want, and next, lest we give annoyance to any of his Majesty's guests, which would reduce the king to despair."

The next morning, at an early hour, the party of four proceeded to the street which had been indicated, discovered the number, and then entered a handsome hotel, inhabited by an old French nobleman. The man in black seemed unknown to either the servants or their master, but a very few words spoken in the ear of the latter, rendered him most civil and accommodating. A room in the front of the house, just over that of the porter, was put at the disposal of the visitors, and the man who had accompanied Marlow from the country was placed at the window to watch the opposite dwelling. It was a balmy morning, and the house was near the outskirts of the town, so that the fresh air of the country came pleasantly up the street. The windows of the opposite house were, however, still closed, and it was not till Marlow and his companions had been there near three quarters of an hour, that a window on the first floor was opened, and a lady looked out for a moment, and then drew in her head again.

"There she is!" cried the man who was watching, "there she is, sir."

"Are you quite certain?" asked the man in black.

"Beyond all possible doubt, sir," replied the other. "Lord bless you, I know her as well as I know my own mother. I saw her almost every day for ten years."

"Very well, then," said the man in black, "I will go over first alone, and as soon as I have got in, you, Monsieur Marlow, with these two gentlemen, follow me thither. She won't escape me when once I'm in, but the house may have a back way, and therefore we will not scare her by too many visitors at this early hour."

He accordingly took his departure, and Marlow and his companions saw him ring the bell at the opposite house. But the suspicion of those within fully justified the precautions he had taken. Before he obtained admission, he was examined very narrowly by a maid-servant from the window above. It is probable that he was quite conscious of this scrutiny, but he continued quietly humming an opera air for a minute or two, and then rang the bell again. The door was then opened. He entered, and Marlow and his companions ran across, and got in before the door was shut. The maid gave a little scream at the sudden ingress of so many men, but the gentleman in black told her to be silent, to which she replied, "Oh, Monsieur, you have cheated me. You said you wanted lodgings."

"Very good, my child," replied the man, "but the lodgings which I want are those of Madame Brown, and you will be good enough to recollect that I command all persons, in the king's name, now in this house, to remain in it, and not to go out on any pretence whatever till they have my permission. Lock that door at the back, and then bring me the key."

The maid, pale and trembling, did as she was commanded, and the French gentleman then directed the man who had accompanied Marlow to precede the rest up the stairs, and enter the front room of the first floor. The others followed close, and as soon as the door of the room was open, it was evident that the lady of the house had been alarmed by the noise below; for she stood looking eagerly towards the top of the stairs, with cheeks very pale indeed. At the same moment that this sight was presented to them, they heard the man who had gone on exclaim in English, "Ah, Mistress Ayliffe, how do you do? I am very glad to see you. Do you know they said you were dead—ay, and swore to it."

John Ayliffe's mother sank down in a seat, and hid her face with her hands.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marlow could not be hard-hearted with a woman, and he felt for the terrible state of agitation and alarm, to which John Ayliffe's mother was reduced.

"We must be gentle with her," he said in French to the Commissary of Police, who was with him, and whom we have hitherto called the man in black.

"*Oui, monsieur*," replied the other, taking a pinch of snuff, and perfectly indifferent whether he was gentle or not,—for the Commissary had the honor, as he termed it, of assisting at the breaking of several gentlemen on the wheel, to say nothing of sundry decapitations, hangings, and the question, ordinary and extraordinary, all of which have a certain tendency, when witnessed often, slightly to harden the human heart, so that he was not tender.

Marlow was approaching to speak to the unfortunate woman, when removing her hands from her eyes, she looked wildly round, exclaiming, "Oh! have you come to take me, have you come to take me?"

"That must depend upon circumstances, madam," replied Marlow, in a quiet tone. "I have obtained sufficient proofs of the conspiracy in which your son has been engaged with yourself and Mr. Shanks, the attorney, to justify me in applying to the Government of his most Christian Majesty for your apprehension and removal to England. But I am unwilling to deal at all harshly with you, if it can be avoided."

"Oh! pray don't, pray don't!" she exclaimed vehemently; "my son will kill me, I do believe, if he knew that you had found me out; for he has told me, and written to me so often to hide myself carefully, that he would think it was my fault." [Pg 486]

"It is his own fault in ordering your letters to him to be sent to the Silver Cross at Hartwell," replied Marlow. "Every body in the house knew the handwriting, and became aware that you were not dead, as had been pretended. But your son will soon be in a situation to kill nobody; for the very fact of your being found here, with the other circumstances we know, is sufficient to convict him of perjury."

"Then he'll lose the property and the title, and not be Sir John any more," said the unhappy woman.

"Beyond all doubt," replied Marlow. "But to return to the matter before us; my conduct with regard to yourself must be regulated entirely by what you yourself do. If you furnish me with full and complete information in regard to this nefarious business, in which I am afraid you have been a participator, as well as a victim, I will consent to your remaining where you are, under the superintendence of the police, of which this gentleman is a Commissary."

"O, I have been a victim, indeed," answered Mrs. Ayliffe, weeping. "I declare I have not had a moment's peace, or a morsel fit to eat since I have been in this outlandish country, and I can hardly get any body, not even a servant girl, who understands a word of English, to speak to."

Marlow thought that he saw an inclination to evade the point of his questions, in order to gain time for consideration, and the Commissary thought so too: though both of them were, I believe, mistaken; for collaterality, if I may use such a word, was a habit of the poor woman's mind.

The Commissary interrupted her somewhat sharply in her catalogue of the miseries of France, by saying, "I will beg you to give me your keys, madame, for we must have a visitation of your papers."

"My keys, my keys!" she said, putting her hands in the large pockets then worn. "I am sure I do not know what I have done with them, or where they are."

"O, we will soon find keys that will open any thing," replied the Commissary. "There are plenty of hammers in St. Germain."

"Stay, stay a moment," said Marlow; "I think Mrs. Ayliffe will save us the trouble of taking any harsh steps."

"O yes, don't; I will do any thing you please," she said, earnestly.

"Well then, madame," said Marlow, "will you have the goodness to state to this gentleman, who will take down your words, and afterwards authenticate the statement, what is your real name, and your ordinary place of residence in England?"

She hesitated, and he added more sternly, "You may answer or not, as you like, madame; we have proof by the evidence of Mr. Atkinson here, who has known you so many years, that you are living now in France, when your son made affidavit that you were dead. That is the principal point; but at the same time I warn you, that if you do not frankly state the truth in every particular, I must demand that you be removed to England."

"I will indeed," she said, "I will indeed;" and raising her eyes to the face of the Commissary, of whom she seemed to stand in great dread, she stated truly her name and place of abode, adding, "I would not, indeed I would not have taken a false name, or come here at all, if my son had not told me that it was the only way for him to get the estate, and promised that I should come back directly he had got it. But now, he says I must remain here forever, and hide myself;" and she wept bitterly.

In the mean while, the Commissary continued to write actively, putting down all she said. She seemed to perceive that she was committing herself, but, as is very common in such cases, she only rendered the difficulties worse, adding, in a low tone, "After all, the estate ought to have been his by right."

"If you think so, madame," replied Marlow, "you had better return to England, and prove it; but I can hardly imagine that your son and his sharp lawyer would have had recourse to fraud and perjury in order to keep you concealed, if they judged that he had any right at all."

"Ay, he might have a right in the eyes of God," replied the unhappy woman, "not in the eyes of the law. We were as much married before heaven as any two people could be, though we might not be married before men."

"That is to say, you and your husband," said the Commissary in an insinuating tone.

"I and Mr. John Hastings, old Sir John's son," she answered; and the Commissary drawing Marlow for a moment aside, conversed with him in a whisper.

What they said she could not hear, and could not have understood had she heard, for they spoke in French; but she grew alarmed as they went on, evidently speaking about her, and turning their eyes towards her from time to time. She thought they meditated at least sending her in custody to England, and perhaps much worse. Tales of bastiles, and dungeons, and wringing confessions from unwilling prisoners by all sorts of tortures, presented themselves to her imagination, and before they had concluded, she exclaimed in a tone of entreaty, "I will tell all, indeed I will tell all, if you will not send me any where."

"The Commissary thinks, madame," said Marlow, "that the first thing we ought to do is to examine your papers, and then to question you from the evidence they afford. The keys must, therefore, be found, or the locks must be broken open."

"Perhaps they may be in that drawer," said Mrs. Ayliffe, pointing across to an escrutoire; and there they were accordingly found. No great search for papers was necessary; for the house was but scantily furnished, and the escrutoire itself contained a packet of six or seven letters from [Pg 487] John Ayliffe to his mother, with two from Mr. Shanks, each of them ending with the words "*read and burn*;" an injunction which she had religiously failed to comply with. These letters formed a complete series from the time of her quitting England up to that day. They gave her information of the progress of the suit against Sir Philip Hastings, and of its successful termination by his withdrawing from the defence. The first letters held out to her, every day, the hope of a speedy return to England. The later ones mentioned long fictitious consultations with lawyers in regard to her return, and stated that it was found absolutely necessary that she should remain abroad under an assumed name. The last letter, however, evidently in answer to one of remonstrance and entreaty from her, was the most important in Marlow's eyes. It was very peremptory in its tone, asked if she wanted to ruin and destroy her son, and threatened all manner of terrible things if she suffered her retreat to be discovered. As some compensation, however, for her disappointment, John Ayliffe promised to come and see her speedily, and secure her a splendid income, which would enable her to keep carriages and horses, and "live like a princess." He excused his not having done so earlier, on the ground that his friend Mrs. Hazleton had advanced him a very large sum of money to carry on the suit, which he was obliged to pay immediately. The letter ended with these words, "She is as bitter against all the Hastings' as ever; and nothing will satisfy her till she has seen the last of them all, especially that saucy girl; but she is cute after her money, and will be paid. As for my part, I don't care what she does to Mistress Emily; for I now hate her as much as I once liked her,—but you will see something there, I think, before long."

"In the name of Heaven," exclaimed Marlow, as he read that letter, "what can have possessed the woman with so much malice towards poor Emily Hastings?"

"Why, John used always to think," said Mistress Ayliffe, with a weak smile coming upon her face in the midst of her distress, "that it was because Madame Hazleton wanted to marry a man about there, called Marlow, and Mistress Emily carried him off from her."

The Commissary laughed, and held out his snuff-box to Marlow, who did not take the snuff, but fell into a deep fit of thought, while the Commissary continued his perquisitions.

Only two more papers of importance were found, and they were of a date far back. The one fresh, and evidently a copy of some other letter, the other yellow, and with the folds worn through in several places. The former was a copy of a letter of young John Hastings to the unfortunate girl whom he had seduced, soothing her under her distress of mind, and calling her his "dear little wife." It was with the greatest difficulty she could be induced to part with the original, it would seem, and had obtained a copy before she consented to do so. The latter was the antidote to the former. It was a letter from old Sir John Hastings to her father, and was to the following effect:

"Sir:

"As you have thought fit distinctly to withdraw all vain and fraudulent pretences of any thing but an illicit connection between your daughter and my late son, and to express penitence for the insolent threats you used, I will not withhold due support from my child's offspring, nor from the unfortunate girl to whom he behaved ill. I therefore write this to inform you that I will allow her the sum of two hundred pounds per annum, as long as she demeans herself with propriety and decorum. I will also leave directions in my will for securing to her and her son, on their joint lives, a sum of an equal amount, which may be rendered greater if her behavior for the next few years is such as I can approve.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN HASTINGS."

Marlow folded up the letter with a smile, and the Commissary proceeded, with all due formalities, to mark and register the whole correspondence as found in the possession of Mrs. Ayliffe.

When this was done, what may be called the examination of that good lady was continued, but the sight of those letters in the hands of Marlow, and the well-satisfied smile with which he read them, had convinced her that all farther attempt at concealment would be vain. Terror had with her a great effect in unloosing the tongue, and, as is very common in such cases, she flew into the extreme of loquacity, told every thing she knew, or thought, or imagined, and being, as is common with very weak people, of a prying and inquisitive turn, she could furnish ample information in regard to all the schemes and contrivances by which her son had succeeded in convincing even Sir Philip Hastings himself of his legitimacy.

Her statements involved Mr. Shanks the lawyer in the scheme of fraud as a principal, but they compromised deeply Mrs. Hazleton herself as cognizant of all that was going on, and aiding and abetting with her personal advice. She detailed the whole particulars of the plan which had been formed for bringing Emily Hastings to Mrs. Hazleton's house, and frightening her into a marriage with John Ayliffe; and she dwelt particularly on the tutoring he had received from that lady, and his frantic rage when the scheme was frustrated. The transactions between him and the unhappy man Tom Cutter she knew only in part; but she admitted that her son had laughed triumphantly at the thought of how Sir Philip would be galled when he was made to believe that his beloved Emily had been to visit her young reprobate son at the cottage near the park, and that, too, at a time when he had been actually engaged in poaching. [Pg 488]

All, in fact, came forth with the greatest readiness, and indeed much more was told than any questions tended to elicit. She seemed indeed to have now lost all desire for concealment, and to found her hopes and expectations on the freest discovery. Her only dread, apparently, being that she might be taken to England, and confronted with her son. On this point she dwelt much, and Marlow consented that she should remain in France, under the supervision of the police, for a time at least, though he would not promise her, notwithstanding all her entreaties, that she should never be sent for. He endeavored, however, to obviate the necessity of so doing, by taking every formal step that could be devised to render the evidence he had obtained available in a court of law, as documentary testimony. A magistrate was sent for, her statements were read over to her in his presence by the commissary of police, and though it cannot be asserted that either the style or the orthography of the worthy commissary were peculiarly English, yet Mrs. Ayliffe signed them, and swore to them in good set form, and in the presence of four witnesses.

To Marlow, the scene was a very painful one; for he had a natural repugnance to seeing the weakness and degradation of human nature so painfully exhibited by any fellow-creature, and he left her with feelings of pity, but still stronger feelings of contempt.

All such sensations, however, vanished when he reached the inn again, and he found himself in possession of evidence which would clear his beloved Emily of the suspicions which had been instilled into her father's mind, and which he doubted not in the least would effect the restoration of Sir Philip Hastings to his former opulence and to his station in society.

The mind of man has a sun in its own sky, which pours forth its sunshine, or is hidden by clouds, irrespective of the atmosphere around. In fact we always see external objects through stained glass, and the hues imparted are in our windows, not in the objects themselves. It is wonderful how different the aspect of every thing was to the eyes of Marlow as he returned towards Paris, from that which the scene had presented as he went. All seemed sunshine and brightness, from the happiness of his own heart. The gloomy images, which, as I have shown, had haunted him on his way from his own house to Hartwell—the doubts, if they can be so called—the questionings of the unsatisfied heart in regard to the ways of Providence—the cloudy dreads which almost all men must have felt as to the real, constant, minute superintendence of a Supreme Power being

but a sweet vision, the child of hope and veneration, were all dispelled. I do not mean to say that they were dissipated by reason or by thought, for his was a strong mind, and reason and thought with him were always on the side of faith; but those clouds and mists were suddenly scattered by the success which he had obtained, and the cheering expectation which might be now well founded upon that success. It was not enough for him that he knew, and understood, and appreciated to the full the beauty and excellence of his Emily's character. He could not be contented unless every one connected with her understood and appreciated it also. He cared little what the world thought of himself, but he would have every one think well of her, and the deepest pang he had perhaps ever felt in life had been experienced when he first found that Sir Philip Hastings doubted and suspected his own child. Now, all must be clear—all must be bright. The base and the fraudulent will be punished and exposed, the noble and the good honored and justified. It was his doing; and as he alighted from the carriage, and mounted the stairs of the hotel in Paris, his step was as triumphant as if he had won a great victory.

Fate will water our wine, however—I suppose lest we should become intoxicated with the delicious draught of joy. Marlow longed and hoped to fly back to England with the tidings without delay, but certain formalities had to be gone through, official seals and signatures affixed to the papers he had obtained, in order to leave no doubt of their authenticity. Cold men of office could not be brought to comprehend or sympathize with his impetuous eagerness, and five whole days elapsed before he was able to quit the French capital.

FOOTNOTES:

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

HORACE WALPOLE'S OPINIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The correspondence of the Earl of Orford and the Rev. William Mason, the friend and biographer of Gray, has just been published, and the critics seem to regard it as more entertaining than any previous collection of the letters of the noble and celebrated author. The *Examiner* says they bring out with marked prominence his abhorrence of the Scotch, his bitter dislike of Johnson, and the men of genius connected with him, his uneasy contempt for Chesterfield and Lyttleton, his impatience of Garrick's popularity, and his better founded scorn of Cumberland and his clique. We do not mention his studied injustice to Chatterton, because in this there was not a little natural resentment of as great an injustice to himself on the part of poor Chatterton's upholders; but perhaps nothing is more painfully impressed on all the letters than his monstrous persistence in the refusal of all merit to the most distinguished writers of his time who did not happen to belong to his set. Let the reader remember that within a few years before these letters, and during their continuance, all the writings of Sterne had been produced, and all the writings of Goldsmith; that Johnson had published *Rasselas* and the *Idler*, the edition of *Shakspeare*, the *Dictionary*, and the *Lives of the Poets*; that Smollett had given *Sir Lancelot Greaves* and *Humphrey Clinker* to the world; that the first publication of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's [Pg 489] letters had taken place; that Percy had published his *Reliques*, Reid his *Inquiry*, and Hume his immortal *History*; that the most important portion of the *Decline and Fall* had appeared, and that the theatres could boast of the farces of Foote and the comedies of Goldsmith, Colman, and Sheridan. Yet here is all that Walpole can say of it!

> "What a figure will this our Augustan age make! Garrick's prologues, epilogues, and verses, Sir W. Chambers's Gardening, Dr. Nowel's Sermon, Whittington and his Cat, Sir John Dalrymple's History and Life of Henry II. What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! Ungrateful Shebbear! indolent Smollett! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences are encouraged and rewarded! Guthrie buried his mighty genius in a review, and Mallet died of the first effusions of his loyalty. The retrospect makes one melancholy, but Ossian has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an epic poem!"

We take other passages from the letters exhibiting the same spirit—now simply entertaining:

> "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces, it is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue.
>
> "You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me

his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense, I gave it, but alas! with too much sincerity, I added, 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry you should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan history. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the Palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it.' He colored; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, "It had never been put together before'—'so well,' he meant to add, but gulped it. He meant 'so well,' certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well, from that hour to this, I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week: nor has sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably.

"I have read Sheridan's Critic, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation; it makes me fear I shall not be so much charmed with the School for Scandal, on reading, as I was when I saw it."

There is of course no denying that these attempts to make "small beer" of the Gibbons, Humes, Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Smolletts, and other spirits already secure and serene among the immortals, however amusing in themselves, become mighty ridiculous by the side of as perpetual praise of the writer's own clique.

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE: OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.

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

Continued from page 357.

XI.—ON PAROLE.

Three days after the night upon which the father and son had knocked at the door of No. 7 Rue de Menors, another scene occurred. It was ten o'clock. The Prince had not appeared at dinner. Confined by a slight indisposition to his room, he sent an excuse to his daughter-in-law. The Prince was respectful as far as possible to Aminta, looking on her as head of the family and mistress of the household. The Countess of Grandmesnil had embroidered away a portion of the day, contradicted her niece, admired her nephew, commented on the last sermon of the Abbé de Rozan on worldly pleasures, contriving therein to insert various bitter-sweet allusions to Aminta. Finally the Countess left the room.

The Marquis and Marquise were then alone together. After her discovery of the nocturnal absence of Henri, and especially after the reading of the fatal note in which an appointment was made with the Marquis, Aminta felt a sadness which she could not overcome. Too proud to reproach him, or suffer him to discover her sorrow, divided between unextinguished love and deep mortification, Aminta lived in perpetual constraint, biding her grief and humiliation under a false tranquillity, the recompense for which she found in solitary tears. The Marquis seemed ill at ease. He had for some days been as moody as possible. His absence became every day more frequent, and the sudden departure of the Countess made his situation very annoying to both of them. Not a word was said for some moments. Henri sat with his eyes fixed on a paper, though he did not read, and Aminta convulsively twisted between her fingers a kind of work which just then was fashionable. Her eyes however occasionally strayed to her husband's face, on which they rested with anxiety. As she thus examined him, the features of Henri finally assumed such an expression of despair that Aminta could not repress her sorrow, and said, "What *is* the matter? are you in pain?"

"I? not at all! I am well—very well," said the Marquis. "I have something of importance to attend to," and he added, as he looked at the clock, "I am already rather late." [Pg 490]

Aminta, in a supplicating tone, said, "Henri, once the most important business of your life was to be with me."

"The business which calls me out is by no means as pleasant as that would be."

"I wish I thought so," said Aminta—"for the needle of jealousy had entered her heart.

"Aminta," said Maulear, looking at her, "what is the matter? what do you mean?"

"That I am afraid I have lost the greatest blessing of life in a marriage like ours, and that, when my confidence in you is lost, happiness is gone for ever."

"And why have you lost it?" said Maulear.

"You have yourself destroyed it. You, whom I thought so frank—you, in the oaths of whom I had confidence—for whom I abandoned my mother and my country," said she, with tears. "You, against whose love I contended, for I was afraid I would not be happy, or rather that you would not be. Alas! I am now sure of this. Your coldness, your indifference, your abandonment, tell me so more distinctly than your tongue could. Yet I had rather you should say so, for there would at least be boldness in the confession, while meanness is the element of dissimulation."

The head of the poor young woman fell on her shoulder, and she shed bitter tears.

"Aminta," said Henri, as he drew near and sought to take her hand, "I swear that I have not deceived you."

Aminta looked towards him with a countenance lighted up with joy, but a frightful thought, the recollection of the letter, pierced her heart like an arrow.

"He deceives me," said she, and she felt herself blush for the man who did not blush himself, though he was committing perjury. The door of the room was then opened, and the Prince de Maulear entered. He was pale and agitated, though he had a smile on his lips. The smile, however, was cold and evidently studied. "You are about to go out, Marquis," said he, pointing to the hat which the latter had in his hand, without appearing to remark either the trouble of Henri or the tears of Aminta.

"Excuse me, Monsieur, but I have an important appointment."

"I am sorry for your appointment," said the Prince, "but you must break it."

"I cannot," muttered Henri.

"I hope you will," said the Prince, but his manner implied, "you must."

"Very well, sir," said the Marquis, putting down his hat and gloves, with marked ill humor, "I obey you."

The Prince paid no further attention to him, but placed a chair near Aminta, sat beside her, and pointing out a chair to the Marquis, bade him do so also.

"We thought you unwell," said the Marquise to her father-in-law, making an effort to restrain herself. "We are glad to see it is not the case."

"For three days," said the Prince, "I have not felt well. Too long a walk for a person of my age, and some important affairs have fatigued both my body and mind. I therefore determined to pass this evening calmly and quietly with you—with my family. I do not," said he, speaking to Henri, "expect it will be gay, but we cannot make a holiday all the time. We must sometimes be calm, and reflect. You, my daughter," said he to Aminta, "may be sure I will do all I can to aid you. I know you like to hear my old stories, but if you did not, and it were unpleasant to you, you would bear with me. I am about to tell you a long one." The Marquis and the Marquise listened to the Prince with surprise. The tone of this preamble seemed to them so foreign to the ordinary language and habits of the Prince, that they began to see something stranger even than the piquant anecdotes and traditions he delighted in narrating. "This story is a revelation of a story I long doubted whether or not I should confide to you. Its avowal cannot but be painful to me, and a man does not like to blush before his children."

"Why do so, then, my father?" said Henri.

"Because I wish to, monsieur," said the Prince sternly. "Because in the course of his life man must suffer, when its suffering is good in its effects, because thereby he may punish evil, and do his duty." The young couple looked at the Prince with terror, for his brow was moody, and on his lips—across which irony, gayety, and sarcasm so often played—there were now the marks of anger, menace, and indignation.

The old man spoke thus: "After leaving Mettan, whither I had followed the Princess, I went to Naples in 1792. Like almost all the *émigrés* of that day, I had no money. One of the first Frenchmen I met with in that city was Count Max de Nangis, with whom I had previously become acquainted in the strangest manner. We had been educated by the Benedictines, but our scholastic success was most unequal; for the Count saw me regularly surpass him, and carry away every college prize. He naturally disliked me. When we had entered society, our whimsical hate continued,—so that I seemed born to be the evil genius of the Count. If our horses were entered for the same stake, mine won the purse; sometimes by a length or a head only—but they won. If the Count fell in love, he did so with a woman that loved me, and the Count was soon sent adrift. My marriage soon capped the climax. Count Max had a charming cousin, Mlle. de Devonne, whom he loved passionately. Their marriage had been quietly agreed on between the families, and was to be solemnized on the majority of M. de Nangis. I was introduced to the Duke de Devonne, and saw his daughter, the most beautiful woman of the Court. After a short time I became passionately in love with her. I soon saw that my love was returned, and as the marriage [Pg 491] to which I have referred had only been a matter of family-talk, known to a few friends, but not to the public, my father induced the Dauphin to ask the Duke de Nangis for his daughter's hand for me. Unwilling to offend the Prince, led astray by the manifest interest of his daughter, and anxious to gratify her, the Duke consented. The Count de Nangis was enraged, and challenged

me;—I wounded him in the arm. We fought again;—I wounded him in the thigh. He challenged me again; and I run him through the body; he was forced to be satisfied. All these duels took place in the county of *Saluces*, in Savoy,—then belonging to my family, and whither I had gone to attend to business-matters. I married Mlle. de Devonne, who was your noble and excellent mother,"—this was said to Henri, "I have told you this to explain the hatred which had existed so long a time in the heart of M. de Nangis, when we met at Naples, in 1792. The first months of my sojourn were sad and solitary. Too proud to inform any one of the nature of my sufferings, I lived retired; and, except a few countrymen as poor as I was, saw no one. This was easy enough; for I had brought no letter of recommendation to the eminent people of that capital, in which I made such a bad figure, and amid which I was isolated. This life made one of my habits and tastes suffer cruelly. A painful circumstance, however, mortified my self-love, and increased my humiliation,—the Count de Nangis then was 'the observed of all observers,' in Naples. More prudent or more fortunate than I, he saved large sums of money from the tempest which overwhelmed all the large fortunes of France. He had a number of servants, and in luxury and magnificence equalled the wealthiest persons of the city. Notwithstanding my anxiety to avoid him, I met him frequently, and I saw in his expression a kind of disdain and contempt which wounded me to the soul. One day, when I was more desperate than ever, I received a letter from France, and in it a check for fifty thousand livres, which the Countess of Grandmesnil had sent me. Intoxicated with joy, I hastened to get possession of this money, and careless of the future, forgot this would be the only sum I should receive for a long time, or perhaps would ever receive. I indulged in mad extravagance, took a carriage, and three days afterwards presented myself at various noble houses, where my rank and title procured me a ready reception. I saw M. de Nangis; we met in the same rooms, amid people of high rank, and there was no trace of our old differences. I fancied, though, that the Count exhibited a secret spite at my recovery of fortune, which he thought more stable than it really was. At this time people in Naples played high. The palace of Prince Leta was every night filled with rich strangers, and with the principal nobles of Naples. Over his tables, loaded with gold, they played all night long. I was taken to Prince Leta's, where a strange idea took possession of me. I fancied that I might, without danger or risk, increase my revenue, and probably triple the poor sum I had been fortunate to receive. I played, and my good fortune did not desert me; at first I won with the strangest good fortune. My daring increased, and I made some bold bets, which were successful; so that in the course of a few evenings I won three hundred thousand francs."

The eyes of the Marquis glittered with strange light, as he heard his father speak thus. The Prince did not seem to observe it, and continued—

"Chance led me into a room where the Count de Nangis also was—he too played. Remembering how my fortune had always seemed to surpass his, and all the victories I had won at his expense, I could not refrain from secretly pitying him for the fate which had again brought him into contact with me, and which led him again to contend with one who had uniformly triumphed over and beaten him in fortune, love, and war. We began to play—the Count betting high, and I following his example. The game was something between faro and lansquenet, now completely forgotten, having been replaced by *écarté*." The Prince saw his son tremble at the mention of the last game; for a few moments he paused, and then continued—

"The first games were unfortunate for me; I lost—I doubled the stakes, and lost again. At the conclusion of the evening my hundred thousand crowns were reduced to a hundred thousand francs. I returned home completely overpowered, but less stupefied at my own losses than at the success of my rival, who heretofore had been so unfortunate. On the next day I sent to M. de Nangis, before noon, the fifty thousand francs I owed him—on the previous evening I had on my person only fifty thousand francs with me. That night we met again at Prince Leta's. The game began—there were many spectators. I won ten thousand francs, and smiled confidently at the change of fortune. It soon, however, changed once more.—When the clock struck twelve I was ruined! 'On my honor!' said the Count, 'I have sought for ten years to contend with you, Prince. If gold could indemnify me for all the losses you have caused me, confess that, to-day, we are even.' My heart was ready to burst with rage, and I was ready to insult him. 'We will not stop here, I hope,' said M. de Nangis; 'and I wish to have more of your money; provided I have fifty thousand francs of yours, I ask nothing more of the god Plutus.'

"A terrible contest then took place in my mind. To confess that I had no more money—that I was ruined, seemed impossible; a miserable false pride prevented me. Should I, however, go on, and contract a debt which I could not discharge? 'Prince,' said the Count, pushing ten notes of a thousand francs towards me, 'ten thousand francs more I wish to lose, and something tells me [Pg 492] that luck is about to turn.' The devil spoke to me through the mouth of man. '*On parole*,' said I, 'for I have no money with me.' '*Pardieu*, said the Count, 'people like ourselves never have more than fifty thousand francs in our pocket-books. *Parole* is our cash, and none but citizens and bankers, who are loaded with gold like mules in Guatemala, have any thing else. Your word is good for five hundred thousand francs, and I will take it for cash.' I felt an icy coldness run through my veins and stop at my very heart. I played again, and again I lost and won again. An hour afterwards I owed sixty thousand francs to the Count de Nangis. 'What is the matter?' said he ironically, 'are you ill.' 'The heat,' said I, rising, 'is excessive; and if you please we will stop here.' 'As you please,' said the Count; 'and to-morrow you shall have your revenge.' 'To-morrow, then, be it,' said I. My head was hot, yet a cold perspiration stood on my brow; my sight became troubled, my legs quailed, and I saw before me the terrible spectacle of dishonor. He at last had his enemy in his power, and was about to doom him to infamy. Two words seemed written before my eyes, and by their aspect terrified me. Those two words contained all I had to fear and

apprehend—they were worse to me than death. These words were a contract of honor, a sacred article in even the gambler's code. These words had been pronounced by the Count as he pushed his money towards me: they were '*on parole*.' I went to my hotel—for I had not yet left the modest room I had inhabited while a more comfortable suite was being prepared—and gave way to despair. 'My name disgraced!' cried I, 'the name of the Prince de Maulear, which has been pure and honored for so many centuries, made vile and disgraced by a miserable debt of sixty thousand francs, a sum once scarcely to be considered as a fraction of the revenues of my family!' There was no one by to aid me—no one to whom I could own my fault, my remorse, and my despair. Day came, and the horror of my situation increased as the fatal hour drew near. Unable to resist this frightful torment I said, 'No! I will not live dishonored; I will not bear a disgraced, shameful, and dishonored life.' I went to the table and wrote: 'I owe to the Count de Nangis the sum of 60,000 francs, for which I bequeath him all the profits ever likely to accrue to me from my property in France. Here, when I am about to die, I enjoin my son to discharge this debt of honor by every means in his power.' I then took my pistols, loaded and cocked them—now be bold for one moment, and spare yourself years of shame and disgrace!—I placed one of the pistols with the muzzle at my heart, and the other in my mouth. I was about to pull the trigger when I heard a noise. The partition which divided me from the next room was shattered, and through the opening thus made, I saw a man, pale and agitated. This person advanced towards we with a pocket-book in his hands. 'Stop,' said he, 'here is what you owe—this pocket-book contains sixty thousand livres.'"

XII.—THE GAMBLER.

The Prince de Maulear continued his story. Aminta timidly looked at her father-in-law with painful emotion, for she knew how he must suffer in making such a confession. The Marquis seemed to suffer under increasing discomfort and terror.

"At the sudden and almost supernatural apparition of this stranger, who thus rose before me, the weapons fell from my hands, and as I was unable to speak, I made use of my eyes to question him.

"'I was there,' said the man, pointing to the chamber whence he had burst so suddenly; 'I have not lost one of the words you have uttered since your return—I have watched every moment, the long and cruel agony of your soul. You have revealed yourself to me, your name, your family, your isolated hopes, and your isolation in this city. I have seen your despair hourly increase, until, but for me, you would have reached the climax. Monsieur,' continued he, with a tone full of religion and sensibility, 'make this day the happiest of my life by enabling me to save one of my fellows.'

"'One of your fellows, Monsieur? alas I am not such, for if I estimate you according to your actions, you are a man of honor and heart, while I....'

"'You,' said he, interrupting me, 'you are like what you think me, a man of honor and heart. The proof that such is the case is, that, unable to bear the consequences of a moment of weakness, you were about to die to avoid the consequences of that error. Monsieur de Maulear,' continued the stranger, and he took my hand with touching kindness, 'permit me to restore you to life and happiness, for you have a family perhaps, and children, and cannot abandon all thus. Listen to me,' said he, as he saw me refuse the pocket-book he offered me; 'I had a father who was one of the noblest and best of men. He died many months ago, and my tears tell you how I regret him. I know that he is in heaven and blesses me for what I do now, for thus he would have done. The money I offer you is a part of his fortune, and I am sure I appropriate it as he would wish me. To refuse this, Monsieur, would be to exhibit ingratitude to Providence, which has evidently watched over you, in permitting me to hear and induce you to pause.'

"'But,' said I, with deep emotion, 'you do not know me, and such a service....'

"'Have I not told you,' said he, 'that in your sorrow you told me all. Do not, however, think I wish to be useful without a condition. I exact one, and you will excuse me for making it the consideration of what I propose to do.' [Pg 493]

"'What is it?' said I. 'You can exact any thing from man as the price of his honor.'

"'Well, swear to me that you will never play again.'

"'I do, I do!' said I. 'I pledge my faith not to.'

"'Take this pocket-book then,' said the stranger. It is now ten o'clock, and debts of honor should always be paid before noon.'

"'But your name, at least, I should know, Monsieur, before I take your gold.'

"'An insignificant one, which derives its only merit from the virtues of him who transmitted it to me. My name is Luigi Rovero.'"

"My father," said the Marquise, "my father, was it he who...."

She paused from a sentiment of respect and delicacy to the Prince.

"This, however, is not the only benefit he conferred on me. From the effects of the emotion I had undergone, a horrible illness seized me, and during this malady of long days and endless nights of suffering, my new friend never left me. A crisis ensued; for three days my life was in danger,

and depended on the precision with which a certain remedy was administered to me. For three days and nights he watched me without one minute of repose, and he not only restored my honor but preserved my life. Rovero was a very brother to me, and I passed a whole year at Naples, living with him and never leaving him. A few months after I was able to discharge my pecuniary obligation to him—my debt of honor was beyond my capacity. Here is the portrait of the person who was so dear to me," said the Prince, and he took from his pocket a magnificent gold box on which was a miniature set with diamonds. "Look at it, my daughter," said he, "and observe the noble face yours so often recalls to me."

Aminta kissed the portrait, and Henri, then remembering the picture which Signora Rovero had shown him on his second visit to Sorrento, explained his surprise when he saw it, for he had often seen the box and the magnificent portrait.

"Plans, prejudices, pride, and family pride," said the Prince, "my child, disappeared, as you know, when I heard the words 'The daughter of Rovero.' Rovero was my savior and brother. From that moment I understood that in the far-away skies, he besought me to discharge my debt towards him, and to prove the extent of my gratitude. I understood that he would have bequeathed his daughter to me, to become my own; therefore, when I opened my arms you became my child, and since then my love for you has continually increased. When I took charge of your life, my daughter, I took charge of your happiness, which I thought secured for ever. For some time, though, you have shed tears in secret—do not tell me no," said the Prince, as he saw Aminta make a motion of negation. "I have studied you closely, and one cannot deceive a father's heart—I am your father. Monsieur," said the Prince, turning towards his son, "now you know why I love your wife. You see that her sorrows are mine, and that her tears melt my heart. For two months you have distressed and made her weep over your neglect and indifference, the fatal secret of which I know and intend to tell her."

Henri quivered with fear.

"Father, for pity's sake, do not...."

"Monsieur," said the Prince, "had you blushed earlier you would not do so now."

"My daughter," said he, pointing to the Marquise who bent before him; "your husband is not false to you, but he is a gamester."

"Then he has not deceived me," said the young woman. With an emotion she could not restrain, she rushed into the arms of the Marquis. For some moments the Prince looked at her with deep emotion, for Aminta forgave and pardoned all in one who had not betrayed her. Then the Prince continued sadly—

"Do not rejoice so soon, my child; gaming is the instigator of all vices, and has led him so far as to *risk his honor without the means of redeeming his parole*."

"Monsieur," said the Prince to his son, "I have told you a terrible story, to prove to what abasement the passion for gaming can reduce a man. That abasement you are in danger of."

"Father, if you knew the temptation."

"I do—for three days ago your mysterious life was revealed to me. In the circle to which you belong, in one of those societies formed to divide and interfere with domestic life—where persons go in search of a liberty and after a license they do not find at home—in that place, led astray by morbid self-esteem, you played for the first time. What, in a man of your rank, should have been a mere amusement, a fugitive pleasure, became a serious business. You played to win, or rather to repair your losses. In the saloons of Paris you were constantly at the écarté tables, that cursed game, the chances of which have ruined so many persons. Thanks to it, you won immense sums from young Lord Elmore, at the last ball of M. L——, which you lost again in the more doubtful house of Mme. Fanny de Bruneval, where you had an appointment."

"Ah, father! then he went to that woman's house to play?" said Aminta, almost involuntarily.

"What else should he go for to the house of a dowager of fifty, who receives all sorts of people, and where every thing is suspicious, from her guests to the very cards they use? This very night, in consequence of information received from me, that elegant abode will be examined by the police most scrupulously. That," said the Prince, "is one of the reasons why I have prevented my son from going thither. Now, Monsieur," said the Prince, "make an explanation of the state of your funds. You had six hundred thousand francs from your mother, you have expended two hundred thousand in furniture, horses, carriages, articles of luxury, and presents to your wife. [Pg 494] With the expenditure of this money I have no fault to find, for you cannot estimate too highly the angel Heaven has sent you. Then you had four hundred thousand francs. You have realized this money, and during the last two months have lost the sum of three hundred and ninety thousand francs. This evening, Monsieur, you were about to tempt fortune with the ten thousand francs now in your possession. Is not this the exact state of your affairs?"

"Ah, Monsieur, it is cruel to say all this before the Marquise."

"It is a hundred times less cruel than the suspicion to which you abandon her. Did you not see just now that instead of reproaching the gamester who had ruined her, she experienced only a tender emotion for the husband she loved? Henri," continued the Prince, taking his son's hand in his own, "when I told you how once in my life I had erred, when I confessed to you a fault which

yet makes my cheek blush, I sought to make you pause on the abyss into which you were near plunging. In telling you this secret I deprived myself of the right of severity to you. When, in a letter I wrote to you at Naples, I spoke lightly of a loss at cards I had undergone, I did not doubt that some day I would be obliged to tell you all that had taken place. I was wrong, however, in forbidding you to beware of what I had spoken of; for I should have known that there are passions, like other diseases, which a father transmits to his children. The body, like the soul, inherits them. I however pardon and forget all I have mentioned."

Henri clasped the old man's hand, and Aminta kissed the Prince.

"I will," said the latter, "only pardon you on the terms imposed on me by my generous friend Rovero. You will swear to me, on your honor, that you will never play again, and I will confide in you as he did in me."

"I do swear," said the Marquis, "and will die if I ever break my oath."

"Now listen to me, my children," said the Prince, kindly; "I have a hundred thousand francs a year—I will allow you fifty. A similar sum satisfies me. To protect you, however, from all temptations to extravagance, I give you the income and not the capital, and as a reward of my indulgence, as a recompense of my courage in making the confession of a great error of my life, make your wife happy, reward her by tenderness for the care you have subjected her to, for the uneasiness she has known, and my heart will be gratified for the bliss she will owe you, as something to discharge my debt to her father."

The Prince clasped his children to his heart and left. While this was occurring at the Hotel de Maulear, a storm overhung the hospitable roof of Mme. Fanny de Bruneval. This house had been correctly estimated by the Prince de Maulear, angry as he naturally was at the sums lost by his son in those saloons. Madame de Bruneval assumed the military title of widow of an ex-colonel of the Imperial Guard. There had really been such a colonel on the *rôles* of the *grande armée*. Such a soldier had not only had flesh and blood, but crosses and decorations. He had beaten, and well beaten, the Austrians, but had lost his horse at Leipsic, and been cut down by one of the black hussars of Brunswick. All this was real, positive, and printed in black and white. There was no doubt about it. It was doubtful, though, if the Colonel ever had a wife. The *Moniteur* mentioned the battles and the death—it said nothing of Madame. Colonel de Bruneval, once, during a time of peace—such times were rare with the Emperor—came to Paris with a lady about forty, blonde like a German, rosy and fresh as a German, and speaking French with a German accent. The Colonel introduced the lady to his brethren in arms as *Madame la Colonelle*, and no one asked any other questions. No one was ever bold enough to ask if the contract was perfectly regular; for the Colonel was six feet high, tall as a drum-major, and was not only a giant, but susceptible as possible, having a habit of translating logic and syllogisms into sword-cuts and sabre slashes. The widow of the Colonel, naturally enough, opened her house to her husband's brothers-in-arms after the fatal blow of the black Brunswicker. The house of Mme. Bruneval, in 1818, had become a Bonapartist club, at which the police squinted with unusual forbearance for a long time. We must, however, say, that the widow soon saw that the illustrious soldiers who frequented her house did not indemnify her by their conversation for her expenses. She therefore sought to make the presence of these heroes available, and mingled with them a few honest people who were fond of play, from whom the lights, like the altars of the god Plutus, received the tithe of the stakes. At the widow's the play was high, and all kinds of games were recognized. All, however, was fair and above board, and this kind of reputation attracted thither many persons who would not have met on a field of battle less orthodox. People in good society were met with there. People who, like the Marquis de Maulear, were unwilling to play in public, looked for excitement without regard to chance and society. There the famous match between the Marquis and Lord Elmore took place. Count Monte-Leone also went occasionally to Mme. Bruneval's, since he used to meet there many *Carbonari* and Bonapartists; for, as we have said, people of the most diverse opinions all united for one purpose, to destroy what was, and make their ideas triumph from the wreck of the general chaos.

On the evening of the lesson given by the Prince to the Marquis de Maulear, the Count presented Taddeo to Mme. de Bruneval, and while the play seemed animated in various parts of the room, [Pg 495] the *Carbonari* talked in a neighboring room of a plan conceived by several wealthy Americans who were affiliated with the society, of a plan to bear off the Emperor Napoleon from his prison at St. Helena, and carry him to France. Important, however, as the subject was, the Count paid but little attention to it. He was then at one of the most painful crises of his life. In about an hour he would need all his courage and persuasion to combat and conquer one of the greatest obstacles man can meet with in his career—the will of an energetic and passionate woman. Not long before, Monte-Leone had received the following note:

"For fifteen days I have not seen you. I do not know why you avoid me. I had rather die than continue to live thus. I wish to hear my fate from your own lips. For eight days *he* will be away. Come—if you refuse me—if you are not with me when midnight comes, it will be the proof of an eternal adieu, and I will cease to live."

The Count waited with impatience for the period of this terrible interview. He knew the feeling which had inspired this note, how full of irrepressible indignation her mind was, and that it would shrink from no danger and no excess. He sought in vain to shake off Taddeo, but since the scene in Verneuil street, when the wretch set to watch Monte-Leone had been overheard by Rovero, the young man had been almost heart-broken. On this evening, though, he did not lose sight of Taddeo for an instant. The Count saw with terror that the time was drawing near, yet he could

not leave the room. Taking advantage of a moment when Taddeo was not by, the Count was about to leave, when a noise was heard in the anteroom. The door was thrown open, and a man with a white scarf advanced amid the company. There was no possibility of mistake, for justice, herself, as the Prince de Maulear had told his son, had come into the gaming-house, disguised as a Commissary of Police. All who were present felt the greatest uneasiness—they were about to be arrested on the double charge of *Carbonarism* and forbidden play. Was it to the gamesters or to the *Carbonari* that the Commissary paid his visit? All were excited, though from different motives.

"Madame," said the Commissary, exhibiting his warrant to Madame Bruneval, who, like the commander of a besieged place, sought to parley with the enemy; "you are the widow of Colonel de Bruneval."

"I am, sir," said the German lady, whose color became greater than ever, "and cannot conceive why I should be thus insulted. I am not, I suppose, under the surveillance of the police."

"Excuse me, madame," said the Commissary, "your house has long been pointed out to us, as the rendezvous of many Buonapartists"—the Buonapartists became alarmed—"and," continued the Commissary, "as a place where forbidden games are played. For these reasons, we are about to make an examination in the premises and in relation to the persons here—until that is completed, none can leave this room."

The clock struck twelve. The sound made the Count grow pale, for it was the hour of the rendezvous. His situation was annoying, and a moment's delay might bring about a catastrophe. The note had said: "If you are not at my house by midnight, I shall be dead before one." The Count made up his mind, and with his habitual decision in all critical, embarrassing, or dangerous conjunctures, said that he must at all risks get out of the house and go whither he was expected, to save life—which every moment endangered. In such a state of affairs, *ruse* was the best course he could adopt—especially as that promised his immediate extrication. He was about to adopt a difficult course; he purposed to put out the lights, rush on the magistrate and his attendants, and then break through the doors. Before adopting this extreme course, the Count wished to know if he had many Carbonari around him. Glancing around the guests of Madame Bruneval, he placed his hand on his brow and made slowly the secret sign by means of which the Carbonari recognized each other. The Commissary had not removed his eyes from the Count, who he was well aware, though he did not know his name, was one of the principal persons of the assemblage. No sooner had Monte-Leone made the sign than, much to his surprise, he saw the Commissary acknowledge it. The Count then discovered that the magistrate was a Carbonari, and that there was one more brother than could have been expected in the room. This strange circumstance had its explanation in the statement of D'Harcourt at Doctor Matheus's: "We meet our brethren every where; in the city, in the courts, among the lawyers, and among the judges." The inquiry was brief and a mere matter of form. The Commissary did nothing. Monte-Leone was one of the first who received permission to leave. Followed by Taddeo, he rushed out. Rovero called on him to stop, but the Count paid no attention to his cries. The clock was about to strike one, and hurrying across the streets and squares of Louis XV., with the rapidity of an arrow, he did not pause until he had reached the *Champs Elysées*, where a little green door veiled by a hedge was opened to admit him.

XIII.—DESPAIR.

When the door opened, a woman appeared and said, "Follow me, Count, Madame is waiting for your excellency."

"What o'clock is it?" asked he, with great anxiety.

She answered, "A quarter after one."

"When did you leave your mistress?"

"At twelve. Madame bade me wait here for you."

"Lost!—dead! perhaps dead!" exclaimed the Count. He hurried down the alley directly to the hotel. [Pg 496]

"Signore! Signore!" said the woman; "all the servants have not perhaps gone to bed, and if you be seen now in the garden of the Embassy, what will people say and think of Madame?"

"Take me directly to her," said the Count, "for her life is in danger."

"Her life!" said the woman, with terror. Then, as if struck with an idea, she added, "Wait, though, Madame bade me not come into her room until to-morrow, unless I brought your excellency with me."

"Come, come," said the Count, dragging the woman after him. Thus they went to the right wing of the building. A small door opened on a private stairway communicating with the rooms of the Duchess of Palma. The servant pointed out the door to the Count, and then preceded him. The stairway ended at a little hall on the first floor. There the Count stopped and the woman put a key in another door in the wall, through which the Count entered a waiting-room and passed into a boudoir, where the *femme de chambre* asked him to sit for a few moments while she informed the Duchess of his arrival. The Count was for some minutes alone in the boudoir, and at last

heard a half stifled cry behind him. He looked around and saw the servant motionless and with terror impressed on every feature. She pointed to the Duchess's room with one hand, and lifted up the curtain of the door with the other. The Count entered the room where a terrible spectacle awaited him. The Duchess, pale as death, was extended on a sofa; by her side was a lamp almost burnt out, and the flickering light cast from time to time a pale lustre over this scene of sadness and death. The pulse and heart of La Felina were motionless. By her side was a flaçon of red liquor, which was spilled on the rosewood stand. The Count held the flaçon to his nose and lip, and recognized its contents to be laudanum, that bringer of calm or ruin, of sleep or death.

A feeling of deep sorrow took possession of him. The love and devotion of that woman appeared to him in their proper light—limitless and vast. Remorse lacerated his heart; for he charged himself with being the cause of the terrible crime she had committed. Again the Count approached the Duchess, and somewhat calmer than he had first been, perceived a faint palpitation. He placed a mirror near Felina's lips, and a thin mist overcast it. "She lives!" said Monte-Leone; "a lethargic sleep has plunged her in this apparent death. Thank heaven, from having taken too small a dose, the opium has acted as a narcotic—not as a poison. She must be roused from this dangerous state. Listen," said he to the servant, "I have a friend who will save your mistress without noise or scandal. He is a physician, as skilful as he is prudent. Send him this, at once," said he, writing hastily a few lines on a fragment of paper he took from the Duchess's desk. "Order the carriage at once, say that your mistress is ill and a physician indispensable. Suffer no one to enter this room but the person for whom I have written, and I will answer for the consequences. Here, this note is for Doctor Matheus, No. 7 *rue de Babylonne*—hurry."

When Monte-Leone was alone with the Duchess, he sought to arouse her from the sleep which oppressed her, by making her inhale the perfumes of several flaçons which he found near. This was, however, in vain, and he soon abandoned it. "Poor woman," said he, sitting by and looking at her with compassion; "this is then the end of her life and love: to what misery has she been led by passion, while mine was not more lasting than the perfume of a rose." As he abandoned himself to these cruel thoughts, the eyes of the Count fell on a letter, which she had with her expiring strength attempted to throw into the fire. It had, however, fallen on the hearth and was but partially burned. The Count took hold of it with the intention of destroying it, lest it might contain some secret compromising the Duchess. Just, however, as he was about to destroy it, he fancied that he saw his own name, and unable to resist his curiosity, he glanced rapidly over it. The following detached phrases had been spared by the fire:

"You gave me bread when I was famishing,
and apparel when I had none....

"The consequence of....

"body and soul....

"But I feel your....

"is mine....

"belongs to you....

"This Monte-Leone deserves to be....

"offends you....

"live for you....

"or if I....

"It will be for me...."

"What is the meaning of this, said the Count, and what does she meditate? Has the Duchess a confidant? Can this man be my enemy? How have I injured him?"

The servant entered, and the Count placed the letter in his bosom. A half hour passed in anxious expectation of Matheus. The wheels of a carriage were heard in the courtyard and aroused the Count from his thoughts. The servant went to meet the Doctor and soon after introduced Frederick von Apsberg into the room.

"Look there," said the Count, pointing to La Felina.

The doctor drew near and examined her.

"Suicide and laudanum," said he. He felt the pulse. "Just in time—luckily you told me what was the matter, and I have brought some active and powerful antidotes. In a quarter of an hour cerebral congestion would have ensued, and death." He poured out a few drops of a liquid he had brought in a glass spoon, and forced it between the convulsive teeth of the Duchess. Three minutes afterwards she heaved a deep sigh. "Now I will answer for her recovery," said Von Apsberg. The Duchess opened her eyes soon after and glanced around her. She was, though, [Pg 497] unable to distinguish any thing, so haggard and fixed had they become. The Count stood aside. For a few moments through the vast room nothing was heard but the feeble panting and anxious

breathing of the invalid, which, however, gradually grew more regular and natural.

"Madame," said the doctor, giving the Duchess a glass of water, into which he had poured a few drops of the liquid he had brought with him, "do you wish to live?"

"No," said the Duchess.

"Then do not take this antidote, for the poison is yet in your system and this alone can neutralize it."

Just then Monte-Leone advanced towards La Felina.

"He here!" murmured she.

"Live," said the Count, "live, I beg you."

Without replying, the Duchess looked towards the doctor as if she were about to ask him for the elixir. She drained the glass.

"Now," said Von Apsberg, "madame must be calm and silent; least of all must she indulge in any emotion," added he, looking at Monte-Leone, "or the medicine will be powerless."

"Who are *you*?" said the Duchess.

"A friend, a brother of mine, to whose heart I confide all the secrets of my life."

La Felina glanced a few moments at the doctor, and said, "I remember."

"Certainly, the Duchess has not forgot the Pulcinella at the Eutruscan house. She has not forgotten the dreamy German lad whom she once lectured so sternly, but who never was offended with her. The lecture did him a great service, for the joyous Pulcinella, changing his humor and dress, has now become a grave doctor who never jests, and insists that his prescriptions be literally followed. To add example to precept, I will remain in this room and watch over the prophetess of San Carlo, and if I do not leave her cured and reasonable," said he, whispering in the Duchess's ear, "for I am a physician of the mind as well as body, I will at least do her some good. All my brothers of the medical profession cannot say as much."

He then handed the Count his hat and pointed to the door.

"To-morrow evening, at nine," said the Count, "I will call on you." An expression of joy hung on La Felina's lips, and she nodded in acknowledgment.

Monte-Leone placed his lips on the yet icy hand of the ambassadress, and then approached Von Apsberg, to whom he said in a low tone, "You swear that you will save her."

"I do," said Matheus.

The Count went to the door, not the one the doctor had pointed out, but to the secret one through which he had come, and a few minutes after was alone in the *Champs Elysées*, doubtful whether all that had passed was not a dream. The letter which he had found, and which rattled in his bosom, with its mysterious broken phrases, its shreds of threats and vengeance, sufficed to recall to his mind the reality of the scene which he had been both an actor and participator in. According to his promise, on the day after this series of alarms and torments, Monte-Leone went to the hotel of the Neapolitan minister just as the bell of Saint Philippe de Roule rang for nine. The Count on this occasion came us an ordinary visitor to the principal door.

"The Duchess," said the usher, "made an exception of Count Monte-Leone alone, in orders she gave that no one should be admitted. Madame had last night a nervous attack from which she yet suffers. She, however, expects your excellency."

The Count went into the reception room, and soon after was introduced into the Duchess's boudoir. He found Madame de Palma lying on a divan, and her countenance yet showed traces of her sufferings. Monte-Leone was touched.

The Duchess gave him her hand and bade him be seated. She said, "You see almost a spectre or ghost escaped from the grave. Do not, however, be afraid, the ghost will not rise before you animated by wrath and anger. Did it wish to do so, it is now too feeble." The Duchess used her salts, as if she would regain that strength which seemed rapidly leaving her.

"Felina," said the Count, gently and sadly, "did you wish to die?"

"What now is life to me?" said she, "I meet with only contempt and desertion from him for whom I forgot my gratitude and duty. Be frank with me, do not fear my despair; but this doubt is too cruel. *Tell* me that you do not love me, let me learn it from your mouth, not from your indifference."

The Count wished to speak.

"Ah! you do not know," continued she, and with her hand she bade him listen, "what those long hours of expectation are, when every noise seems to announce the coming of the person you love —when the hope having been twenty times deceived, the ear rather than the heart listens with the anxiety of death to the sound of every carriage which passes by, but does not stop at your door—to the bell which announces another visitor than the one who is expected. You do not know

the torment of those wretched evenings when alone, with no companion but sorrow—you see ever before you your devotion to the one man all the time staring you in the face, him attracted elsewhere by other charms. The soul that suffers thus, by some instinctive powers, sees him approach every rival, become intoxicated by her glance, listen to her voice, take her hand stealthily, live in her life, while she dies a thousand times an hour—a thousand deaths as often as despair passes a picture before her. Do you see, Count, how horrible all this is? This is murderous, though time must elapse before the deadly poison takes effect on the heart. In such cases one who does not die rapidly is mad. Yesterday I had in my power the means of avoiding such tortures." [Pg 498]

Completely exhausted, the Duchess fell back on the cushion. The eyes of the Count glistened with tears, and he knelt before the poor woman who had suffered so much for him.

"Felina," said he, "until to-day I thought courage consisted in braving danger, and even death: I now know that I have only to unveil my heart to you to prove that my daring did not need that I should contend with the ocean, be immured in a dungeon, and bare my neck to the axe. I will have that courage, for to me it is a duty, and I will not shrink from it. When I met you on the Lago di Como—when sad at the fact that I had been deserted by men who did not know me, by the woman I adored, I saw your immense tenderness unfolded to me, when you uttered those passionate words which my heart had no power then of understanding, I fancied that I had forgotten the past in the charms of a present full of love and intoxicating passion. I told you all I felt, and was sincere and happy. I remembered what you had done for me, and I fancied I had found the angel of my existence in you. Alas! a few months after, the bandage was torn from my brow, and, excuse me, but all I thought dead in my soul became more animated than ever. I saw my tenderness was the offspring of friendship, that my love changed into deep affection, which, however, was not of the kind you expected from me. With terror and despair I discovered that I was ungrateful to you. Twenty times I was on the point of making this painful confession, yet as many times I felt my strength fail. Now, though, when you have wished to die for the unworthy man for whom you would have made such a sacrifice, when you have appealed to my honor, I must speak to you, and avow to you my true sentiments, which it would be improper for me any longer to conceal from you."

While the Count was speaking, the Duchess lay half asleep on the divan, with her eyes closed, and her hand on her heart, the pulsations of which she tried to restrain. One might have thought she slept, but for her short respiration, and the heaving of her breast, which indicated great feverish agitation. She remained in this motionless state a few seconds after Monte-Leone had ceased. She then slowly opened her eyelids, and resting her head on her hand, as if her marble shoulders would not suffice to sustain it, looked at the Count with those eyes whence emanated the burning glance of delirium. A single look—a single glance was cast on the Count; this glance, however, was instinct with a terrible thought, and she became at once chill and cold.

"I thank you for your frankness," said she to the Count, giving him her hand. "Perhaps I would have thanked you had you suffered me to die without telling me what you have heard. You, however, wished me to live, and I can understand why, for my death would have poisoned all your existence. I will live, then, but for you alone." The same glance she had thrown on the Count appeared again, but immediately died away. "Yet," continued she, "listen to me. I cannot consent to lose you—I can consent to be your friend, but will not think you another's."

"Felina," said the Count, "I understand you. On my life and soul, I swear I will never speak of love to her of whom you think. Her ties and virtues I will respect, her honor will relieve your apprehensions, and I know what this honor imposes on me."

"I have faith in you," said Felina; "understand me, though, and do not require what I cannot give. Do not add to my grief, the vengeance and excess of which you cannot calculate."

"Threats!" said the Count, bitterly. He was about to speak to the Duchess of the fragments of the letter, but was prevented by a secret presentiment.

"No," said Felina, "not threats. Such are not intended for friends, and to me you are a friend."

The Count took her hand. It was cold as death.

"Come to see me often," said she; "invalids need a physician; and skilful as the one you brought last night may be, your visits will exert a better effect—you will enable me to contend with myself. Then, too," said she, growing pale, "I will see you.... Now leave me, for I am feeble. Since you wish me to live, I must not exhaust the rest of my life ... I will try to sleep; but I will not sleep as long as I expected to last night." Then, as if she was completely exhausted by such a variety of shocks, she bade the Count adieu.

Monte-Leone left her. Just as he was about to cross the peristyle, he saw the shadow of a man gliding into the hotel through the half open door. The face of this man was suddenly lighted up by one of the reflectors of the palace, and Monte-Leone remembered features yet present to his memory. They were the features of Stenio Salvatori of *Torre del Greco*.

XIV.—THE MAGNETIZER.

The lecture the Prince had given to his son seemed to have done him good. For two months the family of the Prince de Maulear had been calm and happy. Aminta, in the care, attention, and

watchfulness of her husband, enjoyed again all the emotions of her early marriage days. Her letters to her mother were filled with hope far different than that expressed in the one we have read. Henri constantly avoided every thing which could possibly awaken the sad passion which chance, temptation, and the weakness of his character had led him into. He never approached the card-table, and paid no attention to the challenges of his old adversaries. He began to learn whist and other games of combination, calculation, and science, which leave the head cold and the reason sound, and at which no one ever pretended to bet a thousand francs a trick, as was [Pg 499] subsequently done in 1846, at the house of Count A. —— and that of M. de R——, Minister of D. People then played whist for whist's sake, not to become rich or bankrupt.

An unexpected event disturbed the quiet life of the inmates of the Hotel-Maulear. Aminta received a letter from her mother, in which Signora Rovero announced to her daughter a piece of intelligence, which for her children's sake delighted, while for her own sake it distressed her. The Roman Cardinal, Filippo Justiniani, her brother, of whom we spoke in one of the first chapters of this book, had died, leaving his fortune to his nephew and niece. This fortune was more than a million. Signora Rovero, therefore, wished her son-in-law, the Marquis de Maulear, and Taddeo, to come at once to Rome, to receive this inheritance; the one in the name of his wife, and the other for himself.

This letter produced very different effects in the family of the Prince de Maulear. Instead of rejoicing at a fortune which was to be purchased by the absence of her husband, the young *marquise* was rather grieved than pleased at it. The revenue the Prince had appropriated to his children was sufficient to make their career quite brilliant. This increase of fortune, therefore, had little value in Aminta's eyes; but a separation, though but temporary, from Henri might endanger, in one so volatile as the Marquis was, the influence she had acquired over him. She apprehended this, and fear, in a heart impassionable as his was, could not but be the source of uneasiness and torment. The idea of accompanying the Marquis often suggested itself to her, but it was then the depth of winter, and her health, naturally delicate, had been so recently shaken by the troubles she had experienced, that she could not, at such a time, venture on such an excursion. The Prince de Maulear did not see his son leave him without dissatisfaction. He did not think him completely cured of the moral malady he had undertaken to cure, but watched over him paternally and kindly. The Marquis, though he sincerely regretted that he must be separated from his charming wife, whom he now loved better than ever, did not conceal the pleasure which such a trip caused him. He did not deny that the kind of atony to which his monotonous life subjected him, made it necessary that he should be somewhat galvanised by the excitement of travel.

Taddeo, too, had been more kindly received by the Duchess since the scene which had taken place between Monte-Leone and her. He was distressed at the absence which removed him from that woman whose influence over his heart nothing could overcome.

All these feelings, however, resulted in the same circumstance—the prompt departure of the two heirs from the eternal city. When they left, Aminta felt a deep distress, and the Prince de Maulear a sombre presentiment.

Fifteen days afterwards, a letter, dated at Rome, informed the young Marquise of the arrival of her husband and brother at the capital of the Christian world. This letter informed them also that there were difficulties in the way of obtaining possession of the estate of Cardinal Justiniani, from the fact that his eminence had made various bequests to convents, churches, and religious foundations, in relation to which it was necessary for the Holy Father himself to make a decision, which would much retard the final arrangement of their business.

Aminta felt that her sadness was doubled at this news, and the feeling grew more poignant from the fact that her husband's letters became every day more rare and more cold. Aware of the devotion of the Prince de Maulear to her, and knowing how uneasy the old man was about his son, the young woman did all she could to conceal her anxiety from her father-in-law, and by means of a thousand pretexts kept from his sight the often icy letters written by her husband. When the Prince questioned her about what he wrote from Rome, he received an evasive reply. "Well, well," he would say, "one should not inquire into them. Fathers have nothing to say about them; and provided, my child, that you are happy, I will ask nothing more." Thus two months rolled by. The young Marquise waited anxiously every day for the coming of the post, and the hours rolled by only to deceive her. Deep mortification soon replaced regret. Surrounded by the homage of a society which adored her, Aminta saw herself deserted by the man to whom she was bound for life, and the humiliation of this indifference almost overpowered the agony she felt. The fact was, that having already been sacrificed to the miserable passion for play, she now fancied she was postponed to the pleasure of travel, and her firm character, softened by the happiness in which the early days of her marriage had been passed, began now to assume the firmness of womanhood, with all the characteristics of the Italian nature. Such was the condition of Aminta's mind when she received the visit of the Count Monte-Leone. When he came she was alone. They were both annoyed by this novel position, and for a time their conversation was commonplace. But soon the memory of the past began to assert its influence over them. The Count spoke of Naples as Neapolitans only can. He infused into his conversation the passionate energy which ever exists in their souls in relation to that climate, so highly favored by heaven. Aminta, to whom the cold climate of France had not been that of her love, surrendered her whole soul to the happiness awakened by those smiling ideas. The Count recalled to her Sorrento and its perfumed hills, its azure sea and brilliant sky. He then recalled to her the villa where he had been so nobly welcomed, where days flitted by like hours, where the silence of a calm and [Pg 500]

beautiful nature were only interrupted by the breeze and the waves, which died away among myrtle and orange-groves, or by the songs of birds in the luxuriant thickets. Aminta listened to him with increasing trouble, for his voice had never seemed so penetrating and mild. Astonishment took possession of her when she thought that the mind of this man, so sensible to the charms of nature, so aware of the simple beauties of Italian scenery, was the energetic and powerful soul which braved death without weakness, and defied the executioner without fear. The Count thus led, contrary to his own wishes, into the dangerous retrospect of the past, felt his reason give way, as he found himself in the presence of one whose very appearance agitated his reason, because she recalled that country where the gayest and happiest hours of his life had passed.

Aminta, anxious to triumph over the involuntary emotion which took possession of her, diverted the Count from all the seductions of his memory and love by asking if Taddeo was a better friend than brother, and if letters were as great rarities to him as to herself. The Count replied that Taddeo wrote often. He then, with an effort, shook off his delicious dream, and sadly returned to real life. "The Marquis and he," said Monte-Leone, "are yet at Rome, as M. de Maulear must have told you. Rome has never been gayer than it now is. Festivals and entertainments are numerous, and the richest strangers of Europe are now there; while balls and cards are all the rage."

At the last phrase Aminta grew pale. The Count observed this, and attributing its cause to some illness, rose to go away. The Marquise, though, said with a vivacity which surprised him, "And does the Holy father authorize play in his states?"

"He does not authorize but tolerates it. This is sufficient for a bank kept by a rich society of capitalists, to realize millions by this passion, and to produce many disasters and calamities."

The Marquise felt her heart grow chill, and as she began to grow sick she dismissed the Count.

"Will the *Marquise* permit me to call on her again?"

"Yes, Count; and if you receive any news from Rome—from the Marquis and my brother, tell me of it, I beg you." The Count left, more in love than ever; and Aminta remained alone, unhappy, agitated, and a prey to instinctive and wretched thoughts.

It now becomes our duty to conduct the reader to a magnificent hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and make him a spectator of a scene which occurred a few days after the conversation we have spoken of. We wish to introduce him to the beautiful girl of whom Dr. Matheus caught a glimpse from the windows of the laboratory. This girl was no longer the most brilliant rose of the parterre. Seated in a large arm-chair, near a window of the saloon, which looked out upon the garden, her pale complexion, and the hectic flush of her cheek, her red lips, and the dark ring about the eyes, indicated general indisposition. An old man sat near her, with one of her hands in his; while, with his eyes fixed on her, he seemed with despair to read the expression of intense suffering. The old man was the Duke d'Harcourt, and the invalid, his daughter *Marie*.

"Ah, papa! this is nothing but a horrid *migraine* to which I have long been subject. The pain in the chest which accompanies it, you know, never lasts long, and is almost always cured by the very presence of the kind doctor, whom we might almost fancy to be a sorcerer."

"The means he employs, my child, and which he has communicated to me, is not sorcery, but a science, scarcely known as yet, and the source of much dispute. I confess I had no great faith in it until experience had revealed to me its power and reality."

"And have you faith, papa, in the power of the doctor?" asked the young girl, with a singular accent.

"I believe, my child, in what I see. He benefits you, and therefore dissipates all my hesitation. Magnetism is not new; Mesmer, the able Foria, and afterwards many serious and learned men have inquired into it, and discovered undeniable virtues. Unfortunately, imposture and charlatanism soon took possession of it, and, therefore, it has been overburdened with ridicule and contempt. If it be a truth, as all I have seen induces me to think; if in the employment of this fluid there be means to assist nature, a studious man, who has any charity towards his fellows, should study before he decides on it, and reject nothing novel, as it may be, until he has proven it to be false or impotent."

"Here is the doctor!" said the Vicomte d'Harcourt, quickly opening the door, and introducing Von Apsberg.—"I have taken him from a grave consultation to see my sister." Hurrying to his sister, the Vicomte kissed her. Marie blushed; was not this blush caused, perhaps, by the coming of the doctor?—Was it caused by René's kiss? The heart alone can tell; and young women's hearts do not answer such questions very readily.

"Marie yet suffers," said the Duke to the false Matheus. "With you though, doctor, hope and health always return. For that reason we are unwilling you should ever leave us." It was now the doctor's turn to blush.

"You certainly," said he, "estimate my influence over the disease to be in proportion to my wish to soothe it. If such were really the case, you might be of good cheer, for my wishes are limitless."

"There is a doctor for you, modest, talented, and one who uses no drugs and none of the remedies of the old medicine," said the Vicomte; "pantomime with him is every thing, as with the ballet-doctors of the opera. A few signs and gestures and away goes the disease, like the devil when

holy water is brought him."

Von Apsberg said with a smile, "such an eulogium as the Vicomte's would, a few centuries ago, have sent me to the stake. Fortunately there is now no danger of that, for there is no longer any faith in magicians. Rightly enough, too, for if not so, there would be no glory and advantage in wisdom. *Savans* are fond of their privileges. For my own part, though no philosopher, I do not deal in magic, though from study I have learned that there are secret agents in nature too much neglected even now, though much good has resulted and the most marvellous effects have been produced from them. Of these agents, the magnetic fluid is the surest, the most active and powerful. Like all other imponderable fluids, it is invisible, passing through space perhaps with the rapidity of light, though unlike the latter, its passage is not interrupted by the opposition of opaque bodies, which it penetrates as caloric does.[F] I do not pretend, Duke," continued Von Apsberg, "to teach you the theory of magnetism, but at all risks to justify your confidence in me, which now induces you to confide so precious a trust to me. As an honest man I think I am not deceived in the hope I expressed at my first visit, that your daughter, from my system of action, will acquire that vital force which will enable her to overcome her natural weakness, and thus reach the period of life when, age coming to aid nature, she will acquire a degree of health which will bid defiance to all the accidents of youth and assure her a healthy life in future. I call God to witness that I act with a heartfelt conviction and religious sincerity. I will, though, swear, that if in a short time I see no evidence of the efficacy of my remedy, I will inform you of the fact without delay."

"I am sure, sir, you will. I confide in your honor as I do in your skill."

"Father," said the Vicomte, "you are right to do so. The doctor is a brother to me, and looks on Marie almost as a sister."

Both the doctor and Marie now blushed. No one though remarked it, for just then the Prince and *Marquise* de Maulear were announced. The Duke said:

"They are friends and need not disturb you."

Aminta loved Marie d'Harcourt. These two beautiful women had conceived a deep affection for each other. Aminta, though, who was a few years older than Marie, and had a right to more gravity, as a married woman, matronized the young girl, and it was rather an amusing picture to see a mother twenty years old, *chaperoning* a daughter of seventeen and explaining the peculiarities of a life they were equally ignorant of.

"Prince," said the Duke, "Doctor Matheus is a famous magnetist, who has been serviceable to Marie already, and when you came in was about to subject her again to the influence of the fluid."

"*Parbleu!*" said the Prince, "I would be glad to witness the experiment. I am myself something of an adept, having known the Abbé Foria in my youth. People used to laugh at him, but the court and the people were present at his curious exhibitions. I, too, was magnetized, drank magnetic water, and passed whole hours on the magnetic chair surrounded by iron rings; all this was to cure me of a sciatica, which, nevertheless, he did not do at all. He asserted that I had no faith, and that I arrayed myself against the power of the fluid. I, however, only ask to believe, and if the doctor can convert me, I am willing."

Without answering the Prince, Von Apsberg approached Marie d'Harcourt. Aminta sat by the patient. The doctor looked at the young girl. Seated a few feet from her, he placed his hands in front of Marie's brow, and then lowering them slowly, made some magnetic passes, seeming to direct his action to the gastric regions where she suffered most. Marie did not seem at all affected by the operation.

While Matheus was doing thus the Marquise, who sat in front of the doctor, felt her brow grow heavy, her eyes close, and a deep stupefaction take possession of her. She soon felt that sleep was overpowering her, and after a few attempts to resist it, her head sunk on her bosom, and leaning back in her chair, she was completely overpowered.

"My daughter is sick," said the Prince, hurrying to Aminta.

"No, sir," said the physician coldly, "she only sleeps."

"She sleeps," said all who witnessed the scene, and who were evidently surprised.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

"She sleeps!" said Matheus, pointing to Aminta, "and to fall so suddenly into that state when I did not intend it, shows her to be very impressionable and nervous."

"The Prince," said the Marquis, "has often told me she is a somnambulist."

"I am no longer amazed," said Von Apsberg, "at the spontaneity of her sleep."

"Is it true," said the Prince, "that somnambulists have the power of being able to see what is taking place in remote spots—that they can transport themselves to remote places and accompany the persons who are pointed out to them?"

"All these phenomena are real," replied the doctor, "but they demand the most perfect lucidity in the person magnetized."

"And can," asked the Duke, "such experiments be made without inconvenience or danger to the subjects?"

"Certainly."

"Pardieu," said the Prince, "I would like the doctor to question my daughter."

"About what?" said Matheus.

"Something interesting to us all. For a month we have had no news from my son, and are becoming uneasy about him."

"And do you wish," said the doctor, "to know what the Marquis de Maulear is engaged in now?" [Pg 502]

"Exactly," said the Prince.

"Stop," said René, "I object. There is no reason why a wife should know what her husband is about when he is three hundred leagues away. The devil! That is dangerous, and the Marquise might some day regret it."

"Now you see," said Marie, with her soft voice, "it would be dangerous for her—she would not like it."

"I do not fear that," said the Vicomte, "but I vow there would be no marriages possible, if women had the faculty of knowing at any hour, and in any place, what their husbands are about."

"Ah!" said the Prince, "I have a better opinion of my son than the Vicomte has of his friend, and I hope the doctor will send my daughter-in-law on a visit to Rome."

During the whole of this time Aminta continued asleep, but so soundly, that her bosom scarcely heaved, and her breath escaped almost insensibly from her lips.

"But," said the doctor, "it is, in the first place, necessary that I should establish a communication between the *Marquise* and myself. I must be able to place in her hands, to enable her to touch, something which belonged to the Marquis de Maulear. The best thing is a lock of the Marquis's hair."

"Nothing in the world is easier; my daughter-in-law always wears a bracelet of the Marquis's hair."

"On which arm?" asked the doctor.

"On the left," said M. de Maulear. "If Mademoiselle Marie be pleased to take it off we will place it as the doctor wishes in the hands of the somnambulist."

"But are you sure," said Marie to Von Apsberg, "are you sure she will not suffer?"

"I am, Mademoiselle, I would not have her suffer either for your sake or for her own."

Marie arose from her chair and walked painfully towards the Marquise, who, having bared Aminta's arm a little above the wrist, found there a bracelet of the Marquis's hair. When she was about to touch it she said to the doctor, "I shall awake her."

"Do not be afraid of that, you will not."

Slight, however, as the motion was, to which the sleeper's arm had been subjected, the *Marquise* half arose from her chair and made an effort to open her eyes. Von Apsberg extended his arm towards the Marquise's brow, and she again sank into as deep a sleep as before. The bracelet was given by Marie to the doctor, who placed it in Aminta's hand.

"Now," said he, "we will begin." Silence was at once established, and all was solemn and almost terrible; for it seemed that something was in preparation of the most terrible character, and that the room was becoming filled with all those invisible phantoms we know as TERROR, FATE, and MISFORTUNE, and which on their leaden wings seem to soar above mortality. The strongest and best organized minds of our kind have, in the silent places of their hearts, something of superstition, which develop themselves in certain conditions of the corporeal and mental organization. Without pretending to considerations of a very serious kind, the guests of the Duke d'Harcourt experienced a kind of mute terror, which in this world always precedes misfortune.

The strange power which the doctor used was also well calculated to impress those who contemplated this scene. The doctor took Aminta's hand in his and said most respectfully:[G]

"Does the Marquise understand me?"

"Yes!" said she.

"Will you answer my questions?"

"Yes!"

"Do you read in my heart any malevolence or hostility to you?"

"No!"

"You then have confidence in me?"

"Yes!"

"Are you sure that in questioning you, as I am about to, I have no other object but to relieve you of uneasiness in relation to the Marquis?"

"I am sure that is the case."

"Well," said the Doctor, placing his thumbs on Aminta's forehead, "I wish you to go at once to Rome, to Italy."

"It is far away," said the Marquise, feebly.

"I wish you to," said Matheus, imperiously.

"Well, well," said the sleeper, with a smile, "there is no reason why you should be angry."

She was silent. All the spectators, with their eyes fixed and their necks extended, seemed to watch with anxiety every scene of this whimsical drama. Their souls seemed hung on their lips.

"Ah! my God!" said the Marquise, with agitation, "what a journey—how cold it is amid these mountains."

"She crosses the Alps," said the doctor.

The Marquise coughed.

"You see," said Marie, "she will take cold." The young girl wrapped the shawl around her friend.

"This cold will not be dangerous," said the Vicomte, gayly.

"Silence!" said Matheus.

"Ah!" said the somnambulist, "what a magnificent country! What a sun! This then is Rome," said she, with enthusiasm, "the city of the Cæsars—the eternal city—the city of God!"

She bowed herself respectfully.

"True," said Matheus, "and now you must find him you love; you must look for your husband amid this vast city."

"No, no!" said the Marquise.

"Why not?"

"I shall lose myself amid these long streets; besides I am afraid of these men in masks."

"Do not fear. I *wish* you to see the Marquis at once." [Pg 503]

The Marquise clasped the bracelet of her husband's hair convulsively, and then uttering a cry of joy, said:

"It is he—Henri, Henri, I see him."

She extended her arms as if to embrace him. The flush which had covered her face was soon succeeded by a mortal pallor.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor.

"Oh God!" said she, "he does not see me. He passes by without looking at me. Whither does he go? Why is he so sad? Why is his hair so disordered? Why? why?"

The tone in which these words were uttered were so deeply sorrowful, that the doctor reached forward his hand and said to the Prince: "*Must I awaken the Marquise?*" Before the Prince could reply, Aminta stood erect and said, "No! I will go with him. Henri, Henri! for pity's sake do not. I never will forgive you! Henri, you would not commit perjury? My God!" said she, clasping her hands, "he will go thither! Fatal, terrible passion!"

She then shed tears, and fell back into the arms of Marie, who sustained her.

"Enough, doctor, enough!" said Marie, "I beseech you. She suffers, you see. She shall not do so. I will not consent to."

The doctor took the young woman's hand, and prepared to arouse her from this condition and to restore her to real life. Just then the Prince de Maulear, with intense agony on his face, rushed towards his daughter-in-law, repelling Matheus.

"Will the health and happiness of the Marquise be endangered," said he, "if she continue longer in this condition?"

"Her heart alone will suffer, Monsieur," said the doctor, "neither her health nor her life is in danger."

"Go on, then, Monsieur," said the Prince, coldly, "for we speak of my son. On what the Marquise

has said depends the repose of my life, her happiness, and the honor of my family."

"But," said Matheus, "my honor forbids me to follow up the excitement any longer. Know that the true apostles of the science I now practise before you, make it a rigid law never to make use of such phenomena as you have seen, to penetrate hidden secrets, or to read by force the consciences of those whom they submit to the exercise of their will."

"Monsieur," said the Prince, "we have around us here only honest hearts, which are also friendly. I, therefore, do not at all fear to initiate them into my family secrets. Besides this, vain curiosity exerts no influence over me, but a nobler thought, the possibility, perhaps, of preventing cruel misfortunes which I now apprehend, and which I would anticipate."

"*See!*" said the doctor to the Marquise. "*I wish you to*——"

"No, no!" said the somnambulist. "I have seen enough. Do not force me to follow out his wanderings—he has forgotten me—his father—his honor—his oath—himself!"

"*See!*" said the doctor, replacing his hand over the Marquise's eyes, "*I wish it.*"

"Henri! Henri!" exclaimed she, "will nothing then restrain you?"

"What is he about, then?" said the doctor.

"See, see! he sits in front of a table covered with money. The wheel turns. The people who look after it do so with haggard eyes. How pale and withered they are! See how he throws the money on the table. Poor Henri—how he suffers! His brow is frozen. How horribly pale he is! He beats his breast. See that pale and pitiless man sweeping away all the money! Ah!" said she, "he quivers—he seems about to faint—no, he takes out his pocket-book, and throws other notes on the table. The wheel turns again. My God, have pity on him! Lost, lost again! He endures torments worse than death. Henri! for mercy's sake, stop—remember your wife—your Aminta—"

Her sobs increased, and inarticulate sounds burst from her chest. The Prince listened with increasing agitation to the heart-rending words of Aminta. His eyes wandered, troubled and uncertain, between the Marquise and the doctor. His eyes became cold, his cheeks livid, and from time to time the noble and venerable old man seemed to bend beneath another half century. All the others, sad and terrified, seemed fascinated by this terrible drama.

"He has in his hand his last notes," said Aminta—"he places them before him. Silence! hark, there is a confused noise. The wheel again makes its odious circle. It stops—Henri advances to take them. No, no, they are not his. The man seizes them, and takes possession of this. What does he say?" continued she, with attention—"ruined! ruined! he says. Well, what matter? it is only gold—only gold that he has lost. Dear Henri," said she, in a beseeching air, as if she knelt before him—"husband, what is the value of your money, if you love me? Listen to me. Do not weep, for your tears will kill me. Come to me—I forgive you. I will not reproach you, and you will not leave me again—never, never, never. He repels and avoids me. Whither does he go? What a desert! what an isolated street! How dark it is!—let us follow him, and not desert him. What do I see at the end of this street?" She looked through her hands, as if to enable her to see further. "What long black cloth is that? What pall is that? Henri does not walk—but I cannot follow him," said she, in a heart-rending voice. "Listen to me, Henri, I am suffering—I have walked so far and am so overcome. I do not see him—he is gone! he draws near the pall. My God! is there not a mourning-cloth painted on the horizon? It is water—a river—he rushes toward it—let us reach him—I cannot! Ah! here he is. I am with him now. What does he want. He calls me—he pronounces my name. Here I am—close—next to you. Your father also calls you. Come, come, let us turn to him. [Pg 504] He does not hear me—he lifts his eye to heaven—he prays. Henri, Henri, why do you approach this dark water? Take care of the water—death is before you—under your very feet."...

Just then the Marquise uttered a terrible cry, and was seized with a violent nervous attack.

"You would insist, Monsieur," said the doctor to the Prince, in a reproachful tone. Then, taking the young woman's hands, he clasped them in his own, and made a few rapid passes over her face and eyes. He then made her smell a flaçon of salts, and opened a window of the room, close to which he placed the Marquise's chair. This occupied a few minutes, all who were present standing around Mme. de Maulear, and paying attention only to her. The first excitement having passed away, they discovered that the Prince de Maulear had fainted. The doctor drew near the old man, and soon restored him to consciousness. When he had recovered his senses, the Prince called the doctor to him, and whispered, "Do you believe all this?"

The doctor clasped the hand of the Prince, and went away.

The Marquise de Maulear, smiling and calm, said, "Have I not been asleep?"

Her memory, however, recalled nothing of the scenes which had passed before her in her somnambulism. She forgot, as people frequently do, both pleasant and mournful dreams....

Fifteen days after this scene Mme. de Maulear saw her mother stop at the hotel of the Prince. Behind Signora Rovero, humble and trembling, was the deformed and courageous boy, whom the children of Sorrento had called Scorpione. The Marquise, both happy and surprised, rushed into her mother's arms. With great anxiety, she suddenly cried, "Henri—the Marquis—where is he?"

In reply, the Signora Rovero clasped her daughter to her breast, and wept.

FOOTNOTES:

[F] The translator has here elided about two pages on the theory of magnetism which he has thought rather detracted than otherwise from the interest of this book.

[G] Madame la Marquise, se trouve-t-elle ainsi suffisament en rapport avec moi?

From Fraser's Magazine.

SCENES AT MALMAISON.

The Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterwards made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private apartment, occupied the ground floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers of the rarest and finest growth and the most delicious odors, were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art, could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which forever attaches to the name with which they are associated. Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There cannot be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less checkered than his, was the life of Josephine: from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune: her very introduction to the Beauharnais family and connection with them, were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united them, by the marriage of the Marquis's sons with the daughters of the Vicomte; and with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on as the affianced brides of their cousins; and when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the Marquis, who, according to the prevalent custom of his country, assumed the title of Marquis, as his brother did that of Vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West Indian property. The Marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for [Pg 505] the advancement of her own family. With the Marquis's permission, she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, Madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young Vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another;—and *Josephine* was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young Vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine. The Marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to insure his

happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt, to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it—a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The Vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings, to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the mean time married the Marquis de Barral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The Vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of his day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the Queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gayeties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States General assembled, and every thing denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the Queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings which caused the Queen such deep anxiety, were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much, that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis's power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled; and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the Vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine: all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate Vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last. [Pg 506]

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison, and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow-prisoners. Josephine herself ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

> "One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.
>
> "'Why,' said Madame Aiguillon, eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?'
>
> "'No, no,' replied he, with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine."

"At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be queen of France.

"'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions at such a moment.

"'Very true,' said I, 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'[H]

"Upon this the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe*; to which she answered *yes*. She then lifted up a stone, and put it into her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out *pierre*. Upon this, she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.'"

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishment of the grounds, and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the dictatorial circle. Through their influence revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son, Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance,—the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself." [Pg 507]

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said, that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled;—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, that greatest of all charms, a harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as

she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune who had no dower but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interest should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he had attained. Many of the little incidents of their every-day life cannot be read without deep interest—evincing, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts towards them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors, there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no coveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day, when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms painted on the pannels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist no doubt felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them, "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "No, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you." [Pg 508]

"Oh no," she would answer; "No, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off, seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gayety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgencies, she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bills to an enormous amount; but her greatest and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty letter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have*

been coquetting with any body. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain you see already that they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them."

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct to the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still exerted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be in some mysterious manner connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius,—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel*.

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul to the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress, remarked to Josephine that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another. The delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just cleared the explosion. Had Josephine been close behind, nothing could have saved her. In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment: the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school. Every thing enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church-bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his footfall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child, who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society of Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers. General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amidst men of every age, and all professions. [Pg 509] All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man—feeling that "he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons." Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to preface them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon's family and several of the guests performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best, of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son suddenly by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy in making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to rouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in hurrying to him: and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually

engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked, and rewarded the poor man. "He did his best to gratify us," she said, when he was gone; "I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure."

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amidst the smiles of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the First Consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him, and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety. "The real enemies of Bonaparte," she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, "the real enemies of Bonaparte are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon," she added. "I have often told him so. He hears me with attention, but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said." She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms: "Will not the throne," she says, "inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connections? Alas! whatever these connections may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?" So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to a throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. "The assumption of the throne," she looked on as "an act that must ever be an ineffaceable blot upon Napoleon's name." It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomps and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became Emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hortense received the hand of Louis Bonaparte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene, his first acquaintance of the family and especial favorite, obtained the rank of colonel, and was adopted as one of the imperial family; and the son of Hortense and Louis was [Pg 510] adopted as heir to the throne of France. The coronation took place at Notre Dame, with all the show and pomp of which the French are so fond. When the papal benediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed the crown on his head with his own hands. He then turned to Josephine who knelt before him, and there was an affectionate playfulness in the manner in which he took pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown upon her head. It seemed at that moment as if he forgot the presence of all but her. After putting on the crown, he raised it, and placing it more lightly on, regarded her the while with looks of fond admiration. On the morning of the coronation, Napoleon had sent for Raguideau the notary, who little thought that he had been summoned into the august presence to be reminded of what had passed on the occasion of their last meeting, and of which he had no idea the Emperor was in possession. While Napoleon had been paying his addresses to Josephine, they walked arm in arm to the notary's, for neither of them could boast of a carriage. "You are a great fool," replied the notary to Josephine, who had just communicated her intention of marrying the young officer—"you are a great fool, and you will live to repent it. You are about to marry a man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword." Napoleon, who was waiting in the antechamber, overheard these words, but never spoke of them to any one. "Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, addressing the old man, who had been ushered into his presence —"now, what say you, Raguideau, have I nothing but my cloak and sword?" The Empress and the notary both stood amazed at this first intimation that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent coronation at Milan took place, surpassing, if possible, in grandeur that at Paris. Amidst the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however, there were few by whom it was not forgotten in the far deeper interest which the principal actors in the scene inspired. Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels, and the strains of music, by which he was surrounded, what were the feelings of Napoleon, as he held within his grasp the iron crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed in the treasury of Monza for a thousand years, and for which he had so ardently longed. Even at that moment when he placed it on his own head, were the aspirings of the ambitious spirit satisfied?—or were not his thoughts taking a wider range of conquest than he had yet achieved? And for her, who knelt at his feet, about to receive the highest honor that mortal hands can confer—did the pomp and circumstance of that scene, and the glory of the crown, satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It was away in the sweet retirement of Malmaison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Napoleon's early affection. And how few years were to elapse ere the crown just placed on the head of Josephine was to be transferred to another?—when the place which she—the loving and beloved—occupied by her husband's side was to be filled by another? Though doubts had arisen in her mind—though she knew the influence of those who feared the sceptre might pass into the hands of another dynasty —still, the hope never forsook her, that affection would triumph over ambition, till Napoleon himself communicated the cruel determination. With what abandonment of self she was wont to

cast her whole dependence on Napoleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first sentiment—one to which all others are subservient—is a conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I am but little; or, to speak more correctly, my only value is derived from the extraordinary man to whom I am united. This inward conviction, which occasionally humbles my pride, eventually affords me some encouragement, when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself, that the arm under which the whole earth is made to tremble, may well support my weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead; Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter tears together over the early grave of their little favorite; and there was now not even a nominal heir to the throne. The machinations of the designing were in active motion. Lucien introduced the subject, and said to Josephine that it was absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon should have a son, and asked whether she would pass off an illegitimate one as her own. This proposal she refused with the utmost indignation, preferring any alternative to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow, which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:

> "They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the Empress with a trembling step, took her hand, and laid it upon his heart. 'Josephine,' said he, 'my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.' [Pg 511]
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> "'Say no more,' cried the Empress, 'I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal.' With these words, she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon.
>
> "Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The Emperor came to see her in the evening, but she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance."

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the 'happiness which he had known in the world,' that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! what sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced "to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart." "God knows," said he, "what such a determination has cost my heart." Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. "She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart."

When it was Josephine's turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every one who was present. "I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor," she said, "in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. I know," she went on to say, "what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion *that ever was given upon earth*."

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her

affection for ever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but hastily brushing away her tears that forced their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionable grief in private. Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advanced with a faltering step; then paused; and bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words —a last embrace—and they parted. The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes, they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries, never to return.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but true to the wishes of the Emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up in Napoleon's cabinet; that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not [Pg 512] suffer any thing to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route; the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; every thing looked as if he were about to enter.

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon, which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters which she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him:—"Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling towards the new Empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an Empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never recover, and she found it essential for any thing like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the Emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest gratification was to serve her fellow-creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unspited at the world, such was still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting—"*I am poor Josephine.*"

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the

favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting, they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelain and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter, to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her, with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to every thing he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The Emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum. [Pg 513]

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the fallen fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled, too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large travelling-desk which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received; it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget, you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life,—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; 40,000*l.* per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure-grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired *together*; how many tears had afterwards fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year 1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. Upwards of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, '*the mother of the poor and distressed*.' The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her 'long last sleep.' It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France for ever!

FOOTNOTES:

[H] Josephine might afterwards have fulfilled this promise, had not Madame d'Aiguillon been

a divorced wife, which excluded her from holding any situation about the Empress.

From the London Art Journal.

THE GRAVE OF GRACE AGUILAR.

"Pilgrimages, pilgrimages!" exclaimed a German friend whose family had been shorn of its "olive branches" by so many hurricanes, that, although still in the prime of life, his head was bowed and his hair gray:—"pilgrimages! what is life but a pilgrimage over graves?" The older we grow, the better we comprehend the force of this sad truth; life is, indeed, a pilgrimage over graves; but how different are the ideas and emotions they suggest or excite!

In pent-up cities the graves cluster round ancient churches: congregations after congregations are pressed into festering earth until the inclosure becomes a charnel-house; yet they prove how devoutly later occupants have longed to rest in death with the loved in life. The nameless mounds are hardly shrouded by broken turf; records, on the cankering, crumbling head-stones, are almost obliterated; some are closely bordered and capped by heavy stones, as if rich inheritors dreaded a resurrection; others there are, where the dock and the nettle are matted around rusty railings, as though no hand remained that ever pressed, in friendship or affection, the hand which moulders beneath; others, again, are marked by broad head-stones, new and well-lettered, the black on the pure white setting forth a proud array of virtues, of which the co-mates of the departed never heard; a few dingy and heavy monuments stand apart, and look down with civic haughtiness on humbler graves. Repulsive specimens of bad taste are these elaborate [Pg 514] monuments often; in their ornaments so unmeaning, their clumsy dignity so intrusive, so coarsely ostentatious—the epitaphs so earnest in saying *by whom* the carved stones were erected!

Our village churchyards, lying away amid glorious trees, or tranquil valleys, or sleeping on the sloping hills, where "birds sing, lambs bleat, and ploughboys whistle,"—however picturesque they may appear in the distance, have frequently the same uncared for aspect as those within the city. We love the living, but we *seem* to care little for the dead. However much we may muse on crossing "the churchyard," or indulge in poesy, where

> "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

our places of burial, with the exception of cemeteries, which are as yet too new to show what they may become, bear but slight testimony to the "love which lives forever." The contrast is humiliating when we visit other lands, and mark the attention paid to graves of relatives and friends. A certain sum is annually set apart by the peasants in many districts of France, for visiting and decking the resting-places of those whom Death has taken; the fresh garland is hung on the simple cross, and the prayer earnestly repeated for the soul's peace; and these tributes continue for years and years, long after the bitterness of sorrow has passed away.

We have seen an aged woman, with white hair, strewing flowers on her mother's grave, though forty years had passed since the separation of the living from the dead; and once, attracted by the beauty of a girl who had been decking, and then praying, beside a nameless grave, we asked for whom she mourned—although the word "mourned" had little association with her bright face and sunny smile.

She answered, none of her people slept there; she had nothing of herself to do with graves; it was Marie's mother's grave, and Marie had gone far away—to England. Marie was her friend, and she had promised her that she would deck that grave, and pray beside it; and all for the love she bore her friend. We asked if she was certain Marie would return:

"No, there was no certainty; but she would watch the grave, and deck it, and say the prayers Marie would have said, all the same; she loved Marie, and had promised her." There was something very tender in this friendly fidelity, this tending the dead for the sake of the living—the living, dead to her.

For ourselves, the place of tombs has rarely been one of sorrow; we have loved to visit the last dwellings of those who have gone home before us. We have thought of the enjoyment of re-union; and dwelt upon the delight of an eternity of harmony and love—that "perfect love which casteth out fear." We have speculated on seeing Milton in the company of angels; on recognizing Bunyan with the faithful; on beholding Fenelon at the "right hand," and Mendelssohn among the chosen! Knowing that God is a more merciful judge than man, we believe that there we shall see many faiths prostrate in adoration of the one great LORD, who is for all, and "above all, and in us all." We have looked to the higher nature, the divine essence of those we have honored; and when noble deeds have been done, or lofty genius has triumphed, we have listened with more than doubt to the insinuations of those who, in former, as in present times, aim to detract from the excellence it is not given them to understand. We do not cater for the prejudices of sects or parties, but simply desire to lay our tribute of homage on the graves of those who seem to us most worthy, and have been most useful. We have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing many remarkable people who have passed from among us during the last twenty years,—having won for themselves a glorious immortality by the exercise of talents which, in any other country,

would have led to national distinctions. Yet they are well remembered! and to them be *all* the glory of success. The memory of these great lights,—great authors, great statesmen, great philosophers, great warriors,—is still

"Green in our souls."

But there were some stars of lesser magnitude, who, if longer spared among us, would have become luminaries of power; some who were summoned, when, according to our finite views, they had arrived at the period for their faculties to expand, and they were about to reap the harvest of long years of labor and of care; such was Mrs. Fletcher, better known as Miss Jewsbury, one of the chosen friends of Mrs. Hemans, who passed away in a foreign land, far from all who loved her.

And such was GRACE AGUILAR—a Jewess, of mind so elevated, heart so pure, and principles so just and true, as to deserve a lofty seat among those "Women of Israel," whose lives were so beautifully rendered by her delicate and powerful pen. It seems Quixotic in this day of sunshine, of civil and religious liberty, to attempt to combat the prejudices which, we are gravely told, do not now exist against the Jewish community; yet it is impossible to observe society, and not perceive that whatever political disabilities may be removed from them, individual prejudice against those from whom our blessed Saviour sprang, and who gave birth to the apostles of the Christian faith, is as deeply seated, as in the days when faggot and fire were the ministers employed for their conversion.

How can it be that we, in our age, look down with cold or scornful eyes upon this once "chosen people"—chosen when the material world was in its youth—those children of Israel, whose history is the foundation of our faith? We read *our* Bible, which is *their* Bible; our code of conduct is based upon *their* commandments, which are *our* commandments; *our* salvation is gained by the Jewish sacrifice of the lamb without spot or blemish; *our* apostles, the promulgators of the [Pg 515] fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecies, and the founders of the New, were Jews. We are especially blessed in triumphing in a hope fulfilled—while to them the promise is yet to come; they linger and wait century after century for what they lost, and we won: this is their sorrow, and hard to bear is their punishment—but it should not detract from the honor and glory which was, and is, theirs from ages past. The condemnation we give them is unworthy of us, and undeserved by them—*They brought no wrath upon us by their blindness*; and we should remember the time will come when we shall be gathered—Jews and Gentiles—together from the four quarters of the globe, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, "And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." But of what do we, in these days, chiefly accuse the Jews?—of being a Mammon-making, and a Mammon-loving people?—Ought we not to look to ourselves in that matter, and remember the old saying about houses of glass, and throwing of stones? There are but too many evidences of late before the world, of the Mammon-worship of *our own* people, to render any bowing down to the molten image remarkable in the children of Israel; yet it is marvellous how those who think and reason on all new things, give in to old prejudices without question or examination—clinging with childlike tenacity to foul traditions, as if they were established truths.

We no longer politically outrage a people who have been, at all times, LOYAL, peaceable, and industrious; we do not confine them to any particular quarter of our great city; nor drive them out of it like rabid dogs; we suffer them to make money and keep it, and we borrow it for our own wants; we allow them to worship as they please—but denying them a cordial fellowship with us, we restrict their improvement in all Arts, but the one of money-making;—and they, unable to obtain distinction except through their gold, naturally cling to that which gives them what all men covet—Power.

At our first introduction to Grace Aguilar we were struck, as much by the earnestness and eloquence of her conversation, as by her delicate and lovely countenance. Her person and address were exceedingly prepossessing; her eyes, of the deep blue that look almost black in particular lights; and her hair dark and abundant. There was no attempt at display; no affectation of learning; no desire to obtrude "me and my books" upon any one, or in any way: in all things she was graceful and well-bred. You felt at once that she was a carefully educated gentlewoman, and if there was more warmth and cordiality of manner than a stranger generally evinces on a first introduction, we remembered her descent,[I] and that the tone of her studies, as well as her passionate love of music and high musical attainments had increased her sensibility. When we came to know her better, we were charmed and astonished at her extensive reading; at her knowledge of foreign literature, and actual learning—relieved by a refreshing pleasure in juvenile amusements. Each interview increased our friendship, and the quantity and quality of her acquirements commanded our admiration. She had made acquaintance with the beauties of English nature during a long residence in Devonshire; loved the country with her whole heart, and enriched her mind by the leisure it afforded. She had collected and arranged conchological and mineralogical specimens to a considerable extent; loved flowers as only sensitive women can love them; and with all this was deeply read in theology and history. Whatever she knew she knew thoroughly; rising at six in the morning, and giving to each hour its employment; cultivating and exercising her home affections, and keeping open heart for many friends. All these qualities were warmed by a fervid enthusiasm for whatever was high and holy. She spurned all envy and uncharitableness, and rendered loving homage to whatever was great and good. It was difficult to induce her to speak of herself or of her own doings. After her death, it was deeply interesting to hear from the one of all others who loved and knew her best (her mother), of the progress of

her mind from infancy to womanhood; it proved so convincingly how richly she deserved the affection she inspired.

Grace Aguilar, the only daughter of Emanuel and Sarah Aguilar, was born at the Paragon, in Hackney, in June 1816;[J] for eight years she was an only child, and after that period had elapsed, two boys were added to the family. Grace was of so fragile and delicate a constitution, that her parents took her to Hastings when she was four years old; and at that early age she commenced collecting and arranging shells, learning to read, almost by intuition, and when asked to choose a gift, always preferring "a book." These gift-books were not read and thrown aside, but preserved with the greatest care, and frequently perused.

From the age of seven years this extraordinary child kept a daily journal, jotting down what she saw, heard, and thought, with the most rigid regard to the truth; indeed, after visiting a new scene, her chief delight was to read and ponder over whatever she could find relating to what she had observed. Her parents were both passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and she enjoyed [Pg 516] scenery with them, at an age when children are supposed to be incapable of much observation. Her mother, a highly educated and accomplished woman, loved to direct her child's mind to the study of whatever was beautiful and true: before she completed her twelfth year she wrote a little drama called "Gustavus Vasa;" it was an indication of what, in after life, became her ruling passion.

The first history placed in her hand was that of Josephus; increasing, as it was certain to do, her interest in her own people. In 1828, after various English wanderings, the family, in consequence of Mr. Aguilar's impaired health, went to reside in Devonshire. The beauty of the scenery which surrounds Tavistock inspired her first poetic effusions, and she became passionately fond of her new power; yet her well-regulated mind prevented her indulging in the exercise of this fascinating talent, until her daily duties and studies were performed.

A life spent as was that of Grace Aguilar, affords little incident or variety; it is simply a record of talents highly cultivated, of duties affectionately fulfilled, and, as years advanced, of the formation of a great purpose persevered in with stoic resolution, until, supported by pillows, and shaken by intense suffering, the trembling fingers could no longer hold the pen. It cannot fail to interest those at all acquainted with her writings, to learn how she mingled the most intense faith and devotion to her own people, with respect for the teachers of Christianity. Well as we knew her, we were quite unacquainted with her religious habits; though the odor of sanctity exhaled from all she did and said, she never assumed to be holier than others; never sought discussion; never, in her intercourse with Christians, though sometimes sorely pressed, gave utterance to a hard word or an uncharitable feeling; even when roused to plead with eloquent lips and tearful eyes the cause of her beloved Israel.

It is a beautiful picture to look upon—this young and highly endowed Jewish maiden, nurtured in the bosom of her own family, the beloved of her parents,—themselves high-class Hebrews,—gifted with tastes for the beautiful in Art and Nature, and a sublime love for the true; leaving the traffic of the busy city, content with a moderate competence, soothed by the accomplishments, the graces and the devotion of that one cherished daughter, whose high pursuits and purposes never prevented the daily and hourly exercise of those domestic duties and services, which the increasing indisposition of her father demanded more and more.

Stimulated by the counsel of a judicious friend, who, while she admired the varied talents of the young girl, saw, that for any *great purpose*, they must be concentrated, Grace Aguilar prayed fervently to God that she might be enabled to do something to elevate the character of her people in the eyes of the Christian world, and—what was, and is, even more important—in their own esteem. They had, she thought, been too long satisfied to go on as they had gone during the days of their tribulation and persecution; content to amass wealth, without any purpose beyond its possession; she panted to set before them "The Records of Israel," to hold up to their admiration "The Women of Israel," those heroic women of whom any nation might be justly proud. Here was a grand purpose,—a purpose which made her heart beat high within her bosom. She knew she had to write *against* popular feeling; she had the still more bitter knowledge that the greater number of those for whom she contended, cared little, and thought less, of the CAUSE to which she was devoted, heart and soul. But what large mind was ever deterred from a great purpose by difficulties? The young Jewish girl, with few, if any, literary connections; with limited knowledge as to how she could set those things before the world; treasured up her intention for a while, and then imparted it to that mother who she felt assured would support her in whatever design was high and holy. Her mother exulted in her daughter's plan, and had faith in that daughter's power to work it out: she believed in her noble child, and thanked the God of Israel, who had put the thought into her mind. Mrs. Aguilar knew that Grace had not made religion her study only for her own personal observance and profit. She knew that she embraced its *principles* in a widely-extended and truly liberal sense; the good of her people was her first, but not her sole, object. The Hebrew mother had frequently wept tears of joy and gratitude when she observed how her beloved child carried her practice of the holy and benevolent precepts of her faith into every act of her daily life—doing all the good her limited means permitted—finding time, in the midst of her cherished studies, and still more cherished domestic duties, and most varied occupations, to work for and instruct her poor neighbors; and, while steadily venerating and adhering to her own faith, neither inquiring nor heeding the religious opinions of the needy, whom she succored or consoled. Her young life had flowed on in bestowing and receiving blessings, and now, when her aspiring soul sought still higher objects, how could her mother, knowing her so well, doubt that she would falter or fail in her undertaking! Proofs have been for some time before the world that

she did neither.

She first translated a little work from the French, called "Israel Defended;" she tried her pinions in "The Magic Wreath," and, feeling her mental strength, soared upwards in the cause of her people; she wrote "Home Influence," and "The Spirit of Judaism." But the triumphant spirit was, ere long, clogged by the body's weakness. In the spring of 1838, she was attacked by measles, and from that illness she never perfectly recovered. Soon, she commenced the work that of itself is sufficient to create and crown a reputation—"The Women of Israel." But while her mental [Pg 517] powers increased in strength and activity, she became subject to repeated attacks of bodily prostration; and her once round and graceful form was but a shadow. The physician recommended change of air and scene: and sometimes she rallied, but there was no permanent improvement. Music was still, as it had ever been, her solace and delight; but she was obliged to relinquish her practice of the harp, and to exercise her voice but seldom; still her spirit cried "On, on," and every hour she could command was devoted to her pen.

"The Records of Israel," "The Women of Israel," and "The Jewish Faith," separately and together, show how, heart and soul, she labored in the cause she had so emphatically made her own. The first publication relating so particularly to her own people, met with but a cool reception from the English Jews; but in America (where the Hebrews enjoy perfect equality with their Christian brethren) they hailed this rising star with joy, and looked anxiously for its meridian. Letters and congratulations came to her across the Atlantic; and those who had read only her fugitive pieces, were astonished at the concentrated zeal and pious energy which animated her when writing of the Hebrews.

A little "History of the English Jews," published by the Messrs. Chambers, is perhaps superior to her other writings in style and finish—the sentences are more condensed—the information more full of interest. It was, we believe, her last labor of love, and she greatly rejoiced in its publication. When it was finished, she had resolved to visit the German baths, and enjoy, as much as her increased debility permitted, the society of her eldest brother, who at the time was studying music (the art in which he now so much excels) at Frankfort. Her youngest brother was at sea. There were times, even before her departure for Germany, that she felt as if her days were numbered; but this feeling she studiously concealed from her mother, and bore her sufferings with the sweet and placid patience which rendered it a privilege to see her and to hear her speak. At times she thought she might be spared a little longer to comfort her mother, to witness the distinction certain to reward her brother, and enjoy the reputation which now rushed upon her, especially from her own people, both here and in America.

Devotedly attached to her friends, she bitterly regretted that she could not take leave of them all; but her weakness increased daily; propped up by pillows she still continued to write, until her medical advisers expressly commanded that she should abstain from this—her "greatest and last luxury." She obeyed, though expressing her conviction that writing did her good, not harm; she frequently said that when oppressed by care, anxiety, and pain, her favorite pursuit drew her from herself, and she firmly believed that writing relieved her headaches,—and this at a period when she had grown too ill even to listen to music. But, all—all her sufferings were borne with angelic patience, as the will of her Heavenly Father, and she would console her mother with words of cheerfulness and hope.

We have said her life had in it nothing to render it remarkable; surely, we are in error, her patient, industrious, self-sacrificing life, was remarkable not only for its sanctity, its talent, and its high purpose, but for its earnest and beautiful simplicity, and perfect *womanliness*.

When the period of her departure for Germany had arrived, her friends found it difficult to bid her farewell; for they thought it would be the last time they should ever press her thin attenuated hand; but the brightness of her eyes, the hopefulness of her smile, made them hope against hope. She left England on the 16th of June, 1847, lingered in the brilliant city of Frankfort for a few weeks, and then went to the baths at Langen Schwalback. She persevered in her use of the baths and mineral waters, but they afforded no relief; she was seized one night with violent spasms, and the next day was removed to Frankfort. Convinced that recovery was now impossible, she calmly and collectedly awaited the coming of death: and though all power of speech was gone, she was able to make her wants and wishes known by conversing on her fingers. Her great anxiety was to soothe her mother; though her tongue refused to perform its office, those wasted fingers would entreat her to be patient, and trust in God. She would name some cherished verse in the Bible, or some dearly-loved psalm, that she desired might be read aloud. The last time her fingers moved it was to spell upon them feebly, "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him*;" when they could no longer perform her will, her loving eyes would seek her mother and then look upwards, intimating that they should meet hereafter. Amen!

Her death occasioned deep regret among the Hebrews both in Europe and America: foreign tabernacles poured forth their lamentations, private friends gave voice to their grief in prose and poetry, and the various journals of both hemispheres spoke of her with the respect and admiration she deserved. But to those who really knew Grace Aguilar, all eulogium falls short of her deserts; and she has left a blank in her particular walk of literature, which we never expect to see filled up! Her loss to her own people is immense; she was a golden light between the Christian and the Jew; respected and admired alike by both, she drew each in charity closer to the other; she was a proof, living and illustrious, of Jewish excellence and Jewish liberality, and loyalty, and intelligence. The sling of the son of Jesse was not wielded with more power and effect against the scorner of his people, than was her pen against the giant Prejudice.

We have dwelt more than may be thought necessary on Grace Aguilar's championship of her own people, because *that* distinguishes her from all other female authors of our time; and when writing of the "fold of Judah," there is a tone of feeling in all she has published which elevates and sustains her in a remarkable manner. In conversation, the mention of her people produced the same effect. Sometimes she seemed as one inspired; and the intense brightness of her eyes, the deep tones of her voice, the natural and unaffected eloquence of her words, when referring to the past history of the Jews,—and the positive radiance of her countenance when she spoke of the gathering of the tribes at Jerusalem, could never be forgotten by those who knew this young Jewish lady. In time, as we have said, her own people estimated her as she deserved. She received a very beautiful address from some of the "women of Israel" before she left this country for Germany. Among her works of a more general nature, "Home Influence" is perhaps the most popular; and its sequel, "The Mother's Recompense," though only lately published, was written as far back as the year 1836. "The Vale of Cedars" is a tale of Jewish faith and Jewish suffering, founded on singular facts that came to her knowledge through some of her own people: the arrangement of the story was difficult, as it is always difficult to embellish what is simple and dignified, without destroying its effect and beauty—but, as we have said, whenever Grace touched upon her own people, she wrote and spoke as one inspired; she condensed and spiritualized, and all her thoughts and feelings were steeped in the essence of celestial love and truth. We are persuaded that had this young woman lived in the perilous times of persecution, she would have gone to the stake for her faith's sake, and died praying for her murderers. And this heroism was not only for the great trials of life; she was also a heroine in her endurance of small sufferings, and petty annoyances, deeming it sinful to manifest impatience, and thinking it right to be afflicted. [Pg 518]

Grace Aguilar had earnestly desired that we should have met her at Frankfort; and the only letter we received from her after her arrival there, was full of the pleasant hope that we should meet again—in that cheerful city; this was however impossible; but when we knew that we should see her no more in this world, we promised ourselves a pilgrimage to her grave: and over all the plans which mingled with our dreams of the splendid churches and vast cathedrals we were to see in Germany, would come a vision of Grace Aguilar's quiet grave in the Jewish burying-ground of Frankfort-on-the-Main; and all the reality of the animated handsome city, its merchant palaces in the *Zeil*, and *Neue Mainzer Strasse*, its old *Dom*, so full of interest, with its fine monument of Rudolph of Sachsenhausen, beside which you cannot but recall the time when St. Bernard preached the crusade within its walls,—not even when we stood alone beneath the roof of St. Leonhard's Church, and knew that there once stood the Palace of Charlemagne,—not there—nor anywhere—could we forget that we had vowed a pilgrimage to the grave of "the lost star of the house of Judah."

How wild and inharmonious is the mingling of sights, as you whirl through continental cities! Heroic monuments—dark and deep dungeons—magnificent palaces—pictures—flowers—instruments of torture—delicious operas—all crowded together into a few short days!

We had not failed to remember that the brilliant city of Frankfort was the cradle of the Rothschilds; and it had been suggested that before we visited the Jews' burying-ground, we should see "The Jews' Quarter," to look upon the house where the "very rich man was born," and where his mother chose to live to the end of her many days, preferring, wise woman that she was, to dwell to the last amongst her own people; yet living, we believe, long enough to know that her grandson represented in Parliament the first city of the modern world: and so became a practical illustration of the altered position of the Jews in the middle of the nineteenth century—sheltered under the vine and fig-tree that flourishes in England.

In few of the German cities did the Jews endure more persecution than in the *free* city of Frankfort. During the past century the gates of the quarter to which they were confined, were closed upon them at an early hour, and egress and ingress were alike denied. In 1796 Marshal Jourdan, in bombarding the town, knocked down the gate of the Jews' quarter, and laid several houses in ruin; they have not since been replaced. Another tyrannical law, not repealed until 1834, restricted the number of Hebrew marriages in the city to thirteen yearly. It would seem, however, that, like the mother of the Rothschilds, the people continue to dwell in their own quarter from choice, not necessity; and well it is for the lover of the picturesque and for the antiquary that they do so. A ramble in the Jews' quarter at Frankfort might well repay a journey from London; it is like going back to the fourteenth century, and meeting the people you read of in history far gone. Imagine the narrowest possible streets through which a carriage can drive, flanked at either side by houses so high that the blue sky above becomes an idea rather than a reality; story after story, with windows of ancient construction, small and narrow, inclosed by iron gratings, from which frequently depended portions of many-colored draperies; garments for sale, which might have been of the spoil of the Egyptian; strong swords and all kinds of weapons, rust-worn; bunches of keys, whose handles would drive an antiquary distracted by their elaborate workmanship; dresses of all countries and all fashions, fez caps, and old but costly turbans. The rich balconies of the most exquisite design, however time-worn; the *jalousies*, sometimes within, sometimes without the windows; the Atlantes, supporting entablatures; lost none of their effect [Pg 519] from being half draped by a scarlet mantle or variegated scarf of Barbary. Numbers of the houses were profusely ornamented at intervals by ball-flowers in the hollow mouldings, and balustrades, supporting carved copings. Then above the doors, some of which evidently led to an inner court or a mysterious-looking passage, was inserted the most exquisitely wrought iron-work, sufficiently beautiful to form a model for a Berlin bracelet; while from a stealthy passage peered forth the half shrouded face and illuminated eyes of dazzling brightness, of some ancient Jewess,

whose long, lean, yellow fingers grasped the strong, but exquisitely moulded handle of the entrance. The doors (except the very modern ones) were all of great strength, frequently studded with nails, and the bolts, now worn and rusty, had withstood many a rude assault. We passed beneath small oriel windows, supported by richly carved stone brackets, gray and mouldering; and beside bay windows, of pure Gothic times; and when we gazed up—up—up—story after story, we saw what appeared to us more than one Belvedere, doubtless erected by some wealthy Jew as a place from whence he could overlook the city it was forbidden him to tread, or to enjoy pure air, which certainly he could not do in the densely close street beneath. Many of the brackets supporting a solitary balcony were of beautiful design, though the greater number were defaced and crumbling. We also passed several of the fan-shaped windows, so characteristic of the early German style, and here and there a quaint and fantastic *gurgoyle*; from the mouth of one depended a bunch of soiled but many colored ribbons. What a vision it seems to us now—that wonderful Jews' quarter of the bright and busy city of Frankfort!—a vision of some far-off Oriental Pompeii, repeopled in a dream! Never did we look upon faces so keen and withered, beards so black, or eyes so bright; once we saw a curly-headed child, half naked in its swarthy beauty, throned, like a baby-king, upon a pile of yellow cushions; and once again, as we drove slowly on, a tall young girl turned up a face of scornful beauty, as if she thought we pale-faced Christians had no business there,—and those two young creatures were all we clearly observed of youthful beauty within the "Quarter."

The avenues in the outskirts of German towns contribute greatly to their interest,—they protect from both sun and wind. We drove leisurely along that which leads to the Cemetery of Frankfort, and turned up a narrower road, that we might enter the walled-off portion of ground appropriated as the Jews' burying-ground. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from the gate of entrance. The city is spread out in the valley like a panorama; the brightest sunshine illumined the scene; a girl was seated beneath the branches of a spreading tree in the distance; she was a garland-weaver, and there she spent her days weaving garlands, which the living bought from her to place on the graves of their departed friends. The gates were open. Mrs. Aguilar had told us that HER grave was near the wall of the Protestant burying-ground—and there we found it.

The head stone which marks the spot, bears upon it a butterfly and five stars, and beneath is the inscription:

> "Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."—PROV. Chap. xxxi., 31.

Our pilgrimage was accomplished. It was, though in a foreign city, a pilgrimage to an English Shrine—for it was to the grave of an English woman—pure and good. On the 16th of September, 1847, at the early age of thirty-one, Grace Aguilar was laid in that cemetery, far from the England she loved so well—the bowl was broken, the silver cord was loosed!

We cannot conclude this tribute to the memory of one we loved, respected, and admired, without extracting a portion of an address presented to her by several young Jewish ladies, before her departure for Germany. Had the gift which accompanied it been of the richest and rarest jewels, and offered by the princes of this earthly world, it could not have been as acceptable as it was, coming from the hearts and hands of the maidens of her own faith.

We would simply add that the address is a proof, if proof were needed, that Jewish ladies not only feel and appreciate what is refined, and high, and holy, but know how to express their feelings beautifully and well. Its orientalism does not detract from its pure and sweet simplicity:

> "DEAR SISTER:—Our admiration of your talents, our veneration for your character, our gratitude for the eminent services your writings render our sex, our people, our faith,—in which the sacred cause of true religion is embodied, all these motives combine to induce us to intrude on your presence, in order to give utterance to sentiments which we are happy to feel, and delighted to express. Until you arose, it has, in modern times, never been the case, that a woman in Israel should stand forth, the public advocate of the faith of Israel, that with the depth and purity which is the treasure of woman, and the strength of mind and extensive knowledge that form the pride of man, she should call on her own to cherish, on others to respect, the truth as it is in Israel. You, sister, have done this, and more. You have taught us to know and appreciate our own dignity; to feel and to prove that no female character can be more pure than that of the Jewish maiden, none more pious than that of the women in Israel. You have vindicated our social and spiritual equality in the faith; you have, by your excellent example, triumphantly refuted the aspersion that the Jewish religion leaves unmoved the heart of the Jewish woman,—while your writings place within our reach those higher motives, those holier consolations, which flow from the spirituality of our religion, which urge the soul to commune with its Maker, and direct it to His grace and His mercy, as the best guide and protector here and hereafter." [Pg 520]

We can say nothing of Grace Aguilar more eloquently or beautifully true; it is the just acknowledgment of a large debt from the Women of Israel to a holy and good sister, who, having done much to destroy prejudice, and to inculcate charity, merits the thanks of the true Christian as much as of the conscientious Jew.

FOOTNOTES:

[I] Grace Aguilar's family fled to England to escape Spanish and Portuguese persecutions, and some of them found homes and fortunes in the West Indies. Her mother's name was Diaz Fernandes.

[J] Her family were of the tribe of Judah. Of the original twelve tribes two only are at present are known: the tribe of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob and Leah, and the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel. The other tribes revolted from Rehoboam, A.M. 2964, when there were two separate kingdoms, A.M. 3205, when the ten tribes were made captives by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria. The ten tribes have never since been heard of; but the Israelites believe they are in existence, and will be gathered "from all the nations whither the Lord our God hath scattered them." The Spanish and Portuguese Jews are of the tribe of Judah. The German Jews are of the tribe of Benjamin.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE CLOISTER-LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. —PART. II.

To be lodged in the monastic palace of Yuste was a distinction which queen Mary of Hungary shared with one, and only one, of the visitors of her brother. The personage whom the imperial eremite delighted thus to honor was Francisco Borja, who a few years before had exchanged his dukedom of Gandia for the robe of the order of Jesus. In his brilliant youth, this remarkable man had been the star and pride of the nobility of Spain. Heir of a great and wealthy house, which was a branch of the royal line of Aragon, and which had given two pontiffs to Rome, he was distinguished no less by the favor of the emperor than by the splendor of his birth, the graces of his person, and the endowments of his mind. Born to be a soldier and a courtier, he was also an accomplished scholar, and no inconsiderable statesman. He broke horses and trained hawks as well as the most expert master of the menage and the mews; he composed masses, which long kept their place in the cathedral-choirs of Spain; he was well versed in polite learning, and deeply read in the mathematics; he served in Africa and Italy with distinction; and as viceroy of Catalonia he displayed abilities for business and administration which in a few years would have enabled him to rival the fame of Mendoza and De Lannoy. The pleasures and the honors of the world, however, seemed, even from the first, to have but slender attraction for the man so rarely fitted to obtain them. In the midst of life and its triumphs, his thoughts perpetually turned upon death and its mysteries. Ever punctilious in the performance of his religious duties, he early began to take delight in spiritual contemplation, and to discipline his mind by self-imposed penance. Even in his favorite sport of falconry, he sought occasion for self-punishment by resolutely fixing his eyes on the ground at the moment when he knew that his best hawk was about to stoop upon the heron. These tendencies were fixed by an incident which followed the death of the empress Isabella. As her master of the horse, it was Borja's duty to attend the body from Toledo to the chapel-royal of the cathedral of Granada, and to make oath of its identity ere it was laid in the grave. But when the coffin was opened, and the cerements drawn aside, the progress of decay was found to have been so rapid, that the mild and lovely face of Isabella could no longer be recognized by the most trusted and most faithful of her servants. His conscience would not allow him to swear, that the mass of corruption thus disclosed was the remains of his royal mistress, but only that having watched day and night beside it, he felt convinced that it was the same form which he had seen wrapped in its shroud at Toledo. From that moment, in the twenty-ninth year of his prosperous life, he resolved to spend what remained to him of time in earnest preparation for eternity. A few years later, the death of his beautiful and excellent wife strengthened his purpose, and snapped the dearest tie which bound him to the world. Having completed the Jesuits' college at Gandia, their first establishment of that kind in Europe, and having married his son and his two daughters, he put his affairs in order and retired into the young and still struggling society of Ignatius Loyola. In the year 1548, the thirty-eighth of his age, he ceased to be duke of Gandia, and became father Francis of the Company of Jesus.

Borja did not appear at Yuste as a chance or uninvited guest. Charles seems to have regarded him with an affection as strong as his cold nature was capable of entertaining. It was with no ordinary interest that he watched the career of the man whom alone he had chosen to make the confidant of his intended abdication, and who had unexpectedly forestalled him in the execution of the scheme. They were now in circumstances in some respects similar, in others widely different. Both had voluntarily descended from the eminence of their hereditary fortunes. Broken in health and spirits, the emperor had come to Yuste to rest and to die. The duke, on the other hand, in the full vigor of his age, had entered the humblest of the religious orders, to work out his salvation in a course of self-denial and toil, ending only in the grave. His career in the Company began with severe theological study, from which he passed to the pulpit and the professor's chair. As provincial of Aragon and Andalusia, he had been for some time laboring as a preacher, and teacher in various cities of Spain; he had founded colleges at Plasencia and Seville; and he was now delivering lectures at Alcala, in the college which Jesuit energy soon raised to be the stately pile which still forms one of the most prominent ruins of that Palmyra of universities.

It seems to have been in the early spring of the year 1557, that the emperor determined to send for his old companion and counsellor. The message was conveyed to Alcala by a servant of the count of Oropesa. Borja at first excused himself, pleading ill-health and the duties of his calling; and it was not until he had received a second summons, from the mouth of the duke of Medina-Celi, that he consented to go to Yuste. On the way he was met by a messenger, bearing a letter from the regent Juana, which advised him that her father's object in seeking an interview was to [Pg 521] persuade him to pass from the Company into the order of St. Jerome. He arrived at the monastery early in December, attended by two brothers of the order, father Marcos, and father Bartolomé Bustamente, the latter known to fame as a scholar, and as architect of the noble hospital of St. John Baptist at Toledo. The emperor not only paid his guest the unusual compliment of lodging him in his own quarters, but even busied himself in making preparations for his reception. To make his chamber as comfortable as conventual austerity would permit, Luis Quixada had hung it with some tapestry which remained in the meagre imperial wardrobe. But this his master, judging that it would rather offend than please the visitor, caused him to take down, supplying its place with some black cloth, of which he despoiled the walls of his own cell.

The royal recluse received the noble missionary with a cordiality which was more foreign to his nature than to his habits, but which on this occasion was probably sincere. Both had withdrawn themselves from the pomps and vanities of life; but, custom being stronger than reason or faith, their greeting was as ceremonious as if it had been exchanged beneath the canopy of state at Augsburg or Valladolid. Not only did the Jesuit, lapsing into the grandee, kneel to kiss the hand of Charles, but he even insisted on remaining upon his knees during the interview. Charles, who addressed him as duke, of course frequently entreated him to rise and be seated, but in vain. "I humbly beg your majesty," said he, "to suffer me to continue kneeling; for I feel," he added, in a spirit of extravagant loyalty, "as if, in the presence of your majesty, I were in the presence of God himself."

Being aware of his host's intentions with regard to himself and his habit, he anticipated them, by asking permission to give an account of his life since he made religious profession, and of the reasons which had led him to join the Jesuits,—"of which matters," he said, "I will speak to your majesty as I would speak to my Maker, who knows that all that I am going to say is true." Leave being granted, he narrated, at great length, how, being resolved to enter a monastic order, he had prayed, and caused many masses to be said, for God's guidance in making his choice; how, at first, he inclined to the rule of St. Francis, but found that, whenever his thoughts went in that direction, he was seized with an unaccountable melancholy; how he turned his eyes to the other orders, one after another, and always with the same gloomy result; how, on the contrary, when it at last occurred to him to join the Company, the Lord had filled his soul with peace and joy; how it frequently happened in the great orders that churchmen arrived at higher honors in this life than if they had remained in the world, a chance which he desired by all means to shun, and which was hardly offered in a recent and humble fraternity, still in the furnace of trial through which the others had long ago passed; how the Company, by embracing in its scheme the active as well as the contemplative life, provided for the spiritual welfare of men of the most opposite characters, and of each man in the various stages of his mental being; and lastly, how he had submitted these reasons to several grave and holy fathers of the other orders, and had received their approval and blessing before he took the vows which for ten years had been the hope and consolation of his life.

The emperor listened to this long narrative with attention, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing his friend's history from his own lips. "For," said he, "I felt great surprise when I received at Augsburg your letter from Rome, notifying the choice you had made of a religious brotherhood. And I still think, that a man of your weight ought to have entered an order which had been approved by age rather than this new one, in which no white hairs are found, and which besides, in some quarters, bears but an indifferent reputation." To this Borja replied, that in all institutions, even in Christianity itself, the purest piety and the noblest zeal were to be found near the source; that had he been aware of any evil in the Company, he would never have joined, or he would already have quitted it; and that, in the matter of white hairs, though it was hard to expect that the children should be old while the parent was still young, even these were not wanting, as might be seen in his companion, the father Bustamente. That ecclesiastic, who had begun his novitiate at the age of sixty, was accordingly called into the presence. The emperor at once recognized him as a priest who had been sent to his court at Naples, soon after the campaign of Tunis, charged with an important mission by Cardinal Tavera, primate of Spain.

Three hours of discourse with these able, earnest, and practised champions of Jesuitism appear to have had their natural influence on the mind of Charles. He hated innovation with the hate of a king, a devotee, and an old man; and having fought for forty years a losing battle against the reform of the terrible monk of Saxony, he looked with suspicion even upon the great orthodox movement, led by the soldier of Guipuzcoa. The infant Company, although, or perhaps because, in favor at the Vatican, had gained no footing in the imperial court; and as its fame grew, the prelates around the throne, sons or friends of the ancient orders, were more likely to remind their master, that its general had been once admonished by the holy office of Toledo, than to dwell on his piety and eloquence, or on the splendid success of his missions in the East. But from his ancient servant and brother in arms, in the quiet shades of Yuste, Charles heard a different tale, which seems to have changed his feelings towards the Jesuits, from distrust and dislike, to approval and friendly regard. [Pg 522]

Sometimes the talk of the emperor and his guest was of old times, and of their former selves. "Do

you remember," said Charles, "how I told you in 1542, at Monçon," during the holding of the Cortes of Aragon, "of my intention of abdicating the throne? I spoke of it to only one person besides." The Jesuit replied that he had kept the secret truly, but that now he hoped he might mention the mark of confidence with which he had been honored. "Yes," said Charles; "now that the thing is done, you may say what you will."

One of the emperor's most curious and interesting revelations to Borja, was the fact that he had composed memoirs of a part of his reign. He asked if the father thought that a man's writing an account of his own actions savored too much of vanity; and said, that he had drawn up a notice of his various campaigns and travels, not with any view to vain-glory, but in order that the truth might be known; for he had observed in the works of the historians of his time, that they were led into error, as much by ignorance, as by passion and prejudice. What judgment Borja delivered upon this case of conscience does not appear. Nor is the fate of the memoirs known. But the work cannot have been large, having been composed to beguile time spent in sailing down the Rhine from Mayence. Van Male, to whose letters we owe our knowledge of this fact, and who was employed to translate his master's French into Latin, praises the terseness and elegance of the style. This translation was spoken of, in 1560, by Ruscelli, in a letter addressed to Philip II., as soon to be published; and Brantome wonders why so excellent a speculation could have been neglected by the booksellers. It is plain, therefore, that Borja is not to be blamed for the loss, if they are indeed lost, of the precious commentaries of the Cæsar of Castile. And indeed, though a saint, and an advocate for the mortification of all worldly desires, he was hardly capable of advising the imperial author to put his manuscript in one of his Flemish fireplaces. The stern ascetic had not quite cast off, or, at least, on occasion he could reassume, the ways and language of the insinuating chamberlain. To one of the devout queries of the emperor, he replied in a style of courtly gallantry, which sounds strange in the mouth of the friend of Francis Xavier, and would have done honor to a later Jesuit, who labored in the vineyard of Versailles. Narrating the course of his penances and prayers, Charles asked him whether he could sleep with his clothes on; "for, I must confess," added he, contritely, "that my infirmities, which prevent me from doing many things of the kind that I would gladly do, render this penance impossible in my case." Borja, who practised every kind of self-punishment, and had in early life in one year fasted down a cubit of his girth, eluded the question by an answer, which was perhaps as remarkable for modesty as for dexterity. "Your majesty," said he, "cannot sleep in your clothes, because you have watched so many nights in mail. Let us thank God that you have done more service by keeping those vigils in arms, than many a cloistered monk who sleeps in his hair-shirt."

The new allegiance of the Jesuit did not permit him to spare more than three days to his old master. Duty required him once more to take his staff in his hand, and proceed on his visitation of the rising schools and colleges of the company. While at Yuste he had been treated with marked distinction. Not only did his host arrange the upholstery of his apartment, but he sent him each day the most approved dish from his own table, the only part of his establishment which was somewhat removed from conventual meagerness. The honored guest set forth to Valladolid, with the pleasing impression that he left regrets behind him; and he likewise carried away two hundred ducats for alms, which Luis Quixada had been directed to force upon his acceptance. "It is a small sum," said the mayordomo; "but in comparison with the present revenues of my lord the emperor, it is the largest bounty which he ever bestowed at one time."

John III., king of Portugal, dying on the 11th of June, 1557, state or family affairs required Charles to send a trusty messenger to his sister, the widowed queen Catherine. He immediately bethought him of his cousin and counsellor, the Jesuit, whose order had early gained the ear of the deceased monarch, and who himself enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all that remained of the house of Avis. Borja received the summons at Simancas, where he had founded a small establishment, and whither he loved to escape from the court of Valladolid, to unstinted penance and prayer. The sun of July had begun to scorch the naked plains of the Duero, and the good father was in poor health. Nevertheless, he repaired to Yuste and received his instructions; and then scorning repose in the cool woodlands, at once took the road to Portugal across the charred wastes of Estremadura. This haste, and the heat, threw him into a fever, of which he nearly died in the city of Evora; and when once more able to resume his journey, he was nearly lost, in a squall, in crossing the Tagus to Lisbon. His mission accomplished, he eluded the nursing of the queen and the Cardinal Henry, and hurried back to Yuste, where he probably arrived early in September.

The usual gracious reception awaited him. The nature of his business in Portugal has not been recorded by his biographers. But he seems to have conducted it to the emperor's satisfaction. It was on this occasion, or the last, that Charles returned certain letters addressed to him, by Father Francis, on the politics and politicians of the day, and written at his request, and on condition of close secresy. "You may be sure," said he, on restoring them, "that no one but I have [Pg 523] seen them." The confidence thus reposed in the judgment and observation of the Jesuit, by the shrewdest prince of the age, shows how keenly the things of earth may be scanned by eyes which seem wholly fixed on heaven.

The emperor likewise told him of a dispute between two nobles, which had been referred to him for decision, and on which he desired his opinion, because he probably knew on whose side the right lay. The dispute was about a title to certain lands, and the parties were Borja's son, Charles, then duke of Gandia, and Don Alonso de Cardona, admiral of Aragon. Thus appealed to, the father behaved with that stoical indifference to the voice of blood which somewhat shocked his lay admirers, and commanded the loud applause of his reverend biographers. "I know not," he

said, "whose cause is the just one; but I pray your majesty not only not to allow the admiral to be wronged, but to show him all the favor compatible with equity." On the emperor's expressing some not unnatural surprise, this Cato of the company offered the very poor explanation of his request, that, perhaps, the admiral needed the disputed lands more than the duke, and that it was good to assist the necessitous.

Borja paid a fourth and last visit in the following year, 1558, to the monastery. He was sent for by the emperor for the benefit of his spiritual counsels, possibly after he had been attacked by his closing illness. For within a few days after the minister's return to Valladolid, tidings reached the court that the invalid was no more. During his brief sojourn at Yuste, his holy conversation and example awakened the religious zeal of Magdalena de Ulloa, the wife of the mayordomo, Quixada. The good seed thus chance-sown by the wayside sprang up in after years, bearing abundant fruit for the company in the three colleges founded and endowed by that devout lady at Villagarcia, Santander, and Oviedo. Almost a century after his visits, the fame of the third general of the Jesuits lingered in the country around Yuste. In 1650, the centenarian of Guijo, a neighboring village, used to tell how he had seen the emperor and the Count of Oropesa on the road to Xarandilla, and to point out a great tree, under which they had partaken of a repast, and he, a child, had been permitted to pick up the crumbs. But of the individual impressions left on his memory by that remarkable group, none had endured for the third generation, except "the meek and penitent face of him they called the saintly duke,"—"*el duque santo*."

In such occupations and in such companionship noiselessly glided away the cloister life of Charles V. The benefit which his health had reaped from the fine air of Yuste, was but transient. It began to decline rapidly in the spring of 1558, after the death of queen Eleanor, to whom he was tenderly attached. He caused funeral rites to be performed in her honor, in the church of the monastery, with all the pomp of light and music that the brotherhood could command. Indeed, funeral services were, in some sort, the festivals of his lugubrious life; for whenever he received intelligence of the death of a prince of the blood, or a knight of the Golden Fleece, he caused his obsequies to be celebrated by the Jeromites. He was also very mindful of the souls of his deceased friends, and the masses which were offered day by day up for himself were preceded by some for his father, his mother, and his wife.

As his infirmities increased, his prayers grew longer, and his penances more severe. He wrapped his emaciated body in hair-cloth, and flogged it with scourges, which were afterwards found in his cell, stained with his blood. Restless and sleepless, he would roam, ghost-like, through the corridors of the convent, and call up the drowsy monks for the midnight services of the church. Once he was asked by a slugglish novice, whose slumbers he had broken, why he could not be satisfied with turning the world upside down, but must also disturb the peace and rest which it was reported he had come to seek at Yuste.

From all secular things and persons he kept entirely aloof. Of the events then passing in the world, nothing stirred his curiosity or his interest but the ruthless crusade against heresy, led by Cardinal Valdés, the fiercest inquisitor since the days of Torquemada. For the great northern Reformation had made itself felt, though with feeble and transient effect, even in Spain,—as the Lisbon earthquake troubled the waters of Lochlomond. Strange questions were stirred in the schools of Alcala and Salamanca; new doctrines were taught from the pulpits of Seville and Valladolid; wool-clad wolves were said to lurk even in the folds of St. Francis and St. Dominic; and Lutheran traders ran casks of heretical tracts upon the shores of the bay of Cadiz. Amongst the persons arrested at Valladolid was Dr. Augustin Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, who had been one of the emperor's preachers, and as such, had resided, from 1546 to 1552, at the imperial court in Germany. Though he had distinguished himself in the land of the Reformation by sermons against its doctrines, and had returned to Spain with untarnished orthodoxy, he was accused not only with being infected with Lutheran principles, but of having "dogmatized," as the inquisition happily called preaching, in a conventicle at Valladolid. Charles was much moved when he heard of his arrest, not with pity for the probable fate of the man, but with horror of his crime. "Father," said he to the prior, "if there be any thing which could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising heretics. For such creatures as these, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true Catholics, or are worthy to live." This recommendation, seldom neglected, was [Pg 524] exactly observed in the case of the poor chaplain. Denying the offence of dogmatizing, he confessed having held heretical opinions, and offered to abjure them. Nevertheless he was "relaxed," or in secular speech, burnt, with thirteen companions, at Valladolid, in the presence of the princess-regent and her court.

A more illustrious victim of the holy office was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, canon of Seville, and famous both as a pulpit orator, and as author of several theological works, which were much esteemed in Italy as well as Spain. He, too, had attended the emperor in Germany, as his preacher and almoner. For him Charles seemed to entertain more respect; for upon hearing that he had been committed to the castle of Triana, he remarked, "If Constantine is a heretic, he will prove a great one." The canon's "merits," for so the inquisition, with a sort of grim humor, called the acts or opinions which qualified a man for the stake, were certain heretical treatises in his handwriting, which had been dug with his other papers out of a wall. Confessing to the proscribed doctrines, but refusing to name his disciples, he was thrown into a dungeon, damp and noisome as Jeremiah's pit, far below the level of the Guadalquivir, where a dysentery soon delivered him from his chains. "Yet did not his body," says the historian[K] of Spanish literature, writing several ages after, with all the bitterness of a contemporary, "for this escape the

avenging flames." His bones, and a carefully modelled effigy of him, with outstretched arms, as he charmed the crowd from the pulpits of Seville, figured at the *auto-da-fé* which, in 1560, illuminated the burning-place, the *quemadero*, of that city. Another sufferer there, Fray Domingo de Guzman, was also known to the emperor. His arrest, however, merely drew from him the contemptuous remark, that fray Domingo might have been shut up as much for idiocy as for heresy.

In looking back on the religious troubles of his reign, Charles bitterly regretted that he did not put Luther to death when he was in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect had the offences of Luther merely concerned his own authority; but he now saw that he had erred, in preferring the obligation of his promise to the greater duty of avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived the plague might have been stayed: now, it was going on from bad to worse. He had some consolation, however, in recollecting how steadily he refused to hear the points at issue argued in his presence. At this price he had declined to purchase the support of some of the protestant princes of the empire, when marching against the duke of Saxony and the landgrave of Hesse; he had declined it even when flying, with only ten horsemen, before the army of duke Maurice. He knew how dangerous it was, especially for those who, like himself, had little learning, to parley with heretics, who were armed with reasons so apt and so well ordered. Suppose one of their arguments had been planted in his soul; how did he know that he could ever have got it rooted out? So have many better men of every form of faith learned to look upon their belief as something external to themselves, to be kept hid away in the dark, lest, like ice, it should melt in the free air and light of heaven.

The grave was now in all his thoughts. One morning, his barber, a malapert of the old comedies, ventured to ask him what he was thinking of. "I am thinking," replied Charles, "that I have here a sum of two thousand crowns, which I cannot employ better than in performing my funeral." "Do not let that trouble your Majesty," rejoined the fellow; "if you die and we live, we will take care to bury you with all honors." "You do not perceive, Nicolas," said the emperor, rather pursuing his own train of thought than replying to the barber, "that it makes a difference in a man's walking, if he holds the light before or behind him." The same opinion had been held by a bishop of Liege, Cardinal Erard de la Mark, whom Charles must have known, and whose example perhaps suggested the idea. For many years before 1558, the year of his death, did this prelate rehearse his obsequies, annually carrying his coffin to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in his cathedral.

Before deciding on the step, however, the emperor determined to submit the question to his confessor, Fray Juan de Regla. They had just been hearing the service for the souls of his parents and his wife. Speaking of such rites in general, he asked the friar if they were most effectual when performed before, or when performed after, death. Fray Juan, after due deliberation, gave his verdict in favor of solemnities which preceded decease. "Then," said the emperor, "I will have my funeral performed while I am still alive."

Accordingly, this celebrated service took place next day, being the 30th of August, 1558. So short a time being allowed for the preparations, they cannot have severely drained the bag of dollars, which Nicholas the barber wished to reserve for other purposes. A wooden monument, however, was erected in the chapel in front of the high altar; the ornaments of the convent were brought out and arranged to the best advantage; and the whole was illuminated with a blaze of wax-lights. The household of the emperor, all in deep mourning attended; and thither Luis Quixada brought Don Juan, from his sports in the forest, to learn his first lesson of the vanity of human greatness. "The pious monarch himself," says the historian of the Jeromites, "was there, in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." And when the solemn mass for the defunct was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the [Pg 525] hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng, and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, and the incense, and the glittering altar—the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas of Titian, which pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansion.

When the dirge was sung, and the ceremonies over, and Charles had, as it were, come back for a little while to life, he told his confessor that he felt the better for being buried. Of a scene which might well have shaken the nerves of the boldest hunter on the Sierra, he said next day, that it had filled his soul with joy and consolation that seemed to react upon his body. That evening he caused to be brought, from the repository where his few valuables were kept, a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, in its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of our Lord praying in the Garden; and after long gazing, passed from that to a Last Judgment, by Titian. Perhaps this was a sketch or small copy of the great altar-piece, or it may be that he turned to the original itself, which could be seen by opening the window, through which his bedchamber commanded a view of the altar. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth; it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of this masterpiece, to the noble art which he loved with a love that years, and cares, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. He remained so long abstracted and motionless, that the physician who was on the watch thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and said, "I feel myself ill." The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. He was seated at the moment in the open gallery, to the west of his apartments, into which

the sinking sun poured his tempered splendor through the boughs of the great walnut-tree. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

His old enemy, the gout, had not troubled him for several days. The disorder with which he was now attacked was a tertian fever, likewise a malady familiar to his shattered frame. The fits now were of unusual violence, the cold fit lasting twice as long as the hot. His physician twice attempted to relieve him by bleeding, but the operation seemed rather to augment than allay the violence of the disease. Being sensible that his hour was come, and wishing to add a codocil to his will, he dispatched a messenger to Valladolid, to the regent Juana, requiring an authorization for his secretary Gaztelu to act as a notary for the purpose. The princess, seeing the imminence of the danger, along with the authorization, instantly sent off her physician, Cornelio, to Yuste, while she herself prepared to follow. It is possible that she also sent father Borja, to pay a last visit of consolation to his friend.

The emperor had made his will at Brussels, on the 6th of June, 1554. The codocil is dated at Yuste, the 9th of September, 1558. From the great length of this document, its minuteness, and the frequent recurrence of provisions in case of his death before he should see his son, an event which now was beyond hope, it seems to have been prepared some time before. But as it must have been read to him before his trembling hand affixed the necessary signature, it remains as a proof that one of his last acts was to urge Philip II., by his love and allegiance, and his hope of salvation, to take care that "the heretics were repressed and chastised, with all publicity and rigor, as their faults deserved, without respect of persons, and without regard to any plea in their favor." The rest of the paper is filled with directions for his funeral, and with a list of legacies to forty-eight servants, and many thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of those who had followed him from Flanders. Though willing to send all his Protestant subjects to martyrdom, he watched with fatherly kindness over the fortunes of his grooms and scullions. It is said that Fray Juan de Regla proposed that Don Juan of Austria should be named in the will as next heir to the crown after Philip, his sister, and his children; but if this incredible advice were given by the confessor, the dying man had energy enough left to reject it with indignation.

Day by day the tide of life continued to ebb with visible fall. The sick man, however, was still able to attend to his devotions, to confess, and to receive the sacrament. He would not allow his confessor, Regla, to be absent from his bedside, and the poor man, who could hardly find a moment for his repasts, was nearly worn out with incessant watching. On every Sunday and feast day, at half-past three in the afternoon, the chaplain, Villalva, preached in the church, the window of the sick-room being left open, and the doors being shut to all but the friars. The patient likewise frequently caused passages of Scripture to be read to him, and was never weary of hearing the psalm which begins, *Domine! refugium factum es nobis*. On the 19th of September, towards evening, the patient asked for the rite of extreme unction. By the desire of the prior, Luis Quixada, who was ever at his pillow, inquired whether he would have it administered according to the form for friars, or after the briefer fashion of the laity. He chose the former, in which the seven penitential psalms were read, as well as a litany and sundry prayers and verses of [Pg 526] scripture. During the reading of the psalms, it was observed that he joined in the responses of the monks with an audible voice. When the ceremony was over, instead of being exhausted, he seemed to have been revived by it. His appetite for food having entirely failed him for some days, Quixada seized the opportunity of urging him to take some. "Trouble me not, Luis Quixada," said he; "my life is going out of me, and I cannot eat." The next morning, the 20th, he asked for the eucharist. His confessor told him that having received extreme unction, the other sacrament was unnecessary. "It may not be necessary," said the dying man; "yet it is good company on so long a journey." His wish was accordingly complied with; the wafer was brought to his bedside, followed by the whole community in solemn procession, and he received it from the hands of his confessor with tears of devotion, incessantly repeating the words of our Saviour, "*In me manes, ego in te maneam*." In spite of his extreme weakness, he remained for a quarter of an hour kneeling in his bed, and uttering devout ejaculations, in praise of the blessed sacrament, which the simple friars attributed to divine inspiration.

On the evening of the 19th of September, a remarkable visitor knocked at the gate of Yuste. It was the new Archbishop of Toledo, Bartolomè Carranza de Miranda—a name which stands high on the list of the Wolseys of the world, of men remembered less for their splendid success than for their signal fall. From a simple Dominican, he had risen to be a professor at Valladolid, a leading doctor of Trent, prior of Palencia, provincial of Spain, and prime adviser of Philip II. in that movement which Spanish churchmen loved to call the reduction of England. During Mary's reign, the ruthless black friar had been a mark for popular vengeance; and Oxford, Cambridge, and Lambeth, long remembered how he had preached the sacrifice of the mass, dug up the bones of Bucer, and presided at the burning of Cranmer. For these services he had been rewarded by Philip II. with the richest see in Christendom; and he was now on his way to take possession of the throne of Toledo, little thinking that his enemy, the inquisitor Valdes, was already preparing the indictment which was to make his reign a long disgrace.

The archbishop was expected at Yuste. He had been long known to the Emperor, who had paved the way for his success by sending him to display his lore at the council of Trent. Charles had afterwards offered him the Peruvian bishopric of Cuzco, the post of confessor to the heir-apparent of Spain, and lastly, the bishopric of the Canaries. His refusal of all these pieces of preferment caused his patron some surprise, which was changed into displeasure by his

acceptance of the see of Toledo. Reports had also got abroad, which cast a doubt on the orthodoxy of the new prelate,—of all doubts, as Charles thought, the gravest. He was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him, partly, it seems, to upbraid him with his new honors, and partly in order to ascertain how far these reports were well founded. William, one of his barbers, related that he had heard his majesty say, "When I gave Carranza the bishopric of the Canaries, he refused it; now he accepts Toledo. We shall see what we are to think of his virtue." In this frame of mind, he had been expecting the unconscious prelate for some time; these feelings of dislike being, no doubt, strengthened by his confessor, father Regla, a bitter enemy, and one of the foremost accusers of Carranza.

There can be no doubt that the ruin of this celebrated man was decreed on evidence which would have been listened to only by a secret tribunal of unscrupulous enemies. It may be that some of his printed theology contained—what theology does not?—passages capable of interpretations neither intended nor foreseen by the writer; it may be that he had pillaged the writings of reformers, whose persons he would willingly have given to the flames. But it is certain that he was a man of unambitious nature, of active benevolence, and, according to the notions of that age, of exemplary life; that he was a scholar and theologian of practised and consummate skill, a wary shepherd of the faithful, a relentless butcher of heretics; that he carried his reluctance to the mitre so far beyond the bounds of decent clerical coyness, as to recommend three eminent rivals to Philip II., as more fit and proper than himself for the primacy; and that one of his first acts, as archbishop, was to advise the king to appropriate the revenues of a canonry in every cathedral in Spain to the use of the Inquisition. Setting aside, therefore, the palpable personal hatred which betrayed itself in all the proceedings against him, it seems probable that he spoke the plain truth, when he made his dying declaration, that he had never held any of the heretical opinions of which he had been accused.

In after days, when enduring the sickness of deferred hope in his prison at Valladolid or at Rome, the archbishop perhaps regarded it as one of the mischances which marked the ebb of his fortunes, that he reached Yuste too late either to explain to the emperor the circumstances of his promotion, or to remove the suspicion which had been cast on his faith. On the evening of his arrival, Charles was too ill to receive him, and the day following, although he was thrice admitted into the sick room, he found occasion to utter only a few words. Those words, few and simple as they were, were some weeks after reported to the Holy Office, with, as it seems, gross exaggeration, by the confessor, father Regla.

On the 20th of September, it was evident that the end was approaching. The few friends of the emperor who lived in the neighborhood had assembled at the convent. The count of Oropesa was there from Xarandilla, with several of the family of Toledo, and Don Luis de Avila had come from [Pg 527] Plasencia. They, and the prior and some of the monks, were frequently in the sick-room, in which Quixada kept constant watch. The patient had hardly spoken during the whole day. In the afternoon, when Oropesa introduced the archbishop, he merely told him to be seated, but was unable to hold any conversation. Towards night he grew hourly worse. The physicians, Mathesio and Cornelio, at last announced to the group around the bed, that the resources of their art were exhausted, and that all hope was over. Cornelio, the court doctor from Valladolid, then retired; Mathesio remained, feeling the pulse of the dying man, and saying at intervals, "His majesty has only two hours to live—only one hour—only half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious of what was going on around him, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At last he roused himself, and pronounced the name of William Van Male. On the man's coming to his support, he leaned towards him, as if to obtain ease by a change of posture; at the same time uttering a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing there in the shade, "*Domine! jam moritur*." The prelate approached, and knelt down by the bed, holding a crucifix in his hand, and saying in a loud tone, "Behold him who answers for sin; sin is no more; all is forgiven!" Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. On hearing it, the emperor gave signs of impatience so distinct, that the faithful Quixada thought it right to interfere and say, "Hark, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty." The archbishop took the hint, and retired.

It was near two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Fray Francisco de Villalva, the favorite chaplain, now presented himself at the bedside. Addressing the dying man, he told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the day of St. Matthias, the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the day of St. Matthew, the evangelist, who, for Christ's sake, had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time he continued to hold forth in the same edifying strain. At length, Charles, rousing himself, said, "The time is come, bring me the candle and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Monserrat; the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which before had been taken from the dead hand of his mother Juana, in the convent of Tordesillas, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son Philip, in the convent of the Escorial. When brought by the attendant, he turned eagerly to receive them; and taking one into each hand, he remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour. Those who stood nearest the bed then heard him say, quickly, as if replying to a sudden call, "*Ya voy, Señor*—Now, Lord, I go." A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; and then, with a voice loud and clear enough to be heard in the other apartments, he cried three times, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.

In or near the chamber of death were assembled the prior and the chaplains, and the household;

the count of Oropesa, his brother Don Francisco, his cousin, Don Juan Pacheco, and his uncle Diego abbot of Cabañas, Don Luis de Avila, and archbishop Carranza. Don Juan of Austria, too, in the quality of page to Quixada, stood by the death-bed of him he was afterwards so proud to call his sire.

On the day of the death, and part of the day following, the physicians and attendants were engaged in embalming the body, and arranging it for the grave. Meanwhile, a leaden coffin was prepared, and likewise a massive outer case of chestnut wood, and a black velvet pall to cover the whole. Sandoval had heard, but gave no credit to the story, of the coffin which the emperor was said to have brought with him to Yuste, and to have kept under his bed. Another version of the tale, he says, made the coffin a winding-sheet, but no mention of either was found in the minute account drawn up by the prior Angulo. When all was ready, the coffin was lowered, by ten or twelve men, through the window which opened from the bedchamber into the church, and placed upon a stage erected in the middle of the isle. These preparations were hardly completed, when the corregidor of Plasencia arrived with his clerks and constables, and asserted that, as the emperor had died within his jurisdiction, it was his duty to see that the remains had been deposited in a place of safety. In spite, therefore, of the remonstrances of the prior, he caused the coffins to be opened, that he might identify the body.

The solemn funeral services, or the honors, as they were called, were commenced the next day, Tuesday, the 27th of October. They were an expansion of the rites in which the emperor had himself taken part a few weeks before, and they lasted for three days. Mass was said each day by the Archbishop of Toledo, the prior of Yuste assisting as deacon, and the prior of Granada as subdeacon, amongst the tears of the whole brotherhood. Funeral services were also preached, on the first day by the eloquent Villalva, on the second by the prior of Granada, and on the third by the prior of Yuste. The imperial dust was then committed to the earth. "Let my sepulchre," said the will of Charles, "be so ordered, that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before, the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and breast." But [Pg 528] the clergy present being divided in opinion as to the lawfulness of placing under the high altar a corpse not in the odor of sanctity, the matter was compromised by laying the coffin in a cavity made in the wall behind, so that it encroached only on a small portion of the holy ground.

Funeral honors also took place in the presence of the regent and her court, in the beautiful church of the Royal Benedictines at Valladolid. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Francisco Borja, from the text, "*Ecce longavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.*"—"Lo! then would I wander afar off, and remain in the wilderness." (Psalm lv. 7.)[L] It was filled with praise of the emperor for his pious magnanimity in taking leave of the world before the world had taken leave of him—praise which, from the mouth of a Jesuit who had once been a wealthy grandee, must have savored somewhat of self-glorification. Amongst other edifying reminiscences of his friend, Borja told his hearers that he had it from the lips of the deceased, that never, since he was one-and-twenty years old, had he failed to set apart some portion of each day for inward prayer.

Brussels excelled all the other cities of the Austrian dominion in the splendor with which she did honor to the emperor's memory. The ceremonies took place on the 29th and 30th of December. The procession, in which King Philip walked, attended by the dukes of Savoy and Brunswick, and a host of the nobility of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands, was two hours in passing from the palace to the church of St. Gudule. Its principal feature was a huge galley, large enough for marine service, placed on a cunningly devised sea, which answered the double purpose of supporting some isles, emblematic of the Indies, and of concealing the power which rolled the huge structure along. Faith, Hope, and Charity, were the crew of this enchanted bark; and her sides were hung with twelve paintings of Charles's principal exploits, which were further set forth in golden letter-press on the black satin sails. A long line of horses followed, each led by two gentlemen, and bearing on its housings the blazon of one of the states of the emperor. They were led up the aisle of the church past the altar, and the seats occupied by the order of the Golden Fleece. As the last horse, covered with a black foot-cloth, went by, the count of Bossu, one of the knights, the early playmate and dear friend of the emperor, threw himself on his knees, and remained for some time prostrated on the pavement in an agony of grief.

The chapel of Yuste was merely a temporary resting-place of the royal dead. In his will the emperor had confided the care of his bones to his son, expressing a wish, however, to be laid beside his wife and his father in the cathedral of Granada, in that splendid chapel-royal, rich with the tombs and trophies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip, however, shivering in the rear at St. Quentin, had already vowed to St. Lawrence the great monastery which it was his after delight to make the chief monument of the power and the piety of the house of Hapsburg. At the Escorial, therefore, he united the bones of his father and mother, and placed them, on the fourth of February, 1574, in a vault beneath the jasper shrine, which yet contains their fine effigies, wrought in bronze by Leoni. The occasion was marked by one of those terrific storms, sent, as the monks supposed, by the devil, in the hope of overthrowing that fortress of piety. A grand arch of timber, erected at the door of the church, was blown away, and its hangings of rich brocades, rent into minute shreds, were scattered far and wide over the surrounding chase. Eighty years later, the repose of the emperor was once more broken by his great-grandson, Philip IV. For thirty-three years that prince was engaged in building the celebrated Pantheon, begun by his father, Philip III. On the sixteenth of March, 1654, the dust of the Austrian kings of Spain and of their consorts who had continued the line, was translated from the plain vault of Philip II. to this splendid sepulchral chamber, which gleamed, in the light of a thousand tapers, with its marble and jasper and gold, like a creation of oriental romance. Each coffin was borne by three nobles

and three Jeromite friars; the procession being headed by that of Charles V., carried by Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Abrantes, and the Marquess of Aytona. As the remains were to be deposited in a marble sarcophagus, it became necessary to remove the previous coverings, which enabled Philip IV. to come face to face with his great ancestor. The body of the emperor was found to be quite entire. After looking at it for some minutes in silence, the king turned to Haro, and said, "Honored body, Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister; words, brief indeed, but very pregnant; for the prior of the Escorial has left it recorded "that they condensed all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

Charles did not leave the world without some of those portents in which the men of that age loved to trace the influence of a remarkable death upon the operations of nature. A comet appeared over the monastery at the beginning of his last illness, and was seen no more after the night on which he died. In the spring of 1558, a lily in his garden, beneath his windows, bore two buds, of which one flowered and withered in due course, but the other remained a bud through the summer and autumn, to the great astonishment of the gardener and the friars. But on the night of the twenty-first of September it burst into full bloom, an emblem of the whiteness of the parting spirit, and of the sure and certain hope of its reception into bliss. It was reverently [Pg 529] gathered, and fastened upon the black veil which covered the sacramental shrine in the church. In the week following the grand obsequies, a pied bird, large as a vulture, but of a kind unknown at Yuste, perched at night on the roof of the church, exactly over the imperial grave, and disturbed the friars by barking like a dog. For five successive nights it barked there in the clear moonlight, always at the same hour, and always arriving from the east, and flying away towards the west. And four years later, a holy Capuchin of the New World, Fray Luis Mendez, as he knelt in his convent-chapel at Guatemala, was blessed with a vision, wherein he saw the emperor before the judgment-seat of our Lord, making his defence against the accusing demons, with so much success that he received honorable acquittal, and was in the end carried off to heaven by the angels of light.

The codicil of the will of Charles, the only part of the document which belongs to his life at Yuste, is drawn up with a minuteness of detail very characteristic of the careful habits of the man. After a profession of attachment to the church, and hatred of heresy, and after the directions for his burial which have been already noticed, he proceeds to describe a monument and an altar-piece which he wished to be erected in the church of the convent, in the event of Yuste being chosen by his son for the final resting-place of his bones. The altar-piece was to be of alabaster, a copy in relief of Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment," the picture on which he was gazing at the moment when he first felt the touch of death. A custodia, or sacramental tabernacle, was likewise to be made of alabaster and marble, and placed between statues of himself and the empress. They were to be sculptured, kneeling with hands clasped as in prayer, barefoot, and with uncovered heads, and clad in sheets like penitents. For further particulars, he referred the king to Luis Quixada, and the confessor Regla, who were fully instructed in his meaning and wishes. In case of the removal of his body, instead of the altar-piece and monument, the convent was to receive a picture for their altar, of such kind as the king shall appoint. In compliance with this desire, Philip presented the monks with a copy of Titian's "Judgment," which adorned their high altar until the suppression of the convents, in 1823, when it was carried off to the parish church of Texeda.

The emperor next expresses his concern at hearing that the pensions which he had granted to the servants whom he had dismissed at Xarandilla, had been very ill-paid, and he entreats the king to order their punctual payment for the future. He directs that the friars of Yuste and the friars from other convents, who had been specially employed in his service, as readers, preachers, and musicians, shall receive such gratuities as shall appear sufficient to father Regla and Quixada. To the confessor himself he bequeaths an annual pension of four hundred ducats (about 80*l.* sterling), and four hundred ducats in legacy. Of Luis Quixada he twice speaks in the most affectionate terms, acknowledging his long and good service, and his willing fidelity in incurring the expense and inconvenience of removing his wife and household to Yuste. Lamenting that he has done so little to promote his interest, he earnestly recommends him to the king's favor, and, with a legacy of 2000 ducats, he leaves him a pension to the value of his present appointment (without mentioning the sum), until he is provided with a place of greater emolument. He also desires that the Infanta will cause the amount of fines recovered by his attorney, or that might be recovered in cases still pending against the poachers and rioters of Quacos, to be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors for distribution amongst the poor of the village. The contents of his larder and cellar, and his stores of provisions in general, at the day of his decease, and likewise the dispensary, with its drugs and vessels, he leaves to the brotherhood of Yuste, and to the poor any money which may remain in his coffers after defraying the wages of his servants.

These are all mentioned by name, and for the most part receive pensions, except a few to whom small gratuities are given, it being explained that previous provision has been made for them. The pensions range from four hundred florins (32*l.* sterling), conferred on the doctor, Enrique Mathesio, to ninety florins, which requite the services of Isabel Plantin, the laundress of the table-linen. The gratuities vary from 150,000 maravedis (about 45*l.* sterling), left to the secretary Gaztelu, to 7500, given to Jorge de Diana, a boy employed in the workshop of Torriano. That mechanician being already pensioned to the amount of 200 crowns, receives only 15,000 maravedis; he is likewise reminded that he has been paid something to account on the price of a clock which is in hand, and for which his employer is content that the executors shall pay a fair valuation.

These sums were all to be paid at Valladolid. After the funeral service was ended, therefore, on the 29th of October, when the count of Oropesa and the other neighbors returned to their homes, and the archbishop took the road to Toledo, most of the household of the emperor were also ready to depart. Only three Flemings remained behind for a few days to bring up the rear with the heavy baggage. Within about a fortnight after the death of Charles, the Jeromites of Yuste were again alone among the yellow October woods, and the convent relapsed into its ancient obscurity, never more to be remembered, except as the cell of the imperial recluse.

So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth poured into his coffers by the New World, the [Pg 530] energy and sagacity of his mind, and the important crisis of the world's history in which he acted, have combined to make him more famous than any of the successors of Charlemagne. The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign was sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men fallen on evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. Now that the "divinity which doth hedge a king" has decayed into a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was enacted at Brussels, with the feeling and eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was not, indeed, a thing altogether unheard of, but it was known only in books, and belonged, as the Spaniard used to say, to the days of king Wamba. The knights of the Fleece who wept on the platform around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who elbowed each other in the crowd below. It was only some studious monk who was aware that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor to save their necks from the bowstring; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. The retirement of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men by the novelty of the occasion, by the solemnity of its circumstances, by the splendor of the resigned crown, and by the world-wide fame with which it had been worn.

There can be no doubt that the emperor gave the true reasons of his act, when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the states of Flanders that he resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. It was to no sudden impulse, however, that he yielded; but he calmly fulfilled a resolve which he had cherished for many years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate, almost at the time when he determined to reign. For so powerful a mind has rarely been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he appeared in Italy in 1530, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes was the most docile subject of his ministers. But if his mind was slow to ripen, his body was no less premature in its decay. By nature and hereditary habit a keen sportsman, and in youth unwearied in tracking the wolf and the bear over the hills of Toledo and Granada, he was reduced, ere he had turned fifty, to content himself with shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his gardens. Familiarized by feeble health with images of death, he had determined twenty years before his abdication to interpose some interval of rest between the council and the grave. He had agreed with his empress, who died in 1538, that as soon as the state affairs and the age of their children should permit, they should retire into religious seclusion: he into a cloister of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542, he spoke of his design to the duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it was whispered at court, and was mentioned by the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a dispatch to the Doge. Since then, decaying health and declining fortune had maintained him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with king Solomon. His later schemes of conquest and policy had resulted in disaster and disgrace. The Pope, the great Turk, the Protestant princes, and the king of France, were once more arrayed against the potentate who in the bright morning of his career had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck had avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlberg; Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz had enabled the French wits to turn the emperor's proud motto, *Plus ultra*, into *Non ultra metas*. Whilst the Protestant faith was spreading even in the dominions of the house of Hapsburg, the doctors of the church assembled in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued to quibble, for the sole benefit of the tavern-keepers of Trent. The finances both of Spain and the other Austrian states were in the utmost disorder, and the lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to borrow from the duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that he seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long-desired harbor of refuge; and that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had attained an object dear to him as a father, a politician, and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

His habits and turn of mind, as well as his Spanish blood, and the spirit of his age, made a convent the natural place of his retreat. Monachism seems to have had for him the charm, vague, yet powerful, which soldiership has for most boys; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisla, at Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorada, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with the Benedictines, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Brussels, he was frequently a guest at the convent of Groenendael; and the monks commemorated his condescensions, as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing a bronze statue of him on the banks of their fish-pond, into which he had brought down a heron, from an amazing altitude, with his gun. Though unable at [Pg 531]

Yuste to indulge the love of sport, which may have had its influence in drawing him to the chestnut woods of the Vera, we have seen that he continued to the last to take his pleasure in the converse and companionship of the Jeromites.

In the cloister, Charles was no less popular than he had been in the world; for in spite of his feeble health and phlegmatic temperament, in spite of his caution, which amounted to distrust, and his selfishness, which frequently took the form of treachery, in spite of his love of power, and the unsparing severity with which he punished the assertion of popular rights, there was still that in his conduct and bearing which gained the favor of the multitude. A little book, of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which colored the popular view of his character. "The Life and Actions, Heroic and Pleasant, of the invincible Emperor Charles V." was long a favorite chap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solyman the magnificent, and how he permitted a Walloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he charged the Moorish horsemen at Tunis; and how he jested incognito with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar impression, deepened by his reputation for sanctity, he seems to have left behind him amongst the sylvan hamlets of Estremadura.

In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been one of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England; and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. When he held Clement VII. prisoner in Rome, he permitted at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the Protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics; and he frequently stayed the hand of the triumphant zealots of the church. At Wittenberg, he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther—saying, that he contended with the living, and not with the dead. But once within the walls of Yuste, and he assumed all the passions, and prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had done in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, of having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon that strong will was paralyzed, and that keen intellect fell groveling in the dust. Protestant and philosophic historians love to relate how Charles, finding that no two of his time-pieces could be made to go alike, remarked that he had perhaps erred in spending so much blood and treasure in the hope of compelling men to uniformity in the more difficult matter of religion. We fear the anecdote must have been invented by some manufacturer of libels or panegyrics, such as Sleidan and Jovius, whom Charles was wont to call his liars. No remark of equal wisdom can be brought home to the lips of the Spanish Diocletian; nor was the philosophy "of him who walked in the Salonian garden's noble shade" ever heard amongst the litanies and the scourges which resounded through the cloisters of Yuste.

To those who have perused this brief record of the recluse and his little court, it may be agreeable to know the subsequent fortunes of the personages who acted upon that miniature stage.

Queen Mary of Hungary died at Cigales on the 28th of October, 1558, four weeks after the death of her brother. So passed away, in the same year, and within a few months of one another, the royal group who landed at Laredo.

From Yuste, Luis Quixada and his wife returned to their house at Villagarcia, near Valladolid, taking Don Juan with them. When Philip II. arrived in Spain, in 1559, he received his brother and his guardian at the neighboring convent of San Pedro de la Espina. They afterwards followed the court to Madrid, where Quixada had an opportunity of signalizing his devotion to his master's son, by rescuing him from a fire, which burnt down their house in the night, before he attended to the safety of Doña Magdalena. This, and his other services, were not neglected by the king, who made him master of the horse to the heir-apparent, and president of the council of the Indies, and gave him several commanderies in the order of Calatrava. When Don Juan was sent to command against the Moriscos, whom Christian persecution and bad faith had driven to revolt in the Alpuxarras, the old major-domo went with him as a military tutor. They were reconnoitring the strong mountain fortress of Seron, when a bold sally from the place threw the Castilians into disorder bordering on flight, in the course of which a bullet from an infidel gun finished the campaigns of the comrade of Charles V. He fell, shot through the shoulder, by the side of his pupil; and he died of the wound at Canilles, on the 25th of February, 1570, in the arms of his wife, who had hurried from Madrid to nurse him. Don Juan buried him with military honors, and mourned for him as for a father.

The good Doña Magdalena retired to Villagarcia, and employed her childless widowhood in works of charity and piety, in prayers for the soul of her husband, and for the success of her darling young prince. For the latter she also engaged in a work of a more practical and secular kind; for the hero of Lepanto wore no linen but what was wrought by her loving hands. His sad and early death severed her chief tie to the world, and left religion no rival in her heart. The companions of Francis Borja, who had first kindled the holy flames of her devotion at Yuste, became her guides and counsellors; and she built and endowed no less than three Jesuit colleges at Villagarcia, [Pg 532] Santander, and Oviedo. Her life of gentle and blameless enthusiasm ended in 1598, when she was laid beside her lord in the collegiate church of Villagarcia. Amongst the relics of that temple, two crucifixes were held in peculiar veneration,—one being that which she had pressed to her dying lips, the other a trophy rescued by Luis Quixada from a church burned by the Moors in the war of the Alpuxarras.

William Van Male, the gentle and literary chamberlain, returned to Flanders, with a slender annual pension of 150 florins, which was to be reduced one half on his becoming keeper of the palace at Brussels, an office of which the king had given him the reversion. He died in 1560, and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, where his widow, Hippolyta Reynen, was laid by his side in 1579.

Father Borja continued to teach and to travel with unflagging zeal. Soon after preaching the emperor's funeral sermon, he was again in Portugal, visiting the colleges at Evora, Coimbra, and Braga, and aiding in the foundation of the college of Porto. Called to Rome by Pope Pius IV., to advise on affairs of the church, he was twice chosen vicar-general of the company; and finally, in 1565, he received the staff of Loyola. During his rule of seven years, the order lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes in every part of the world, and in every condition of mankind. Its astute politicians gained the ear of princes and prelates who had hitherto been cold, or adverse; its colleges rose amid the snows of Poland, and the forests of Peru; Barbary, Florida, and Brazil, were watered with the blood of its martyrs; and its ministers of mercy moved amongst the roar of battle, on the bastions of Malta and the decks at Lepanto. The general of this great army visited his native Spain, for the last time, in 1571, when he was sent by Pope Pius V. to fan the anti-Turkish flame in the bosom of Philip II., and to add a morsel of the true cross to the relics of the Escorial. Of the offers to build houses for the company, which now poured in, the last that he accepted was Doña Magdalena de Ulloa's college at Villagarcia, thus finding, after many days, the bread which he had cast upon the waters at Yuste. From Spain, he went to preach the crusade at the courts of Portugal and France—an arduous journey, which proved fruitful of royal caresses, but fatal to his enfeebled frame. Falling ill by the way, he had barely strength to reach Rome to die. In the year 1572, the sixty-second of his age, he was laid beside his companions in toil and glory, and his predecessors in power, Loyola and Laynez.

"After long experience of the world," says Junius, "I affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy." Very likely: another author had intimated before the observations of Junius, that even the righteous "is of few days and full of trouble."

FOOTNOTES:

[K] Nicolas Antonio.

[L] Psalm liv. 7. The Vulgate Psalm liv. is our Psalm lv.

From the North British Review.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

Our impression of the difference between the two authors in the matter of style is very much what it has always been from a general reading acquaintance with their works, namely, that Mr. Thackeray is the more terse and idiomatic, and Mr. Dickens the more diffuse and luxuriant writer. Both seem to be easy penmen, and to have language very readily at their command; both also seem to convey their meaning as simply as they can, and to be careful, according to their notions of verbal accuracy; but in Mr. Dickens's sentences there is a leafiness, a tendency to words and images, for their own sake; whereas, in Mr. Thackeray's, one sees the stem and outline of the thought better. We have no great respect for that canon of style which demands in English writers the use of Saxon in preference to Latin words, thinking that a rule to which there are natural limitations, variable with the writer's aim and with the subject he treats; but we should suppose that critics who do regard the rule would find Mr. Thackeray's style the more accordant with it. On the whole, if we had to choose passages at random, to be set before young scholars as examples of easy and vigorous English composition, we would take them rather from Thackeray than from Dickens. There is a Horatian strictness, a racy strength, in Mr. Thackeray's expressions, even in his more level and tame passages, which we miss in the corresponding passages in Mr. Dickens's writings, and in which we seem to recognize the effect of those classical studies through which an accurate and determinate, though somewhat bald use of words becomes a fixed habit. In the ease, and at the same time thorough polish and propriety with which Mr. Thackeray can use slang words, we seem especially to detect the university man. Snob, swell, buck, gent, fellow, fogy—these, and many more such expressive appellatives, not yet sanctioned by the dictionary, Mr. Thackeray employs more frequently, we believe, than any other living writer, and yet always with unexceptionable taste. In so doing he is conscious, no doubt, of the same kind of security that permits Oxford and Cambridge men, and even, as we can testify, Oxford and Cambridge clergymen, to season their conversation with similar words—namely, the evident air of educated manliness with which they can be introduced, and which, however rough the guise, no one can mistake. In the use of the words genteel, vulgar, female, and the like—words which men diffident of their own breeding are observed not to risk; as well as in the art of alternating gracefully between the noun lady and the noun woman, the Scylla and Charybdis, if

we may say so, of shy talkers—Mr. Thackeray is also a perfect master, commanding his language in such cases with an unconscious ease, not unlike that which enables the true English gentleman he is so fond of portraying, either to name titled personages of his acquaintance without seeming a tuft-hunter, or to refrain from naming them without the affectation of radicalism. In Mr. Dickens, of course, we have the same perfect taste and propriety; but in him the result appears to arise, if we may so express ourselves, rather from the keen and feminine sensibility of a fine genius, whose instinct is always for the pure and beautiful, than from the self-possession of a mind correct under any circumstances by discipline and sure habit. Where Mr. Dickens is not exerting himself, that is, in passages of mere equable narrative or description, where there is nothing to move or excite him, his style, as we have already said, seems to us more careless and languid than that of Mr. Thackeray; sometimes, indeed, a whole page is only redeemed from weakness by those little touches of wit, and those humorous turns of conception which he knows so well how to sprinkle over it. It is due to Mr. Dickens to state, however, that in this respect his "Copperfield" is one of his most pleasing productions, and a decided improvement on its predecessor "Dombey." Not only is the spirit of the book more gentle and mellow, but the style is more continuous and careful, with fewer of those recurring tricks of expression, the dread remnants of former felicities, which constituted what was called his mannerism. Nor must we omit to remark also, that in passages where higher feeling is called into play, Mr. Dickens's style always rises into greater purity and vigor, the weakness and the superfluity disappearing before the concentrating force of passion, and the language often pouring itself forth in a clear and flowing song. This, in fact, is according to the nature of the luxuriant or poetical genius, which never expresses itself in its best or most concise manner unless the mood be high as well as the meaning clear,—for maintaining the excellence of the style of a terse and highly reflective writer, such as Thackeray, on the other hand, the presence of a clear meaning is at all times sufficient, though, of course, here also the pitch and melody will depend on the mood....

There is one piece of positive doctrine, however, in which both Pen and Warrington agree, and of which Mr. Thackeray's writings are decidedly the exponents in the present day, as Mr. Dickens's are of the doctrine of kindliness. This doctrine may be called the doctrine of anti-snobbism. Singular fact! in the great city of London, where higher and more ancient faiths seem to have all but perished, and where men bustle in myriads, scarce restrained by any spiritual law, there has arisen of late years, as there arose in Mecca of old, a native form of ethical belief, by which its inhabitants are tried and try each other. "Thou shall not be a snob;" such is the first principle at present of Cockney ethics. And observe how much real sincerity there is in this principle, how it really addresses itself to facts, and only to facts, known and admitted. It is not the major morals of human nature, but what are called the minor morals of society, and these chiefly in their æsthetic aspect, as modes of pleasant breeding, that the Cockney system of ethics recognizes. Its maxims and commands are not "Thou shalt do no wrong," "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," "Thou shalt not covet,"—but, "Thou shalt pronounce thy H's," "Thou shalt not abuse waiters as if they were dogs," "Thou shalt not falsely make a boast of dining with peers and members of Parliament." He who offends in these respects is a snob. Thus, at least, the Cockney moralist professes no more than he really believes. The real species of moral evil recognized in London, the real kind of offence which the moral sentiment there punishes, and cannot away with, is snobbism. The very name, it will be observed, is characteristic and unpretentious—curt, London-born, irreverent. When you say that a man is a snob, it does not mean that you detest and abhor him, but only that you must cut him, or make fun of him. Such is anti-snobbism, the doctrine of which Mr. Thackeray, among his other merits, has the merit of being the chief literary expounder and apostle. Now it is not a very awful doctrine, certainly; it is not, as our friend Warrington would be the first to admit, the doctrine in the strength of which one would like to guide his own soul, or to face the future and the everlasting; still it has its use, and by all means let it have, yes, let it have its scribes and preachers.

From Household Words.

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let wool be strong
And firm, that has to last long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom

Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade; [Pg 534]
Jungle swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smoothe the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work and Pray!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task their fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday;
Work away!

From Household Words.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.—JAPAN.

We may as well go by the North-west passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Alaska runs a chain of islands,—the Aleutian,—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs,—the Kurile Islands,—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main island of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Corea. In sailing by these islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring Strait, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamtchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja (fifteen thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three feet). Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too polite to outrage Japanese propriety by landing, even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole state, which the Chinese modify into Jih-pun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs; boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki, between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars, and laurels, picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a hill side, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan; and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand, eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable rambles. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched; every thing betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man [Pg 535] undergoes personal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money, but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that of Liverpool and that of Constantinople. Between island and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbor. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so; for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far; they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap; the population of Japan is probably near thirty million,—and who should care for a few dozen mariners?

If you please, we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw,—coated over, like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass, for window panes, Venetian blinds, and around each house a verandah, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How

very awkwardly they slip along! With so much energy and vigor in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet? They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbor, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks in-doors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the bye, you may perceive that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-paper,—one of the little squares of clean white paper always ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and color. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The women keep their entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoise-shell, as big as office rulers.[M] Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows.

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds. Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trousers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trousers. Merchants and respectable tradesmen form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day laborers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly [Pg 536] unrecognized, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaves it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep their valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. For desolating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; so common, that almost every house is prudently provided with a fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, and the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horseshoe over it—there's not an iron horseshoe in Japan,—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being "*He, he, he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner-party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our shadowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of

science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacks, and calculate their own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a wood-cut imitation of handwriting; movable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilization; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of mono-syllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled by the strangeness of all things we see into a curiosity like that of children, we admire his sword. The hilt is very beautiful, composed of various metals blended into a fine enamel. This enamel is used in Japan where Europeans would use jewels, because the art of cutting precious stones is not known to the Japanese. For the blade of this sword it is not impossible that a sum has been given not unlike a hundred pounds; the tempering of steel is carried to perfection in Japan, where gentlemen are connoisseurs in sword-blades. Young nobles lend their maiden swords to the executioner (who is always chosen from the defiled leather-selling race) that they may be tried upon real flesh and blood; as executions in Japan are generally cruel, and some criminals are hacked to death, rather than killed outright, the swords on such occasions are refreshed with a fair taste of blood. The mats upon the floor are the next things we notice. A thick matting of straw forms a substratum, over which are spread the fine mats, elegantly fringed. To see that lackered work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which we familiarly call Japan, in its perfection, we must evidently visit it at home. Any thing of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as this little table, is not to be found in Europe. Whatever trinkets pass out of these islands into Europe, do so *nayboen*—that is, with secret connivance—but the first-rate manufactures are in no way suffered to come to us. Without *nayboen*, life would be insupportable in a minute wilderness of rules and customs. People even die *nayboen*—that is, a man lies unburied, and is said to be alive, when his death otherwise would lead to disagreeable results. Here, as elsewhere, when rules are made intolerably strict, evasion is habitual. The amount that cannot be evaded is astonishing enough, as we shall see ere we return to England. Now we are in [Pg 537] the house of this gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behavior it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that, and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summerhouse, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? O dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf, with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangements of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "use of the globes" to ladies' schools. To boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the hara-kiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practise all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appears inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which we have spent perhaps a little too much time: yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years old, are not allowed to wear any thing tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe, that for a gentleman to turn his

back upon a friend, is true politeness in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil—it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town, now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat also in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too; bean-fields abound, and farms, of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favor, many a hillside in Japan is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this the tea-plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge from which they gather their own leaves, and dry tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silkworm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones. The little ones are used by pleasure-parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed monkey (*Inuus speciosus*); there is no other kind of monkey in these islands, and the snakes are all of a species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single [Pg 538] animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game-laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, all are fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horsemen, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post: the greatest princes must get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him, to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never horsed; but each pair, at the conclusion of a stage, finds the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on packhorses or oxen over land, but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, is much more common. The roads are well swept, for the farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure; and as men with brooms clear all away before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the roadside, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691; still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot-springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of seven royal gods said to his wife one day, "There's earth somewhere, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear-point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, fancied a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado: from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddess, and *Kami*, which are minor gods or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine

which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons à nos Mikados*: the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-teen-woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B.C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favor of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who married the daughter of a powerful papa; and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicated in favor of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his [Pg 539] son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikado was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jeddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honor he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god? Every article of dress that he puts on must be brand new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, every thing he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has been sanctified by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose once schism in Japan about the color of the devil. Four factions respectfully declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-colored monster. Offices of state in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honor, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and fro; there are shops, signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a theatre; for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take place by day. There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of gods and heroes; not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play, Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on; but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavored to make Nippon subject to him; but without success, winds and waves fighting with the Japanese. Mongolians were forbidden then to touch Japanese ground, but a century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonio Moto and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly; some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too,

with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure [Pg 540] birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favored the Christians, and invested Hide-yosi with high military rank. An usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hide-yosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas, a strong papa. Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-yosi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefore, and the great body of the Christians warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully, Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards rebelling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government; accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history, we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helplessness; completed the fettering of the princes, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death, under the name, of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan, and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned; the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

Let us now see how all the Japanese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch the actions of his five intermediate neighbors, and to keep a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands. The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honor great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace, and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the hara-kiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then, should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide against the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourages them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golownin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was foot-sore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape; which, if successful, would have entailed hara-kiri on his guards; they still [Pg 541] showed no abatement of good-nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.

FOOTNOTES:

[M] Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

Continued from page 409.

BOOK V. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER VII.

Leonard had been about six weeks with his uncle, and those weeks were well spent. Mr. Richard had taken him to his counting-house, and initiated him into business and the mysteries of double entry; and, in return for the young man's readiness and zeal in matters which the acute trader instinctively felt were not exactly to his tastes, Richard engaged the best master the town afforded to read with his nephew in the evening. This gentleman was the head-usher of a large school—who had his hours to himself after eight o'clock—and was pleased to vary the dull routine of enforced lessons by instructions to a pupil who took delightedly—even to the Latin grammar. Leonard made rapid strides, and learned more in those six weeks than many a cleverish boy does in twice as many months. These hours which Leonard devoted to study Richard usually spent from home—sometimes at the houses of his grand acquaintances in the Abbey Gardens, sometimes in the reading-room appropriated to those aristocrats. If he stayed at home, it was in company with his head clerk, and for the purpose of checking his account books, or looking over the names of doubtful electors.

Leonard had naturally wished to communicate his altered prospects to his old friends, that they in turn might rejoice his mother with such good tidings. But he had not been two days in the house before Richard had strictly forbidden all such correspondence.

"Look you," said he, "at present we are on an experiment—we must see if we like each other. Suppose we don't, you will only have raised expectations in your mother which must end in bitter disappointment; and suppose we do, it will be time enough to write when something definite is settled."

"But my mother will be so anxious—"

"Make your mind easy on that score. I will write regularly to Mr. Dale, and he can tell her that you are well and thriving. No more words, my man—when I say a thing, I say it." Then, observing that Leonard looked blank and dissatisfied, Richard added, with a good-humored smile, "I have my reasons for all this—you shall know them later. And I tell you what,—if you do as I bid you, it is my intention to settle something handsome on your mother; but if you don't, devil a penny she'll get from me."

With that Richard turned on his heel, and in a few moments his voice was heard loud in objurgation with some of his people.

About the fourth week of Leonard's residence at Mr. Avenel's, his host began to evince a certain change of manner. He was no longer quite so cordial with Leonard, nor did he take the same interest in his progress. About the same period he was frequently caught by the London butler before the looking-glass. He had always been a smart man in his dress, but he was now more particular. He would spoil three white cravats when he went out of an evening, before he could satisfy himself as to a tie. He also bought a Peerage, and it became his favorite study at odd quarters of an hour. All these symptoms proceeded from a cause, and that cause was—Woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

The first people at Screwstown were indisputably the Pompleys. Colonel Pompley was grand, but Mrs. Pompley was grander. The colonel was stately in right of his military rank and his services in India; Mrs. Pompley was majestic in right of her connections. Indeed, Colonel Pompley himself would have been crushed under the weight of the dignities which his lady heaped upon him, if he had not been enabled to prop his position with "a connection" of his own. He would never have held his own, nor been permitted to have an independent opinion on matters aristocratic, but for the well-sounding name of his relations, "the Digbies." Perhaps on the principle that obscurity increases the natural size of objects, and is an element of the sublime, the Colonel did not too

accurately define his relations "the Digbies;" he let it be casually understood that they were the Digbies to be found in Debrett. But if some indiscreet *Vulgarian* (a favorite word with both the Pompleys) asked point-blank if he meant "my Lord Digby," the Colonel, with a lofty air, answered —"The elder branch, sir." No one at Screwstown had ever seen these Digbies: they lay amidst the Far—the Recondite—even to the wife of Colonel Pompley's bosom. Now and then, when the Colonel referred to the lapse of years, and the uncertainty of human affections, he would say —"When young Digby and I were boys together," and then add with a sigh, "but we shall never meet again in this world. His family interest secured him a valuable appointment in a distant part of the British dominions." Mrs. Pompley was always rather cowed by the Digbies. She could not be skeptical as to this connection, for the Colonel's mother was certainly a Digby, and the Colonel impaled the Digby arms. *En revanche*, as the French say, for these marital connections, Mrs. Pompley had her own favorite affinity, which she specially selected from all others when she most desired to produce effect; nay, even upon ordinary occasions the name rose spontaneously to her lips—the name of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Was the fashion of a gown or cap admired, her [Pg 542] cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had just sent to her the pattern from Paris. Was it a question whether the Ministry would stand, Mrs. M'Catchley was in the secret, but Mrs. Pompley had been requested not to say. Did it freeze, "my cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had written word that the icebergs at the Pole were supposed to be coming this way." Did the sun glow with more than usual fervor, Mrs. M'Catchley had informed her "that it was Sir Henry Halford's decided opinion that it was on account of the cholera." The good people knew all that was doing at London, at court, in this world—nay, almost in the other—through the medium of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Mrs. M'Catchley was, moreover, the most elegant of women, the wittiest creature, the dearest. King George the Fourth had presumed to admire Mrs. M'Catchley, but Mrs. M'Catchley, though no prude, let him see that she was proof against the corruptions of a throne. So long had the ears of Mrs. Pompley's friends been filled with the renown of Mrs. M'Catchley, that at last Mrs. M'Catchley was secretly supposed to be a myth, a creature of the elements, a poetic fiction of Mrs. Pompley's. Richard Avenel, however, though by no means a credulous man, was an implicit believer in Mrs. M'Catchley. He had learned that she was a widow—an honorable by birth, an honorable by marriage—living on her handsome jointure, and refusing offers every day that she so lived. Somehow or other, whenever Richard Avenel thought of a wife, he thought of the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Perhaps that romantic attachment to the fair invisible preserved him heart-whole amongst the temptations of Screwstown. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the Abbey Gardens, Mrs. M'Catchley proved her identity, and arrived at Colonel Pompley's in a handsome travelling-carriage, attended by her maid and footman. She had come to stay some weeks—a tea-party was given in her honor. Mr. Avenel and his nephew were invited, Colonel Pompley, who kept his head clear in the midst of the greatest excitement, had a desire to get from the corporation a lease of a piece of ground adjoining his garden, and he no sooner saw Richard Avenel enter, than he caught him by the button, and drew him into a quiet corner in order to secure his interest. Leonard, meanwhile, was borne on by the stream, till his progress was arrested by a sofa table at which sate Mrs. M'Catchley herself, with Mrs. Pompley by her side. For on this great occasion the hostess had abandoned her proper post at the entrance, and, whether to show her respect to Mrs. M'Catchley, or to show Mrs. M'Catchley her well-bred contempt for the people of Screwstown, remained in state by her friend, honoring only the *élite* of the town with introductions to the illustrious visitor.

Mrs. M'Catchley was a very fine woman—a woman who justified Mrs. Pompley's pride in her. Her cheekbones were rather high, it is true, but that proved the purity of her Caledonian descent; for the rest, she had a brilliant complexion, heightened by a *soupçon* of rouge—good-eyes and teeth, a showy figure, and all the ladies of Screwstown pronounced her dress to be perfect. She might have arrived at that age at which one intends to stop for the next ten years, but even a Frenchman would not have called her *passée*—that is, for a widow. For a spinster, it would have been different.

Looking round her with a glass, which Mrs. Pompley was in the habit of declaring that "Mrs. M'Catchley used like an angel," this lady suddenly perceived Leonard Avenel; and his quiet, simple, thoughtful air and looks so contrasted with the stiff beaux, to whom she had been presented, that experienced in fashion as so fine a personage must be supposed to be, she was nevertheless deceived into whispering to Mrs. Pompley—

"That young man has really an *air distingué*—who is he?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Pompley, in unaffected surprise, "that is the nephew of the rich Vulgarian I was telling you of this morning."

"Ah! and you say that he is Mr. Arundel's heir?"

"Avenel—not Arundel—my sweet friend."

"Avenel is not a bad name," said Mrs. M'Catchley. "But is the uncle really so rich?"

"The Colonel was trying this very day to guess what he is worth; but he says it is impossible to guess it."

"And the young man is his heir."

"It is thought so: and reading for college, I hear. They say he is clever."

"Present him, my love: I like clever people," said Mrs. M'Catchley, falling back languidly.

About ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel, having effected his escape from the Colonel, and his gaze being attracted towards the sofa table by the buzz of the admiring crowd, beheld his nephew in animated conversation with the long-cherished idol of his dreams. A fierce pang of jealousy shot through his breast. His nephew never looked so handsome and so intelligent; in fact, poor Leonard had never before been drawn out by a woman of the world, who had learned how to make the most of what little she knew. And, as jealousy operates like a pair of bellows on incipient flames, so, at first sight of the smile which the fair widow bestowed upon Leonard, the heart of Mr. Avenel felt in a blaze.

He approached with a step less assured than usual, and, overhearing Leonard's talk, marvelled much at the boy's audacity. Mrs. M'Catchley had been speaking of Scotland and the Waverly Novels, about which Leonard knew nothing. But he knew Burns, and on Burns he grew artlessly eloquent. Burns the poet and peasant; Leonard might well be eloquent on *him*. Mrs. M'Catchley was amused and pleased with his freshness and *naïveté*, so unlike any thing she had ever heard [Pg 543] or seen, and she drew him on and on, till Leonard fell to quoting: And Richard heard, with less respect for the sentiment than might be supposed, that

> "Rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel. "Pretty piece of politeness to tell that to a lady like the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. You'll excuse him, ma'am."

"Sir!" said Mrs. M'Catchley, startled, and lifting her glass. Leonard, rather confused, rose, and offered his chair to Richard, who dropped into it. The lady, without waiting for formal introduction, guessed that she saw the rich uncle.

"Such a sweet poet—Burns!" said she, dropping her glass. "And it is so refreshing to find so much youthful enthusiasm," she added, pointing her fan towards Leonard, who was receding fast among the crowd.

"Well, he is youthful, my nephew—rather green!"

"Don't say green!" said Mrs. M'Catchley. Richard blushed scarlet. He was afraid he had committed himself to some expression low and shocking. The lady resumed, "Say unsophisticated."

"A tarnation long word," thought Richard; but he prudently bowed, and held his tongue.

"Young men nowadays," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, resettling herself on the sofa, "affect to be so old. They don't dance, and they don't read, and they don't talk much; and a great many of them wear *toupets* before they are two-and-twenty!"

Richard mechanically passed his hand through his thick curls. But he was still mute; he was still ruefully chewing the cud of the epithet *green*. What occult horrid meaning did the word convey to ears polite? Why should he not say "green?"

"A very fine young man your nephew, sir," resumed Mrs. M'Catchley.

Richard grunted.

"And seems full of talent Not yet at the University? Will he go to Oxford or Cambridge!"

"I have not made up my mind yet, if I shall send him to the University at all."

"A young man of his expectations!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Catchley, artfully.

"Expectations!" repeated Richard, firing up. "Has the boy been talking to you of his expectations?"

"No, indeed, sir. But the nephew of the rich Mr. Avenel. Ah, one hears a great deal, you know, of rich people; it is the penalty of wealth, Mr. Avenel!"

Richard was very much flattered. His crest rose.

"And they say," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, dropping out her words very slowly, as she adjusted her blonde scarf, "that Mr. Avenel has resolved not to marry."

"The devil they do, ma'am!" bolted out Richard, gruffly; and then, ashamed of his *lapsus linguæ*, screwed up his lips firmly, and glared on the company with an eye of indignant fire.

Mrs. M'Catchley observed him over her fan. Richard turned abruptly, and she withdrew her eyes modestly, and raised the fan.

"She's a real beauty," said Richard, between his teeth.

The fan fluttered.

Five minutes afterwards, the widow and the bachelor seemed so much at their ease that Mrs. Pompley—who had been forced to leave her friend, in order to receive the Dean's lady—could scarcely believe her eyes when she returned to the sofa.

Now, it was from that evening that Mr. Richard Avenel exhibited the change of mood which I

have described. And from that evening he abstained from taking Leonard with him to any of the parties in the Abbey Gardens.

CHAPTER IX.

Some days after this memorable *soirée*, Colonel Pompley sat alone in his drawing-room (which opened pleasantly on an old-fashioned garden) absorbed in the house bills. For Colonel Pompley did not leave that domestic care to his lady—perhaps she was too grand for it. Colonel Pompley with his own sonorous voice ordered the joints, and with his own heroic hand dispensed the stores. In justice to the Colonel, I must add—at whatever risk of offence to the fair sex—that there was not a house at Screwstown so well managed as the Pompleys'; none which so successfully achieved the difficult art of uniting economy with show. I should despair of conveying to you an idea of the extent to which Colonel Pompley made his income go. It was but seven hundred a-year; and many a family contrive to do less upon three thousand. To be sure, the Pompleys had no children to sponge upon them. What they had, they spent all on themselves. Neither, if the Pompleys never exceeded their income, did they pretend to live much within it. The two ends of the year met at Christmas—just met, and no more.

Colonel Pompley sat at his desk. He was in his well brushed blue coat—buttoned across his breast—his gray trowsers fitted tight to his limbs, and fastened under his boots with a link chain. He saved a great deal of money in straps. No one ever saw Colonel Pompley in dressing-gown and slippers. He and his house were alike in order—always fit to be seen—

> "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve."

The Colonel was a short compact man, inclined to be stout—with a very red face, that seemed not only shaved, but rasped. He wore his hair cropped close, except just in front, where it formed what the hairdresser called a feather; but it seemed a feather of iron, so stiff and so strong was it. Firmness and precision were emphatically marked on the Colonel's countenance. There was a [Pg 544] resolute strain on his features, as if he was always employed in making the two ends meet!

So he sat before his house-book, with his steel pen in his hand, and making crosses here and notes of interrogation there. "Mrs. M'Catchley's maid," said the Colonel to himself, "must be put upon rations. The tea that she drinks! Good Heavens!—tea again!"

There was a modest ring at the outer door. "Too early for a visitor!" thought the Colonel. "Perhaps it is the water rates."

The neat man-servant—never seen, beyond the offices, save in *grande tenue*, plushed and powdered—entered, and bowed.

"A gentleman, sir, wishes to see you."

"A gentleman," repeated the Colonel, glancing towards the clock. "Are you sure it is a gentleman?"

The man hesitated. "Why, sir, I ben't exactly sure; but he speaks like a gentleman. He do say he comes from London to see you, sir."

A long and interesting correspondence was then being held between the Colonel and one of his wife's trustees touching the investment of Mrs. Pompley's fortune. It might be the trustee—nay, it must be. The trustee had talked of running down to see him.

"Let him come in," said the Colonel; "and when I ring—sandwiches and sherry."

"Beef, sir?"

"Ham."

The Colonel put aside his house-book, and wiped his pen.

In another minute the door opened, and the servant announced

> "Mr. Digby."

The Colonel's face fell, and he staggered back.

The door closed, and Mr. Digby stood in the middle of the room, leaning on the great writing-table for support. The poor soldier looked sicklier and shabbier, and nearer the end of all things in life and fortune, than when Lord L'Estrange had thrust the pocket-book into his hands. But still the servant showed knowledge of the world in calling him gentleman; there was no other word to apply to him.

"Sir," began Colonel Pompley, recovering himself, and with great solemnity, "I did not expect this pleasure."

The poor visitor stared round him dizzily, and sank into a chair, breathing hard. The Colonel looked as a man only looks upon a poor relation, and buttoned up first one trowser-pocket and then the other.

"I thought you were in Canada," said the Colonel at last.

Mr. Digby had now got breath to speak, and he said meekly, "The climate would have killed my child, and it is two years since I returned."

"You ought to have found a very good place in England, to make it worth your while to leave Canada."

"She could not have lived through another winter in Canada—the doctor said so."

"Pooh," quoth the Colonel.

Mr. Digby drew a long breath. "I would not come to you, Colonel Pompley, while you could think that I came as a beggar for myself."

The Colonel's brow relaxed. "A very honorable sentiment, Mr. Digby."

"No: I have gone through a great deal; but you see, Colonel," added the poor relation, with a faint smile, "the campaign is wellnigh over, and peace is at hand."

The Colonel seemed touched.

"Don't talk so, Digby—I don't like it. You are younger than I am—nothing more disagreeable than these gloomy views of things. You have got enough to live upon, you say—at least so I understand you. I am very glad to hear it; and, indeed, I could not assist you, so many claims on me. So it is all very well, Digby."

"Oh, Colonel Pompley," cried the soldier, clasping his hands, and with feverish energy, "I am a suppliant, not for myself, but my child! I have but one—only one—a girl. She has been so good to me. She will cost you little. Take here when I die; promise her a shelter—a home. I ask no more. You are my nearest relative. I have no other to look to. You have no children of your own. She will be a blessing to you, as she has been all upon earth to me!"

If Colonel Pompley's face was red in ordinary hours, no epithet sufficiently rubicund or sanguineous can express its color at this appeal. "The man's mad," he said at last, with a tone of astonishment that almost concealed his wrath—"stark mad! I take his child!—lodge and board a great, positive, hungry child! Why, sir, many and many a time have I said to Mrs. Pompley, ''Tis a mercy we have no children. We could never live in this style if we had children—never make both ends meet.' Child—the most expensive, ravenous, ruinous thing in the world—a child!"

"She has been accustomed to starve," said Mr. Digby, plaintively. "Oh, Colonel, let me see your wife. *Her* heart I can touch—she is a woman."

Unlucky father! A more untoward, unseasonable request the Fates could not have put into his lips.

Mrs. Pompley see the Digbies! Mrs. Pompley learn the condition of the Colonel's grand connections! The Colonel would never have been his own man again. At the bare idea, he felt as if he could have sunk into the earth with shame. In his alarm he made a stride to the door, with the intention of locking it. Good heavens, if Mrs. Pompley should come in! And the man, too, had been announced by name. Mrs. Pompley might have learned already that a Digby was with her husband—she might be actually dressing to receive him worthily—there was not a moment to lose.

The Colonel exploded. "Sir, I wonder at your impudence. See Mrs. Pompley! Hush, sir, hush!— [Pg 545] hold your tongue. I have disowned your connection. I will not have my wife—a woman, sir, of the first family—disgraced by it. Yes; you need not fire up. John Pompley is not a man to be bullied in his own house. I say disgraced. Did not you run into debt, and spend your fortune? Did not you marry a low creature—a vulgarian—a tradesman's daughter?—and your poor father such a respectable man—a beneficed clergyman! Did not you sell your commission! Heaven knows what became of the money! Did not you turn (I shudder to say it) a common stage-player, sir? And then, when you were on your last legs, did I not give you £200 out of my own purse to go to Canada? And now here you are again—and ask me, with a coolness that—that takes away my breath—takes away—my breath, sir—to provide for the child you have thought proper to have;—a child whose connections on the mother's side are of the most abject and discreditable condition. Leave my house, leave it—good heavens, sir, not that way!—this." And the Colonel opened the glass door that led into the garden. "I will let you out this way. If Mrs. Pompley should see you!" And with that thought the Colonel absolutely hooked his arm into his poor relation's, and hurried him into the garden.

Mr. Digby said not a word, but he struggled ineffectually to escape from the Colonel's arm; and his color went and came, came and went, with a quickness that showed that in those shrunken veins there were still some drops of a soldier's blood.

But the Colonel had now reached a little postern-door in the garden wall. He opened the latch, and thrust out his poor cousin. Then looking down the lane, which was long, straight, and narrow, and seeing it was quite solitary, his eye fell upon the forlorn man, and remorse shot through his heart. For a moment the hardest of all kinds of avarice, that of the *genteel*, relaxed its gripe. For a moment the most intolerant of all forms of pride, that which is based upon false pretences, hushed its voice, and the Colonel hastily drew out his purse. "There," said he—"that is all I can do for you. Do leave the town as quick as you can, and don't mention your name to any one. Your father was such a respectable man—beneficed clergyman!"

"And paid for your commission, Mr. Pompley. My name!—I am not ashamed of it. But do not fear I shall claim your relationship. No; I am ashamed of *you*!"

The poor cousin put aside the purse, still stretched towards him, with a scornful hand, and walked firmly down the lane.

Colonel Pompley stood irresolute. At that moment a window in his house was thrown open. He heard the noise, turned round, and saw his wife looking out.

Colonel Pompley sneaked back through the shrubbery, hiding himself amongst the trees.

CHAPTER X.

"Ill-luck is a *bêtise*," said the great Cardinal Richelieu; and on the long run, I fear, his eminence was right. If you could drop Dick Avenel and Mr. Digby in the middle of Oxford-street—Dick in a fustian jacket, Digby in a suit of superfine—Dick with five shillings in his pocket, Digby with a thousand pounds—and if, at the end of ten years, you looked up your two men, Dick would be on his road to a fortune, Digby—what we have seen him! Yet Digby had no vice; he did not drink, nor gamble. What was he, then? Helpless. He had been an only son—a spoiled child—brought up as a "gentleman;" that is, as a man who was not expected to be able to turn his hand to any thing. He entered, as we have seen, a very expensive regiment, wherein he found himself, at his father's death, with £4000, and the incapacity to say "No." Not naturally extravagant, but without an idea of the value of money—the easiest, gentlest, best-tempered man whom example ever led astray. This part of his career comprised a very common history—the poor man living on equal terms with the rich. Debt; recourse to usurers; bills signed sometimes for others, renewed at twenty per cent.; the £4000 melted like snow; pathetic appeal to relations; relations have children of their own; small help given grudgingly, eked out by much advice, and coupled with conditions. Amongst the conditions there was a very proper and prudent one—exchange into a less expensive regiment. Exchange effected; peace; obscure country quarters; *ennui*, flute-playing, and idleness. Mr. Digby had no resources on a rainy day—except flute-playing; pretty girl of inferior rank; all the officers after her; Digby smitten; pretty girl very virtuous; Digby forms honorable intentions; excellent sentiments; imprudent marriage. Digby falls in life; colonel's lady will not associate with Mrs. Digby; Digby cut by his whole kith and kin; many disagreeable circumstances in regimental life; Digby sells out; love in a cottage; execution in ditto. Digby had been much applauded as an amateur actor; thinks of the stage; genteel comedy—a gentlemanlike profession. Tries in a provincial town, under another name; unhappily succeeds; life of an actor; hand-to-mouth life; illness; chest affected; Digby's voice becomes hoarse and feeble; not aware of it; attributes failing success to ignorant provincial public; appears in London; is hissed; returns to provinces; sinks into very small parts; prison; despair; wife dies; appeal again to relations; a subscription made to get rid of him; send him out of the country; place in Canada—superintendent to an estate, £150 a-year; pursued by ill-luck; never before fit for business, not fit now; honest as the day, but keeps slovenly accounts; child cannot bear the winter of Canada; Digby wrapped up in the child; return home; mysterious life for two years; child patient, thoughtful, loving; has learned to work; manages for father; often supports him; constitution rapidly breaking; thought of what will [Pg 546] become of this child—worst disease of all. Poor Digby!—Never did a base, cruel, unkind thing in his life; and here he is, walking down the lane from Colonel Pompley's house! Now, if Digby had but learned a little of the world's cunning, I think he would have succeeded even with Colonel Pompley. Had he spent the £100 received from Lord l'Estrange with a view to effect—had he bestowed a fitting wardrobe on himself and his pretty Helen; had he stopped at the last stage, taken thence a smart chaise and pair, and presented himself at Colonel Pompley's in a way that would not have discredited the Colonel's connection, and then, instead of praying for home and shelter, asked the Colonel to become guardian to his child in case of his death, I have a strong notion that the Colonel, in spite of his avarice, would have stretched both ends so as to take in Helen Digby. But our poor friend had no such arts. Indeed, of the £100 he had already very little left, for before leaving town he had committed what Sheridan considered the extreme of extravagance—frittered away his money in paying his debts; and as for dressing up Helen and himself—if that thought had ever occurred to him, he would have rejected it as foolish. He would have thought that the more he showed his poverty, the more he would be pitied—the worst mistake a poor cousin can commit. According to Theophrastus, the partridge of Paphlagonia has two hearts; so have most men: it is the common mistake of the unlucky to knock at the wrong one.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Digby entered the room of the inn in which he had left Helen. She was seated by the window, and looking out wistfully on the narrow street, perhaps at the children at play. There had never been a playtime for Helen Digby. She sprang forward as her father came in. His coming was her holiday.

"We must go back to London," said Mr. Digby, sinking helplessly on the chair. Then with his sort of sickly smile—for he was bland even to his child—"Will you kindly inquire when the first coach leaves?"

All the active cares of their careful life devolved upon that quiet child. She kissed her father, placed before him a cough mixture which he had brought from London, and went out silently to make the necessary inquiries, and prepare for the journey back.

At eight o'clock the father and child were seated in the night-coach, with one other passenger—a man muffled up to the chin. After the first mile, the man let down one of the windows. Though it was summer, the air was chill and raw. Digby shivered and coughed.

Helen placed her hand on the window, and, leaning towards the passenger, whispered softly.

"Eh!" said the passenger, "draw up the windows? You have got your own window; this is mine. Oxygen, young lady," he added solemnly, "oxygen is the breath of life. Cott, child!" he continued, with suppressed choler, and a Welsh pronunciation, "Cott! let us breathe and live."

Helen was frightened, and recoiled.

Her father, who had not heard, or had not heeded, this colloquy, retreated into the corner, put up the collar of his coat, and coughed again.

"It is cold, my dear," said he languidly to Helen.

The passenger caught the word, and replied indignantly, but as if soliloquizing—

"Cold—ugh! I do believe the English are the stuffiest people! Look at their four-post beds?—all the curtains drawn, shutters closed, board before the chimney—not a house with a ventilator! Cold—ugh!"

The window next Mr. Digby did not fit well into its frame.

"There is a sad draught," said the invalid.

Helen instantly occupied herself in stopping up the chinks of the window with her handkerchief. Mr. Digby glanced ruefully at the other window. The look, which was very eloquent, aroused yet more the traveller's spleen.

"Pleasant!" said he. "Cott! I suppose you will ask me to go outside next! But people who travel in a coach should know the law of a coach. I don't interfere with your window; you have no business to interfere with mine."

"Sir, I did not speak," said Mr. Digby meekly.

"But Miss here did."

"Ah, sir!" said Helen plaintively, "if you knew how papa suffers!" And her hand again moved towards the obnoxious window.

"No, my dear: the gentleman is in his right," said Mr. Digby; and, bowing with his wonted suavity, he added, "Excuse her, sir. She thinks a great deal too much of me."

The passenger said nothing, and Helen nestled closer to her father, and strove to screen him from the air.

The passenger moved uneasily. "Well," said he, with a sort of snort, "air is air, and right is right: but here goes"—and he hastily drew up the window.

Helen turned her face full towards the passenger with a grateful expression, visible even in the dim light.

"You are very kind, sir," said poor Mr. Digby; "I am ashamed to"—his cough choked the rest of the sentence.

The passenger, who was a plethoric, sanguineous man, felt as if he were stifling. But he took off his wrappers, and resigned the oxygen like a hero.

Presently he drew nearer to the sufferer, and laid hand on his wrist.

"You are feverish, I fear. I am a medical man. St!—one—two. Cott! you should not travel; you are not fit for it!" [Pg 547]

Mr. Digby shook his head; he was too feeble to reply.

The passenger thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out what seemed a cigar-case, but what, in fact, was a leathern repertory, containing a variety of minute phials. From one of these phials he extracted two tiny globules. "There," said he; "open your mouth—put those on the tip of your tongue. They will lower the pulse—check the fever. Be better presently—but should not travel—want rest—you should be in bed. Aconite!—Henbane!—hum! Your papa is of fair complexion—a timid character, I should say—a horror of work, perhaps. Eh, child?"

"Sir!" faltered Helen, astonished and alarmed—Was the man a conjuror?

"A case for *phosphor*!" cried the passenger; "that fool Browne would have said *arsenic*. Don't be persuaded to take arsenic."

"Arsenic, sir!" echoed the mild Digby. "No; however unfortunate a man may be, I think, sir, that suicide is—tempting, perhaps, but highly criminal."

"Suicide," said the passenger tranquilly—"suicide is my hobby! You have no symptom of that kind, you say?"

"Good heavens! No, sir."

"If ever you feel violently impelled to drown yourself, take *pulsatilla*. But if you feel a preference towards blowing out your brains, accompanied with weight in the limbs, loss of appetite, dry cough, and bad corns—*sulphuret of antimony*. Don't forget."

Though poor Mr. Digby confusedly thought that the gentleman was out of his mind, yet he tried politely to say "that he was much obliged, and would be sure to remember;" but his tongue failed him, and his own ideas grew perplexed. His head fell back heavily, and he sank into a silence which seemed that of sleep.

The traveller looked hard at Helen, as she gently drew her father's head on her shoulder, and there pillowed it with a tenderness which was more that of mother than child.

"Moral affections—soft—compassionate!—a good child and would go well with—*pulsatilla*."

Helen held up her finger, and glanced from her father to the traveller, and then to her father again.

"Certainly—*pulsatilla*!" muttered the homœopathist: and, esconcing himself in his own corner, he also sought to sleep. But, after vain efforts, accompanied by restless gestures and movements, he suddenly started up, and again extracted his phial-book.

"What the deuce are they to me!" he muttered; "morbid sensibility of character—*coffee*? No!—accompanied by vivacity and violence—*Nux*!" He brought his book to the window, contrived to read the label on a pigmy bottle. "*Nux!* that's it," he said—and he swallowed a globule!

"Now," quoth he, after a pause, "I don't care a straw for the misfortunes of other people—nay, I have half a mind to let down the window."

Helen looked up.

"But I won't," he added resolutely; and this time he fell fairly asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The coach stopped at eleven o'clock, to allow the passengers to sup. The homœopathist woke up, got out, gave himself a shake, and inhaled the fresh air into his vigorous lungs with an evident sensation of delight. He then turned and looked into the coach.

"Let your father get out, my dear," said he, with a tone more gentle than usual. "I should like to see him in-doors—perhaps I can do him good."

But what was Helen's terror when she found that her father did not stir. He was in a deep swoon, and still quite insensible when they lifted him from the carriage. When he recovered his senses, his cough returned, and the effort brought up blood.

It was impossible for him to proceed farther. The homœopathist assisted to undress and put him into bed. And having administered another of his mysterious globules, he inquired of the landlady how far it was to the nearest doctor—for the inn stood by itself in a small hamlet. There was the parish apothecary three miles off. But on hearing that the gentlefolks employed Dr. Dosewell, and it was a good seven miles to his house, the homœopathist fetched a deep breath. The coach only stopped a quarter of an hour.

"Cott!" said he angrily to himself—"the *nux* was a failure. My sensibility is chronic. I must go through a long course to get rid of it. Hallo, guard! get out my carpet-bag. I shan't go on to-night."

And the good man, after a very slight supper, went up stairs again to the sufferer.

"Shall I send for Dr. Dosewell, sir?" asked the landlady, stopping him at the door.

"Hum! At what hour to-morrow does the next coach to London pass?"

"Not before eight, sir."

"Well, send for the doctor to be here at seven. That leaves us at least some hours free from allopathy and murder," grunted the disciple of Hahnemann, as he entered the room.

Whether it was the globule that the homœopathist had administered, or the effect of nature, aided by repose, that checked the effusion of blood, and restored some temporary strength to the poor sufferer, is more than it becomes one not of the Faculty to opine. But certainly Mr. Digby seemed better, and he gradually fell into a profound sleep, but not till the doctor had put his ear to his chest, tapped it with his hand, and asked several questions; after which the homœopathist retired into a corner of the room, and, leaning his face on his hand, seemed to meditate. From his thoughts he was disturbed by a gentle touch. Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Is he very ill—very?" said she; and her fond wistful eyes were fixed on the physician's with all the earnestness of despair. [Pg 548]

"Your father *is* very ill," replied the doctor after a short pause. "He cannot move hence for some days at least. I am going to London—shall I call on your relations, and tell some of them to join

you?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered Helen, coloring. "But do not fear; I can nurse papa. I think he has been worse before—that is, he has complained more."

The homœopathist rose and took two strides across the room, then he paused by the bed, and listened to the breathing of the sleeping man.

He stole back to the child, who was still kneeling, took her in his arms and kissed her. "Tamm it," said he angrily, and putting her down, "go to bed now—you are not wanted any more."

"Please, sir," said Helen, "I cannot leave him so. If he wakes he would miss me."

The doctor's hand trembled; he had recourse to his globules. "Anxiety, grief suppressed," muttered he. "Don't you want to cry, my dear? Cry—do!"

"I can't," murmured Helen.

"*Pulsatilla!*" said the doctor, almost with triumph. "I said so from the first. Open your mouth—here! Good night. My room is opposite—No. 6; call me if he wakes."

CHAPTER XIII.

At seven o'clock Dr. Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homœopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homœopathist; "I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr. Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homœopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bedside and put his questions, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her color rose, and her eye sparkled when he got up cheerfully, and said in a pleasant voice. "You may have a little tea."

"Tea!" growled the homœopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."

The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr. Dosewell, smiling pleasantly, and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr. Morgan, drily.

Dr. Dosewell, (courteously).—"We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture, perhaps, the experiment of bleeding."

Dr. Morgan, (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement). "Pleed! Cott in heaven! do you think I am a butcher—an executioner? Pleed! Never."

Dr. Dosewell.—"I don't find it answer, myself, when both lungs are gone! But perhaps you are for inhaling."

Dr. Morgan.—"Fiddledee!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with some displeasure).—"What would you advise, then, in order to prolong our patient's life for a month?"

Dr. Morgan.—"Stop the hæmoptysis—give him *rhus*!"

Dr. Dosewell.—"Rhus, sir! *Rhus!* I don't know that medicine. *Rhus!*"

Dr. Morgan.—"*Rhus toxicodendron.*"

The length of the last word excited Dr. Dosewell's respect. A word of five syllables—this was something like! He bowed deferentially, but still looked puzzled. At last he said, smiling frankly, "You great London practitioners have so many new medicines; may I ask what Rhus toxico—toxico—

"Dendron."

"Is?"

"The juice of the Upas—vulgarly called the Poison-Tree."

Dr. Dosewell started.

"Upas—poison-tree—little birds that come under the shade fall down dead! You give upas juice in hæmoptysis—what's the dose?"

Dr. Morgan grinned maliciously, and produced a globule the size of a small pin's head.

Dr. Dosewell recoiled in disgust.

"Oh!" said he very coldly, and assuming at once an air of superb superiority, "I see—a homœopathist, sir!"

"A homœopathist!"

"Um!"

"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr. Morgan," said Dr. Dosewell, recovering his cheerful smile, but with a curl of contempt in it, "and would soon do for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The druggists soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with dignity.)—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr. Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added, with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma, and am but Doctor by courtesy."

Dr. Morgan.—"All one, sir! Doctor signs the death-warrant—'pothecary does the deed!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with a withering sneer.)—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas-tree."

Dr. Morgan, (complacently.)—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us. That's just the difference between you and me, Dr. Dosewell!" [Pg 549]

Dr. Dosewell, (pointing to the homœopathist's travelling pharmacopœia, and with affected candor.)—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good, you can do no harm, with your infinitesimals."

Dr. Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning, fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you, if I chose it; but I don't choose."

Dr. Dosewell, (shrugging up his shoulders.)—"Sir! 'tis no use arguing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—is a complete—"

Dr. Morgan.—"A complete what?"

Dr. Dosewell, (provoked to the utmost.)—"Humbug!"

Dr. Morgan.—"Humbug! Cott in heaven! You old—"

Dr. Dosewell.—"Old what, sir?"

Dr. Morgan, (at home in a series of alliteral vowels, which none but a Cymbrian could have uttered without gasping.)—"Old allopathical anthropophagite!"

Dr. Dosewell, (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sate, and bringing it down violently on its four legs)—"Sir!"

Dr. Morgan, (imitating the action with his own chair.)—"Sir!"

Dr. Dosewell.—"You're abusive."

Dr. Morgan.—"You're impertinent."

Dr. Dosewell.—"Sir!"

Dr. Morgan.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other.

They were both athletic men, and fiery men. Dr. Dosewell was the taller, but Dr. Morgan was the stouter. Dr. Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr. Morgan on both sides was Welsh. All things considered, I would have backed Dr. Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honor of science, here the chambermaid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr. Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr. Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot—I apologize."

"Dr. Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgot myself. Your hand, sir."

Dr. Morgan.—"We are both devoted to humanity, though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

Dr. Dosewell.—"Where look for liberality, if men of science are illiberal to their brethren?"

Dr. Morgan, (aside.)—"The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

Dr. Dosewell, (aside.)—"The wretched charlatan! I should like to pound him in a mortar."

Dr. Morgan.—"Good-bye, my esteemed and worthy brother."

Dr. Dosewell.—"My excellent friend, good-bye."

Dr. Morgan, (returning in haste.)—"I forgot. I don't think our poor patient is very rich. I confide him to your disinterested benevolence."—(Hurries away.)

Dr. Dosewell, (in a rage.)—"Seven miles at six o'clock in the morning, and perhaps done out of my fee! Quack! Villain!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Morgan had returned to the sick-room.

"I must wish you farewell," said he to poor Mr. Digby, who was languidly sipping his tea, "But you are in the hands of a—of a—gentleman in the profession."

"You have been too kind—I am shocked," said Mr. Digby. "Helen, where's my purse?"

Dr. Morgan paused.

He paused, first, because it must be owned that his practice was restricted, and a fee gratified the vanity natural to unappreciated talent, and had the charm of novelty which is sweet to human nature itself. Secondly, he was a man

"Who knew his rights, and, knowing, dared maintain."

He had resigned a coach fare—slaved a night—and thought he had relieved his patient. He had a right to his fee.

On the other hand he paused, because, though he had small practice, he was tolerably well off, and did not care for money itself, and he suspected his patient to be no Cresus.

Meanwhile, the purse was in Helen's hand. He took it from her, and saw but a few sovereigns within the well-worn network. He drew the child a little aside.

"Answer me, my dear, frankly—is your papa rich?" And he glanced at the shabby clothes strewed on the chair, and Helen's faded frock.

"Alas, no!" said Helen, hanging her head.

"Is that all you have?"

"All."

"I am ashamed to offer you two guineas," said Mr. Digby's hollow voice from the bed.

"And I should be still more ashamed to take them. Good-bye, sir. Come here, my child. Keep your money, and don't waste it on the other doctor more than you can help. His medicines can do your father no good. But I suppose you must have some. He's no physician, therefore there's no fee. He'll send a bill—it can't be much. You understand. And now, God bless you."

Dr. Morgan was off. But as he paid the landlady his bill, he said considerately, "The poor people up stairs can pay you, but not that doctor—and he's of no use. Be kind to the little girl, and get the doctor to tell his patient (quietly, of course) to write to his friends—soon—you understand. Somebody must take charge of the poor child. And stop—hold your hand; take care—these globules for the little girl when her father dies—(here the Doctor muttered to himself, 'grief; —*aconite*')—and if she cries too much afterwards—these (don't mistake.) Tears:—*caustic*!"

"Come, sir," cried the coachman.

"Coming;—tears—*caustic*," repeated the homœopathist, pulling out his handkerchief and his phial-book together as he got into the coach; and he hastily swallowed his anti-lachrymal. [Pg 550]

CHAPTER XIV.

Richard Avenal was in a state of great nervous excitement. He proposed to give an entertainment of a kind wholly new to the experience of Screwstown. Mrs. M'Catchley had described with much eloquence the *Déjeûnés dansants* of her fashionable friends residing in the elegant suburbs of Wimbledon and Fulham. She declared that nothing was so agreeable. She had even said point-blank to Mr. Avenel, "Why don't you give a *Déjeûné dansant*?" And, therewith, a *Déjeûné dansant* Mr. Avenel resolved to give.

The day was fixed, and Mr. Avenel entered into all the requisite preparations with the energy of a man and the providence of a woman.

One morning as he stood musing on the lawn, irresolute as to the best site for the tents, Leonard came up to him with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, softly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel, with a start. "Ha—well—what now?"

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Dale. He tells me that my poor mother is very restless and uneasy, because he cannot assure her that he has heard from me; and his letter requires an answer. Indeed, I shall seem very ungrateful to him—to all—if I do not write."

Richard Avenel's brows met. He uttered an impatient "pish!" and turned away. Then coming back, he fixed his clear hawk-like eye on Leonard's ingenuous countenance, linked his arm in his nephew's, and drew him into the shrubbery.

"Well, Leonard," said he, after a pause, "it is time that I should give you some idea of my plans with regard to you. You have seen my manner of living—some difference from what you ever saw before, I calculate. Now I have given you, what no one gave me, a lift in the world; and where I place you, there you must help yourself."

"Such is my duty and my desire," said Leonard, heartily.

"Good. You are a clever lad, and a genteel lad, and will do me credit. I have had doubts of what is best for you. At one time I thought of sending you to college. That, I know, is Mr. Dale's wish; perhaps it is your own. But I have given up that idea; I have something better for you. You have a clear head for business, and are a capital arithmetician. I think of bringing you up to superintend my business: by-and-by I will admit you into partnership; and before you are thirty you will be a rich man. Come, does that suit you?"

"My dear uncle," said Leonard frankly, but much touched by this generosity, "it is not for me to have a choice. I should have preferred going to college, because there I might gain independence for myself, and cease to be a burden on you. Moreover, my heart moves me to studies more congenial with the college than the counting-house. But all this is nothing compared with my wish to be of use to you, and to prove in any way, however feebly, my gratitude for all your kindness."

"You're a good, grateful, sensible lad," exclaimed Richard heartily; "and believe me, though I'm a rough diamond, I have your true interest at heart. You *can* be of use to me, and in being so you will best serve yourself. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of changing my condition. There's a lady of fashion and quality who, I think, may condescend to become Mrs. Avenel; and if so, I shall probably reside a great part of the year in London. I don't want to give up my business. No other investment will yield the same interest. But you can soon learn to superintend it for me, as some day or other I may retire, and then you can step in. Once a member of our great commercial class, and with your talents, you may be any thing—member of parliament, and after that, minister of state, for what I know. And my wife—hem!—that is to be—has great connections, and you shall marry well; and—oh, the Avenels will hold their heads with the highest, after all! Damn the aristocracy—we clever fellows will be the aristocrats—eh!" Richard rubbed his hands.

Certainly, as we have seen, Leonard, especially in his earlier steps to knowledge, had repined at his position in the many degrees of life—certainly he was still ambitious—certainly he could not now have returned contentedly to the humble occupation he had left; and woe to the young man who does not hear with a quickened pulse, and brightening eye, words that promise independence, and flatter with a hope of distinction. Still, it was with all the reaction of chill and mournful disappointment that Leonard, a few hours after this dialogue with his uncle, found himself alone in the fields, and pondering over the prospects before him. He had set his heart upon completing his intellectual education, upon developing those powers within him which yearned for an arena of literature, and revolted from the routine of trade. But to his credit be it said that he vigorously resisted this natural disappointment, and by degrees schooled himself to look cheerfully on the path imposed on his duty, and sanctioned by the manly sense that was at the core of his character.

I believe that this self-conquest showed that the boy had true genius. The false genius would have written sonnets and despaired.

But still Richard Avenel left his nephew sadly perplexed as to the knotty question from which their talk on the future had diverged—viz. should he write to the parson; and assure the fears of his mother? How do so without Richard's consent, when Richard had on a former occasion so imperiously declared that, if he did, it would lose his mother all that Richard intended to settle on her. While he was debating this matter with his conscience, leaning against a stile that [Pg 551] interrupted a path to the town, Leonard Fairfield was startled by an exclamation. He looked up, and beheld Mr. Sprott the tinker.

CHAPTER XV.

The tinker, blacker and grimmer than ever, stared hard at the altered person of his old acquaintance, and extended his sable fingers, as if inclined to convince himself by the sense of touch, that it was Leonard in the flesh that he beheld, under vestments so marvellously elegant and preternaturally spruce.

Leonard shrank mechanically from the contact, while in great surprise he faltered—

"You here, Mr. Sprott! What could bring you so far from home?"

"'Ome!" echoed the tinker, "I 'as no 'ome! or raythe*r*, d'ye see, Muster Fairfilt, I makes myself at 'ome verever I goes! Lor' love ye I ben't settled in no parridge. I vanders here and vanders there, and that's my 'ome verever I can mend my kettles, and sell my tracks!"

So saying, the tinker slid his panniers on the ground, gave a grunt of release and satisfaction, and seated himself with great composure on the stile, from which Leonard had retreated.

"But, dash my vig," resumed Mr. Sprott, as he once more surveyed Leonard, "vy, you bees a rale gentleman now, sure*ly*. Vot's the dodge—eh?"

"Dodge!" repeated Leonard mechanically—"I don't understand you." Then, thinking that it was neither necessary nor expedient to keep up his acquaintance with Mr. Sprott, nor prudent to expose himself to the battery of questions which he foresaw that further parley would bring upon him, he extended a crown-piece to the tinker; and saying with a half smile, "You must excuse me for leaving you—I have business in the town; and do me the favor to accept this trifle," he walked briskly off.

The tinker looked long at the crown-piece, and sliding it into his pocket, said to himself—

"Ho—'ush-money! No go, my swell cove."

After venting that brief soliloquy he sat silent a little while, till Leonard was nearly out of sight, then rose, resumed his fardle, and creeping quick along the hedgerows, followed Leonard towards the town. Just in the last field, as he looked over the hedge, he saw Leonard accosted by a gentleman of comely mien and important swagger. That gentleman soon left the young man, and came, whistling loud, up the path, and straight towards the tinker. Mr. Sprott looked round, but the hedge was too neat to allow of a hiding-place, so he put a bold front on, and stepped forth like a man. But, alas for him! before he got into the public path, the proprietor of the land, Mr. Richard Avenel, (for the gentleman was no less a personage) had spied out the trespasser, and called to him with a "Hillo, fellow," that spoke all the dignity of a man who owns acres, and all the wrath of a man who beholds those acres impudently invaded.

The tinker stopped, and Mr. Avenel stalked up to him. "What the devil are you doing on my property, lurking by my hedge? I suspect you are an incendiary!"

"I be a tinker," quoth Mr. Sprott, not louting low, (for a sturdy republican was Mr. Sprott,) but like a lord of humankind,

> "Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

Mr. Avenel's fingers itched to knock the tinker's villanous hat off his Jacobinical head, but he repressed the undignified impulse by thrusting both hands deep into his trowsers' pockets.

"A tinker?" he cried—"that's a vagrant; and I'm a magistrate, and I've a great mind to send you to the treadmill—that I have. What do you do here, I say? You have not answered my question?"

"What does I do 'ere?" said Mr. Sprott. "Vy, you had better ax my crakter of the young gent I saw you talking with just now; he knows me!"

"What! my nephew know you?"

"W—hew," whistled the tinker, "your nephew is it, sir? I have a great respek for your family. I have known Mrs. Fairfilt, the vasherwoman, this many a year. I 'umbly ax your pardon." And he took off his hat this time.

Mr. Avenel turned red and white in a breath. He growled out something inaudible, turned on his heel, and strode off. The tinker watched him as he had watched Leonard, and then dogged the uncle as he had dogged the nephew. I don't presume to say that there was cause and effect in what happened that night, but it was what is called "a curious coincidence" that that night one of Richard Avenel's ricks was set on fire; and that that day he called Mr. Sprott an incendiary. Mr. Sprott was a man of very high spirit and did not forgive an insult easily. His nature was inflammatory, and so was that of the lucifers which he always carried about him, with his tracts and glue-pots. The next morning there was an inquiry made for the tinker, but he had disappeared from the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fortunate thing that the *déjeûné dansant* so absorbed Mr. Richard Avenel's thoughts, that even the conflagration of his rick could not scare away the graceful and poetic images connected with that pastoral festivity. He was even loose and careless in the questions he put to Leonard about the tinker; nor did he set justice in pursuit of that itinerant trader; for, to say truth, Richard Avenel was a man accustomed to make enemies amongst the lower orders; and though he suspected Mr. Sprott of destroying his rick, yet, when he once set about suspecting, he found that he had quite as good cause to suspect fifty other persons. How on earth could a man puzzle himself about ricks and tinkers, when all his cares and energies were devoted to a *déjeûné dansant*? It was a maxim of Richard Avenel's, as it ought to be of every clever man, "to do one thing at a time;" and therefore he postponed all other considerations till the *déjeûné dansant* was fairly done with. Amongst these considerations was the letter which Leonard wished to write to the parson. "Wait a bit, and we will *both* write!" said Richard good-humoredly, "the moment the [Pg 552]

déjeûné dansant is over!"

It must be owned that this fête was no ordinary provincial ceremonial. Richard Avenel was a man to do a thing well when he set about it—

"He soused the cabbage with a bounteous heart."

By little and little his first notions had expanded, till what had been meant to be only neat and elegant now embraced the costly and magnificent. Artificers accustomed to *déjeûné dansants* came all the way from London to assist, to direct, to create. Hungarian singers, and Tyrolese singers, and Swiss peasant-women who were to chant the *Ranz des Vaches*, and milk cows or make syllabubs, were engaged. The great marquee was decorated as a Gothic banquet hall; the breakfast itself was to consist of "all the delicacies of the season." In short, as Richard Avenel said to himself, "It is a thing once in a way; a thing on which I don't object to spend money, provided that the thing *is*—the thing!"

It had been a matter of grave meditation how to make the society worthy of the revel; for Richard Avenel was not contented with the mere aristocracy of the town—his ambition had grown with his expenses. "Since it will cost so much," said he, "I may as well come it strong, and get in the county."

True, that he was personally acquainted with very few of what are called county families. But still, when a man makes himself of mark in a large town, and can return one of the members whom that town sends to parliament; and when, moreover, that man proposes to give some superb and original entertainment, in which the old can eat and the young can dance, there is no county in the island that has not families enow who will be delighted by an invitation from THAT MAN. And so Richard, finding that, as the thing got talked of, the Dean's lady, and Mrs. Pompley, and various other great personages, took the liberty to suggest that Squire this, and Sir Somebody that, would be *so* pleased if they were asked, fairly took the bull by the horns, and sent out his cards to the Park, Hall, and Rectory, within a circumference of twelve miles. He met with but few refusals, and he now counted upon five hundred guests.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said Mr. Richard Avenel. "I wonder what Mrs. M'Catchley *will* say?" Indeed, if the whole truth must be known, Mr. Richard Avenel not only gave that *déjeûné dansant* in honor of Mrs. M'Catchley, but he had fixed in his heart of hearts upon that occasion, (when surrounded by all his splendor, and assisted by the seductive arts of Terpsichore and Bacchus,) to whisper to Mrs. M'Catchley those soft words which—but why not here let Mr. Richard Avenel use his own idiomatic and unsophisticated expression? "Please the pigs, then," said Mr. Avenel to himself, "I shall pop the question."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Great Day arrived at last; and Mr. Richard Avenel, from his dressing-room window, looked on the scene below as Hannibal or Napoleon looked from the Alps on Italy. It was a scene to gratify the thought of conquest, and reward the labors of ambition. Placed on a little eminence stood the singers from the mountains of the Tyrol, their high-crowned hats and filagree buttons and gay sashes gleaming in the sun. Just seen from his place of watch, though concealed from the casual eye, the Hungarian musicians lay in ambush amidst a little belt of laurels and American shrubs. Far to the right lay what had once been called (*horresco referens*) the duckpond, where—*Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves*. But the ruthless ingenuity of the head artificer had converted the duckpond into a Swiss lake, despite grievous wrong and sorrow to the *assuetum innocuumque genus*—the familiar and harmless habitants, who had been all expatriated and banished from their native waves. Large poles twisted with fir branches, stuck thickly around the lake, gave to the waters the becoming Helvetian gloom. And here, beside three cows all bedecked with ribbons, stood the Swiss maidens destined to startle the shades with the *Ranz des Vaches*. To the left, full upon the sward, which it almost entirely covered, stretched the great Gothic marquee, divided into two grand sections—one for the *dancing*, one for the *déjeûné*.

The day was propitious—not a cloud in the sky. The musicians were already tuning their instruments; figures of waiters—hired of Gunter—trim and decorous, in black trowsers and white waistcoats, passed to and fro the space between the house and the marquee. Richard looked and looked; and as he looked he drew mechanically his razor across the strop; and when he had looked his fill, he turned reluctantly to the glass and shaved! All that blessed morning he had been too busy, till then, to think of shaving.

There is a vast deal of character in the way that a man performs that operation of shaving! You should have seen Richard Avenel shave! You could have judged at once how he would shave his neighbors, when you saw the celerity, the completeness with which he shaved himself—a forestroke and a backstroke, and *tondenti barba cadebat*! Cheek and chin were as smooth as glass. You would have buttoned up your pockets instinctively if you had seen him. But the rest of Mr. Avenel's toilet was not completed with correspondent dispatch. On his bed, and on his chairs, and on his sofa, and on his drawers, lay trowsers and vests, and cravats, enough to distract the choice of a Stoic. And first one pair of trowsers was tried on, and then another—and one [Pg 553] waistcoat, and then a second, and then a third. Gradually that *chef d'œuvre* of civilization—a *man dressed*—grew into development and form; and, finally. Mr. Richard Avenel emerged into the light of day. He had been lucky in his costume—he felt it. It might not suit every one in color or cut, but it suited him. And this was his garb. On such occasions, what epic poet would not

describe the robe and tunic of a hero?

His surtout—in modern phrase, his frock-coat—was blue, a rich blue, a blue that the royal brothers of George the Fourth were wont to favor. And the surtout, single-breasted, was thrown open gallantly; and in the second button-hole thereof was a moss rose. The vest was white, and the trowsers a pearl-gray, with what tailors style "a handsome fall over the boot." A blue and white silk cravat, tied loose and debonair; an ample field of shirt front, with plain gold studs; a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, and a white hat, placed somewhat too knowingly on one side, complete the description, and "give the world assurance of the man." And, with his light, firm, well-shaped figure, his clear complexion, his keen bright eye, and features that bespoke the courage, precision, and alertness of his character—that is to say, features bold, not large, well-defined and regular—you might walk long through town or country before you would see a handsomer specimen of humanity than our friend Richard Avenel.

Handsome, and feeling that he was handsome; rich, and feeling that he was rich; lord of the fête, and feeling that he was lord of the fête, Richard Avenel stepped out upon his lawn.

And now the dust began to rise along the road, and carriages, and gigs, and chaises, and flies, might be seen at near intervals and in quick procession. People came pretty much about the same time—as they do in the country—heaven reward them for it!

Richard Avenel was not quite at his ease at first in receiving his guests, especially those whom he did not know by sight. But when the dancing began, and he had secured the fair hand of Mrs. M'Catchley for the initiatory quadrille, his courage and presence of mind returned to him; and, seeing that many people whom he had not received at all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, he gave up the attempt to receive those who came after,—and that was a great relief to all parties.

Meanwhile Leonard looked on the animated scene with a silent melancholy, which he in vain endeavored to shake off—a melancholy more common amongst very young men in such scenes than we are apt to suppose. Somehow or other the pleasure was not congenial to him; he had no Mrs. M'Catchley to endear it—he knew very few people—he was shy—he felt his position with his uncle was equivocal—he had not the habit of society—he heard incidentally many an ill-natured remark upon his uncle and the entertainment—he felt indignant and mortified. He had been a great deal happier eating his radishes, and reading his book, by the little fountain in Riccabocca's garden. He retired to a quiet part of the grounds, seated himself under a tree, leant his cheek on his hand, and mused. He was soon far away;—happy age, when, whatever the present, the future seems so fair and so infinite!

But now the *déjeûné* had succeeded the earlier dances; and, as champagne flowed royally, it is astonishing how the entertainment brightened.

The sun was beginning to slope towards the west, when, during a temporary cessation of the dance, all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. The gay dresses of the ladies, the joyous laughter heard every where, and the brilliant sun light over all, conveyed even to Leonard the notion, not of mere hypocritical pleasure, but actual healthful happiness. He was attracted from his reverie, and timidly mingled with the groups. But Richard Avenel, with the fair Mrs. M'Catchley—her complexion more vivid, and her eyes more dazzling, and her step more elastic than usual, had turned from the gayety just as Leonard had turned towards it, and was now on the very spot (remote, obscure, shaded by the few trees above five years old Mr. Avenel's property boasted) which the dreamer had deserted.

And then! Ah! then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable mingled ominous sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low cachination. And Mrs. M'Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, "Dear me, Mr. Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?"

There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which, nevertheless, we know by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a general ill-suppressed derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying towards one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and uninquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs. M'Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs. M'Catchley, he said, hastily, "Excuse me! I'll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back." With that he sprang forth; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him. [Pg 554]

"But what's the matter?" he asked, impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

"God bless my soul!" said Richard Avenel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

And such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under housemaid: and *such* thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet; and a kerchief, that might have cost tenpence, pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and, darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue-coat, moss-rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

"Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I lives to see thee agin!" And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling! and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion!—it was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said he, very coolly, "I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing! For my part, I think it very natural that *she* should cry; but not that you should laugh!" In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was therefore accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlor—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, *then* Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious drab!"

Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern; and the word *was* drab.

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir" to a torrent. Richard hurried on, furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds? To take the very time, too, when—when"—

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ears, and got into his chest, and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and"—

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "to see *him*."

He turned to Leonard: "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I won't. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty-five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afeared I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look on your face agin; and you're a wicked bad man—that's what you are."

The poor woman's voice was so raised and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived, was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants—a masculine apprehension, with which females rarely sympathize; which, on the contrary, they are inclined to consider a mean and cowardly terror on the part of their male oppressors.

"Hush! hold your infernal squall—do!" said Mr. Avenel in a tone that he meant to be soothing. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

He stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at

me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!"

Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm round his mother, and thus he spoke:

"Sir, you have been kind to me and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation when I heard you address such language to my mother: for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say shortly that"—

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs. Fairfield frightened; "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief, and ruin your prospex. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr. Avenel?" said Leonard, firmly; and he advanced towards his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which, it must be owned, a man so mortified, and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him, he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down." Leonard advanced that forbidden step; but as Richard caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening, but bold and dauntless—which he recognized and respected, for that something spoke the freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side. [Pg 555]

"You cannot strike me, Mr. Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son, I once more say to you,—ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad? or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. Ask her pardon!—what for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule with that d——d cotton gown, and those double-d——d thick shoes? I vow and protest they've got nails in them! Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you; not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice,—be a peasant, a laborer, or"—

"A base renegade to natural affection, a degraded beggar indeed!" cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. "Mother, mother, come away. Never fear,—I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before."

But poor Mrs. Fairfield, overcome by her excitement, had sunk down into Richard's own handsome morocco leather easy-chair, and could neither speak nor stir.

"Confound you both!" muttered Richard. "You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her till I come back; and then if you choose to go, go and be"—

Not finishing his sentence, Mr. Avenel hurried out of the room, and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. He paused for a moment in the hall, in order to collect his thoughts, drew three or four deep breaths, gave himself a great shake, and, resolved to be faithful to his principle of doing one thing at a time, shook off in that shake all disturbing recollection of his mutinous captives. Stern as Achilles when he appeared to the Trojans, Richard Avenel stalked back to his lawn.

CHAPTER XIX.

Brief as had been his absence, the host could see that, in the interval, a great and notable change had come over the spirit of his company. Some of those who lived in the town were evidently preparing to return home on foot; those who lived at a distance, and whose carriages (having been sent away, and ordered to return at a fixed hour), had not yet arrived, were gathered together in small knots and groups; all looked sullen and displeased, and all instinctively turned from their host as he passed them by. They felt they had been lectured, and they were more put out than Richard himself. They did not know if they might not be lectured again. This vulgar man, of what might he not be capable?

Richard's shrewd sense comprehended in an instant all the difficulties of his position; but he walked on deliberately and directly towards Mrs. M'Catchley, who was standing near the grand marquee with the Pompleys and the Dean's lady. As these personages saw him make thus boldly towards them, there was a flutter. "Hang the fellow!" said the Colonel, intrenching himself in his stock, "he is coming here. Low and shocking,—what shall we do? Let us stroll on."

But Richard threw himself in the way of the retreat. "Mrs. M'Catchley," said he very gravely, and offering her his arm, "allow me three words with you."

The poor widow looked very much discomposed. Mrs. Pompley pulled her by the sleeve. Richard still stood gazing into her face, with his arm extended. She hesitated a minute, and then took the arm.

"Monstrous impudent!" cried the Colonel.

"Let Mrs. M'Catchley alone, my dear," responded Mrs. Pompley; "*she* will know how to give him a lesson!"

"Madam," said Richard, as soon as he and his companion were out of hearing, "I rely on you to do me a favor."

"On me?"

"On you, and you alone. You have influence with all those people, and a word from you will effect what I desire. Mrs. M'Catchley," added Richard, with a solemnity that was actually imposing, "I flatter myself that you have some friendship for me, which is more than I can say of any other in these grounds—will you do me this favor, ay or no?"

"What is it, Mr. Avenel?" asked Mrs. M'Catchley, much disturbed, and somewhat softened—for she was by no means a woman without feeling; indeed, she considered herself nervous.

"Get all your friends—all the company in short—to come back into the tent for refreshments—for any thing. I want to say a few words to them."

"Bless me! Mr. Avenel—a few words!" cried the widow, "but that's just what they are all afraid of! You must pardon me, but you really can't ask people to a *déjeûné dansant*, and then—scold 'em!"

"I'm not going to scold them," said Mr. Avenel, very seriously—"upon my honor, I'm not! I'm going to make all right, and I even hope afterwards that the dancing may go on—and that you will honor me again with your hand. I leave you to your task; and, believe me, I'm not an ungrateful man," He spoke, and bowed—not without some dignity—and vanished within the breakfast division of the marquee. There he busied himself in re-collecting the waiters, and directing them [Pg 556] to rearrange the mangled remains of the table as they best could. Mrs. M'Catchley, whose curiosity and interest were aroused, executed her commission with all the ability and tact of a woman of the world, and in less than a quarter of an hour the marquee was filled—the corks flew—the champagne bounced and sparkled—people drank in silence, munched fruits and cakes, kept up their courage with the conscious sense of numbers, and felt a great desire to know what was coming. Mr. Avenel, at the head of the table, suddenly rose—

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I have taken the liberty to invite you once more into this tent, in order to ask you to sympathize with me, upon an occasion which took us all a little by surprise to-day.

"Of course, you all know I am a new man—the maker of my own fortunes."

A great many heads bowed involuntarily. The words were said manfully, and there was a general feeling of respect.

"Probably, too," resumed Mr. Avenel, "you may know that I am the son of very honest tradespeople. I say honest, and they are not ashamed of me—I say tradespeople, and I'm not ashamed of them. My sister married and settled at a distance. I took her son to educate and bring up. But I did not tell her where he was, nor even that I had returned from America—I wished to choose my own time for that, when I could give her the surprise, not only of a rich brother, but of a son whom I intended to make a gentleman, so far as manners and education can make one. Well, the poor dear woman has found me out sooner than I expected, and turned the tables on me by giving me a surprise of her own invention. Pray, forgive the confusion this little family scene has created: and though I own it was very laughable at the moment, and I was wrong to say otherwise, yet I am sure I don't judge ill of your good hearts when I ask you to think what brother and sister must feel who parted from each other when they were boy and girl. To me (and Richard gave a great gulp—for he felt that a great gulp alone could swallow the abominable lie he was about to utter)—to me this has been *a very happy occasion*! I'm a plain man: no one can take ill what I've said. And, wishing that you may be all as happy in your family as I am in mine—humble though it be—I beg to drink your very good healths!"

There was an universal applause when Richard sat down—and so well in his plain way had he looked the thing, and done the thing, that at least half of those present—who till then had certainly disliked and half despised him—suddenly felt that they were proud of his acquaintance. For however aristocratic this country of ours may be, and however especially aristocratic be the genteeler classes in provincial towns and coteries—there is nothing which English folks, from the highest to the lowest, in their hearts so respect as a man who has risen from nothing, and owns it frankly! Sir Compton Delaval, an old baronet, with a pedigree as long as a Welshman's, who had been reluctantly decoyed to the feast by his three unmarried daughters—not one of whom, however, had hitherto condescended even to bow to the host—now rose. It was his right: he was the first person there in rank and station.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," quoth Sir Compton Delaval, "I am sure that I express the feelings of all present when I say that we have heard with great delight and admiration the words addressed to us by our excellent host. (Applause.) And if any of us, in what Mr. Avenel describes justly as the surprise of the moment, were betrayed into an unseemly merriment at—at—(the Dean's lady whispered 'some of the')—some of the—some of the"—repeated Sir Compton, puzzled, and coming to a dead lock—('holiest sentiments,' whispered the Dean's lady)—"ay, some of the holiest sentiments in our nature—I beg him to accept our sincerest apologies. I can only say, for my part, that I am proud to rank Mr. Avenel amongst the gentlemen of the county, (here Sir Compton gave a sounding thump on the table,) and to thank him for one of the most brilliant entertainments it has ever been my lot to witness. If he won his fortune honestly, he knows how to spend it nobly!"

Whiz went a fresh bottle of champagne.

"I am not accustomed to public speaking, but I could not repress my sentiments. And I've now only to propose to you the health of our host, Richard Avenel, Esquire; and to couple with that the

health of his—very interesting sister, and long life to them both!"

The sentence was half drowned in enthusiastic plaudits, and in three cheers for Richard Avenel, Esquire, and his very interesting sister.

"I'm a cursed humbug," thought Richard Avenel, as he wiped his forehead; "but the world *is* such a humbug!" Then he glanced towards Mrs. M'Catchley, and to his great satisfaction, saw Mrs. M'Catchley wiping her eyes.

Now, though the fair widow might certainly have contemplated the probability of accepting Mr. Avenel as a husband, she had never before felt the least bit in love with him; and now she did. There is something in courage and candor—at a word, in manliness—that all women, the most worldly, do admire in men; and Richard Avenel, humbug though his conscience said he was, seemed to her like a hero.

The host saw his triumph, "Now for another dance!" said he gaily; and he was about to offer his hand to Mrs. M'Catchley, when Sir Compton Delaval seizing it, and giving it a hearty shake, cried, "You have not yet danced with my eldest daughter; so, if you won't ask her, why, I must offer her to you as your partner. Here—Sarah."

Miss Sarah Delaval, who was five feet eight, and as stately as she was tall, bowed her head graciously; and Mr. Avenel, before he knew where he was, found her leaning on his arm. But as he passed into the next division of the tent, he had to run the gauntlet of all the gentlemen, who [Pg 557] thronged round to shake hands with him. Their warm English hearts could not be satisfied till they had so repaired the sin of their previous haughtiness and mockery. Richard Avenel might then have safely introduced his sister—gown, kerchief, thick shoes and all—to the crowd; but he had no such thought. He thanked heaven devoutly that she was safely under lock and key.

It was not till the third dance that he could secure Mrs. M'Catchley's hand, and then it was twilight. The carriages were at the door, but no one yet thought of going. People were really enjoying themselves. Mr. Avenel had had time, in the interim, to mature all his plans for completing and consummating that triumph which his tact and pluck had drawn from his momentary disgrace. Excited as he was with wine and suppressed passion, he had yet the sense to feel that, when all the halo that now surrounded him had evaporated, and Mrs. M'Catchley was redelivered up to the Pompleys, whom he felt to be the last persons his interest could desire for her advisers—the thought of his low relations would return with calm reflection. Now was the time. The iron was hot—now was the time to strike it, and forge the enduring chain. As he led Mrs. M'Catchley after the dance, into the lawn, he therefore said tenderly: "How shall I thank you for the favor you have done me?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. M'Catchley warmly, "it was no favor—and I am so glad—" She stopped.

"You're not ashamed of me, then, in spite of what has happened?"

"Ashamed of you! Why, I should be so proud of you, if I were—"

"Finish the sentence, and say—'your wife!'—there it is out. My dear madam, I am rich, as you know; I love you very heartily. With your help, I think I can make a figure in a larger world than this; and that whatever my father, my grandson at least will be—But it is time enough to speak of *him*. What say you?—you turn away. I'll not tease you—it is not my way. I said before, ay or no; and your kindness so emboldens me that I say it again—ay or no?"

"But you take me so unawares—so—so—Lord, my dear Mr. Avenel; you are so hasty—I—I—." And the widow actually blushed, and was genuinely bashful.

"Those horrid Pompleys!" thought Richard, as he saw the Colonel bustling up with Mrs. M'Catchley's cloak on his arm.

"I press for your answer," continued the suitor, speaking very fast. "I shall leave this place to-morrow, if you will not give it."

"Leave this place—leave me?"

"Then you will be mine?"

"Ah, Mr. Avenel!" said the widow, languidly, and leaving her hand in his; "who can resist you?" Up came Colonel Pompley: Richard took the shawl: "No hurry for that now, Colonel—Mrs. M'Catchley feels already at home here."

Ten minutes afterwards. Richard Avenel so contrived that it was known by the whole company that their host was accepted by the Honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. And every one said, "He is a very clever man, and a very good fellow," except the Pompleys—and the Pompleys were frantic. Mr. Richard Avenel had forced his way into the aristocracy of the country. The husband of an Honorable—connected with peers!

"He will stand for our city—Vulgarian!" cried the Colonel.

"And his wife will walk out before me," cried the Colonel's lady—"nasty woman!" And she burst into tears.

The guests were gone; and Richard had now leisure to consider what course to pursue with regard to his sister and her son.

His victory over his guests had in much softened his heart towards his relations; but he still felt bitterly aggrieved at Mrs. Fairfield's unseasonable intrusion, and his pride was greatly chafed by the boldness of Leonard. He had no idea of any man whom he had served, or meant to serve, having a will of his own—having a single thought in opposition to his pleasure. He began, too, to feel that words had passed between him and Leonard which could not be well forgotten by either, and would render their close connection less pleasant than heretofore. He, the great Richard Avenel, beg pardon of Mrs. Fairfield, the washerwoman! No; she and Leonard must beg his. "That must be the first step," said Richard Avenel; "and I suppose they have come to their senses." With that expectation, he unlocked the door of his parlor, and found himself in complete solitude. The moon, lately risen, shone full into the room, and lit up every corner. He stared round, bewildered—the birds had flown. "Did they go through the key-hole?" said Mr. Avenel. "Ha! I see!—the window is open!" The window reached to the ground. Mr. Avenel, in his excitement, had forgotten that easy mode of egress.

"Well," said he, throwing himself into his easy-chair, "I suppose I shall soon hear from them; they'll be wanting my money fast enough, I fancy." His eye caught sight of a letter, unsealed, lying on the table. He opened it, and saw bank-notes to the amount of £50—the widow's forty-five country notes, and a new note, Bank of England, that he had lately given to Leonard. With the money were these lines, written in Leonard's bold, clear writing, though a word or two here and there showed that the hand had trembled—

> "I thank you for all you have done to one whom you regarded as the object of charity. My mother and I forgive what has passed. I depart with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it. LEONARD FAIRFIELD."

The paper dropped from Richard's hand, and he remained mute and remorseful for a moment. He soon felt, however, that he had no help for it but working himself up into a rage. "Of all creatures in the world," cried Richard, stamping his foot on the floor, "there are none so disagreeable, insolent, and ungrateful as poor relations. I wash my hands of them!"

Historical Review of the Month

[Pg 558]

THE UNITED STATES.

Both political parties are already moving with reference to the choice of a Presidential candidate for the coming campaign of 1852. The demonstrations thus far, however, have been principally local, and give no clue whatever to the probable choice of the National Conventions of the parties. In Boston, a paper nominating the Hon. Daniel Webster for the Presidency, on the ground of his devotion to the Union and Constitution, has been circulated for signatures. The Democrats of New Hampshire have declared their preference for the Hon. Levi Woodbury. The Whigs of Pennsylvania manifest a strong predilection for taking up Gen. Scott. A considerable class, who advocate the freedom of the Public Lands to actual settlers, have formally adopted the Hon. Isaac P. Walker, of Wisconsin, for their candidate.

The President and Cabinet reached Buffalo on Friday afternoon, the 17th of May. Here they were received by an immense concourse of people, and publicly welcomed by the city authorities. On the following day the President went to Aurora, to visit his father's family, and Secretaries Graham and Crittenden took the opportunity to visit Niagara. The distinguished guests left Buffalo on the following Tuesday morning, dined at Rochester, where a public reception was given to them, and were greeted at Syracuse, where they arrived at midnight, with a torchlight procession.

The next day they visited Rome, Oneida and Utica, where they remained all night, and were received in Albany on Thursday afternoon, the 23d, with a grand military and civic reception. From Albany they returned directly to Washington, making no stop at any intermediate point. Mr. Webster, who had been detained at Dunkirk by the illness of his son, remained at Buffalo a few days after the departure of the Presidential party. On Wednesday evening, the 21st, he was complimented with a dinner from the citizens, at which he made a familiar speech of some length. The following day he addressed the citizens of Buffalo. His speech was an explanation and defence of his course with regard to the Compromise measures, and the questions which have recently agitated the country. It is regarded as one of the most able and effective addresses he has made for some time past. On his return to Washington, Mr. Webster delivered another speech at Albany on the 29th.

The Government has received information from Chihuahua, that claims to the amount of twenty millions of dollars, for damages done to Mexican property by the Indians from the American side of the Rio Grande, have been filed with the Mexican authorities for presentation to our Government under the Treaty which provides that this country shall prevent Indian depredations. Much damage has unquestionably been committed since the Treaty, but the amount has been enormously exaggerated.

The Postmaster General has announced an arrangement, to take effect after the 1st of this month, by which letters to the West India Islands, ports in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Atlantic Coast of South America, can be sent through the United States Post Office, on prepayment of the

American postage to any of the British ports, with the addition of the British postage, when destined for ports belonging to other Governments.

M. de Sartiges, the newly appointed French Minister to this country, presented his credentials to the President on the 29th of May. Mr. Paine, who claims to have invented a process for manufacturing gas from water, is in Washington endeavoring to procure a contract from Washington for the illumination of light-houses. The pendulum experiment, exhibiting the rotation of the earth, has been tried in the Capitol, with the most satisfactory result.

The projected expedition for the invasion of Cuba, has, it is believed, been completely broken up. The Steamer Gaston, after searching the coasts and rivers, returned to Baltimore with twenty-five men under arrest. A camp of three hundred men, near Jacksonville, had been broken up just before the arrival of the Steamer. Upwards of fifteen hundred persons had visited the place since the invasion was projected, but after squandering their funds, they again dispersed. The U.S. revenue cutter Fancy went on a similar cruise, a week after the Gaston, and succeeded in discovering an encampment on a branch of the St. John's river. The three officers and leaders of the company were arrested and taken to Savannah; the men were ordered to return to their homes.

There has been considerable stir in State politics and legislation during the past month. In the Virginia Reform Convention, the violent debate on the question of representation, on which the members of the eastern and western parts of the State were arrayed against each other, has been settled by the adoption of a compromise. The difficulty was in relation to slave representation. The committee to whom the subject was referred, reported a plan providing that the House of Delegates shall consist of 150 members, eighty-two to be chosen from the West and sixty-eight from the East, making a Western majority of fourteen; the Senate to consist of fifty members, thirty from the East and twenty from the West, making an Eastern majority of ten. It is also made the duty of the General Assembly, in the year 1865, to re-apportion the representation in both Houses. The people of Maryland have adopted the new State Constitution by a large majority. Its prominent features are—the ineligibility of clergymen to seats in the Legislature; the disqualification of persons engaged in duels as principals or seconds, from holding office; the extension of the Governor's term to four years, at a salary of $2,600 per annum; the election of judges by the people; the abolition of lotteries and of imprisonment for debt, and the exemption of the homestead, to the value of $500, from legal process.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on the 24th of May, after a session of nearly five months. A bill for the aid of the proposed European and North American Halifax Railroad, was debated at considerable length, but was finally referred to the next Legislature. The message of the Governor of Maine, which was delivered to the Legislature on the 19th of May, contains a strong complaint against Massachusetts for her policy in regard to her claims in Maine lands, and especially for refusing her aid in the construction of the Aroostook Road, which passes through the territory claimed by Massachusetts. The election in Texas for Governor and Members of the [Pg 559] Legislature, is exciting great interest. Unusual importance is attached to the election, as the disposition of the Ten Millions received from the United States will be in the hands of the successful candidates. Mr. Foote, U.S. Senator from Mississippi, has been nominated by the Union Convention of that State as candidate for Governor, which nomination he has accepted.

The secession excitement is on the decline in South Carolina, and no further action on the subject is anticipated. In Georgia, the secessionists held a State Convention at Milledgeville, on the 28th of May. A series of resolutions was adopted, declaring that the rights of the South had been violated, and advocating the extension of the line of 36° 30', as the limit of slavery, to the Pacific Ocean. The Union Convention of the same State met on the 3d of June, and after re-adopting the resolutions of the Georgia Convention, nominated the Hon. Howell Cobb, late Speaker of Congress, as candidate for Governor.

An important law-suit, which, has some resemblance to the late agitation on the Slavery question, has been pending in the United States Circuit Court, in New-York. The suit was commenced at the instance of the Southern Methodist Conference against the Trustees of the Methodist Book Concern, in New-York, for the establishment of a claim to a large amount of property now in the hands of the Trustees. A division of the American Methodist Church took place in 1845, on account of a difference in relation to the ownership of slaves by the ministry of the Church. The Southern members formed a separate organization, called the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and have since then claimed a division of the funds of the Book Concern. The Northern Church, in their defence, maintained that the separation was a secession on the part of the South, and therefore that the Church was not entitled to any share in the establishment. As the property of the concern is valued at nearly a million of dollars, the case assumed an important aspect, and the ablest counsel were employed on both sides. Daniel Webster and Reverdy Johnson were engaged by the plaintiffs, and Thomas Ewing and Rufus Choate for the defence. The case has not yet been decided, but in the mean time proposals for arbitration and compromise have been made, which may prove successful.

The elections in New-York to supply the vacancies in the State Senate, created by the resignation of twelve senators, for the purpose of defeating the bill for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, by leaving that body without a quorum, took place on the 27th of May. Six of the former senators were returned, and five others, favorable to the enlargement, in place of those who had resigned: the vote in the 26th District was a tie. The special session of the Legislature met on the 10th of June. The election secured to the Senate a quorum of the friends of the Canal Bill, and therefore

insures its passage.

The Seventh Census of the United States has been published. The total population amounts to 23,267,408, including 3,179,470 slaves. The whole number of Representatives to Congress based on this population is 233.

An attack of "gold excitement," on a small scale, has appeared in Maine. It is reported and generally believed that the precious metal has been found in the Northern part of the State, in the streams which flow into the west branch of the Penobscot and into Moose River. The country is a high plateau, near the Canadian boundary, where, also, the tributaries of the Chaudiere take their rise. On the latter streams, it is said, the Provincial Government of Canada has been quietly carrying on mining operations for two years past. Several companies of adventurers from the towns of Maine and New Hampshire have started for the Northern Eldorado.

Several of the Western States have been visited by violent and destructive tornadoes. In the city of St. Louis, upwards of one hundred buildings were injured. The regions about Louisville, Ky., and Pittsburg, also suffered severely. During the last week in May an immense amount of rain fell in the Northern part of Illinois; occasional great freshets in all the rivers. The flood was greater than had been known for many years; the mill-dams and mills were swept away, and a great amount of property damaged. Two viaducts on the Indiana Canal were entirely destroyed. The grain crops of the Middle and Western States promise an abundant harvest. The cotton crop in South Carolina, the northern part of Georgia and the Tennessee Valley, has been considerably injured by the coldness of the season.

A serious riot occurred at Hoboken, near New-York, on Monday, the 26th of May. It was the holiday of Pentecost, and the German residents of the city, to the number of near ten thousand, crossed the Hudson to celebrate the day according to their national customs. They were beset in the afternoon by a company of rowdies, between whom and a German society of gymnasts an altercation arose, resulting in a general fight, in the course of which the Germans were grossly injured by their antagonists. Two persons were killed, and forty or fifty badly wounded. The rowdies all escaped, and of fifty Germans who were arrested, only ten were found to have participated in the affray. The riot, after lasting till 9 o'clock at night, was finally quelled by calling out the military. The inhabitants of Hoboken have organized a company for the prevention of disorder in future.

During the month of May Jenny Lind gave fourteen concerts in New-York, without any diminution of her wonderful success, the last concert realizing upwards of $18,000. At the close, the termination of her contract with Mr. Barnum, at the hundredth concert, was announced. On giving her first concert at Philadelphia, however, a new agreement was made, by which the contract was at once broken off, Miss Lind having then sung ninety-three times, on condition of her forfeiting the sum of $25,000. The concerts in Philadelphia, given on her own account, were very successful.

Several large defalcations in public officers have lately come to light. The Postmaster of Macon, Ga., failed for the sum of $50,000, part of which was the Post-office funds. He escaped by flight. The late City Collector of Baltimore is charged with a deficiency of $30,000 in the accounts of the Custom House, but has surrendered his property in trust, and expresses his desire to have the subject investigated. A man named Brown was recently taken to Washington by the Marshal of Michigan, on a charge of forging Land Warrants. A company of Mormons, under the government of a man named Strang, on Beaver Island, in Huron River, have got into difficulty with the authorities and the American citizens. They recently attacked two men by the name of Bennett, who were known to be hostile to their claims: killed one, and dangerously wounded the other. Strang and some of his companions voluntarily delivered themselves into the hands of the authorities, and are awaiting their trial.

In the Lake Superior region business of all kinds has become very active. The steamboats on the Lake are crowded with passengers and freight, and the country about the mines is improving rapidly. Lands are being cleared, roads laid out, houses built, and the region rapidly assuming the appearance of a permanent settlement. Several new mines of unusual richness have been discovered, and all the old shafts deepened and extended, with the most successful results. The prospects of the mines on the Ontmagon are equally favorable. Hostilities have again broken out between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians. Several of the latter tribe were murdered by the former, who formed into war parties, and marched against their enemies. [Pg 560]

The first Centennial Celebration of the Pennsylvania Hospital took place on the 3d of June, in Philadelphia.—The cholera still appears at intervals along the Western rivers. There were 13 deaths in New Orleans during the week ending May 31st.—In the case of Scott, indicted at Boston for the rescue of the fugitive slave Shadrach, the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. Although agreeing as to the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, they stood equally divided on the question of convicting the prisoner. A new trial has been ordered.

A personal combat took place in the streets of Lynchburg, Va., on the 5th of June, between Mr. Saunders, a member of the State Convention, and Mr. Terry, Editor of the Lynchburg "Virginian." Five shots were exchanged, and both parties so severely wounded that they died shortly afterwards.

The emigration across the plains has commenced, but will be much smaller than that of last year. It is calculated that 300 wagons will cross during the Summer, three-fourths of which will go to

the Salt Lake and Oregon, and the remainder to California. Grass is abundant on the plains, but the snow is reported to be very deep in the mountains beyond Fort Laramie.

Advices from Texas give accounts of the rapid improvement of the lands on the Brazos River. The troubles with the Indians still continue. A battle between a small company of Texan militia and a band of Indians, took place near the head waters of the Lema River, on the 24th of May: Six Indians were killed, and the remainder driven off. An expedition has been ordered by Gen. Harney, to aid the Indian agents in their demand for the release of white prisoners in captivity. A train, composed of 170 wagons, with a large escort, left San Antonio for El Paso on the 7th of May. A company of Americans, while crossing the Rio Grande to attend a ball at Rima, were fired upon by a party of Mexican soldiers. Two of the American soldiers were severely wounded, and the Mexicans apologized for the act on the ground of its being a mistake.

News from Santa Fe to the 1st of May has arrived. On the 2d of April, Governor Calhoun consummated a treaty with Francisco Chacon, principal chief of the Apaches east of the Rio Grande. The savages agreed to give up what stolen property had been in their possession for the previous eight months, and to settle in towns, provided teachers and implements of husbandry were furnished them. As might have been expected, this treaty was broken within three weeks of its adoption, although Chacon bound himself to maintain the peace, on penalty of forfeiting his head. Fifteen companies of the U.S. troops were to leave Santa Fe on the 10th of May, upon a campaign against the Navajo Indians. This movement was considered necessary, on account of the serious injury which the health of the soldiers had sustained from the inactivity of their mode of life.

Governor Calhoun issued a proclamation on the 23d of April, appointing the 19th of May for the election of members of the Legislative Assembly. The first session of the Legislature was to commence at Santa Fe on the 2d of June. The Mexicans were well pleased with the new Government, since it removed the power from the hands of the military. Business was very brisk at Santa Fe, and a number of mills were in the course of erection in the neighborhood. The census of the territory, taken by direction of the Governor, shows a population of 56,984, in addition to the Indians. The Boundary Commissioners were on the Rio Grande, near Dona Ana, and had decided to place the corner-stone six or seven miles below that place.

The news of the formation of a Territorial Government for Utah, and the appointment of Brigham Young as Governor, was first received at the Salt Lake, by way of California. The General Assembly of the Church for the State of Deseret, have transferred all their powers to the Territorial Government, and adjourned. The "Quorum of Seventies" had agreed to erect an extensive rotunda in the Salt Lake City, to be called the "Seventies' Hall of Science." The Mormons have established a colony in Iron County, about 250 miles nearly south of the Salt Lake City. Several families, with 130 men and supplies of all kinds, under charge of Elder Geo. A. Smith, left on the 7th of December, and when last heard from, they had 1600 acres cleared, and 400 sown with grain. Elders Lyman and Rich left early in March with 150 wagons, to form another settlement on the Colorado, on the Californian line. The Mormons design establishing a continuous line of stations on the Pacific on this route.

The steamers which left San Francisco on the 15th of April and the 1st of May, carried away $3,000,000 in gold dust, nearly all of which was shipped to the Atlantic States. The news from all parts of the gold region is unusually favorable. The rains which came on towards the end of March continued for two weeks, and furnished an abundant supply of water for the dry diggings. The piles of earth which had been heaped up during the winter, were yielding excellent returns. In the higher ranges of the mountains there had been heavy falls of snow, which had cut off the supplies of some of the remote diggings, and several persons were frozen to death near the head waters of Feather River. The rich placers discovered in this region have attracted many thousands of miners; and the trail through the snows was lined with the carcases of mules which had perished from the cold. On account of the scarcity of supplies, board had risen to $56 per week.

Important discoveries have been made in Shaste Valley, in the northern part of the State. One thousand acres were tested, and found to yield ten cents to the panful of earth. The first discoverers averaged $80 apiece daily. The diggings differ from all others in the circumstance of all the earth containing gold down to the bottom rock, which is struck at a depth of four feet. The gold is found in coarse grams, interspersed with large lumps. An extensive emigration had already set towards the new placer. The Volcano diggings continue to give large returns; while there is no diminution in the yield of the old localities on the American Fork, the Stanislaus and the Mariposa. The quartz veins on the latter river and in the neighborhood of Nevada City, give proof of astonishing richness; but the gold is generally found in such fine particles, that not more than half of it can be collected by any machinery which has yet been brought into use. Veins of silver ore, which promise to be very rich, have been discovered on Carson's Creek.

The Californian Legislature adjourned on the last day of April, after a session of four months. Among its last acts was the passage of a law, exempting homesteads and other property from forced sale in certain cases. It also passed a Usury Law, fixing interest at ten per cent., and allowing eighteen per cent. by special agreement. Party politics have attained a height scarcely known in the older States at present. The City election in San Francisco was very hotly contested, but finally resulted in the choice of all the Whig candidates, except two. Both parties are marshalling their forces for the coming State election. The prominent candidates for Governor, are Major Roman, the present State Treasurer, with the Democrats, and Major Pearson B.

Redding with the Whigs.

A body of Indians have been committing depredations on the Salinas Plains, near Monterey. They have killed three persons near the town of San Luis Obispo, robbed all the ranches, and driven away the horses from San Antonio to San Miguel. According to the treaty made with the Nevada Indians by the U. S. Commissioners, six tribes, numbering in all 1500 persons, have been removed to a tract of land twelve miles square, between the Merced and Tuolomne Rivers, which is secured to them for ever. In the vicinity of Los Angeles, the tribes still continue their depredations. Lynch law still remains in force in all the mining districts. A band of five Mexicans, who had been detected stealing cattle on the San Joaquin River, were tried in a summary manner, and all executed. [Pg 561]

A project has been started to supply San Francisco with water from a lake called "Mountain Lake," a few miles from the city. It is described as a body of pure water, a mile in circumference, and 153 feet above the sea. A line seventy-five feet long, was dropped into the centre without finding bottom. It is estimated to furnish twenty-five millions of gallons of pure water daily. In the neighborhood of San Francisco, San José, Sacramento City, Sonoma and Bodega, large tracts of land have been brought under cultivation: and the harvest of grain and vegetables will this year go far towards supplying the wants of California. Nearly all kinds of vegetables attain a size and flavor which are not equalled in any other part of the world.

It is rumored that an expedition is about being raised in the southern part of California, for the purpose of invading the Mexican province of Lower California. A certain Gen. Morehead is said to have left with a force of two hundred men, well armed and provisioned. There is also talk of similar movement, having reference to the State of Sonora.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company have made their depot in Oregon at Pacific City, on Baker's Bay. The coast region of Oregon, from the mouth of the Umpqua to Vancouver's Island, is rapidly filling up with emigrants. Another steamer, of 100 tons burden, has been placed on the Williamette, to run from Oregon City to the mouth of the Columbia. Gen. Lane, the ex-governor of the Territory, has been nominated by a convention of the people, irrespective of party, as a candidate for Congress.

EUROPE.

The main topic of interest in England is still the Great Exhibition. Even the uncertainties of the Ministerial existence, the Papal Aggression Bill, the Ceylon Question, and other measures, sink into insignificance beside the imposing display of the products of all nations, opened in Hyde Park. The continued support and encouragement given by the Queen, who has visited it almost daily since the opening, has contributed greatly to the success of the undertaking. The receipts for the first two or three weeks were from $10,000 to $15,000 per day. After the price of admission was reduced to one shilling, the receipts decreased considerably; but in the last accounts, from fifty to sixty thousand persons visited the building daily. The entire amount received from the sale is already more than £50,000; and it is expected that the proceeds will be sufficient, with the amount subscribed, to defray the whole expense of the building. The limit for the admission of articles has been extended to the 1st of September. Thirty juries have been appointed, to decide on the merits of the different classes of contributions, and adjudge the medals, which will be distributed to the value of £20,000.

The Ministry of Lord John Russell holds its position with better success than was anticipated. The Malt Tax, one of its measures, was carried by a majority of 136. The debate on the Ceylon Government question, where a defeat was again anticipated, resulted in sustaining the Ministers by a majority of 80. As this was the main question before the House, Lord John Russell's place is secure for the rest of the session. The two great parties have agreed not to make the Papal Aggression Bill a point of political difference. In consequence of this, the Government carried every question on the bill by a large majority. Mr. W. G. Fox made an unsuccessful attempt to introduce a bill for Free Schools in England and Wales. A riot occurred at Tamworth, the residence of the late Sir Robt. Peel, on account of a Protectionist banquet having been held there. A mob broke into the hall, and dispersed the company, who armed themselves and engaged in a regular fight. The quarrel was only subdued by the intervention of the military. The Collins' steamer Pacific, having made the trip from New-York to Liverpool in nine days and nineteen hours, the English papers admit the defeat of the Cunard line.

The recent political movements in France contain no salient points of interest. The subject of the revision of the Constitution is still agitated among all parties, and there seems a slow and gradual preparation for a severe struggle. The Legitimatists are strongly in favor of the measure. The debate thereupon will come on about the 1st of July, and will probably last about a month. Next to this in importance is the subject of the next general election, which will take place in May, 1852. All parties are mingling their intrigues in the general preparation. Among the different plans is that of the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family into a single monarchical party, to which Guizot and the Duke de Nemours are said to be favorable. The friends of Louis Napoleon are in favor of a revision of the Constitution for the purpose of prolonging his term. The *Constitutionnel*, the organ of the middle class in Paris, advocates the repeal of the law limiting the suffrage. Emile de Girardin, editor of the *Presse*, has made a violent attack upon Generals Cavaignac and Changarnier, charging the latter with having formed a design of invading England, while Ledru-Rollin was minister of the Interior. To this attack neither of the generals

has responded.

In GERMANY, the Dresden Conferences have closed. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have visited Warsaw as the guests of the Emperor Nicholas. The meeting, however, is considered as something more than a mere visit of courtesy. At the latest dates the three potentates were still at Warsaw, but nothing had transpired indicative of the nature of their conferences. The Prussian General Assembly had adjourned. During the recent session upwards of eleven and a half millions of thalers were voted for the expenses of the late useless campaign.

Austria is making desperate efforts to relieve herself from her embarrassing financial position. Baron Rothschild, one of the principal creditors of the empire, has been summoned to assist at the consultation; the prospect is said to be better than had been anticipated. A change has taken place in the Austrian Ministry, Baumgarten having been made Minister of Commerce in place of Brück. The Countess Teleki, and her companion Madame Eardly, have been arrested in Hungary, on charge of conveying letters from the political refugees in London to their partisans in Asia Minor and Hungary. They are to be tried by a court martial.

ITALY is in a most unfortunate condition. The reaction continues to increase in power, while the discontent of the Republican party still ferments in all quarters. The condition of the country is very analogous to what it was previous to the Revolution. The Government of Tuscany is entirely under the control of Austria; while that of Naples, grown bold in tyranny, is more actively oppressive than ever. The death of the King of Naples was reported; but it turns out that instead of this being the case, he is more vigorous and tyrannical than ever. In Rome, the rule of the French soldiery is almost insupportable. Persons are daily arrested for the cut of their beards, or [Pg 562] the color of their garments. In addition to this, there is a bitter hostility between the French and Roman troops, and several sanguinary quarrels have occurred. At Nice there has been a threatening meeting, claiming the revocation of certain fiscal regulations of the Government. There has been no league of Sardinia with any other of the Italian States.

The insurrection of the Duke de Saldanha, in PORTUGAL, was entirely successful; and the Queen has been obliged to name him President of the Council, after an attempt to appoint the Viscount de Castro and the Duke of Terecira, friends of the fallen Minister, Count de Thomar. The latter gentleman was dismissed from his situation as Minister to Madrid, and has taken up his residence in England. Saldanha remained some time in Oporto, administering the Government in the name of the Queen, but afterwards proceeded to Lisbon. He has not yet announced the course he will pursue. In the mean time, large bodies of Reformers are calling upon the Queen to abdicate.

The negotiations in relation to the release of Kossuth, Count Bathyani, and the other Hungarian leaders, have taken an unfavorable turn; and it is now almost certain that the Sublime Porte will consent to retain the unfortunate exiles as prisoners for some time to come. The Governments of Austria and Russia protest against their release, and their influence will probably prevent the acceptance of the liberal offer made by the United States in behalf of the Hungarians.

BRITISH AMERICA.

The Canadian Parliament met at Toronto on the 20th of May, by Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, who read the Royal speech in English and French. The most important topic it contained was a project for increasing the representation. It was also stated that the change in the Navigation Laws had increased foreign shipping in the Canadian ports; that the new Postage Law will soon yield an equal revenue with the former exorbitant system; that a measure will be introduced for reducing the civil list and withdrawing the troops. The Government refers to the Halifax and Quebec Railroad in a manner favorable to the adoption of the conditions on which the Imperial Government offer to guaranty a loan. The Government has since introduced a measure to abolish the law of primogeniture in Upper Canada. The question of a reciprocity of trade with the United States, has given rise to a long discussion in the Legislature; but the Governor refused to produce the correspondence on the subject with the Government of the United States. The Minister of Finance insisted on measures of retaliation, and proposed to close the canals against American vessels. The question was finally postponed for a fortnight, in order to await the result of negotiations with the American Government. The Governor-General sent to the Assembly a detailed account of the public debt of the Canadas, which, on the 31st of January last, amounted to $18,049,875, paying an annual interest of $877,674.

The Annexation feeling is said to be on the decrease in Canada, and the idea of an independent Northern Republic, consisting of the British Provinces and the territory now held by the Hudson's Bay Company, has arisen in its stead! The Episcopal Church is making great efforts to prevent the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, and a general Convention of both the clergy and laity has been held at Toronto, in opposition to the measure. A large and enthusiastic meeting has been held at Halifax, and Earl Grey's proposition in regard to the Halifax and Quebec Railway, was unanimously accepted. The propeller Franklin, running between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Halifax, was wrecked on the 17th of May; the passengers and mails were saved.

MEXICO—CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Mexican Government is in a state of great perplexity, on account of the desperate state of its finances. All projects for the adjustment of the revenues, or the consolidation of the Interior Debt,

have thus far entirely failed. Señor Esteva, the Minister of Finance, resigned early in May, on account of the difficulties he encountered in attempting to carry out the imperfect provisions of the law. Señor Yañez, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was appointed in his place. He proposed a plan of increasing the revenue by reducing the expenses of the public offices, imposing a tax on manufactures, and levying contributions on the States,—a course which was strongly opposed by the friends of the Administration. Congress adjourned on the 22d of May, without making any provision for the emergency: and a special session has been called, to meet on the 2d of June. The Tehuantepec grant to Garay was annulled in both Houses by a large majority.

Ex-President Pedraza died in the capital on the 13th of April. The commercial house of Rondero, in the city of Mexico, has failed in the amount of $600,000. The police in the city is very deficient, and many of the streets in the suburbs are almost deserted, on account of the hordes of robbers which roam and plunder at large. The Northern States of Mexico are in great distress, from an unprecedented drought. No rain has fallen since last August; provisions are enormously dear, and a general famine was apprehended.

In Yucatan, the Indian war is drawing to a close. Gen. La Vega, who had arrived at Campeachy to take command of the forces, was received with great enthusiasm. The Indians have recently sustained several bloody defeats, and are evidently very much discouraged. In their endeavor to take by assault the town of Bacalar, they were received with such a heavy fire by the garrison, that they were utterly routed, and the river was choked up by their dead bodies, while the whites suffered only a trifling loss.

There is little news of interest from Central America. A mule-track, or transit-road as it is called, has been made from Rivas de Nicaragua to the Gulf of San Juan del Sur: and the line from New-York to San Francisco is expected to be completed by the 17th of July. The subject of a new Constitution is engaging public attention in Honduras. A violent earthquake was experienced in the State of Costa Rica, on the morning of the 18th of March. A great amount of property was destroyed in the cities of San José, Heredia, and Barba.

WEST INDIES.

In Cuba, the fears of an invasion, with which the island has been agitated for three months past, appear to have subsided. A number of arrests have been made, but no revolutionary preparations have been discovered. Several prisoners have been convicted of disaffection to the Government, and are to be sent to Spain for safekeeping. Mr. Christopher Madan, who voluntarily delivered himself up to the authorities, has been banished to Spain, and condemned to pay his share of the damages done by Lopez at Cardenas.

The Jamaica House of Assembly was prorogued by the Governor on the 23d of May; the Governor made a long speech on the occasion. The cholera still lingers in the island, and appears in several localities which have been hitherto exempt.

The island of Hayti is tranquil for the present. The proposition of the U.S. Commissioner. Mr. Walsh, in connection with the French and English Consuls, for a ten years' truce with the Dominicans, was rejected by the Haytian Government. The Emperor has since addressed a proclamation to the former Government, proposing the appointment of delegates on both sides, to negotiate terms of peace. Prince Bobo, who, in consequence of having been engaged in a conspiracy against the Emperor, had fled to the mountains with a few adherents, has not been captured. [Pg 563]

SOUTH AMERICA.

An insurrection broke out in Santiago, the capital of Chili, on the 20th of April. It was occasioned by excited political feeling, growing out of the approaching Presidential election. About twenty persons were killed, and fifty wounded. The province was immediately placed under martial law: and as the Government possesses much power, no further trouble was anticipated. About seven o'clock, on the morning of the 2d of April, Valparaiso was visited by a terrible earthquake. The earth continued to heave violently for a minute, throwing down a large number of buildings, and cracking and damaging others. The population assembled in the squares in the utmost terror and distress. Soon afterwards a heavy rain set in, which, on account of the shattered roofs, did immense damage to property. The entire loss is estimated at $1,500,000.

The Government of Brazil is adopting stringent measures for the suppression of the Slave Trade. Several of the most prominent dealers have been fined or forced to leave the country.

The hostility to Rosas in Brazil, Paraguay, Entre-Rios and the Oriental States, became so great, that, seeing no way of extricating himself from the difficulty, he offered his resignation to the Legislature of Buenos Ayres. This, however, was considered as merely a trick to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders. Five of the Argentine Provinces have passed resolutions refusing to accept his resignation, and restoring to him all his former powers. The city of Montevideo is still besieged by the forces of Gen. Oribe.

POLYNESIA.

In the month of March another difficulty occurred between the French officials at the Sandwich

Islands and the Hawaiian Government. The French demanded a repeal of the duty on wines and brandies, the election of a Frenchman to the Cabinet of King Kamehameha, and the adoption of the French language as the official tongue! In case of refusal, they threatened to blockade Honolulu, and take possession of the island. A compromise was effected, however, in which the King agreed to refer the disputed subjects to the Legislature, and to receive documents from French subjects in the French language.

RECENT DEATHS.

Dr. Samuel George Morton, one of the most eminent of our men of science, died suddenly in Philadelphia on the 15th of May. Mr. E. G. Squier, in announcing the occurrence to the Ethnological Society, said: "The name of Dr. Morton is best known to the world through those splendid monuments of scientific research, '*Crania Americana*,' and '*Crania Egyptiaca*', which attest alike his industry and zeal!—his patient analytical and comprehensive generalizing abilities, and his sound and impartial judgment. Besides these works, he was the author of numerous papers in scientific journals of this country and of Europe, as also of a number of pamphlets on various subjects connected with the studies in which he was engaged. Among these the 'Inquiry into the Distinctive Characteristics of the Aboriginal Race of America,' published in 1844, deserves to be specially mentioned as a comprehensive *résumé* of the general results of his inquiries. Dr. Morton had a wide practice in his profession, of which he was a distinguished member—a profession peculiarly subject to those interruptions and contingencies so unfavorable to philosophical investigation. Yet in the intervals of leisure which were afforded to him during hours snatched from sleep, he made those arduous researches of which we have the leading results in the works which I have enumerated. The facts and data upon which these researches were based, were collected with almost incredible labor, and at an expense which few students could afford, or affording, would have consented to incur. Dr. Morton's museum of Crania, presented by him to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, of which he was a principal supporter and most active officer, comprised not less than 900 human skulls, and 600 of the inferior animals. These were collected from every quarter of the globe, and afford types of every race, and almost every family of men. The correspondence and general and special exertions, which the collection of such a museum involves, must have been immense; and we can but admire the untiring zeal and patient industry of the man who undertook and accomplished it. It is a brilliant example of what men may do if animated by a true spirit; and must afford encouragement to those engaged in cognate researches in a country like our own, where public aid is rarely extended to objects of this nature. As Americans we may take just pride in the reflection, that an American physician, by his individual exertions, with the aid of a few personal friends, made a Craniological Museum surpassing extent the united collections of half of Europe, and one which must now be consulted by every scholar before he can undertake to write upon the great questions involved in the natural history of man. In March last the Government of the United States placed in the hands of Dr. Morton the Crania collected by the American Exploring Expedition, with a view to their careful investigation at his hands; but the interesting results which we had every reason to expect from such investigation, have been cut short by his untimely death, which has also suddenly terminated a wide series of inquiries, instituted by the same active mind, looking to a work more comprehensive, if not more interesting and valuable than any which he had published before. Dr. Morton was essentially a man of no theories; he brought to the service of science an earnest love of truth in its simplest and severest form, and was always ready to yield his opinions to the rigid requirements of facts. Possessed of a high intellect and a generous disposition, he always assumed that those who differed most widely from him in their views, were animated by the same desire to arrive at truth, and dealt with questions of science as matters to be kept superior to all personal considerations and influences. He had, in short, a true appreciation of the dignity and aims of philosophy. In private life, and in his personal intercourse with men, Dr. Morton added lustre to his high character as a scholar and philosopher. Mild and courteous in his demeanor, devoted in his friendships, generous, upright, and true; as a husband, father, friend and citizen, he was a man in the noblest acceptation of the word—one whom, none knew but to esteem, and whose whole life as a model of virtue and excellence."

Mr. Sheil, one of the most brilliant rhetoricians of the age in which he lived, has prematurely closed his remarkable career in a foreign land, and in a manner so sudden that the surprise which the event must occasion will be only exceeded by the deep affliction of his friends and the regret of the public. The Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil was a native of Dublin, born in the year [Pg 564] 1793. His father, imitating the example of many Irish Roman Catholics of good family, sought in other countries that independence and those means of advancement which the penal laws, then in force, denied them in the land of their nativity. He resided for many years at Cadiz, and engaged in mercantile pursuits with more than ordinary success. Having amassed a competence, he returned to the county of Waterford, purchased an estate, and built a mansion. Unfortunately, he was again led into commercial speculation, which proved of a disastrous character, and he eventually died unable to bequeath to his son more than the means of acquiring a liberal education. That education, commenced at Stoneyhurst, was continued at Trinity College, Dublin,

where the young Mr. Sheil, then remarkable for the precocity of his talents, graduated with much distinction, and at the age of twenty-one, in the year 1814, he was called to the Irish bar. In the profession of the law, though he attained the rank of Queen's counsel, he never enjoyed a lucrative practice. On remarkable occasions he held briefs and made showy speeches, but the attorneys had no confidence in his legal acquirements, and though the judges regarded affectionately his personal character and greatly admired his genius, yet his arguments were listened to with comparatively little attention. It was said, however, that he determined, if possible, to get on in the more arduous walks of the profession, and hoped for especial favor in the Rolls' Court, having married at an early age Miss O'Halloran, niece to Sir William MacMahon, (who then presided in that court), and niece also to Sir John MacMahon, who at that time was private secretary to the Prince Regent. But all this gossip of the "Four Courts" ended in nothing. Mr. Sheil, instead of an eminent lawyer, became a political agitator, and in the Roman Catholic Association reached a position second only to that of Mr. O'Connell. His speeches at public meetings in Dublin, the first of which was delivered by him at the early age of eighteen, attracted the admiration of all classes; his passionate tone delighted the vulgar, his wit and exquisite fancy charmed the most cultivated minds, while his perfect amiability of character, his high and generous nature, secured the friendship of every one who enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance. With all this celebrity, however, he was not making a fortune, and when literature offered to him some of its rewards, he gladly contributed to the monthly periodicals of that day, producing at the same time the tragedy of *Evadne*, and many other dramatic works.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829, when it became a law, opened to Mr. Sheil a new and more extended sphere of action; he was returned to Parliament for Lord Anglesey's borough of Milbourne Port, and soon became one of the favorite orators of the House. At first, there was some disposition to laugh at his shrill tones and vehement gesticulation, but Parliament soon recognized him as one of its ornaments. His great earnestness and apparent sincerity, his unrivalled felicity of illustration, his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, much more than the force of his reasoning or the range of his political knowledge, obtained for him in Parliament marked attention, and, for the most part, unqualified applause. When he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the House might enjoy the performances of an accomplished artist—not that they should receive the lessons of a statesmanlike adviser, or follow the lead of a commanding politician. Still, for twenty years, he held a prominent place in the House of Commons, though throughout a great portion of that period he represented very insignificant constituencies. Mr. Sheil was returned for Milbourne Port in 1830, having been an unsuccessful candidate for the county of Louth. In 1831, however, he got in for Louth; in 1832 was returned for Tipperary, without contest, and again in 1835; but in 1837 there was an opposition, against which he prevailed. His principal influence in that county, exclusive of the weight of his public character, is understood to have been derived from his second marriage with the widow of Mr. Edmund Power, of Gurteen, which took place in 1830. It will be remembered that the eldest son of that gentleman fell very recently by his own hand; and during his minority, whatever influence he might possess as a landlord was in a great degree at the command of Mr. Sheil, who continued to sit for Tipperary till 1841, though he encountered some opposition on accepting office in 1838. From, the general election in 1841 till the time of his departure for Florence in 1850, he represented, through the influence of the Duke of Devonshire, the small borough of Dungarvon, always of course supporting the most liberal section of the Whigs. Amongst his first appointments was that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in the last Melbourne Ministry, and then he became Judge Advocate General, which office he held only from June to September, 1841. On the return of the present Ministers he was appointed Master of the Mint, and in 1850, went out as British Minister to Florence. For many years past, his health had been declining, his fits of gout grew more frequent and severe, his speeches in Parliament, never very numerous, came at length to be few and far between; though his political friends regarded him with infinite favor, they began to think he might be just as useful to them in Florence as in London, especially as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was soon to be brought in; and although that appointment amounted to shelving for life a man not yet 60 years of age, though it was nothing less than an expatriation of the individual and an extinction of what might have been a growing fame, yet he submitted not merely with a philosophical indifference, but almost in a joyous spirit, feeling, or seeming to feel, that it was great promotion and a dignified retirement. He was old in constitution, if not in years, with powers better suited to the development of general principles than to that successful administration of details which a practical age demands. With Grattan, Flood, and Curran, he would have well co-operated from 1782 to 1800, but amongst the public men of England in the middle of this century he appeared grievously out of place, and he therefore was perhaps quite sincere in the expressions of delight with which he escaped from Downing-street to enjoy the fine vintages and bright sunshine of the south. He is stated to have expired at Florence on the 26th ult., owing to an attack of gout in the stomach.—*London Times, June 3.*

Mr. Richard Phillips, the well-known chemist, died suddenly in London on the tenth of May. He was in his seventy-fifth year, and at least fifty years of his life had been devoted to science. He was one of the founders of the Geological Society, a very old member of the Royal Society, and for many years a member of its Council. In the *Transactions* of that body will be found numerous papers by him on chemical subjects, and many of his discoveries were of great importance to the

analytical chemist. He was editor of the *Annals of Philosophy* from 1812, and one of the editors of the *Philosophical Magazine*. He was appointed Lecturer on Chemistry at the London Hospital in 1817, and for many years was Lecturer on Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, to which office he was appointed in 1832; and was among the earliest chemists to the Museum of Practical Geology.

His attention to Pharmaceutical Chemistry was very great; and the regular improvement which has marked during the period of more than twenty years the *London Pharmacopœia* has been largely due to his suggestions and criticisms. His first translation was published in 1824. He had been during the last twelve months busily engaged for the College of Physicians on the new edition of the *Pharmacopœia,*—and considerable progress had been made in the new translation. For many years Mr. Phillips had been in the habit of furnishing to the faculty and the druggists of the United Kingdom a translation of the *Pharmacopœia*, with appended notes, the value of which has been fully appreciated by those for whom it was intended. He was for the last two years the President of the Chemical Society—by all the members of which he was regarded with the highest consideration. In his "History of Chemistry," Dr. Thompson says—"Of modern British analytical chemists, undoubtedly the first is Mr. Richard Phillips, to whom we are indebted for not a few analyses conducted with great skill and performed with great accuracy." All the chemical articles in the *Penny Cyclopœdia* were by Mr. Phillips:—and scattered through the various scientific journals will be found papers on various chemical subjects and reviews of scientific works from his pen.

"Old Dowton," the celebrated comedian, is dead. He was born at Exeter in 1763, and consequently was in his eighty-eighth year. At sixteen he was apprenticed to an architect, but having performed successfully the part of Carlos, in "The Revenge," at a private theatre, he was induced to join a travelling company, and after completing a circuit, was engaged by Mr. Hughes, manager of the Plymouth theatre. His first appearance at Drury-lane was on the tenth of October, 1796, in the difficult character of Sheva, in Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*. This had long been a favorite part of Bannister's—Elliston had also marked it for his own. Mr. Dowton stepped into the field, and, without taking the laurel from either, honorably shared it with both. His first appearance at Drury-lane was on the tenth of October, 1796, in this difficult character. He was hailed as a genuine actor, and crowned with applause. In 1805 he was engaged at the Haymarket, and on the fifteenth of August in that year revived for his benefit the warm-weather tragedy of the *Tailors*, which produced a memorable fracas. The principal *roles* in the burlesque were sustained by Dowton, Mathews, Liston, and Mrs. Gibbs, as *Francisco*, *Abrahamides*, *Zachariades*, and *Tittilinda*. The great success of *Tom Thumb*, in which Dowton played *King Arthur* very humorously, stimulated him to this attempt. His two principal Shakspearian characters were *Sir John Falstaff* and *Dogberry*. As *Dr. Cantwell* in the *Hypocrite* he was inimitable. His other best parts were *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Major Sturgeon*. With the proceeds of his farewell benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years since, an annuity was purchased, on which he has lived to a fine green old age, happy in the bosom of his family and a large circle of professional and private friends.

Admiral Sir Edward Codrington died recently in London. He entered the naval service in 1783, and bore a part in some distinguished affairs. He was lieutenant of the Queen Charlotte in Howe's victory of the 1st of June, 1794, and captain of the Babet in Bridport's action, July, 1795. At the memorable victory of Trafalgar, he was captain of the Orion. He commanded on the Walcheren expedition; was afterwards employed at the defence of Cadiz, and commanded a squadron co-operating with the Spanish patriots on the coast of Catalonia. He was also captain of the fleet in the Chesapeake, and at New Orleans in 1814. In October, 1827, with the combined fleet, he destroyed the Turkish fleet in the harbor of Navarino. He was gazetted on five occasions, viz., in 1805, 1809, 1811, 1814, 1815. For some period he commanded on the Mediterranean station. He has also held other naval appointments. He represented Devonport in Parliament from 1832 to 1840. In politics he was a "liberal."

The death of Earl Cottenham, late Lord Chancellor, took place at the small town of Pietra Santa, in the duchy of Mucca, on the twenty-ninth of April. Charles Christopher Pepys was born in Great-Russell street, Bloomsbury, in 1781. The family was originally of Diss, in Norfolk, but early in the sixteenth century it removed to Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, from which place the deceased derived his title. Amongst his ancestors may be mentioned Samuel Pepys, author of the *Diary*, and Secretary of the Admiralty in the time of Charles the Second; and Richard Pepys, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in 1664. William Weller Pepys, the father of the late Lord Chancellor, who held the office of a Master in Chancery, was created a baronet in the year 1801. Lord Cottenham was in the seventy-first year of his age, having been born in 1781. He was graduated LL.B. at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1803; was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1804; appointed a king's counsel, 1826; Solicitor General to Queen Adelaide, 1830; solicitor-general to the king, February, 1834; master of the rolls, September, 1834; first commissioner when the great seal was in commission, in 1835; lord chancellor from 1836 to September, 1841, and again appointed to that office in August, 1846; was appointed a commissioner to consider the state of the bishoprics,

1847. Represented the borough of Malton in Parliament from 1832 to 1836; had previously sat for Higham Ferrars. Under his second appointment he held the great seal until the Easter term, 1850, when ill health compelled him to retire.

Record of Scientific Discovery.

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Professor S. F. B. Morse has written an interesting letter to the *National Intelligencer* respecting the *Hillotype*, an improvement upon the daguerreotype which appears to be genuine and very important. The improvement by Baird exhibited lately in London, is spoken of as a great advance upon the silvered plate, as it cannot but be: it is making a surface of porcelain susceptible to the sun's rays. And now, in the very depths of our forests, a discovery has been perfected which leaves nothing to be desired by daguerreotypists. France, England, and America, have thus each contributed to the perfection of the photogenic art, our country supplying the crowning improvement:

"You perhaps have seen it announced," says Mr. Morse, "that a Mr. Hill, of this state, formerly a Baptist clergyman, was under the necessity, from ill health, of abandoning the ministry, and for a support practised the daguerreotype art, and has made the discovery of photographing in colors, or chromotography. The magnificence of this discovery is as remarkable as the original discovery of photography by Daguerre. Many affect to doubt the fact of this discovery by Mr. Hill, but I have every reason to believe it strictly true. A week or two since I received a most interesting letter from him, in consequence of his learning that I had expressed a hope that he would not think of attempting to secure his property in his discovery by a *patent*. I determined to visit him, and save him, if possible, from the evils I had experienced. So last week I went up to Kingston, and, hiring a gig, I set forth in a northwesterly direction in search of Westkill, in Greene county, some thirty-six miles in the interior, and after seven hours' drive through a wild region of the Western Catskill mountains, passing into the very outskirts of civilization, through a deep gorge of mountain precipices that rose on each side of the road more than a thousand feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, I at length found the little village of some three hundred inhabitants of which I was in search, embosomed in the deep valley of the Westkill creek. I had no difficulty in finding Mr. Hill. He is unquestionably a man of genius, intelligence, and piety, retiring and sensitive; and his simple description of the effect upon him when the result of his discovery stood revealed before him, was true to nature, and, among other things, demonstrated to me that his discovery was a fact. I have not time to give you the details of the conversation; but I succeeded in dissuading him from thinking of a patent as a security, and in this I am rejoiced. He shall not be plagued by lawsuits, have his life shortened and made miserable, and his just right in the property of his discovery snatched from him, if I can prevent it. His discovery, fortunately for him, is one that can be kept secret, and his case furnishes a capital example of the reality and nature of property in invention or discovery. It can be seen at a glance in this stage of the matter that Mr. Hill now has that property absolutely in his own possession, and no one has a right to demand it of him, nor request it, without paying him such a price as he may affix to his property. I have a plan which pleased him, and which I think, will secure the object aimed at, to wit, ample remuneration to him, and in such a shape as to leave him the use of his powers the remainder of his life (unlike my own case) for further research and scientific pursuits, without fear of fraud, of attacks on his character, and endless litigation. More of this another time. I must now stop, simply remarking on the strangeness of the circumstances of this discovery as contrasted with Daguerre's discovery; the latter surrounded by every facility for experiment in the metropolis of refinement and science, the former surrounded by no facilities whatever for experiment, excepting such as were transported by him at great trouble and comparative expense, with limited pecuniary means, into the primeval forest, with scarcely an individual to consult with except his wife, and literally surrounded by wild beasts—the deer, the bears, the wolves, the wild-cats, and the panthers too, still inhabiting the wild mountain forests that inclose the village."

Professor Blume, of Leyden, has been elected a member of the French Academy, to fill a vacancy in the section of botany. Among the candidates were Professor John Torrey, of New-York, and Professor Gray of Harvard College. Professor Blume presented on the occasion his splendid new work on botany: a Flora, in four volumes, folio, of the peninsula of India, the islands of the Sonde, and of the Indian Archipelago; the title is *Rumphia*, the contents being collected from the seven folios of the botanist Everard Rumph, published in the middle of the last century. Professor Blume resided many years in Batavia, and added the results of his own scientific and extensive research throughout Java and the Archipelago. On the 24th ult. M. de Juissen submitted to the Academy an interesting report on the work, in which he says, "A poisonous tree, the *Upas-Antiar*, has been the subject of numerous fictions, by which it has acquired great celebrity. It has therefore attracted the attention of many travellers, who have dissipated the stories, as Mr. Blume does, with piquant details." He explains a part of the terrible reputation of the tree, by the fact that the volcanic soil emits, on different spots, deleterious gases, which have a fatal effect on animal life—an effect erroneously imputed to the adjacent trees. Their juice, indeed, possesses highly energetic properties. The birds often take refuge on their elevated tops, without the least injury. [A specimen of the Upas tree has been recently brought to the United States by an officer

of the navy, and it is alleged that while it does not poison the atmosphere, its sap is quite as fatal to life as its effluvia has been represented to be.] The natives poison their arms with the juice of another Upas, *Strychnos tieute*. Mr. Blume visited a mangrove tree—*ficus India*—of gigantic dimensions and remote antiquity, which is regarded and preserved as a sort of religious monument. The branches spread a shade over a vast area, and form themselves for the parasite growth of a multitude of other plants on their surface. The professor obtained license to herborize on the top. He collected thirty-seven species, without reckoning lichens and mosses, but being restricted as to time, did not inspect half of the display. The plants were fully developed, with rich foliage and graceful and brilliant flowers.

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Ladies' Summer Fashions.

The changes for the season are not in general very striking. There is said to be an unusual prevalence of sombre colors, with artistically agreeing brighter ones. Striped silks, taffetas, and barèges, are all in vogue.

For Bonnets the materials employed are very numerous. Paille de riz, fine Florence straw, gauze, tulle, crape, and crêpe lisse, are all fashionable; silk, also, but it is not much in request. The stripes are round, very open at the sides, but not standing out so much as they were last season over the forehead; the crowns are also very low, and the curtains full, and always short enough to be becoming. Among the most elegant rice straw bonnets are those lined with white tulle and ornamented with tufts of violets and snowdrops, the exterior decorated with a wreath of the same flowers. Others have exteriors trimmed with a light panache, composed of fuschias, heliotropes, and sprigs of eglantine, mingled with long blades of grass (this ornament droops over the brim on one side), the interior trimmed with small tufts of fruit blossoms. Rice and Florence straw bonnets are trimmed with a petite couronne of rose and white marabout tips, forming a tuft on each side; the interior is lined with rose and white tulle bouillonnée, and tufts of narrow blonde intermingled with small tips of rose marabouts. Bouquets of white roses and flowers of the double-blossomed peach are also in great request for these bonnets. The majority of gauze, tulle, crape, and crêpe bonnets, are trimmed in a light style with flowers or marabouts. French chip, trimmed with broad lace, promises to be considerably worn. Plain straw is always respectable, but it is less worn this season than heretofore.

In Promenade and Carriage Dresses the redingote form is adopted in plain silks of a quiet kind, or striped, that are not showy, for the promenade. Redingotes for carriage dress are much trimmed, some with passementerie, lace, or ribbon; lace is much in vogue; ribbon is more so; it admits of a great variety of forms; one of the most novel is a cockle-shell wreath arranged in two rows of festoons up each side of the front of the dress. Fashionable as flounces are for in-door and carriage-dress, they are, comparatively speaking, little seen in the promenade; the extreme width of the skirts, which does not seem at all likely to diminish, accounts in some degree for this.

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In Evening Dresses silks predominate for robes, but always the new spring silks, the heavy ones being quite laid aside; the bodies are cut low, but moderately so; they are of the Louis Quinze, and la Grecque styles; the latter have the draperies attached by knots of ribbon, or brilliant ornaments, as the dress is rich or otherwise. A deep fall of lace, placed under the last drapery, is

looped with it in the centre, and also on the shoulder; it turns round the back, and falls, *en mancheron*, over the sleeve, which is always very short if the corsage is *à la Grecque*. The Louis Quinze has the lace disposed in a full fall *à l'enfant*; or also a berthe, either round or pointed; the latter is *en cœur*, very voluminous at the top, but with the lace narrowing to a point at the waist; the skirts, if trimmed, are flounced, but many are made without garnitures. Several white dresses, trimmed, with black lace, have lately appeared; this fashion gains ground, but it is not yet a decided one.

The majority of evening dresses combine richness of effect with the light textures adapted to summer, ball, and dinner costume. Dresses of white crape have been made with double jupes, or with three flounces, the latter edged with pink-ruches, or with four or five rows of narrow ribbon. The berthe is of the shawl form, and should be trimmed to correspond with the flounces, either with ruches or rows of ribbon. A bouquet of flowers may be worn in the centre of the corsage. New barège dresses are made with three flounces, scalloped, and trimmed at the edge with a quilling of ribbon. The corsages of some of these dresses are made close to the figure, and with basques; the latter, like the flounces, having a scalloped or vandyked edge, trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Other dresses of the same material have drawn corsagas, and then the top flounce is set on at the lower end of the waist, and by that means serves as a basque. The flounce may be open or not in front. Sleeves are almost universally worn open at the ends, whether the dress be plain or of a superior kind. The under-sleeves worn in dressed costume are also open at the ends, in the pagoda form, and are trimmed with fontanges or frills of lace, or richly worked muslin. Dresses intended for walking or négligé costume have muslin under-sleeves fastened at the wrist with turned-up cuffs. For sleeves reaching to the wrist, and not open at the ends, cuffs of various patterns are worn. Those generally adopted have two or three buillonnées, with a row of lace between each; or a single buillonnée, edged by a lace frill, falling over the hand.

Mantelets are likely to supersede pardessus in a great degree; there is a variety in their forms, and they are made of silk, muslin, and lace. The Medicis, the Violetta, and the Victoria, are the most remarkable of the new shapes. The first is of deep violet taffetas, small, and the hind part of an oval form—the garniture composed of three flounces, cut in dents, and encircled with a deep fringe, surmounted by a light embroidery; a narrow flounce in the same style goes round the throat. Being set on full it has something of a ruff.

Black Velvet Collars date from the earliest days of Louis XV., for the *beau monde*, who adopted them from the peasantry, with whom they had been long in vogue. They are now revived, and likely to become general. The collar is a black velvet ribbon, never very broad, crossed on the throat, and fastened by an ornament of jewelry or gold, according to the fancy or the fortune of the wearer; the ends descend upon the neck, and some are bordered with seed pearl or diamond fringe. These collars can be becoming only to blonde belles.

There is no probability of any radical change in the costume of women of the better classes.

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